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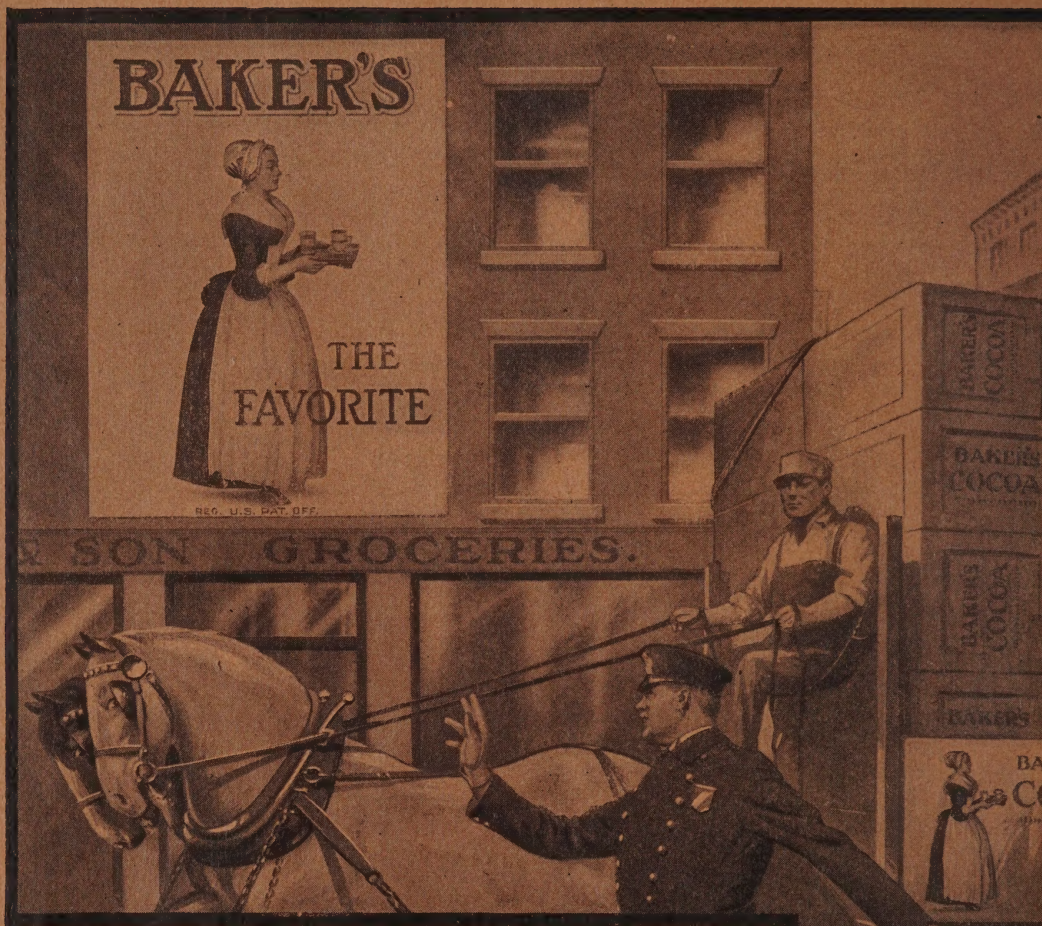

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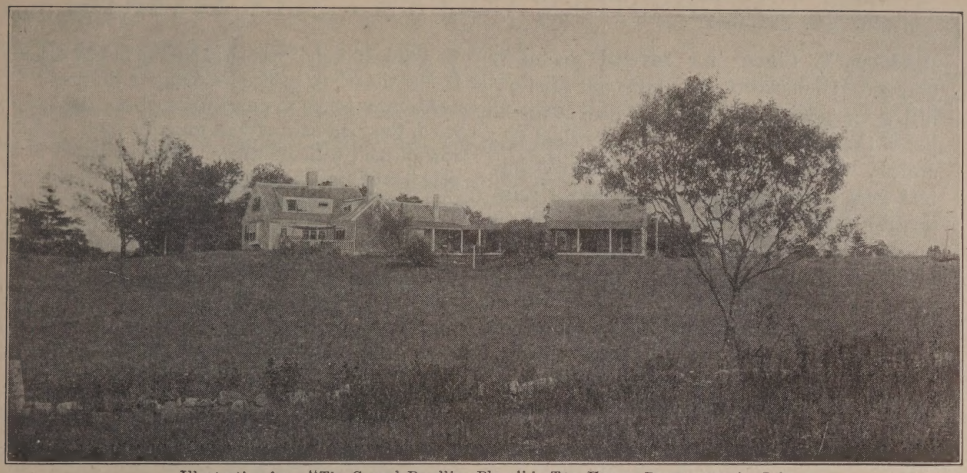

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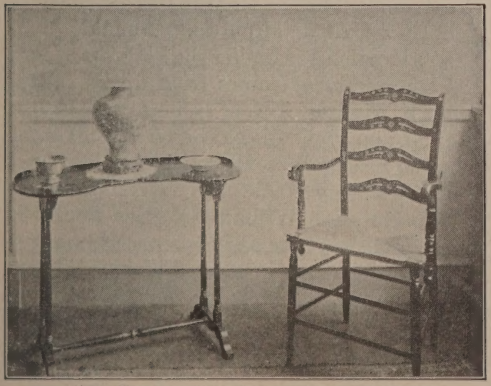

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JULY ATLANTIC

Victor S. Clark, for several years in charge of the division of Industrial History of the Carnegie Institution, is now a member of the National Board for Historical Research. That **Madame Ponafidine's** letters were so obviously not written for publication adds to their peculiar effectiveness as credible testimony to the exact condition of affairs in rural Russia to-day. In a prefatory note to the letters we have identified the various persons mentioned, and to intensify the picture, we subjoin a few extracts from letters to another correspondent, which reached us too late to be included in the text of the magazine.

Here, so far, matters have not been so bad, but it is daily getting worse. . . . The 10 cows I have are hungry and give little milk, for in front of them, in our woods and fields, goes a village herd of over 40 cows, 30 sheep and pigs!

Not content with that, they are putting them in the rye-fields, where the young grain is up; and as the continued rains make the ground boggy, a herd, while getting little to eat, kneads up the ground, and we won't have bread next year. There is no one to appeal to, or rather, there are many committees to go to, but no one pays any heed and anarchy reigns. I have no hope of a good ending. If we escape with our lives it is the most we can hope for, and there is no place to put any savings, nor can any one leave the country.

This last *coup d'état* has given us some pretty bad days. . . . We are now living under circumstances unparalleled even in the French Revolution. No laws, no government, complete stagnation in all business, banks closed, posts half working (for over a week we had no post or telegram), robberies, incendiaries, domiciliary visits, arrests, murders, lynching — and no one to appeal to. Above and over all, gaunt famine coming closer and closer. In to-day's paper our government of Tver is officially recognized as one of the 'starving' governments. . . .

It seems that our silent Alec almost lost his life as the consequence of a fiery speech he made, calling on his men to be true to their allegiance. He had come in from duty, taken off his sword and revolver, laid them on the bed, and sat down to his tea with the table between him and his arms. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice said, 'You are arrested in the name of the revolutionary government.' He sprang for his arms, but a revolver was held at his head. As they marched him off, he saw the orderly of one of his friends and shouted to him to tell his comrades that he was taken. The soldier did not hear the words, and the escort told Alec they would shoot him if he called again; but he risked it, and the fellow rushed headlong to the mess.

Alec was taken to a sort of court-martial to be tried, the long narrow hall guarded by a double row of men with bayonets. Here he found two privates of his company, also under trial. In the middle of it there was an awful row, breaking of doors and windows — his chauffeurs, unarmed, trying to liberate him. He shouted to them that he gave himself up and did not wish any bloodshed, and begged them to wait patiently. He was finally taken off somewhere, but the chauffeur of the automobile refused, though a revolver was held at his head, to take Alec (his chief) till Alec himself told him to. Those days, as one of the newspapers expressed it, the road to the fortress was the 'Officers' Golgotha.' Many were torn to pieces on the road, others shot, and a few arrived at their destination.

Alec fully expected execution, but he said it had no horror for him in the great dread of lynching. To his great surprise, he was very soon let off, and such an ovation as they gave him in the regiment!

* * *

William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park, has since the outset of the war devoted himself to aviation, and has recently visited the French and Flemish fronts, to study flying conditions there. **Margaret Baldwin** contributed to our issue of December last 'The Road of Silence,' which evoked an unusual manifestation of interest among our readers and correspondents. Of the heroine of 'A New England Portrait,' she writes: 'While I am sure enough her faith is far removed from modern liberality, I also feel pretty sure that it is far removed . . . from the Jonathan Edwards type. I have gathered this from things she has said in letters, and from the fact that she works hard on many a Sunday. She has said she was ashamed to, but never says "afraid to." But this woman's happiness, whether she knows it or not, I am convinced comes from *work*.' **Kirtley F. Mather,** A.B. of Denison University, Ohio, and Ph.D. of the University of Chicago, is Professor of Historical Geology and Palæontology at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. **William Charles Scully** is an English hunter and explorer, who makes his headquarters in Cape Colony. At last accounts he was 'going diamond-digging for a few months,' under orders to lead an open-air life.

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Claudia Cranston, a new contributor, is a young Texan, now connected with a New York magazine. In the past she has made her living in various ways, sometimes teaching music, again as a government clerk in Washington, and yet again teaching school at a saw-mill settlement in the great timber belt of Texas. A recent letter of hers vividly recalls

that saw-mill yard, ankle-deep in white fine sand, with teams of sweating saw-mill mule perpetually straining across it, the whirr of the 'planer,' the creak of the log trains, the yellow. washed-out faces of the women who lived in the slatternly two-room huts built by the Company, the dirty bare feet and dirty faces of the children, with the white blank sheets of their minds waiting there for somebody to write the future on.

All Quakers [she writes in answer to the editor's questioning] know each other; on Sunday they still 'go home with each other to dinner' after meeting, and it was a few Sundays ago that the story ['A Thin Day'] was recounted at our house, having been told in meeting that morning at the old Gramercy Park Meeting House. So, in essentials, the story is quite true.

* * *

Harold Goddard is Professor of English in Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. **George Edward Woodberry** accomplished alike as poet, essayist, and critic, lives in Beverly, Massachusetts. **Dallas Lore Sharp,** Professor of English at Boston University, is a frequent contributor to our pages of familiar essays upon many subjects. **Robert Wade** sends to the *Atlantic* his first contribution, 'Capt'n Tristram's Shipbuilding,' from Bradford, Massachusetts. From his earliest years he has been steeped in traditions of salt water. 'Harriet Beecher Stowe' is the second in **Gamaliel Bradford's** series of Portraits of American Women, others of which will appear in later issues. The first of the series, 'Abigail Adams,' was published in the *Atlantic* for September, 1917. At Mr. Bradford's suggestion we print the following brief chronology of the important dates in Mrs. Stowe's life. She was born Harriet Beecher, in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1811; married Calvin E. Stowe, January 6, 1836; wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in 1851; visited Europe in 1853, 1856, and 1859. She died July 1, 1896. **Laurence Binyon,** keeper of prints in the British Museum, is an English poet, of a quality long since abundantly recognized.

* * *

Mrs. Winifred Brooke Irvine, whose narrative of her experiences in two munition factories pictures the war from a fresh angle, writes to the editor: 'My story is absolutely true in every detail. I worked first of all in a shell-factory owned by the Canadian F. M. Co., and then in the H. and M. Fuse-Factory of Toronto.' **Wallace Notestein,** Professor of English History at the University of Minnesota, was recently a member of the Committee on Public Information, and is now engaged on other work for the government.

* * *

One of the first prizes of life is the chance a man sometimes has to read his own obituary. We offer, then, to **Captain James Norman Hall** these spirited lines, absolutely expressive of the feeling of every *Atlantic* reader on the announcement of Hall's death, and before the happy anticlimax of the tidings of his internment as a prisoner of war.

In Memoriam — James Norman Hall

You 're 'missing,' Hall? Then we'll not read again
Of your adventures high, your conquests bold,
Your sailings through the skies, beyond our ken,
The stories of the clouds which once you told.

How first you went to France, to fly and fight
For freedom and the truth, you told it well;
So well, it made us see and know the right
And move in spirit with you, through your spell.

You wove in language so your flights above,
We almost took them too, most felt the air
Rush past our cheeks, saw star-dust shift and move
Up in the blue; we traveled with you there.

You 're 'missing,' Hall? To death you fell, they say,
Beyond our posts, within the foeman's lines;
Believe it not; on eagle's wings your way
Led to the skies, up, up, by God's designs.

Yours the eternal, yours the path to peace
And blessedness and hope; your wings are sure;
With the great 'missing' of all time you cease
Your work; forever shall that work endure.

Publishers Tell WHY

These are no times for publishing books that are in the least doubtful, so we issue those only that absolutely *demand* publication. ¶ We brought out *Robert Nichols'* **Ardours and Endurances** because it is the best poetry coming from any young soldier, the work of a true poet from whom still greater things may be expected. ¶ **Surgeon Grow: An American in the Russian Fighting,** was published because we felt just what *George Kennan* later wrote about that book: "It ought to be read by everyone who wishes to know what the Russian army was, and what it accomplished, before it had been deceived and demoralized by the propaganda of the Russian Socialists and German agents." ¶ We had always admired *Secretary Lane* as a public servant, but when we read his **The American Spirit** we knew that seldom, if ever, had the spirit which makes America what it is been expressed so feelingly. ¶ *Richardson Wright's* **Letters to the Mother of a Soldier** said so much more admirably the things we had been saying to mothers of friends in the service, and in every way was so sane and helpful, that we felt it our duty to issue it. ¶ **The Boys' Military Manual,** by *Virgil D. Collins*, was published because it provides valuable help in the military training of boys by which they will later reap immense advantage.

Useful Books: **The Psychology of Marriage,** by *Walter M. Gallichan*, was issued because one of our officers after reading it said: "There is a book that I want my boys to read and that I'd want my daughter to read if I had one." ¶ **Home Help in Music Study,** by *Harriette Brower*, is to help teachers and mothers who wish to have children love music rather than be forced into their practicing. It contains really helpful suggestions. ¶ At all bookshops. Send for full descriptions, gratis. :: :: :: :: :: ::

PUBLISHERS FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY NEW YORK

Fighter and writer, both are yours to claim;
You downed the Boche, you led our banners on;
An ace at both, you won a glorious name
With gun and pen, your days a living dawn.

L. M. F.

NEWARK, N. J., *May* 8, 1918

* * *

Thomas H. Dickinson, of the United States Food Administration, is at this writing on his way to France. **Madeleine Z. Doty** is a young woman who has just made an extraordinarily interesting trip around the world in war-time. We have seen no returned traveler who brings back a larger fund of picturesque and highly valuable information. To the *Atlantic* Miss Doty is a friend of several years' standing, and readers will readily recall her paper on conditions in Germany just before our entrance into the war.

* * *

Echoes of the friendly duel between Mr. Scully and Colonel Roosevelt concerning the ways of the African ostrich have begun already to reach this office. The correspondent to whom we are indebted for the following letter brings a new element into the discussion of the question whether the ostrich is a suitable bird for a man to encounter.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY
May 28, 1918

TO THE EDITOR: —

MY DEAR SIR, — Having lately been Professor of Zoölogy at the University of the Cape of Good Hope, I take a lively interest in the ostrich controversy between my friend Mr. Scully and Colonel Roosevelt.

In general my money is on Mr. Scully, because he has lived over forty years in South Africa, and been stationed at magistracies in the wild deserts of Nemaqualand and elsewhere, and can tell weird, tragic, true stories that will make your blood run cold — like that of the doctor in the opium trance tossing the hissing puff-adders.

Still, I admit that the Colonel scores many good points in the ostrich controversy; but I beg to point out a serious flaw in his argument, and to rise to Mr. Scully's defence.

Mr. Scully says, that for a man to meet up with a wild ostrich in the wilderness is as dangerous as to encounter a lion. By no means, the Colonel retorts. All the man has to do is to lie down and the ostrich will merely sit upon him. Pray tell us, Mr. Scully, is that all a wild lion will do? *Does a hungry lion only sit upon a man?*

The reader thinks, 'Aha, the Colonel has got Mr. Scully now!'

But there is a weak spot in this seemingly forceful argument — a very weak spot: *it is the patience of the ostrich.*

I happen to have an Afrikander friend who was sat on by an ostrich. He told me about it. It began early one morning. In a lonesome spot of the camp he saw a very cross cock bearing down upon him. He dropped, face down, and played dead. Mr. Ostrich sat upon him, making himself very comfortable. Then every little while he gave a vicious peck to the man, to try to rouse a sign of life. The man knew that, if he stirred in the slightest degree, he was done for. There he had to lie all through the morning, through the burning sun of midday and stifling heat of afternoon, absolutely motionless, hardly daring to breathe. At times the bird got up to stretch its legs, and sauntered around with a nonchalant air, as though tempting the man to rise and show a sign of life. Then Mr. Ostrich returned to his seat, gave a good peck and a dig or two with his claws, and settled down for a nap. He was in no hurry. His patience was as unflurried as in the early morning hours. It was not till late evening that the man was found by a searching party. He said he never should forget that experience. Nor does he ever venture alone to the distant camps. And he always carries a forked stick, of which, Afrikanders say, ostriches are deadly afraid, knowing how easily their necks can be broken by such a weapon.

Now in the wilderness, when will the ostrich's patience exhaust itself? Remember, if the man stirs, he will be instantly killed. All the ostrich is waiting for is a sign of life. How long can the man lie motionless, almost breathless, on the burning sands, and with no water?

Might not the brief agony of the lion's spring be more merciful?

* * *

Copies of 'Neighbor Hans' are still in active demand, though upwards of one hundred thousand already have been distributed.

'It will interest you,' writes a Southern friend, 'to know that our little city, located in the pine belt of South Mississippi, has gone over her quota in this second Red Cross drive more than eight times, and the reports are still incomplete. I believe that "Neighbor Hans" was a potent factor in our victory.' Send for more copies. The Atlantic Monthly Press will tell you that they cost ten cents each, or $5.00 a hundred.

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GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY *Publishers* **New York**
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Do our readers remember the name of Ernest Hart? With a wandering gentleman of this name, we had a singular correspondence, which we published in June. It will be recalled that this Mr. Hart sent, for our editorial consideration, an essay copied from the *Atlantic*, which was returned to him with a letter expressive of our feelings toward the profession of which we took him to be a member. In gentle expostulation Mr. Hart wrote us that the paper had been given to him by a friend in need — one Mr. May — for whom he is now looking diligently, having advanced him, in the trusting manner common to literary impostors, the sum of $20.00. Mr. May, it seems, has not been found, and the merry chase is on. Meanwhile, we have another story to tell.

* * *

Ernest Hart seems to be a name made for romance. As early as October, 1915, a certain 'Doctor,' or 'Captain,' Ernest Hart made his appearance. This physician or soldier, whichever he may have been, had once been in Russia, and it seems that in those days of the *ancien régime* he described himself as a captain in His Majesty's Army, and an official of some importance in the British Red Cross. Armed with warm letters, he ingratiated himself with the American colony in Russia, and busied himself collecting recommendations, and, possibly, funds, with the idea of lecturing on American hospitals in Russia. He was making friends with extraordinary rapidity, when Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador at Petrograd, made certain sharp inquiries regarding him. In consequence of this, the British Consul at Bergen was requested to withdraw recommendations which had been given. On October 28, 1915, Dr. Hart arrived in America.

* * *

For the sake of friends of the *Atlantic* who may fall in with him, we may say here that Dr. Hart is a man apparently about fifty years of age, five feet, six inches in height, and weighs about 125 pounds. His build is slight; his hair light brown; his face smooth as his manners. His nose, which we hesitate to call parrot-shaped, is very prominent; his eyes are blue, his face thin and drawn. His right hand shows the effect of some serious accident, and if you ask Dr. Hart, he will cheerfully tell you that, while hunting in West Africa, a careless black servant allowed his gun to explode, so that his master suffered bodily injury.

* * *

Let us now give other glimpses of Dr. Hart's busy life. In the early part of 1915, he was wont to walk the streets of Moscow, dressed in khaki uniform and wearing, not without appearances of satisfaction, the badges of an officer of the Red Cross Society. In reply to inquiries, he stated that he had come recently from the Red Cross unit at Warsaw, and had worked in conjunction with Princess Bariatinsky and other ladies and gentlemen of her high circle. To the British Embassy at Petrograd he gave no information, but the British Red Cross unit in Poland had denied that Dr. Hart had anything whatever to do with them. Moreover the British Red Cross Society in London denied that Dr. Hart was known to them. In consequence of these reports, Dr. Hart was not allowed to connect himself with any charitable movement in which the British colony at Moscow was concerned.

* * *

But to return to Dr. Hart's travels. On his arrival in this country, he came to Boston, where he gave lectures on Russia and the Red Cross. Thence he went to Bar Harbor, Maine, and remained there from December, 1915, until the very last day of July, 1916. So far as known he was writing for the local newspapers and lecturing in the interests of the Allies, and, incidentally, of himself. It seems to have been a poor way of knocking a living out of this hard world, and so our warrior, letting bygones be bygones, and saving for future use the money which should have been used for board and lodging for four months past, set out for pastures new.

It is an interesting comment on his undiminished social aspirations, that during his short stay in New York he attempted to secure election to the Century Club, but was not successful.

* * *

As we understand it, no specific charges have been made against Dr. Hart except regarding this trifle of board and lodging, and of posing as a Red Cross officer. For a time he was in the employ of a well-known publishing house in New York, and curious investigators may be interested in a contribution on Miss May Sinclair, which may be found in the literary files of the New York *Evening Post*. His claim to be considered a captain or a doctor was never substantiated. His present address is unknown.

* * *

So much for the stories of these Ernest Harts. We have never seen them together or separately, and speak from hearsay only. But it is interesting to know that both 'Captain' and 'Doctor' are: (1) Probably between forty-five and fifty; (2) About 5 feet, 6 inches — not taller; (3) Of lean and meagre aspect; (4) The right hand of each has been seriously injured, and each has been in the habit of wearing part of a black glove to conceal his misfortune.

To Red Cross workers throughout the country, we suggest that, if either 'Doctor' or 'Captain' Hart makes his appearance, he be watched with some care.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1918

THE GERMAN PRESS AND GERMAN OPINION

BY VICTOR S. CLARK

I

ATTEMPTS to gauge the public opinion of Germany from its newspapers lead to but qualified conclusions. Though the press of that country probably mirrors the views of the people more accurately than many Americans imagine, it is by no means an infallible index of popular sentiment. The government censors military facts, discourages unauthorized discussions of military measures, enforces courtesy usages in references to persons in high authority, and publishes a mass of what is known in Germany as *tendenz* literature, which is intended to shape the opinion of readers and to maintain national morale. Nevertheless, the Berlin papers attacked the Prussian food administration last winter quite as savagely as any American papers attacked the mistakes of the War Department. Peace policies, economic measures, political reforms, and social movements are argued with vehemence and abundant citation of facts.

These facts are sometimes of a kind to encourage Germany's enemies. The Czechs are accused of disloyalty and charged with deserting *en masse;* an attempt of wealthy men to stipulate for food favors in return for loan subscriptions receives comment; soldiers at the front are said to be refused furloughs unless they subscribe to the war-loans; the immense profits of automobile-makers and other manufacturers of military supplies are criticized, and comparisons are made to prove that the United States has succeeded better than Germany in checking the extortions of government contractors. Writers of standing publish sweeping condemnations of the bribery and other official corruption that has made enormous headway in the public service, on account of the temptations of war-speculation and the great changes of personnel forced upon the government by war-conditions.

Depressing statistics find their way abundantly into the newspapers. A well-known authority publishes figures showing that two million fewer babies were born in the German Empire during the first forty months of war than during the last forty months of peace; precise data are given of the high mortality caused among the civilian population by deficient nourishment; statistics are printed indicating that the amount of land under cultivation in the Empire has decreased ten per cent since 1913; the breakdown of the railway system is ventilated by interviews with complaining shippers and manufacturers; and budget deficits and in-

secure financial policies are discussed and attacked with the greatest freedom.

While the official accounts of mili tary events issued by Germany's enemies are given equal publicity with those of its own higher command, oddly distorted descriptions of American conditions are occasionally printed. Let it be remarked in passing that the war has made no change in the minor place that American news holds in European newspapers. Only occasionally does a telegram repeated from the United States find a corner among current items. The single exception to this rule is that the President's messages on the war receive extended editorial comment. But, to return to current news from America, *Vorwärts*, which is sufficiently international in its sympathies to be awake to items of foreign interest, recently enumerated Texas among the Spanish-American countries that had been commercially and financially subjugated by the United States in the course of the war! On the other hand, the German papers printed correctly Secretary Baker's testimony before Congress as to the present and prospective strength of our army at home and abroad.

When the American press blunders as to German conditions, these errors are featured as evidences of our provincialism. All Americans, from President Wilson down, are assumed to be hopelessly ignorant of European conditions. Many will recall a dispatch widely printed in our country, to the effect that the President's January message was to be distributed over hostile territory by Allied airmen, and that the German government threatened reprisals upon aviators captured while thus engaged. The newspapers of the Central Powers headlined these dispatches with sarcastic comments upon American ignorance and prejudice. The truth is, that the message was immediately printed in the *Reichsanzeiger*, which is the official gazette of the Imperial government, and was widely reprinted and commented upon in Germany.

II

But while the newspapers of the Central Powers discuss questions of domestic and foreign policy, and describe home-conditions, with the same apparent freedom as in times of peace, nevertheless, the restraint that characterizes the press of every country at war is reinforced in Germany by the type of docility that hears a master's voice. That voice is often transmitted through the mouth of a banker rather than of an official; for high finance and big industry control most organs of public opinion. This is an especially serious evil at present; for the press of Germany is coming under the control of militarists,—annexationists and indemnity advocates, — who have invested part of their enormous war-profits in newspapers in order to promote war. Thus the Krupp group, which has long had important press organs in Germany, has now extended its holdings in Berlin, where it controls the formerly liberal *Lokal-Anzeiger*, shapes the policy of the Bremen *Weser Zeitung* and the *Düsseldorfer General-Anzeiger*, and still more recently has begun to annex the press of Austria-Hungary. Its agents are reported to dictate the policy of the Vienna *Fremdenblatt*, a semi-official newspaper subsidized by the Austrian government; to have bought a newspaper at Prague in order to fight the Czechs; and to have purchased smaller newspapers in Austrian provincial towns.

These multimillionaire war industrialists are also extending their press influence by liberal advertising in small country weeklies and professional and trade papers. Thus, a small pe-

riodical, read almost exclusively by poultrymen or beekeepers, or by the members of a local coöperative society, will have full-page advertisements of aeroplanes, cannon, and munitions; and such insertions are reported to be paid for at more than ordinary rates. Naturally, the same papers complete their obligations to their financial benefactors by printing propaganda material designed to foster the war-spirit and to encourage the German people to hold out for a 'strong peace' of conquest and tribute.

Unrecorded influences have changed the policy of the most important Social-Democratic newspapers. Not only *Vorwärts*, whose forced conversion to a programme acceptable to the government is well known, but also the Bremen *Bürger Zeitung* and the *Braunschweiger Volksfreund* have recently passed from candid opposition to the tempered friendliness of unembarrassing criticism. Last autumn *Die Neue Zeit*, a weekly which for thirty-six years has represented the pure orthodoxy of Karl Marx in Germany, printed an article by Eduard Bernstein, one of the pioneers of Social Democracy, discreetly indorsing the President's reply to the Pope's peace note. In this article Bernstein reviewed the historical precedents for foreign intervention in the domestic affairs of another nation, and justified such intervention in the interests of democracy on abstract Social-Democratic principles. The succeeding issues of *Die Neue Zeit* have appeared under auspices more agreeable to the government.

During the January strike the authorities impartially suspended Radical and Conservative newspapers which commented too freely on that occurrence. At the time of the Crown-Council crisis in Berlin in the same month, when the militarists defeated the advocates of a moderate peace policy and forced an aggressive campaign against Russia, the press was officially cautioned not to discuss the situation in a too illuminating or critical manner.

The strike suspensions caused active opposition to the censorship in the Reichstag; and during the debate the charge was made by members of all Liberal and Radical groups that the government was using its authority over the press to favor the circulation of Pan-German literature. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* thus summarized the sentiment of the majority parties: —

'So long as censorship is considered indispensable, it should be limited to purely military matters. Above all, it should keep its fingers out of other things and cease its attempts to gag the organs of public opinion. Otherwise its effect is to discredit the press both at home and abroad, and to raise doubts as to the latter's independence. Confidence in the press is too important an asset for Germany to sacrifice to the blunders of censors.'

However, the control exercised by the German government over this field of public influence is more than negative. Not only is there an inspired press, but some writing in nearly every newspaper is inspired. This *tendenz* literature characterizes editorial and news-writing in peace as well as in war, and may play no more part in shaping sentiment to-day than it did before hostilities began. Able writers, many of whom carry the authority of high academic positions, conduct these press campaigns. Science and sophistry have been closely allied in Germany since the former became the handmaid of governmental opportunism. Yet it would be unjust to say that all writing for political ends is so controlled as to lack spontaneity and candor. The German mind, especially the academic mind, is easily moulded to officially *planmässig* forms, and intellectual docility supple-

ments the political docility of the German character.

To give our enemies their due, academic freedom has defenders in high places. Professor Foerster retains his chair at the University of Munich, although he speaks and writes actively against the war, and in a way most unpalatable to official Germany. He asserts that America and England are fighting primarily to abolish war, and that they are inspired by an 'ethical-democratic' idealism incredible to Germans blinded by 'war romance.' He insists that the Entente refuses to accept Germany's proffers of peace because it 'lacks convincing moral guaranties' of Germany's sincerity; and that the entire civilized world believes that 'the whole history of Prussia has nourished the superstition that methods of force lead to national greatness. The success of these methods has burned its way deeply into the German soul, creating a romantic faith in the sword and slaughter, which can be shattered only by the hard lesson of military disaster.'

The bitter attacks that such charges naturally arouse have not sufficed to drive Foerster from his professorship at Munich University; and during a recent campaign against him in the Bavarian Parliament, the Minister of Education refused to endorse measures to that end, since no just complaint had been made against his work as a teacher.

Professor Bonn, who was in the United States until we declared war against Germany, has published articles in the Munich newspapers interpreting sympathetically America's attitude toward the war. He also has been assailed by the bellicose press of his country, but no suggestion has been made that he be deprived of the high academic position that he holds.

Courageous men can speak out in Germany quite as freely, perhaps, as elsewhere. But this does not affect the fact that official influences and court favor mould academic opinion and teaching, and that, as a rule, the intellectual leaders march the goose-step as obediently as Prussian grenadiers.

III

During the first months of the war, all Germany, except a numerically negligible group of Radicals under Liebknecht, and a still smaller circle of English sympathizers in high position, united in what it believed to be a defensive struggle against premeditated attack.

Pre-war issues therefore lost significance. They had divided the Reichstag into several fractions, ranging from reactionary Junkers to radical Socialists. Thus parties became for the moment traditional forms unrelated to current questions, and their leaders agreed to drop political differences. This was the 'civic peace,' which lasted until a new issue divided Germany into two camps — and that issue was the policy and purpose of the war itself.

How soon the sober and thinking people began to recover from their original war-madness, and to view the conflict objectively, is hard to determine. Naturally some acquired a new attitude sooner than others. Neutral sentiment began to modify German opinion through International Socialist conferences, and the Vatican's influence made itself felt among the Clericals. The glorification and cult of war — so far as it existed — was but a passing phase of sentiment. Doubt as to Germany's entire guiltlessness of precipitating this horror on Europe began to arise — and probably has been considerably increased by Prince Lichnowsky's revelations. Truth is gradually penetrating Germany, and self-criticism promises to make rapid headway when it gets

started. Nevertheless, questions relating to the origin of the war will not change the attitude of the German people toward its present prosecution or its eventual conclusion.

War-weariness now weighs upon the people. Numerous small but significant incidents suggest how public sentiment has changed since the days described by the author of *Christine*. At the Leipsic fair this spring children no longer wanted tin soldiers and war toys: their interest had turned to building-blocks, carts, and games. A Berlin educator tells us: 'The inspiring patriotism and spirit of voluntary service, which at the beginning of the war revealed itself in its fairest aspect among our schoolchildren, has disappeared. Everywhere we hear lamentations over the increasing distaste shown by our youth for military things. Patriotism no longer inspires them even to collect articles needed by the war office. They must be encouraged by rewards to make these collections.'

Another influence that has destroyed the glamour of war is its disintegrating effect upon public and private morals. The Prussian Minister of Justice states that more than half a million persons have been sentenced in that kingdom for violating war-regulations, — especially for illegal trading, — and that more than a quarter of a million persons have been committed to jail or prison for these offenses. Bribery is said to be rife in the public service. The burglary-insurance companies of Berlin report that more than 300 housebreakings into insured premises alone occur in that city daily. Burglars do not hesitate to commit murder to avoid detection. Many of the criminals are deserters from the army, desperate men with little regard for human life, and accustomed to using weapons.

The Prussian state railways, though they have limited their liability to the utmost, were forced to pay 57,000,000 marks last year for lost or stolen articles, as compared with about 4,000,000 marks in times of peace. The imperial parcel-post expenses for the same item have risen from 100,000 marks to considerably over 3,000,000 marks during the war. Juvenile crime has more than doubled; and a surprising number of murders are committed by young men. Lawlessness is encouraged by lax home discipline, inadequate police protection, and the great demand for merchandise, which makes it easy for burglars to dispose of their loot, 'and no questions asked.' Sanitation, formerly the pride of German cities, is perforce neglected. In Leipsic recently 7,000 cesspools were officially reported tc be overflowing for want of attention; and conditions in Hamburg were somewhat similar.

Peace sentiment in Germany has a geographical aspect, a class or vocational aspect, and moreover a certain periodicity — seasons when it rises or declines. It is fairly certain that this sentiment is stronger in Austria-Hungary, in South Germany, in the industrial districts of the Rhine country and Saxony, and in the larger cities, than in the Agrarian-Conservative fastnesses of Prussia and Brandenburg. Wage-earners and the middle classes — who are said to have become radical-minded during the war — want immediate peace; and certain banking and conservative commercial circles support them in this desire. The captains of industry, who are making enormous profits from government contracts, and the great landlords, who are fattening their purses while city consumers grow lean, want war to the limit. Small farmers, who have made their little profit out of the food-crisis, and who, as 'self-suppliers,' have fed themselves better than the city population, are not so urgent for peace. The *ignis fatuus* of

a huge indemnity from England and America is held before them, as the only alternative to a heavy direct levy on property, to reduce the unendurable burden of the war-debt.

During the long lightless and heatless nights of a German winter, when food runs low and the death-rate of the civil population runs high; when the overburdened and dilapidated railways refuse to deliver coal and raw materials, and factories close down; when there is more or less enforced idleness both at home and at the front, the discomfort of war becomes almost beyond endurance for the poorer population, and the demand for immediate peace becomes insistent. Such a crisis was reached last January, when thousands of workers throughout Austria and Germany laid down their tools as a political demonstration against the war.

These periods of discouragement are followed by periods of pro-war reaction, when peace sentiment declines, — at least in appearance; for its public expression almost ceases, — and under the stimulus of military success the people are inspired with fantastic hopes of what is to be attained by holding out a little longer. We should cherish no illusions as to Germany's sober belief in its military invincibility, its absolute confidence in its army leaders, and its assumption that any peace will be dictated by its own political needs, and not by the demands of its enemies. There is no peace sentiment of submission in Germany as yet. The ground is not even prepared for sowing the seed for that crop. The advocates of peace in that country do not go beyond the policy of granting terms to the Allies that will place Germany in the light of a beneficent dispenser of bounty, instead of a stern demander of the last pound of flesh.

Just where the balance stands between these qualified pacifists and the ultra-militarists is a matter of conjecture. We know only that in every recent mid-term election for the Reichstag, in districts at all doubtful, the peace candidates have won and the militarists have been defeated. These campaigns have been fought bitterly upon the direct issue of the war. Last February, at Coblenz, where the Centre party is in control and is dominated by the pro-war wing of that organization, and where the whole influence of the clergy was exerted in favor of the regular nominee, a bolting 'Erzberger,' or peace, candidate of the same party carried the election. In the fifth Saxon district, which has been Conservative or Anti-Semite almost from the beginning of the Empire, a Social-Democrat has just been elected. On the other hand, the Independent Socialists, who are radical opponents of the war-policy, — and the only outright and consistent pacifists in German politics, — seem to be losing ground to the Government Socialists.

Meanwhile the Pan-Germans, who are an organized body of war propagandists financed liberally by munitions-millionaires and great landlords, are as active as they seem to be unpopular. Their doctrines are said, in their own home, to account for the hatred of Germany which has flamed up in all parts of the civilized world since the war began; and they are at the same time the most influential and the best-hated group of agitators in the Empire. Even a pro-war newspaper has recently admitted that 'It is only necessary to say "Pan-German" to produce the same effect as waving a red flag before a bull. The most reasonable proposition falls into disrepute as soon as some demagogue brands it "Pan-German."'

The recent meetings of this party have been pretty regularly broken up by mobs in some parts of Germany. When the police appeared to quell re-

cent disorders of this kind at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, they were greeted with cries of 'Down with Hindenburg! Down with the Kaiser! Hurrah for the Republic! We want no kings and kaisers!' This incident was reported in the press.

Naturally the significance of all this depends upon what the peace party wants. That question takes us outside the peace conditions which are discussed in the speeches of presidents, premiers, and chancellors, before international audiences.

The masses in Europe — and most of all in the Central Powers — have come to view the war as but an episode in a larger movement. Americans are too remote to realize the intimate, personal, continuing effect of the war upon the common people of Europe. We do not see how prominent other issues than winning battles have become for them. These greater issues are rapidly assuming more influence than the war itself in determining the alignment of German political opinion.

We have a vague mental view — some second-hand picture caught cloudily from telegraphic dispatches and special articles — of what has occurred in tortured and transforming Russia. The Germans know the story by word of mouth, from thousands of returning prisoners and from communication across the lines. In Austria repatriated prisoners are mentally quarantined for a period — placed under sufficient restraint to prevent their spreading revolutionary influence. Germany does not anticipate a Russian revolution within its own borders: the masses of German workers have been more deterred, perhaps, than attracted by what has occurred in the neighboring country. But the common people of Europe have been permanently influenced by the inspiration and tragedy of Russia's experiences. Last January, when the regular Social-Democratic politicians tried to moderate the Austrian strikers, they were hooted down in the Vienna mass meetings by cries of 'Speak Russian!' The Bolsheviki have thousands upon thousands of active sympathizers in the Central Powers, who view the recent harsh peace forced upon Russia, and Germany's armed intervention in behalf of the propertied classes in Finland and the Ukraine, as a defeat of class-interests as dear to them as a national victory. However, these Radicals are by no means the only dissenters from the cult of militant patriotism in Germany and Austria.

Doctor Dernberg, who a year or two ago tried so assiduously and unsuccessfully to cultivate American friendship for the Teuton cause, has recently toured Germany in a pro-Liberal campaign. The most quoted phrase of his speeches is, 'Wherever you find an annexationist and a big-indemnity man, there you find a reactionary in domestic politics.'

It is a significant phase of the warferment that Prussia, Saxony, Brunswick, and Hungary are simultaneously discussing franchise reforms; and perhaps equally significant that Liberal ministers who advocate these reforms are falling during the wave of reaction, guided from high political circles, which has accompanied the spring offensive on the West. Women are appealing for the vote more vigorously than before. Indeed, how can Germany, while preaching the self-determination of nations, while professing to temper its annexation programme in Russia by an appeal to all the voters of the border nationalities, and while conducting a separatist campaign in Flanders under the pretext of liberalizing the institutions of Belgium, deny to its people at home the rights that it advocates for the people it is trying to subjugate? Even the most docile German

is wide awake to such inconsistency as this. The common people are demanding larger influence in the government, because the war has given government policies unprecedented personal interest for the private man.

Because the masses of Germany are in the eyes of the militarists liberal and peace-loving; and because they probably at heart desire to be just to other nations, the Conservatives and peace-by-force advocates of that country are opposing desperately measures that would give the common people greater control than at present of the policies which the government shall pursue.

So much for the alignment on political reforms. Even more significant is the alignment on social policies.

During the war Germany and Austria have brought production and distribution under official control to an extent never anticipated except in the dreams of Government Socialists. We are seeing something of the same tendency in this country; but in Germany the interference of the bureaucrat in private business —whether for weal or woe — surpasses anything that modern society has attempted elsewhere. In many respects Germany has become an Inca state.

Now the question arises, shall this government control be continued, and perhaps increased, during the period of reconstruction,— that is, for an indefinite time ahead,— or shall *ante-bellum* conditions be restored as soon as the peace treaty is signed? The position of the Social-Democrats, who form the most numerous political party in Germany, is clear. They wish to nationalize production permanently. But they have been reinforced by an important and powerful ally. This unanticipated aid comes from the bureaucracy of Germany — one of the most influential and efficient bureaucracies in the world. When the government once gets hold of the steering-wheel, it does not like to let go.

German officialdom has two arguments to support its case. One of these is that German commerce and industry cannot be restored to prosperity on a competitive basis. Great economies, to be secured only by unified and regulated production, by non-competitive buying of raw materials, by systematic adjustment of internal and foreign transportation to industrial needs, will be required to enable Germany to overcome the great handicaps in international trade resulting from its present destitution of raw materials, its huge losses of capital, its reduced labor-power, and its inflated currency and unfavorable exchange.

The second argument is that the burden of the public debt can be carried only through an enormous increase in public revenue, which ordinary taxation cannot supply. The only practicable way of obtaining this income is to monopolize the main industries of Germany, so that all labor will be made to contribute directly to the treasury. That is to say, the government would cover into its coffers practically all profits from mining, manufacturing, and wholesale trade, after allowing existing capital a moderate interest. Even part of the capital may be confiscated by a direct levy on property to reduce the principal of the public debt.

These are not fanciful proposals. They are matters of sober discussion. The measures suggested are advocated by men of such prominence as Walther Rathenau, President of the General Electric Company and head of the War Raw-Materials Board, whose recent book, *Die Neue Wirtschaft*, is perhaps the most debated recent publication in Germany. Rathenau believes in subjecting the whole industrial organization — mines, manufacturing plants, railways and canals, and distributing

agencies — to the same sort of centralized efficiency control which is being introduced under the Taylor system into single plants. He would relate these industries to each other in an organic whole, eliminating all less productive plants, all unnecessary transportation, all expensive advertising, all other unneeded costs of distribution — in a word, he would make the state the sole captain of industry in Germany.

Such questions as these are absorbing more attention than the war itself in the newspapers of the Central Powers. They have become, in a certain sense, the main war-issue.

Naturally such proposals encounter opposition. The Hansa League, and the great industrial organizations of the Rhine country, are stimulated, not only to defend the old system of industry, but to advocate more urgently annexations and indemnities, which might relieve the public treasury of its cravings for private profits. One reason why the Social-Democrats want to stop the war is in order to get to work on this social revolution. One motive of the Conservatives for prolonging the war is to postpone this day of reckoning as long as possible, and to secure a gambler's stake of territory and tribute that will make the economic reconstitution of Germany unnecessary.

However, annexations present difficulties. Austria-Hungary has been exposed to decentralizing influences throughout the war. The self-determination of nations is working havoc with old Hapsburg policies. The idea of a federal state is emerging as a possible solution of this difficulty. Germany sees too many nationalist and separatist troubles ahead, if it pursues an expansionist policy in the Baltic provinces and Poland, to enter such a path without misgivings. The collapse of Russia has brought immense military and economic relief to the Central Powers. They will in due time receive from that country bread for their tables, labor for their factories, and many needed raw materials for their looms and furnaces. They will acquire markets that may revivify their silent machinery and stir an active current in trade-channels now stopped or sluggish. But they are reaping a crop of political controversies, of new international jealousies between Germany and Austria, and of social-revolutionary propaganda of unmeasured possibilities, from the same fields that grow the cattle, wheat, and rye they covet.

The self-determination of nations, equal universal suffrage, the nationalization of great fields of production and distribution, are all interwoven with war-policies, and are gradually dividing the German people into two great camps, whose internal tension may possibly become greater than the tension between Germany and its present enemies. In fact, even among the militarists contradictory forces are at work. Some Conservatives see in an agreement with England and America — countries supposed to be wedded to the protection of vested interests — possible rescue from the radical movement at home.

How can all these conflicting interests, this surging up of the molten lava of a new social and political formation through the crust of traditions and precedents, be measured and confined within a formula? It is impossible. The immediate ending of the war may be conventional and commonplace — viewed merely in its external aspects; or it may be quite different from the ending of any other war. But, in any event, the German press reveals the present military struggle as but an episode in something bigger — though what that something bigger is, neither the people of that country, nor our allies, are as yet able to forecast.

THE BOLSHEVIKS AT HOME

BY MADAME EMMA PONAFIDINE

[The following letters, so vividly expressive of the conditions amid which they are written, give an unvarnished picture of what life has become in the country districts of Russia under Bolshevik rule. The writer is an American lady who many years ago married a distinguished Russian diplomat. This gentleman, the 'Peter' of the letters, on reaching the age-limit in the service, retired, after more than forty years of active diplomacy in the Far East, and shortly before the war, settled down to the management of his vast estate, seven thousand acres or more, which had been in the family since the times of Peter the Great. Physical misfortunes came upon him, grave bodily disability, and, before the period described in these letters, total blindness. Alec, George, and Oka, frequently mentioned, are sons of the house, Oka being still at the University when the first letters were written.]

BORTNIKI, *July* 9, 1917

MY DEAR CARRIE,—

I want so often to write, but there is so much one wishes to say and cannot, that I don't have much heart for writing. If this state of things keeps on most of us will be candidates for mild types of insane asylums. I sometimes feel that something will snap and the nerves give way. How Peter stands it! For several nights we have had the most excited pow-wows until eleven and twelve o'clock, in poor Peter's bedroom, with peasants.

Finally, seeing matters were getting too complicated for our local committee to handle, I went to town and had an interview, where I felt myself as in the coils of a boa-constrictor. Still, I was advised to send for them in case matters became acute.

A few days ago I telegraphed, and yesterday (Sunday) as I was sitting by the window reading to Peter at seven o'clock in the morning, I saw two men coming up from the landing, one of whom I recognized as one of the central committee. I hurriedly dressed Peter and led him out into the big room. The city man had come in answer to my telegram and had arranged that members of the two committees interested in our harvest fields meet him here; also about fifty peasants.

If you could have heard and seen what we went through from then until 2.30 P.M., when they left!

Our neighbors were violent, menacing, and brutal; the city man quiet, polite, and tried to prevent excesses; but the result is the same — all our fields, except as much hay as will carry us through the winter, by *their* estimate, taken — the price fixed, but the money confiscated, 'as all the burden of the war falls on the peasants, the gentry cannot be permitted to get any profit.'

The fields left for our own use were valued, and *we* must pay the same rent for our own land. Then they claimed we had more horses than we needed and they have the right to confiscate the extra ones, *gratis*.

When we told the use to which each horse was put and proved that in the winter and ploughing season we found we had not enough, every peasant present, though all knew the fact, and most

had worked for us, when fifteen to eighteen horses a day worked, swore that never were more than six horses harnessed in Bortniki.

I turned to one and another by name, and said, 'Have you a conscience and a God? Answer me truly if, the year around, fifteen to eighteen are not too few?'

And they all in chorus replied, 'She lies, she lies; they never use more than six; take them from her!'

And not a man was there whose wounds, or those of his household, or horse or cow, I had not treated, and whom we had not helped, sick or poor, and given boards for coffins, or timber to help build, if a fire came.

The whole day was a nightmare. Such a noise, one could hardly hear, and one never knew when the noise might not change to worse. I gave Peter brandy, etc., repeatedly, and he talked quietly, when from time to time the chief came to him; but Oka and I kept the mob in the other side of the house. We are forbidden to sell more cattle, and they have n't left us enough to feed them. Horses I think we can sell, but *we* won't get the money. Altogether, we and all our kind are being hunted like rats; education is for nothing. New spelling is ordered so that our chiefs won't be illiterate. Schools like Oka's, and of fine arts, and girls' boarding schools, are turned into syphilitic hospitals; and the worst of all is the army.

Just now we thank God on our knees that that disgrace is being removed from our boys. An advance is being carried out. I don't know if you will ever get this. I have had nothing from you for very long. Last night Peter slept very little, but is better to-day than I feared. Oka is reading to him as I write. Our reader has gone. Oka and I are alone, and we have a new intendant. That complicates matters.

BORTNIKI, *August* 11, 1917

I keep writing, though I get nothing and do not know if you have received the letters and cards I have sent you. The post is suffering now like every other department of our poor country. Alec in Petrograd is two to three weeks without word from us, and I write two to three times a week. His letters are often twenty days on the way. George's come very quickly and regularly of late, thank God! But he, poor fellow, in addition to miseries untold, gets nothing from us. He has had but one letter in one and a half months! We are very anxious about him, for officers are being mown down by friend and foe alike — 'thousands and thousands,' as is officially admitted.

He just wrote under fire after two hundred versts marching, foot-sore and dirty; for since his leave (he was here the first of June for seventeen days), he has not once slept under a shelter of any kind and rains are almost constant.

Last week I had a telegram to go to town to the local Civil Commissariat Department.

As I could not get away that day, we sent Oka. They demanded that we gather in and thresh our rye as soon as possible, and give all we can for seed, offering a price far less than it cost us to raise it.

When a protest was made, the reply, very politely couched, was, 'If you give it voluntarily we pay four roubles [the price peasants are selling for is eight to ten roubles]; if not we shall requisition(!) it at 2.60 roubles.'

We asked for more prisoners to push the work, and they told Oka they had just sent a supply for our parish and there were three that we could have. Oka returned on the Salegar and reported, and Peter sent him and me in the motor across the lake by our church, where they said the prisoners were. As we hoped to be gone only a couple of

hours, we left Peter alone with a maid who can read very simple stories (we are without anyone and are hunting again for someone to read to Peter), and started with Nika Tolstoi, who was to stay by the motor while we went ashore.

On arriving, we found a mistake had been made and that the prisoners were in a village five versts inland. One we found in the village indicated, but were told that the other was several versts farther, and we went on.

In the village, they told us he was in the fields; then they said he was in the woods, and a girl volunteered to go for him. So we sat down on a doorstep and rested.

Finally, getting our two Germans, we started for the long walk back in the twilight. They have been in Russia two weeks and speak only German.

One is a barber, the other a Berlin shopkeeper. Poor recommendations for farm work!

Oka and I had a lot of fun over our position — escorts for two prisoners!

It was after eleven at night when we reached home, and, of course, found Peter worried, as these days one never knows what may happen.

Early this morning I watched our Berlin shopkeeper using 'moral suasion' to make a horse go. It seems he had never had reins in his hands, and the horse, of course, was quick to discover it and struck work.

The poor fellow tried patting and coaxing in German, which the horse did not understand. Even pushing and pulling. He not only did not beat him, but, whenever he got up courage enough to strike him with the reins, he carefully patted the spot he had hurt! It was one of the funniest sights I ever saw, and I stood and laughed unseen for some time before I went to his rescue — the big, spectacled, helpless fellow!

Alec has been promoted and has very responsible and hard work. The pay is better, so he can get on, he writes. Before, with all his care (for he is a most unselfish, economical fellow), he could not make ends meet, even with but one meal a day.

I keep sending him rye-rusks to have with his tea, evenings and mornings. He gets bread and soup at mid-day. In cities it is worse than in the country, where so far we have enough rye flour and dairy produce. Everything is given by cards: two pounds of cereal and fifty of wheat flour are given per month, to children under five, and to invalids.

This month, when I went with a physician's certificate to get the above for Peter, I was refused, as 'half the country come with certificates,' though they knew me personally and were aware of Peter's state. In every way the present 'freedom and equality' is far more one-sided than ever. The only classes that have no protection, and that no one raises a voice to justify, are landowners and officers. Mill-hands and day-laborers are demanding from twenty to thirty roubles, even more, a day, and eight hours' work, and Sunday and one other day off. Officers who have to dress well and are in hourly danger and peril get, in George's position, two hundred roubles a month. We are all in rags, for not a yard of material can we get. I had put off needed replenishing till cheaper times, and now can get nothing.

We heard that shoes had come to Ostashkov, but by the time we went, every pair was sold. Those costing in times of peace ten to twelve roubles selling for 160 roubles! Eggs that at this season should be 17 kopecks for ten are now two and a half and three roubles. Everything in proportion, except when we wish to sell.

In many places the peasants won't let the squires sell an egg, or a pound of butter. Anarchy reigns everywhere,

and I do not see where help can come from for years. All our class would leave if they could, but they cannot. They are not allowed to take money with them nor transfer abroad their capital.

Peter keeps up the greatest interest in everything, but is heart-broken. He *will* have the papers read to him, though he often sobs when we read.

Day after to-morrow I am going to town, to try to get some help from our committee in the way of giving us legal prices, etc., but do not hope for much. Anyway I won't give in lying down. I shall keep on my feet as long as I can. It must be much easier to fall fighting than eating out one's heart.

I can stand all our woes if only the army would again be what it was, and bring this war to the glorious end we might have seen had not the army got out of hand.

Sometimes I feel as if I *must* go myself and join the brave women regiments; but even if I were free, they would say I was too old, but I am *not!* Was there ever a time when the world was so full of heartache? Millions of hearts bursting! Truly the last days must be at hand.

October 5, 1917

I have not had a word from you for many months; but the post is now celebrating in the universal anarchy, and letters, if they come at all, are long in doing so. I do not know if you have received the many cards and several letters I have sent since the changes here. Anyway I write again, to try to get a word through while I can; for later, when 'Tommy comes marching home,' our real personal troubles will begin.

Just here I was called by a peasant, who said there was a gathering in a near village and they asked me to be present. I at once drove there and found five villages assembled. The old people are very polite, but the young ones and all soldiers quite ignored me. They said they were waiting for an instructor, who would come and explain. We waited over an hour, and then saw a tall young soldier with the ribbon of St. George (given only for personal bravery in battle) in his buttonhole. He greeted the peasants, giving me a cold stare, and proceeded to explain that the next day all were to gather to vote for our new parish zemnestra; that is, to take the place of the former form of government and of the present committees, etc. There should be four lists of candidates, — peasants, clergy, shop-keepers, etc., and nobles, — but in our parish only two lists are given — peasants and mixed. In the latter the clergy dominate, 'and of course you don't wish to vote for the clergy.' 'No, no, we have had enough of them. We are mad to vote for abolishing them,' etc. He explained that everyone must vote for the peasant list — simply write down No. 4, or make four crosses.

The next day I drove to the third village from here, where in the schoolhouse was the place appointed, at nine o'clock. Counting on the tardiness of the people, I arrived at ten, and waited till 11.30, when they began to gather. Outwardly everyone was very polite, even addressing me as 'Your Excellency,' and never once as 'Comrade,' though all titles are officially demolished.

When formalities began, the secretary, a red-headed man with an inimitable drawl, began rolling a cigarette, first turning to me and asking my permission to smoke. Knowing the price of tobacco and the difficulty in getting it at all, I laughed and said, 'Certainly, smoke while you can.' As soon as he began to puff, several voices raised a protest against smoking during the meeting; but my old red-hair drawled,

'Her Excellency gives her permission and I don't want any remarks from you.' And in spite of further caustic criticism he stuck to his cigarette.

As I came home, I kept thinking of the complex character of the seemingly simple peasant. Everyone of those today polite, smiling neighbors, who are threatening us, have been the means of our ruin; for Bortniki is ruined. Their whole herd this moment, as I write, are in our fields, destroying our next year's rye and clover. They openly say they will rifle our granaries and house. Our timber, which is sold, and we had hoped would have been out during the summer, and payment made every two weeks, is still standing, the buyers being afraid to work; so we cannot get a cent that way.

The absolute anarchy and lawlessness is awful. One of Oka's classmates was here this summer. His father, an admiral, a very genial, kindly chief, loved by all, was brutally murdered in his bed, simply because he was an officer. His ears and nose were cut off, and eyes gauged out, while alive. I could tell you many such instances, the victims of which we knew personally. This is my great dread for our boys; if it is God's will that they be killed in battle doing their duty, it is one thing; but to be butchered would be worse to bear.

My brother-in-law Neil has just had his house cleared of silver and all valuables, in a way reminding one of the times of Robin Hood. He was alone in the house, reading his paper, late one afternoon, and did not hear that seven horsemen rode up to the door and were in the room. As he looked up, the leader came forward, saying, 'Are you Mr. Ponafidine? Charmed to make your acquaintance. Don't get excited, I beg of you; we can pass a pleasant half hour together while my lads relieve your house of all valuables. I see you have a piano; that is good, we won't be dull.'

And drawing up an arm-chair, he seated himself beside poor Neil, who, I fancy, was hardly in a state to enjoy the music, though he says it was brilliant. I forgot to say that they were all armed. After a time, which Neil estimates as ' hours,' the other men came back, saying that 'all was done.' The leader rose to go, and then reseating himself, said, 'I'll play you a farewell march'; at the end of which, he shook hands very cordially and left. The same thing was done in three adjoining estates.

Yesterday I heard there was lentil flour in our coöperative shop, and at once went there. They give us five pounds on each member's book. I know how to cook lentils, but we never saw the flour and I am experimenting. We had a kind of gruel of it last night which, though not very palatable, must be nourishing and that is all we look for these days. Fish and rye bread are all we have in abundance. Potatoes failed all about us. Few got back the seed. Cabbage the same. I have about two bushels each of beets and carrots, and a keg of sour cabbage — my whole vegetable supply for the winter. Potatoes I give out by weight. If we are not molested, we won't starve; but I have no hope of being able to keep what we have, or our few cows. So far we have milk and butter for ourselves, but none to sell. Nothing cuts me so much as the destruction of the dairy. I worked so hard to get it as near perfect as possible, and could support the family now had I back my cows. Butter, that was sold before the war for fifteen to sixteen roubles a pood, I could now sell for 220 roubles.

Poor George suffers so, for he hears seldom from us and from Vera, and knows of our dangers. Alec hears more regularly from us. He is in many respects better off than George, but suffers more from want of food. One

pound of rye bread a day, soup at noon, tea without sugar mostly, no milk or butter. Oka is in Petrograd. We are waiting to hear his fate.

I am not hiding anything, as we cannot move Peter. I think the best hope of saving his life is to give up everything, asking them to spare him. I have been putting up curtains, etc., and getting the house ready for winter as usual. I had no heart for it, but decided it was best — better for us and though Peter can't see, I like to have him feel that all is neat and pretty around him, and he asks to know just how each room looks. Also, I don't want the servants to think we anticipate anything. It is so hard now with the people. I am losing things steadily, linen, etc.; my overshoes taken and, I know, by my maid, who has lived with me for years; and overshoes are not to be had for money now. One cannot keep everything locked. I think I must have fighting blood in my veins, for I feel like fighting for our rights; and when the time comes, I feel I *must* go down, revolver in hand; but I keep trying to prepare myself to be patient and tactful for Peter's sake, to try to save him. One comfort is that, if the worst comes, his heart won't endure protracted suffering, and it will soon be over.

The boys have your address, and I have told them if they survive us, to let you know if anything happens to me. I write you all this so that, if the letter gets through, you will know how we are situated, and if the crash comes, will understand as much as I can write. I also want to tell you, dear Carrie, how much I love you and how much your and Mell's love has been and is to me. Peter is very brave. We both send you and all your family our best love, and may God bless you for all you have been to us! Perhaps better days will come. I wonder will you receive this!

November 2, 1917

I have written you a number of cards and letters, but though I thanked you in words, you do not know how we thank you for the help you sent, for it is what we are living on, and Peter's pension; but that, as prices now go, is a very tiny drop in the bucket. I wrote you we had (in June) sold a part of the woods, receiving 10,000 roubles as guaranty money; but a clause in the contract makes us obliged in one month's time to return the money if timber operations are stopped; so we have placed the money in the bank and, however great our need, dare not touch it.

We have sent Oka off on a delicate and dangerous mission. Feeling that there is little hope of escaping looting, we must try to get our silver in a place of comparative safety. You remember our beautiful Persian service; then your Father and Mother Clement's wedding-gifts to us; a service for twelve given us on our silver wedding anniversary by Peter's brothers and sisters; also all that I have in the way of jewelry, we have sent to Moscow, to be stored in the government bank. One of our nephews, a young navy officer who has been visiting us, went with Oka, so that they could by turns keep watch all the time. It is costing us a lot to do it, but we feel it is a good investment if successful.

Then we are trying to hide as we can some flour and the cereals we have, oatmeal and buckwheat, our main support now, for bread-riots must soon begin, and if we can save a little, it is something. I never could have imagined such a state as our great country is in. Sending Oka to Moscow, we supplied him with rye bread, oat-cakes, and butter. He just returned from Petrograd, where he had to go; and he and his classmate lived in the latter's house, empty, the family being on three estates. The boys lived for the five days

on the bread and cold meat I gave them, for they could get nothing in Petrograd except at impossible prices in restaurants.

In Ostashkov most of the shops are closed, and the remainder have a big display of empty shelves, and to save strength and time, hang out notices on the doors and windows: 'We have no buttons, no yeast, no wool, no manufactured goods,' etc., etc. Of course, all groceries, flour, etc., you get by cards: five pounds of flour a month, one of sugar, and sometimes tea and matches. Cereals, rice, macaroni, candles, we have not seen for over a year; and we, who have our own rye flour so far, get no white flour, of course. Prices are fabulous. Rye flour that was 1 rouble 20 kopecks a pood is 45, butter from 19 to 250. Shoes (if one is lucky enough to find any), that used to cost 12 to 15 roubles, are 150 to 200. Not a yard of any stuff can we get, and it takes the greatest ingenuity to dress ourselves and the seven prisoners. For instance, I am footing winter socks for them with some light felt Caucasian hats I had, and we 'patch' instead of 'darn' stockings, etc.

If we could look upon the war as the limit of our troubles! But it will be the beginning of the end, when they come home to take the land and divide the spoil. If you only knew what the boys are enduring! I look upon the Russian officer with the deepest admiration and sympathy. Living on the meagrest pay, they are, as the papers constantly say, the only class in Russia that has not struck for higher pay. They face enemies on all sides; for the German agents have succeeded in filling the soldiers with hatred for, and distrust of, their officers, and the lives of the latter are a hell. I wake nights with a hard physical heartache, thinking of George and Alec. Poor little Vera is going bravely through these days, anxious every day for George and for us here and her own approaching confinement. Still, she is safer than she could be here, and is with her own family. I write to George four times a week, and he has been six weeks at a time without word of us, and when he knows our danger. I never write the boys any but cheerful letters, and keep back all I can; but they read the newspapers and understand what is going on.

A few nights ago, three soldiers came here and said they were going to search our house. The Intendant could do nothing with them, and they began to be threatening; so Oka and I went out to face them. Mrs. Roper used to say that Oka was the most dignified creature that she ever knew. Well, the dignity with which he spoke to them actually cowed them, and it ended in his giving each a cigarette, and they wished us good-night and went off quite peacefully. I was so amused that I forgot all possible danger and chuckled.

November 2

The peasants in our county raised a very large sum of money, and sent agents south to try to get several carloads of flour, as our crops in this part of the country were almost complete failures and few have bread beyond November, and the five pounds a month they get on the card-system is, of course, nothing. This morning I had a talk with one of those who had gone to make the purchase. He had been as far south as Kazan, and found rye, but could not get permission to take it out of the government of Kazan; and so they returned empty-handed. This was our last hope, for now famine will stare us in the face.

All the peasants are well supplied with money. The war has so raised the price of labor that the peasants and working class get far more than

for brain-work. Factory hands, even street-sweepers, are demanding and getting anywhere from 200 roubles a month and up; while officers get 175 or 200, as Alec has. The artificially cultivated (on German money) class-hatred is our greatest menace. The most constantly repeated phrase is, 'If we kill off all the bourgeoise, we shall have peace, and bread, and then we can ourselves govern the country.' I have talked calmly and quietly with soldiers, who say it must be done. Even the 'bourgeoise' —landowners, capitalists, even priests, who are for some reason included — who have been kind cannot be permitted to live. 'We must root them all out, even children knee-high.'

In the far east and in the Caucasus, it is not so bad as it is here. I cannot believe we shall see better days for a long time, and the best we can hope for is to escape with our lives, but, of course, quite ruined.

I wish I could write more freely. I think of you so often and so tenderly. Friends are the greatest comfort these days, and the knowledge that there are those who love us and think of us even at a distance is an immense help. How Peter keeps up as he does is a wonder. We, who are well are quite unstrung. It has been said, and I think with considerable truth, that there is not a perfectly normal person in the country. Nerves are strained, and no one, even the richest, gets the accustomed nourishment. Personally, I feel the absence of sugar most. We always, in the East, had so much in the form of fruit, that one's organism evidently demands it, for I have such a craving for something sweet — anything. Our apples were stolen while green, or we should have had a good supply for the winter; but that is a minor trouble.

This is such a long letter. I fear it may not get through, but our censor is too busy these days to go through letters and I never write anything about the war.

BORTNIKI, *November* 6, 1917

I want to write you of the last two days. It will give you some idea of the volcano upon which we live. Last evening two soldiers were here until late. They came to inform us that our woods are no longer ours: that, if we need to cut a tree, we must get permission and prove that we need it. In the meantime they brought us a paper, authorizing peasants of one village only to cut 80 trees for timber and 85 cubes of wood. A cube now costs 300 roubles, so you can see how much we could get if allowed to sell; and this is only for one village!

Then this morning early I had to go on important business to the post. I hated going and leaving Peter without Oka, but had to do so. When I came back I found poor Peter trembling in every limb, and almost unable to speak until I doctored him, and the yard full of women with bags. It seems a report had been spread that we have been selling flour and sending it in boats by night. The peasants about are greatly excited, and went over to our local committee and warned them that they would loot us and burn us out.

The committee sent three members, three soldiers, and two soldiers from our neighboring village to examine the charges. As soon as Peter was calm I went out to the barns where they were weighing our grain. I told them that I was deeply cut that such a false charge should be laid to us; that since the orders given us, we had faithfully kept from selling a pound; and they were at liberty to search the place as the people said we had hidden grain.

I myself went everywhere with them, showing them every place from attics to cellars, insisting on opening trunks, etc. When they went through our empty

cellar and store-room, and saw the lack of everything, they were amazed.

After weighing all our provisions and calculating how much we would need (at three pounds of cereals a day for 22 persons and one pound of bread a day), they declared we could spare nothing; but the women raised such a terrible row and were so menacing, that the whole delegation came in to consult with us.

They had begun by being very reserved, if not hostile, in their bearing toward us. The leader said to me when he had gone through a part of the buildings, 'I almost believe you speak the truth!' At the last he stood up for me bravely, and privately advised me to try and send away what valuables we have, as he doubted if we could escape looting at the least. It was finally decided to take 12 poods to the next village, and there have it decided who was in need; for many who came to-day have bread.

When the women were told that 12 poods would be given them now, their spokeswoman said, 'I tell you now, in the presence of the lady, when this flour is gone we will come to her again and ask her to give her supply willingly. If she does, we won't touch her; but if she does not do it willingly, we will take it and kill them all, and burn down the whole place.' In vain the men argued, explaining that, even if hunger drove them to take food, it would not justify them in murdering and burning, nor would it give them bread. Nothing would move them.

The delegation came back to me and said, 'What will you do?'

I replied: 'As you represent our authority and government, it is my place to put the question to you, and ask you what we can do.'

They all laughed and shrugged their shoulders. When the committee left us, in a very friendly spirit, it was with little comfort and with no encouragement.

It is now seven o'clock in the evening; all is quiet, Peter is undressed, and his old man is reading to him the papers, which are full of accounts of horrors; yet he will read every word.

We shall have supper in a few moments, and I am ready for it, as I have had nothing since my morning coffee, as I could not eat my dinner when they were here. Would you like to know our war menu? We had for dinner a gruel of oat flour and a soufflé of squash. To-night we have tea, and potatoes boiled in milk.

Did I write you that, after being without anyone all summer nearly, we found a most eccentric old bachelor, a retired colonel, a tramp by nature, and 'a jack-of-all-trades and master of none'—a queer, interesting character, a friend of brother K's. He has been with us for six weeks, but is running away, partly because he cannot stand it without white bread and tobacco, and partly because he is afraid here; so he is going to the Caucasus. If Oka is here this winter, I won't need anyone so much, for Oka can write; but he won't have time for reading, as he must study. We read to Peter all the time, to keep his mind occupied.

We are being overrun with wolves, and a seventeen-year-old girl was eaten near Pakrowsky. I had a letter from George yesterday, dated ten days ago, saying he was 'alive and well.' In his last seven days in the reserve, he had shot a wild boar and a wild goat in addition to small game. It is not only an immense help in their very meagre mess, but the sport is the one thing he has to take him out of himself and his surroundings

We had a telegram that Oka had arrived safely in Moscow with the silver, and we expect him home to-morrow.

Bread-riots one can pardon, for to

see one's children without bread can easily upset all one's morals as to rights of personal property, etc. We have now, according to this month's report, 770,000 in the government of Twer who have no bread and are dependent upon the miserable pittance of five pounds a month. About us there are many such; and what aggravates the case is the almost failure of our potato and vegetable crops. If we were just ourselves, I would risk sharing our last pound; but we are 22 souls in Bortniki, among them refugees and prisoners who must be fed; and we are on such short rations, as it is, that it goes to my heart. They often go out to work lazily, and say they are so 'empty.' It seems cruel when a woman comes and begs me for 'only three pounds for the children.' I would gladly give it, but dare not. Even the soldiers to-day warned me not to, for if we give to one we shall immediately have so many that our whole supply won't go around, and we shall be accused of partiality, with bad results; so one does not know what to do.

November 8

I must finish this, to go to-morrow. I drove to the steamer to-day to meet Oka, but he did not come. I go about as usual, quite alone, driving or walking, and so far have had no trouble. To-day one of the women who screamed the loudest at me yesterday, brought her sick child to me, with many low bows and sweet words, as they know so well how to use them, when they ask for a favor. I did what I could for the baby, and neither of us alluded to the past. Peter slept well last night, though he was so excited yesterday; but it is only with bromide that he can sleep.

For some time I have been in the habit of going out at dusk and making the rounds of all our hay-barns in the fields; but now I am a little afraid of the wolves, going alone. When Oka is back, we can go together. It is a comfort in one way when the boys are here, and yet I am relieved when they are not, for I am afraid of their resenting bad treatment of us and only perishing themselves without helping us, especially George. He would never stand calmly by and hear what they say to us, though he bears worse for himself.

BORTNIKI, *November* 18, 1917

Since my last to you, great events have taken place. How great and of what shadings we know not, for our last newspaper was of October 26 (old style) and to-day is November 4. The telegraph is not working, and we only get many conflicting rumors of great bloodshed in Petrograd and Moscow; and Alec and Oka are there. Oka telegraphed that he would leave Moscow a week ago to-day. The same day, we hear, civil war broke out in Moscow, and no trains leave. Eight days in succession I drove to the steamer to meet Oka, and then gave it up. The first day I did not go, George came unexpectedly, *via* Kiev. You could imagine what it was to see him; and now, when I lie awake nights, it is such a comfort to feel he is sleeping over my head, and not somewhere in cold, wet trenches and perhaps lying stark and still 'somewhere in Austria.'

He came unexpectedly to Kiev the evening of the day his little girl was born. The baby, though small, is well and strong. George seems most of all impressed with its finger- and toe-nails and that 'it isn't as disgusting as small babies generally are.' He divides his time between us, poor fellow; but so much of his meagre leave is swallowed up by the long journey, that it only gives him nine days with each of us. We appreciate so much his coming, and Vera wishing him to, though I know it

was very hard for both of them. With events rushing as they are, we feel that we must profit by every moment together. If I leave the room, George asks me as he used to when small, 'Mamma, are you coming back soon?' It seems as if I *cannot* let him go again!

November 20.

We are still in uncertainty. Great fighting is going on in Moscow, and no trains leave. How it fares with Oka we do not know.

Alec got a few lines to us. He was alive nine days ago, but under fire. In the meantime, famine is approaching, for no food-supplies are coming in. In many of our villages there is flour only for two weeks. If you could see how we spend our evenings! In the *fluegel* we have cut a trap-door to the shallow cellar under the floor, and in pitch darkness George and I carry things down there. We have put there clothing, copper utensils, albums (at Peter's special request), extra samovars, etc. The *fluegel*, being brick, won't burn so easily, and perhaps we can save something.

One of the most cynical episodes of these dark days is the placard just over the bridge in Finland, where some thirty officers were drowned, prodded under water with bayonets when they rose to the surface of the river. The placard reads, 'Swimming-school for officers'!! Are comments needed? Do you wonder that wives and mothers of officers find the nights very long?

It is a moment that tries one's faith. Why does God allow such horrors as the world has lived through the past four years? I feel so frozen, I cannot get any comfort. Strange to say, I feel no personal fear. It is not bravery, I think, but callousness. The days pass with less strain. It is the nights, and I am getting worn out for want of sleep.

Snow has fallen, and soon we shall be cut off for a time from the city. George insists on my having everything at hand to leave; but where can one go? No one is allowed to leave the country with money, and Peter cannot be taken far, anyway. The whole country lives in a nervous, waiting, expectant frame of mind, that makes all minor interests and troubles forgotten. The one impulse that grows and deepens is the class hatred, fostered and fed by the clever Germans.

BORTNIKI, *November* 24, 1917

I imagine you have known through the Associated Press more of what has been going on in our poor tortured country than we have. For ten days we have been without post and telegrams, but rumors, of course, came through of very alarming character, and Alec was in Petrograd and Oka in Moscow! You can realize how anxious we were. Here, too, the people were more and more nervous, sullen and menacing.

It was on one of our worst days that George walked in, and we felt that God had not quite forsaken us. He was gaunt, thin, but of good courage. The day before he left, as unexpectedly, Alec came in, looking like Lazarus raised from the dead! He had lived through the horrors of arrest, nearly been lynched, as so many of our poor officers have been. His soldiers and chauffeurs stood up for him, and he had to order them to keep from violence. It is a long and complicated story, and that he was liberated was a marvel.

He said the prospect of execution lost all its horror in the face of lynching. His colonel told him, when he was released, that he better go home for a time.

We saw dear George off yesterday, and to-day Oka came, having been through real war. Trench cannonade in Moscow turned the whole city into a war camp. Oka had his turn in night

sentinel work. He tried to leave when it first began, but the cabby took him from street to street, where they were turned back. He dared not try to get through on foot, as he would have lost his money. He placed our silver in the government treasury, on the eve of the day when all deposits were stopped for want of room. We feel very thankful to God that all our boys are safe in spite of the risks they have been in.

The political outlook is very dark but still worse is the spectre of famine. Some of our neighbors have bought a little flour for 43 roubles a pood (normal price 70 to 80 kopecks!) in a neighboring state, smuggling it over the border, for selling grain from one state to another is forbidden. If help does not come soon from the United States or somewhere, I see nothing but death before us all. Even if they don't rob us we cannot hold out longer than the last of April. Those who have no flour get it from the government's supply (four pounds a month just now here), as there is no legitimate private sale of flour or grain. In Petrograd Alec, for a long time, has lived on ¾ of a pound of bread for two days! At noon, soup of such old salt beef that they put mustard and pepper in to hide the smell! Aside from soup they have a mush of some cereal, and the cereal again for supper; of course, without milk, butter or sugar. And this is the officers' mess!

The memory of the two famines we lived through in Urumia haunt me still, and when I think of seeing the same things here, it makes me shudder. It seems sometimes as if God had cast us off, or that the last days are at hand when 'the living shall envy the dead.' What the next days will bring forth, none can tell. This *coup d'état* has been the final push, plunging us into anarchy.

Our new commander-in-chief, an ensign(!), says in an order of the day that he will 'bring the country to peace over the dead body of the officers,' as they are trying to persuade the soldiers to be true to the provisional government.

We pray for a strong united government, of whatever party it may be, before the demobilization of our millions, who will come back like locusts. George saw something of an army in retreat, and says he will never forget it. The excesses were very great, and we must expect the same thing when they come back if there is not a stronger hand at home than we now have. The whole country is tired of this reign of terror and lawlessness.

We managed to sell our bull the other day; but the butcher was mobbed, and for a while it looked as though he would lose the meat. The peasants were very abusive and menacing toward me, saying that everything belongs to them now. We sold the bull at half-price as meat goes, and one-quarter of what I could have received formerly at any stud farm.

December 1

Since writing, the curtain has fallen on what I think is next to the last act in the agrarian drama.

Early one morning, our local committee and two witnesses from the village nearest us came, announcing that they had heard I had sold a bull, a cow, and three horses, and asked on what grounds I had done so. I told them we had not enough fodder for the winter; also, the cow was the Tolstois'.

They announced that we had no right to sell anything, and showed us a paper, fruit of the last *coup d'état*, saying that the estate passes into the hands of the committee. The peasants are ordered to watch us, to see that nothing is taken out of the estate; and they proceeded to write down all our property.

We had been for two days negotiating the sale of a young blood-mare that

I had brought up and broken myself. She followed me like a dog, even into the woods and fields, never going beyond my voice. She is a very fast trotter, and we hoped to sell her well before we were officially forbidden to do so.

While I went out with these people with the books to verify everything, — live stock, farm implements, etc., — the buyer came in the back door to Oka, and said he would get the mare off if we wished. It was our last chance of raising a cent on the place, and Peter and Oka sold her for 750 roubles, the man taking advantage of our position.

When we went to the stables and saw Mushka's stall empty, I at once suspected what had happened, but did not know what to say. The first thing, they asked to see her, for she is famous round here. I told them I did not know where she was; that yesterday my husband had almost made a bargain, and perhaps she had been sold. They made a good deal of trouble, but we talked them down.

All day the boys and I worked with them and had to sit at dinner and entertain them! They wrote down even our personal effects, to the last table, chair, and bed, which by the laws of Russia are not liable to be seized, even for debt. Then we were made to sign a paper that we would not sell, or take out of the place, a thing. If we leave to-morrow, we cannot take a pillow or quilt! We cannot kill a chicken or calf for our own use, without going to the committee for leave. When we told them that we may have to diminish still more for want of fodder, they said they would not permit it, but would force us to buy hay. When I said we could not afford it, they smiled and said they would make us find the means. They reproached us very much for having sold horses last year; but we told them we were forced to do it.

When they left in the evening, we were all quite crushed. We are in the position of unpaid intendants who bear the expenses, and of debtors whose property has been seized, and of criminals who are deprived of all rights. We are surrounded by spies, for the woods are teeming with peasants, cutting trees as they wish, and each one has a right to stop and control our work and ask what I have in the sleigh, etc. One cannot stay in the house and get no air, and yet to go out is pain. The woods we sold are being rapidly cut, but the money each two weeks, as we verify material hauled, goes to the committee! They were persuaded to leave us the 10,000 roubles guaranty money we had received, and we are hoping to hold on to it for worse days. One never hears talk of the war or politics, only bread, bread, bread! To-day a pood of flour is 60 roubles.

As the lake freezes and the high passes, I fear that we shall be eaten out of house and home. Yesterday eleven soldiers passed and demanded dinner. To-day I fed three, and as yet few can pass, as the ice is not strong. Yesterday was Peter's sixth-ninth birthday.

A RED INDIAN DAY

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

For hours I seemed to have been squatting coolie-fashion, folded up like a jack-knife in my observation tent. The last look I had taken through a slit in the green denim showed five water-buffalos standing with outstretched muzzles. Their eyes told them nothing, for my tent was to them but a broken tree-stump; their nostrils assured them that a white man was close in front, and hence should be charged and gored. I am more afraid of water-buffalos than of anything else in the world; and so, when I was compelled to ease my aching muscles, I turned as quietly as possible.

'For the love of Mike, man, are you crazy in the head?'

A shake and a rough voice awoke me. I was curled up in a knot like a sleeping dog, in the centre of a peasant's bed, with blankets heaped over me; and, judging by my cramped body, I had been in fear of these mental buffalos for a long time. A dinner of half-cooked brussels sprouts, a feverish cold, and a few hours of concentrated sulphurous shell-fumes the previous afternoon, had produced the first dream which had disturbed my sleep for many years. It was bitter cold, and my flickering candle showed the windows feathered with hoar-frost.

As I lay quietly for a few minutes and looked about, I wondered why my dream had not had to do with the lives and tragedies of past years and centuries which this old room had witnessed. For nearly three hundred years — more than twice as long as we had been a nation — the rafters had looked down on generation after generation. Now the great beams of this peasant's home were dulled by age and smoke to rich mahogany, and from them, high overhead, hung rows upon rows of dried vegetables. In the place of honor in one corner was a cheap sewing-machine, and back of it, on the wall, a crucifix. One felt that this was a recent innovation, and all the crude things which made this room a home seemed to focus more or less in the direction of the glistening machine.

I climbed several rungs of a vertical ladder and peered into the open attic. It was filled with a mass of half-broken discarded articles. Among the rest I saw two beautiful spinning-wheels and a fine old clock; and I thought of the reversal of position of this humble hut and an opulent New York home: how there the spinning-wheel would achieve a place in the drawing-room, the clock be treasured in some chosen place, while the unlovely modern machine would be relegated to some far-away sewing-room.

I hesitated, then dared, then glowed with the reaction of a douse of two pails of water, and joined my French pilot, who had so rudely interrupted the charge of the buffalos. This old friend had the slang of the world on his tongue-tip, and was master of every feat of *acrobatique aërienne*, and his

tact and sense of humor accomplished the impossible — made one forget in friendship all differences of Latin and Anglo-Saxon. I did not hesitate to narrate my dream to him, for he had seen service in Cochin China and had no false standards of bravery in relation to the terrible cattle of Malaysia.

In the kitchen, which was also the dining-room, I heard the peasant mo ther pottering about, and knew she was cooking more brussels sprouts. My pilot went behind the house and began to fuss with his tools, and I walked through the misty gloom to where I knew was the top of a little rise, backed by a grove and a brook. For a while the tinkle of water held my attention; then it sank into subconscious hearing. Everything was adrip with the squeezed-out mist, and though it was not yet dawn, the gray shroud seemed to possess a faint luminosity of its own.

I squatted on my heels, my boots sinking deep into the soggy moss, the trench-mud on my puttees liquefying and running slowly down, achieving its final destiny — mud to mud. Like a tiny jack-o'-lantern face, my watch glowed dully, and cheerfully marked two o'clock, having apparently stopped the last time I rolled over on it, while the buffalos were still undecided. It was nearer five, and a gentle breeze moved the streams of mist and sent a shower of drops down my neck from the beech-buds overhead. Some small creature scuttled past, sniffed in my direction, and tore off through the dead grass. A smell of wet wood-smoke came on the gentle breeze, and the odor of new-turned sod. The mist-light strengthened, and dawn came slowly, diluted, as it comes through the rice-paper of Japanese *shoji*.

For a long time the light held and did not increase. It seemed as if the palpable mist were absorbing the day as fast as it came; and one remembered yellow-ochre days in London, when at high noon one disappeared ten feet away. Here was absolute silence — the mist strained the air clear of vibrations. I could not move — I did not want to; I waited as if for something big, something tremendous, which was about to happen.

Then came to the senses an anti-climax, but to the imagination an awakening, staggering in its contrast and significance. Two sounds broke the stillness, penetrating the fog with difficulty, each subdued, mist-muffled. First a faint, low *kr-krump*. A month later, and it might have been a small frog in a distant pool. Then a soft, liquid gurgle, a virile contralto note — the first vocal call of life to the dawn; a contented hooded crow talking to himself from his roost among the maze of beech-twigs.

The setting seemed perfect: the dawn of a late winter day in France, the voice of the bird and the frog, and the mist-borne fragrance of the freshly turned mould. How happily Burroughs or Sharp could phrase it; how the great god Pan would enjoy it! At last I could keep up the deceit no longer. Let Pan keep his bird and the smell of the mould — that was his: but the low hollow note, the faint *kr-krump*, so brief that it seemed almost a trick of the ear, this was a velvet glove of sound made by no batrachian, and Mars in his most hideous accoutrements strode forth in my imagination and claimed it. At times I have been in a perfect hell of artillery fire, but I know of no instance where the sound of a gun affected me as did this single distant *kr-krump*, miles and miles to the north. Here it came gently, a soft antiphony to the content note of the crow; there it was a volcano of flying steel splinters and hideous fumes, tearing through flesh and wood and mud, destroying

all life, human, animal and plant, demolishing even the inorganic face of nature, the dissipating smoke revealing a landscape comparable only to that on the surface of a dead moon.

The crow called again, clearer this time, less liquid, as if the thinning mist had dried from his throat; and quickly the fog drifted off toward the valley, and now the tinkle of the brook became audible again, and I walked rapidly down to the thatched farm-house.

II

The wind from the thrilling roar of propeller-blades shook the line of drying clothes, and soon after breakfast we were off. Of that day's work and sights I may not write, though Verne himself never dared to image the strangeness of some of them. But in a new plane we set out from a small aerodrome late the same afternoon, headed due northeast.

Few pilots or observers recall memories of engine-trouble with aught but a shudder; but twice I have owed most unusual experiences to poor connections and foul plugs. We had done some sixty miles of straight traveling when the engine began missing in villainous fashion, and we had to descend, picking a grassy meadow, a trifle too rolling, but infinitely better than any of the surrounding ploughed lands. The trouble was more serious than we expected, and I set out to look for a place to spend the night. A second night in a peasant's bed did not appeal to me; but the nearest town was miles away.

A member of the invariable audience, which quickly gathered, offered me the use of his home, and we walked toward the picturesque, age-weathered building, a counterpart of the one in which, on the previous night, I had dreamed of my buffalos. Coming out was an officer,—who the peasant told me was billeted on him—preparing to step into a waiting automobile. I was about to pass with a perfunctory salute, when I realized that the little god of chance meetings had been at work and had drawn us together, — the officer and me, — who last had met among savage men in a far-distant land. Some red tape was speedily unknotted, an order was interpreted according to the the spirit instead of the letter, and I took the place of a second officer in the car.

For a few miles we exchanged histories and had almost reached present chronology, when he signaled to the chauffeur to stop. We drew up just beyond a rustic bridge over a small, slow-flowing brook. He looked at his watch and suggested a ten-minute walk. He was ahead of schedule, and wanted me to enjoy something with him — one of two surprises as he put it. Now and then, as we walked down the slope among the scattered trees, we heard the low *kr-krump* which had come to my ears before dawn. It was a little more distinct and sometimes double, *krum-kr-krump;* but even now, a big frog at the bottom of the hill would have been more effective.

But all other thoughts slipped away as a new sound arose in the darkness, a sound which held for me a thrill as vital as the hint of distant battle, and incomparably more alluring. It rose slowly, a rich mellow ululation which stirred every fibre, and then quavered, descended, and broke off. We stood motionless, listening with all our ears, and again it came, unmistakably, from the depths of the misty woods. My companion smiled at me in triumph. His first surprise had come off promptly, even ahead of time, for it was only now growing dusk. We could see in imagination the drooped tail, the hollow-cheeked muzzle raised skywards —a wolf uttering that cry which of all

sounds is most symbolic of the northern wilderness — *un hurlement plaintif et lugubre*. I could not believe my ears, that here in the heart of France, within sound of the guns at the front, I had heard the voice of a wild wolf. The peasants had reported wolves at several places, the cold and pinch of hunger driving them from distant fastnesses where their race was making its last stand. And now they had become bolder, finding little to oppose them in this depleted country. Lacking accurate knowledge, I had always assumed that in Europe, in these modern times, wolves were restricted to the farthest wilds of Russia and Siberia. To think of them in France was in imagination to repicture mediæval times again.

We walked for a while in the patch of dense woods beyond the valley, but heard no sound of life except the rustle of mice or some small creatures.

As we hummed swiftly northward, toward the distant booming, we discussed the strangeness of this war, the great game of the senses along the front: warfare which varied from the plane-directed shell, whining its way for three score and ten miles through the air, to the direct smash of brass knuckles. There came to mind the calmness of early dawn, and then of the seeming reverse of earthly activity, blocked dug-outs bombed with phosphorus, and terrible slow deaths, which sickened me until I remembered the cause — the untellable Boche tortures which made retaliation the only method of teaching the fallacy of the doctrine of force.

But in all our memories, in all the ghastly experiences which come to one at the front, there is always the leavening high light of comedy. Tragedy and comedy are not two masks: they are more often different points of view, or a slight shifting of values of the same. And usually the possibility of comedy, the ever-ready butt, lay in the slowness of thought, the lack of humor, of the Boche.

Not far from where we were headed, a raid had been planned some time ago — a local raid, especially for information, so that prisoners were necessary. It was widely known that the Boche had well-equipped listening-posts, which were able to listen in on our own outposts. Hence obvious messages were sent along the lines, to the effect that all activity was at an end for a month or two. One night, about a week before the raid, several score of stink-bombs, mixed with a goodly proportion of poison gas, were shot over by our men. Three days later a similar barrage took place. At the moment of the raid, with every man ready for the jump, a good quantity of stink-bombs, *but no poison gas*, was launched, and when our men reached the Boche trenches, the poor logical inmates were all found firmly incased in their masks, and needed but gathering in. Seldom have I seen a more beautiful instance of the instinctive association of ideas due to precedent! The Boche formula had all logic behind it; all it lacked was appreciation of human nature unlike their own. They argued, —

> Stink + gas bombs once,
> Stink + gas bombs twice,
> Stink + gas bombs thrice!

Unfortunately for them the correct formula was, —

> Stink — gas bombs = a comfortable Allied prison.

As we went on, the roads became more muddy and more congested, and we frequently had to crawl along the steep slope far out on one side, clinging with the inner tires to the deep rut which alone kept us from sliding down into the ditch. Batteries of *soixante-quinze*, lorries of food and ammunition, and indeed of everything, from camou-

flaged tree-trunks to rat-traps, passed us, a shaded lantern here and there giving the only light. It was for all the world like a vast ant-hill, the paths of which become crowded as soon as dusk shuts down. Panting horses and steaming motors alternated as motive-power; and while on the surface all seemed confusion, yet one realized that each team, each char-à-banc, each man, had an appointed place and duty. It was the nearest approach to the order existing in Nature with which any of man's efforts has ever impressed me.

We went as near the front as it was safe to take the car, then left it and stumbled on in the darkness, squatting behind broken caissons when star-shells made us feel too conspicuous. Then we passed down a gentle incline, dug in the centre of a field, and walked through what seemed miles of zigzaging communication trenches. A cold drizzle had begun and the walls of the trench became smooth and dripping. Now and then we flattened ourselves against this plastic mud, when ammunition-carriers passed in one direction, or stretcher-bearers swung by in the other, the burdens of the latter lying with clenched teeth, hands fast gripped over those of the bearers — the only human link which bridged this awful gulf between bursting shell and surgeon's ether.

There was something fearfully grotesque in this intimate passing of cases of bullets in one direction and victims in the other. It brought cause and effect more horribly together than is ordinarily the case. Only once do I remember seeing anything more acutely vivid: and that was when, in anticipation of a coming raid, two platoons of poilus were told off to dig a hundred graves in the cemetery of a front-line hospital. Even here the all-saving, unteutonic gift of humor dominated all other moods, and one saw a soldier now and then lie down laughingly in an unfinished grave, '*pour voir*,' as he said, '*si le tombeau me va!*'

At last, plastered with the creamy lime, I was guided to a little dug-out, where by the light of a bottle-held, oxygen-starved candle, I felt my way to a wooden bunk, and lifted my shoes out of the two inches of water on the floor.

III

Left alone for a while, my mind reverted to the hectic variety of experiences through which I had passed in the last few hours: hurtling through the heavens in the undiluted glare of the winter's sun; listening to the howl of a wolf in a dim, century-haunted forest; now, deep underground, with yards of wooden beams and concrete between me and the volcanic outpouring of tons of steel, which had been falling more or less intermittently — for four years! Surely the space of three hours brought variety enough in the forefront of this misunderstanding of *Kultur* and humanity. It seemed as if I was to run the gamut of strange mythologies: St. Josephine, the patron saint of aviators had let me down gently and turned me over to Assar, the friendly god of unexpected meetings, whence Pan had escorted me further; and now the grim god of war was to keep me company for a while.

Looking about the misshapen dug-out, my thoughts soon reverted to more materialistic things. The most noticeable feature was the atmosphere, which so grudgingly gave its adulterated oxygen to the small flame. I recognized most of the ingredients which reached my nostrils as common to similar human burrows which I had already inhabited. There was old perspiration, and oil, and soiled clothes, stale wine and tobacco, and burned powder, with a hint of boiled cabbage

and brussels sprouts, and the taint of carbon dioxide.

But there was something else, which confused me. It was neither white, Negro, nor Mongolian smell, nor the old familiar odor of crowded Calcutta bazaars which I had recently sniffed in an East Indian café in Paris.

As I sat and wondered, eight men crowded in, and the first glance at their features gave me my answer. They were full-blooded American Indians — Algonkins and Iroquois from Eastern Canada. If I had come upon a squad of Bornean sea-dyaks in the trenches, I could not have been more surprised. One thought of most modern Indians somehow as being bowlegged, pot-bellied fellows, ne'er-do-wells, who at best sold blankets and cheap beadwork. Yet here were eight fine-looking men, rangy, tall, swift of motion, and graceful in their mud-matted khaki. It was astounding beyond words. One of them — a university graduate, as I was told later — observed my ill-concealed surprise, and instantly interpreted it. 'Looks as if we'd climbed out of Cooper, does n't it?' he asked smilingly.

Then my mind went back to surprise number one, — the wolf, — and my mind associated the two, and my reason told me that it was the year 1918, and the dull boom of guns reminded me that I was in the land of France; and then I gave it up as part of the most astounding war of divers weapons, men, and causes which the earth had ever known.

I found that there was a whole platoon of these Indians, officers and men, doing scout-duty at various points, trained to this modern raiding, the self-same manoeuvring which their great-grandfathers had practised against mine.

They were exceedingly quiet fellows, and the officer and I furnished most of the conversation. I learned, however, that a raid for information was planned and these men were to undertake it. We were packed in rather closely, with our feet on tilted boards and empty boxes, to keep them out of the water. By a misunderstanding they thought that I had eaten dinner on my way to the front; and when they learned that this was not so, I had trouble to prevent their sending over to the mess through an ugly shell-shower which had begun for no reason at all. The larder of the dug-out yielded a weird variety of edible substances, the eating of which did not distract my attention for a moment from my interesting hosts. My only memory of the meal is that there were no brussels sprouts, and that the last course was cold sliced sausage and musty spice-cake, the latter literally unearthed from an ancient Christmas box.

The air got thick with smoke and heavy with Indian smell, and I looked around to fix the scene forever in my mind, and was as happy as Kim wriggling his toes in the mud of the Great Road. The officer produced a bottle of wine from below the water-level in a corner, and now and then the surface of the red liquid in the cups would be troubled. Then the distant roar would come and silence settle down again.

We sat and smoked for a long time, the smoke after a while settling in layers, like cirro-cumulus clouds at sunset. I watched the dark faces, the occasional glint of an eye from half-closed lids, and had relaxed into a half-dream of old Redskin history, when one young chap named Gettus collapsed with his broken chair into the water, and everyone laughed.

By this time I had persuaded the officer to let me play at least a small part in the coming raid. From time to time one of the Indians went outside, and on his last return reported that all was quiet, with the exception of an oc-

casional big shell, regular *arrivés* which came over singly day and night, falling far to the rear. After another hour we all crept outside and found that a few minutes' snow had turned to a misty drizzle, and, joined by a few more men, — all Indians, — we made our way carefully along a narrow communication trench, each man touching the one in front, and our shoulders rubbing off smears of the clinging mud. We shuffled as usual through the muddy water, not lifting our feet; and we walked very slowly, for all the world like a ball-and-chain gang — single file. Once I saw a face dimly outlined, staring at us from a lanterned niche in the trench; otherwise I could see no one besides our own party.

As we passed another lantern, and what looked like a hole in the ground but was really the entrance of a second dug-out, word was whispered to chuck coats and everything except trench-knives and grenades into it. I was ordered to keep my coat on, and, possessing no knife, did nothing. Presently the men crept past, going partly under our legs and squeezing by us. I noticed that four had no hats, their black hair glistening in the misty rain, and two had soggy, beaded moccasins on their feet — the single touch that was needed.

I turned at last and followed the man ahead. Several sand-bags had been twisted aside, and all had wriggled out into the gray vacuum of mist beyond. Suddenly the trench looked mighty good to me. One had the same feeling of opening the door of a warm lighted cabin and looking out at an icy, tempestuous sea; only in this instance the ice and tempestuousness were respectively in my feet and heart. My willingness to lag was disregarded by the man who followed me, and who occasionally poked the part of me which happened to be nearest. I had been carefully coached, and I kept close to the man ahead, who had been detailed to look after me. The officer had vanished in the mist. I went down on all fours and then still flatter, and hunched along sideways like a crab in the shallows, until I felt my cap lifted from my head. The sudden impact of cold air did not tend to compose my feelings, but by reaching out I scratched my finger and found that I was beneath a maze of barbed wire. The realization that it was not the hand of a Boche which had abstracted my cap relieved me, and I caterpillared steadily on through mud and water. I think that my speed and silence impressed my leader, for he increased his undulations. This was no new method of progression for me, for in times past I had crawled many hours through various jungles, like the serpent of Scripture.

At last we came to a depression, and slipped down until our chins rested on the edge, — a shell-crater I suppose, — and here we remained with feet again in water. My man looked asleep, instead of which he was concentrating every sense in front of him. Now and then his head turned very slightly, as a dim fluorescence seemed to fill the air, sufficient to show more plainly his fierce, intent profile. At each star-shell, dim though it was, he pulled me down for an instant deeper into the mud and water, and then, like a couple of tadpoles, we wriggled up to our former position, and resumed our wait.

It seemed as if hours passed; I forgot to look at my watch later, and I shall never know. I determined that if we stayed here for the duration of the war, no movement of mine should distract my companion. The occasional drip of water near me was the only sound. I froze and thawed several times, my feet went to sleep and woke up, and my creases and buttons all wore depressions in me; yet still we remained.

Finally, he grasped my arm and gripped it hard, pointing straight out in front. Not a sound came to my ears except my own blood pounding away, and thereupon we did another batch of waiting.

At last a scrape, a distinct crunch, reached me, and an Indian came, very slowly, trailing low, so that I could just make him out; then a man I had not seen before, crawling on all fours. Close to him were three more Indians, and after them I went, urged enthusiastically from behind by my guide. We crept beneath the barbed wire again, and on into the trench without further incident. Then I realized for the first time that the new man was a German — not the heavy, fat, comic-paper Boche, but a thin-templed, ascetic-looking young man, with deep imprint of spectacles and a near-sighted intensity of glance. He stumbled along the communication trench, and when we stopped and clustered in a lantern-lighted embrasure, one of the Indians drew a pair of spectacles from his pocket and gave them to the prisoner. They went on with a snap, and he stared keenly at us, and the puzzled look came to him, as it had at the smell of these men to me.

The officer appeared and, still in unbroken silence, we went on and on far to the rear. Then I was led to a damp musty bunk and wrapped up in all the blankets I could find. My guide whispered good-night and rolled into another coffin-appearing affair.

I was sound asleep when a most infernal racket began, and, sitting up, I suddenly banged my head against the rough wooden beams overhead. After a minute or two the bombardment redoubled in another direction, and for fifteen minutes plates jingled, the floor-water quivered, and our bunks trembled and shook. Then it died out in a Fourth-of-July crackling.

Early next morning, waiting for my friend the officer, I loafed in the trench, leaning back and looking at the strange sight of blue sky overhead, with a half-dozen Nieuports and Spads swooping and rolling as if they felt the exhilaration of the crisp air in their very canvas skin and spruce bones. Three soldiers — not Indians — were near me, idly looking upward, when suddenly all ducked and doubled over, then looked sheepishly at me and laughed. I saw the cause but did not know enough, or, rather stupidly, knew too much, to follow suit. A house sparrow had flown up and over the parapet and alighted on the heaped sand-bags piled at the back, and its sudden appearance was a close imitation of a hand-thrown grenade. I had had little experience with such missiles, but, from my life-work, I reacted instantly to the sight of the bird and did not give it a second glance. So there was no incentive to flinch, as I certainly should have done had I known what it might have been. To the soldiers experienced in this sunken warfare, the appearance of any object from that direction meant death; to me it was only a male house sparrow still in the veiled winter plumage.

No less instantaneous is the reaction to sound. At one spot the Boches were accustomed to rain shells which came with a peculiar grinding rush. The only safe defense was to drop whatever you had and plump flat down in the deep mud. A friend of mine discovered that his coffee-grinder gave forth an exact imitation of one of these *arrivés*, and thereafter, whenever he felt the need of relaxation, he concealed himself near an opening of his dug-out and at a particularly propitious moment gave his coffee-mill a turn. The effect invariably banished all gloom.

On my way back to the car, my officer told me that three Germans had been killed and the one brought in. I won-

dered how it had been done; I wondered whether and how they ultimately got the ascetic-looking prisoner to give the information desired. But a wind-fallen American cannot expect to have all his wonderments satisfied. I may not tell the division and place, or the wonderful cheats of appearance which these camouflaged Redskins used, but I can safely infer that the delayed bombardment indicated a distinct loss of temper on the part of the Boches, on the discovery of their exterminated outpost.

I had taken a tiny part in what was to me a new phase of the great war, with real Indians of my own continent; and my future thoughts of this race will be of these splendid Iroquois — athletic, wiry, virile, the menace of the German line throughout this whole sector.

But for bodily comfort, and general hygiene and ability to see what is going on in one's environment, commend me to aeroplanes, rather than night-raids in No Man's Land.

A NEW ENGLAND PORTRAIT

BY MARGARET BALDWIN

Set among wooded hills and slow-flowing streams, some fifty miles back from the coast, is an old New England farm. One hundred and twenty acres are called for in its deeds, sixty of which are magnificent woodland. Long ago, generations of sons and daughters were born and reared upon this homestead, but the region is thinly populated now. Where, forty years ago, its little district schoolhouses were always filled to capacity, now less than a dozen children are to be found in them. Heavy teams and stout farm-horses furnish the means of travel. At very long intervals, a modest car may be owned by some ambitious individual; and occasionally a big touring car from the coast sweeps over the long hills, waking their echoes with its siren wail as it speeds away to the strange world from which it came. But virtually it is still a land of the horse and wagon.

But the fate which has overtaken so many New England farms has not befallen this one — at least, not wholly. It is not deserted. One member of its family still remains — a woman who lives alone upon it. Its old buildings are snug and up-standing. The low-eaved dwelling house is kept painted and repaired. Tall hollyhocks and cinnamon roses bloom beside the old stone doorstep. Of the two barns, one is gray and weather-worn by the storms of more than a hundred years, but is still sound and in use; the other, a later structure connected with the house, is snug and comfortable for the creatures which it houses. These are a strong good-looking horse, which the woman bought as a three-year-old and trained and steadied with her own hands, three cows, pigs, and a hundred hens.

Indoors, there is the plain simplicity of the old-fashioned country home — the braided rugs, the soft-cushioned

chairs, the old gothic-faced clock which has been running more than sixty-five years, the Franklin fireplace, flanked by its great box of old-growth birch and rock-maple — burned in lavish and unmeasured abundance; for there are fifteen cords of it piled in the woodshed and many more on the owner's land.

It was a mellow autumn morning when I first saw this spot. The scent of sage and mint and rose-red apples spiced the air. Looking away over steadily sloping fields and pastures, across miles of the wooded river-valley to the far hills beyond, it was a scene of exceeding beauty. Every shade of purple and mauve, of green and dun-rose and blue, lay upon it, with here and there glimpses of the little river, moving its amber waters unhurried toward the sea. Nearer showed rich green squares of late clover, loaded orchards, and the rusty gold of cornfields; and marking boundaries still, in places, the gray old stone-walls of early New England.

And over all hung the tinted softness of September. I could but think of the old Scotch peasant, whom a traveler had noticed in a bit of the Highlands, standing humbly with bared head, as if in an attitude of devotion. Approaching him at last, the stranger said, 'I did not know, Sandy, but you were at your prayers?' 'No,' answered the old man, 'I will tell you — for forty years I have come here every morning to take off my bonnet to the beauty of the world.'

Now, this woman has lived alone in her house for ten years. Her nearest neighbor is not within call. During these years she has carried on her farm solely herself, literally by her own personal labor and supervision — in fact, practically, much longer, having, for one item alone, done all the machine-work of summer-time and harvest, for twenty-four years, barring one year when she was ill.

For example, in 1916 she raised fifteen tons of hay, all of which she herself mowed and raked by machine, or by hand if the ground was rough. She pitched on all of these loads in the field, and did all the stowing in the barn. The same year she raised seventy-five bushels of oats (four tons of straw). She mowed, raked, and turned all of this grain, ready to haul in, and put in two loads of it alone. She hired a man and a team to put in the rest. She ploughed and harrowed the land and sowed the oats herself in the spring. The year before, she raised seventy-five bushels of potatoes, all of which she dug by hand, picked up, and carried into her cellar alone. Sometimes, if the weather is good and it is desirable for the crops to go in rapidly, she hires a few days' help in the spring planting. But, aside from this, she does it herself. In midsummer, the haying season, her general rule is to hire a man for three or four continuous weeks. Also when land for crops is ploughed — 'broken up' — for the first time, as well as when she is clearing up a bit of new land, with rocks and stumps to be drilled and blasted. This comprises practically all the hired labor employed on the farm proper during the year.

The garden, or where the smaller crops — vegetables, berries, and 'summer green stuff' — are raised, she plants and harvests with special care. Nobody ever touches this but herself. In 1916, the yield from it was over forty-two bushels, consisting of peas, beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, beets, turnips, cabbage, cauliflower, parsnips, carrots, sweet corn, cultivated blackberries, besides a great heap of squash, pumpkin, and citron. These, with forty-seven bushels of potatoes, sixty bushels of apples, seventy-five bushels of oats, and fifteen tons of hay, comprised her crops for that year. She also made forty gallons of cider for vinegar. The

apple crop some years is over three hundred bushels. Keeping her year's supply of these things, she sells the rest, her nearest market being seventeen miles away.

At first thought, one might very naturally suppose that, with all this physical activity and work, and the great amount of time required for it, occupations related to the mental side of life would be a good deal obscured and subordinated. But this is not the case. Being a graduate of a good normal school, she teaches for more than half of every year in the schools of her town. These terms, which come in the autumn, early winter, and early spring, leave about the right part of the year — spring proper and summer — for her farm-work. If the schools open in mid-September, as they often do, the remainder of the harvesting is sometimes a bit of a problem. But it gets done — usually without help, at most, with but little — on Saturdays, holidays, nights and mornings. When the potato and apple crops are in, however, the rest is an easy matter.

In 1916, she taught thirty weeks, eighteen of them with but one week's vacation. She rose at half-past four in the morning, milked three cows, fed and watered them, fed and cared for her horse and the other stock, got her breakfast, put up her dinner and that of the horse, 'harnessed up,' and drove five miles to her school. She performed the same tasks at night after getting home, and much else — including housework and cooking. She does this in all weathers, allowing a good hour for the trip; for the roads are rough and rocky, and her horse, though a good roader as farm-horses go, weighs eleven hundred, and is a characteristic farm-horse. She has taught more than twenty years.

In addition to this, she has been superintendent of the schools in her town for fourteen years, which calls for extra driving to visit them, and considerable time to look after them in various ways. She has also been superintendent of Sunday-schools, in all, eighteen years.

One of the vital and most active interests of her life has always been to further the christianizing of her fellow men in all possible and practical ways. Because of this, and because of being in a remote country region, where Sunday services of any sort would often have to be wholly dispensed with if dependent on a regular minister, she has come to be looked to and depended upon, in matters of this sort, and not infrequently, to render the last services for the dead. Earnest and sincere, she has performed these offices with the simplicity and readiness characterizing all her works — in the spirit to be expected from one whose life has taken all its simple sane philosophy from immediate essential conditions: if there was land, it was to be tilled; if there were men, their souls must be saved. It has been with her an intense personal application of the ancient counsel, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might: for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.'

While this woman is very large and very strong, she is not always immune to the ills of the flesh. Most of them she utterly ignores; but sometimes a vital ailment has laid an importunate hand upon her, turning her unwilling steps aside from the big business of daily life, to seek the physician, and even the city hospital forty miles away.

One further item of her activities must not be overlooked. With two or three months of free time in winter, and with all her fine timber-land, and small lumbering operations the rule round about her, she does her own bit of lumbering each year. She hires a

chopper or two and does the hauling herself. In 1916 (I have chosen this year merely as a sample year, throughout) she hauled over one hundred cords to the landing, unloading and piling it herself. On the trips home at night, she brings a load of firewood, hauling her year's supply at this time.

It might not be an uncommon error to suppose that a life placed in such a setting is necessarily restricted — that there are few outlets leading to larger understandings, to higher thoughts and emotions, and the deeper happiness. But the possibilities in these things must always lie largely within the individual personality. Life is significant and happy much in proportion as it is interesting; and it is interesting exactly in proportion to personal capacity for laying hold upon it — to the finer consciousness of its import and appeal. All this is eminently true and distinctive of this case. Though her feet follow the paths of plain duty and work, and her tasks are often those of homely necessity, yet these things do not constitute the boundaries of her vision or circumscribe her personality. Her spirit answers to the call of beauty in that enchanted land — the changing glory of the purple hills, the blazoned splendors of her autumn wood, the spring's tender blooming in her fruitful fields. She meets the world face to face, where we know it not, — at the break of day, —

When fair above the seaward hill afar,
Flames the lone splendor of the morning star, —

in the peace and calm of wide fields when day is done, silvered under the moon, or wrapped in the velvet darkness of a starless night.

What do we know of that mystic hour when the heart is uplifted on 'the wings of the morning'; renewed in the virgin glory of summer dawns? The singer of old had known its mystery, when he caught it up out of human experience into that immortal phrase, whose subtle poetry has lingered in the heart of the world three thousand years, and will linger for thousands more. There are sounds which we do not know, which hold the spirit of the seasons incarnate — of spring returned, when, with the falling night, comes the first 'liquid-sweet' chorus from the lowland marsh, or the lonely cadence of the whip-poor-will's voice. To those who hear and understand, who listen with the heart, there is the word of inner meaning in all these things, and the heart's response, of life, contentment, and joy renewed.

And this being the recital of an old-fashioned tale, there follows the right to draw the old-fashioned moral. But the tale is so plain, so strong in its suggestion, that the lesson need hardly be written. To one and all is brought so clear and personal a comprehension of this woman's economic value to her country, that he who runs may read.

And as we ponder — what of ourselves? Are we still troubled with much serving of the old gods — self, home, municipality, with its recurrent problems of welfare, school, church, enterprise, and prospects? Have we made place for the new gods, the strange tutelaries of an unhappy era?

We buy, we consider and devise, but what among the essentials of daily life do we bring forth at first hand from basic sources? In the world's great hour of elemental needs, *what is our value?* Judged by the new gods, which yet are old, are we or are we not, still 'the lilies of the field'?

PARABLES FROM PALÆONTOLOGY

BY KIRTLEY F. MATHER

I

It seems probable that many decades will elapse before the last word will have been said concerning mutations, saltations, germ-plasm, and orthogenesis; but in the meantime it is well established that the Darwinian conception of the survival of the fittest has been a dominant factor in the process of organic evolution. Whatever may have caused new species to originate, there is no doubt that nature has selected for preservation in the struggle for existence those forms of life best adapted to the environmental conditions of time and place. Likewise, it is extremely likely that reams of paper and tons of printers' ink will be devoted to discussions concerning 'Virgin Birth' and resurrection from the dead, before those and kindred subjects will cease to be a fruitful source of controversy. But meanwhile all agree that the keynote of the message brought by the Carpenter of Nazareth was a stirring appeal to demonstrate by conduct that God is the Father of all mankind, to look upon all men with the eyes of a brother, to count it gain to lay down one's life for a friend.

Underneath the ancient warfare between theology and science, lurking in the distrust of the 'higher criticism,' there is an unvoiced, but very real, fear that in the last analysis the doctrine of the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence is diametrically opposed to the conception of the brotherhood of man; that evolution according to Darwin and Devries and Weissmann is the antithesis of Christianity according to Christ and John and Paul. Subconsciously, that fear drives many a man to trust blindly in the second-century dogma that the coming of the Kingdom of God must be in the nature of a catastrophic innovation through the intervention of a supernatural power. And were that fear justified, all of us would be forced to take that same position, if we still wished to view with optimism the future of man's world. How else could the heritage of a score of million years be displaced from human life?

This is why the palæontologist makes bold to lay aside for a moment his fossil shells and petrified bones, and to trespass on the precincts of philosopher and preacher. For, after all, it is the palæontologist who must settle the major problems of evolution and in a sense be responsible for the ethical fruits thereof. He is aided and abetted, to be sure, by the embryologist, the anatomist, and the experimenting biometrician; but it is his knowledge which must eventually bring order out of chaos and make clear the path which we, as well as the remotest of our kindred, have trod. He alone can tell of the past inhabitants of our globe, the myriad ancestral types now represented by much-modified offspring, and the many fruitless side-lines which terminated in the total extinction of whole races of creatures. None other can wave his magic wand over a heap of scattered bones and reconstruct a

monstrous, sluggish, clumsy dinosaur dining daintily on his half-ton of rushes and herbs each day; or, with a few small teeth and a fragment of jaw as a suggestion, model an insignificant, scrawny, little egg-laying mammal from which was destined to spring, not only man himself, but the majority of domestic animals and the long-toothed, sharp-clawed monarchs of the jungle as well.

Most certainly there are boundaries within which even the palæontologist's ambitions must be confined. All of us have our limitations. To explain why the processes of evolution have been as they are; to demonstrate whence came the 'ceaseless urge' of the life-impulse; to suggest the goal toward which it all is tending — these are problems the solutions of which may never be disclosed to him. With Fosdick he must say, 'The more we know about the world, the more mysterious it is.' But simply to tell the facts of life-history, as interpreted from the hieroglyphics inscribed on rock-ledge and gravel-bank, is no mean contribution to man's growing fund of wisdom. Knowledge of the habits which have been formed on the long road traversed by mankind in the past cannot fail to be of assistance in lighting the way which beckons toward the future. Information concerning the pitfalls escaped, the quagmires avoided, the blind lanes detected, and the hillsides climbed, may aid in charting safe passage through the unmapped wilderness which lies before us; because narrow is the gate, and straitened the way, which has led to man, and few are those who have found it.

It was Darwin, I believe, who started the gossip about the imperfection of the geologic record; but many others have enlarged upon the same theme. As a matter of fact, the record is in most parts surprisingly complete. So ubiquitous have fossil-hunters become, and so indefatigable are the students of ancient life, that to-day, scarcely a hundred years after the birth of the science of palæontology, a fairly complete picture of organic history has been sketched. The rough outlines have in the main been blocked in. Details without number remain to be inserted; high lights must be toned down, shadows must be worked up; but the preliminary outline is now ready for study.

Experience in the past has ever been to thoughtful men a guide for the present and the future. But it should be noted that, in considering the age-long development of organisms, we are dealing with forces over which man has little or no control. The laws of racial habit are as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Heredity imposes upon all living creatures the limits within which their lives must be cast. That the administration of the universe is going forward according to a consistent plan, is a conclusion reached alike by the man of religion and the man of science. The trend of evolution, which has brought the human family to its present state, can scarcely be expected suddenly to change and work in another direction. As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined.

Again, the experiences of other races of animals, the vicissitudes which have been met by members of the world of organisms whose development has been cast in other lines, may serve as parables from which man may well profit. The argument by analogy is frequently unsafe; many have come to grief thereby. But in this case the conclusions have a firmer base than that. So far as the palæontologist can judge, exactly the same general principles have controlled the evolution of all classes of organisms at all times in earth-history. Man is too closely related to

the 'lower animals' to permit him to think for a moment that he is an exception to the rule and exempt from the workings of evolutionary law.

II

Far back in earth-history, at the time when the first richly fossiliferous rocks were being formed, the trilobites occupied a proud position at the apex of the pyramid of life-development. They were, for the time being, the culminating product of evolution and held rich promise of future possibilities. Not only were their bodies encased in a protective exoskeleton similar to that of their near relatives, the crab and lobster, but they were endowed with highly specialized nervous apparatus, antennæ and eyes, comparable to those of another group of close relatives, the scorpions and spiders. Quick-witted, agile, capable, the trilobites were 'easily the most distinguished denizens of the early Paleozoic seas.'[1] Their only rivals, the gigantic predaceous ancestors of the pearly nautilus, were clumsy slow-moving creatures, no match for the smaller but more highly developed trilobite.

Very early in their development an obscure offshoot from the main stock climbed out of the water and gave rise to air-breathing insects, but the larger and apparently more virile group remained in the ancestral home. There, life was easy, food was plentiful, enemies were few, and at first upward progress was rapid. Appendages and organs, especially the sense-organs, attained an enviable perfection; there seemed to be no limit to the degree in which the trilobites might subdue the earth and enjoy its fruits. But with victory almost in their grasp, their purpose faltered. Surplus energy was used in the development of spines, excrescences, and ornamental embellishments of all sorts. Verily the trilobite wasted his substance in riotous living. And from that moment his decline was rapid. Opportunity turned her back and passed him by, never to return.

It was from another group of invertebrates, either the arachnid cousins of the trilobites or a more lowly worm-like organism, that there arose animals with a back-bone. Long after the fishes had conquered the earlier inhabitants of the sea, trilobites awoke to the error of their ways and made a last desperate struggle to retrieve the lost ground. The late Paleozoic trilobites returned to the chaste simplicity of their ancient progenitors; but it was then too late. Trilobites have absolutely vanished from the face of the earth for lo! these many years.

Robert Louis Stevenson writes, 'To touch the heart of man's mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbor, to his God; an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop.' The palæontologist, remembering the fate of scores of organic phyla which, like the trilobite, failed 'to keep the honor of a certain aim,' and as a consequence were thrust into oblivion, is not surprised to find in man 'the thought of duty.' For geologic ages that thought has been persistently nurtured in all his progenitors. His ancestral lineage includes no creature which, when tried in the balance, was found wanting. In his germplasm there is no tainted heritage from nature's derelicts.

[1] The geologist divides earth-history into five great divisions or eras: Archeozoic, the era of primal life; Proterozoic, the era of primitive life; Paleozoic, the era of ancient life; Mesozoic, the era of mediæval life; and Cenozoic, the era of modern life. — The Author.

III

While the death-struggle of the trilobites was taking place in the seas, there arose on land a host of strange, cold-blooded, air-breathing vertebrates, whose bodies were covered with scales or sheathed in bony plates. Descendants from amphibians, which in turn had been derived from ganoid fishes, the reptiles soon outclassed their immediate ancestors and became the rulers of the land.

During the Mesozoic era, as the geologist designates that time of mediæval life, saurians dominated every quarter of the earth, and hence the palæontologist refers to the time as the Age of Reptiles. On the land, reptiles occupied nearly every place taken to-day by warm-blooded mammals. There were predaceous flesh-eaters and peace-loving vegetarians; swift-moving, light-limbed dwellers of the uplands and clumsy heavy-bodied inhabitants of the marshes and the swamps. Not content with their terrestrial possessions, they early sent down to the sea an expeditionary force recruited from several different families, which quickly gained dominion there. A little later they tried their fortunes in the air, and flying dragons were creatures of fact which would have been fit companions for those creatures of fancy slain by the knights of old. Truly the earth must have presented a strange appearance in those days. Rulers of the land, masters of the sea, and lords of the air, the reptiles, I suppose, may have wept like Alexander because there were no more worlds to conquer.

Early in their history, or possibly even before the transition from amphibians to reptiles was complete, the class was split into two general divisions. A typically reptilian strain led to modern reptiles, birds, and the host of saurians which dominated the Age of Reptiles. In sharp contrast was a mammalian strain which carried the pulse of life upward through an ancient order of reptiles to the egg-laying mammals, and through them in turn to the higher mammals of the present time.

The typically reptilian strain seems to have had everything its own way during the Mesozoic era. The facts which the palæontologist has patiently unearthed concerning them surpass all imagination. Such a spectacle of gigantic creatures on land and sea and in the sky has occurred but that once in earth-history. For wherever they went, whatever their habits, these saurians seem to have had a mania for size. It was nature's grandest experiment at producing a master race by development along the line of brute strength and massive bulk. As Barrell has pointed out, the mechanism for purifying the blood, which they had inherited from their amphibian ancestors, was so imperfect that their brains were poorly nourished and received only partially oxygenated blood. As a result, there may be seen in a score of museums the skeletons of dinosaurs which, when alive, must have weighed twenty tons, but whose brains were scarcely as large as a man's fist and weighed perhaps twenty ounces. Others escaped from the congested lands by transforming their limbs into paddles which propelled them far out to sea. Still others acquired bat-like wings and soared into the clear spaces of the sky. But many put their trust in armaments, both offensive and defensive: horns and claws, bony neck-frills, and scaly armor-plate testify to the contest for supremacy in fighting power. An impartial observer inspecting the earth in early Cretaceous time must have concluded that no good thing could ever come from out this welter of selfishness and greed, of worldly lusts and brute rivalry.

And yet the dawn of a better day was already faintly discernible. Scurrying out from under the ponderous feet of herbivorous dinosaurs, hiding among the rocks and underbrush from the predaceous carnivores, the diminutive mammalian descendants of that other and comparatively inconspicuous race of reptiles were eking out a precarious existence. With no hope of even rivaling the dinosaurs in massiveness or armament, they were forced by the adversity of their environment to develop along the line of mental ability.

At the present time, the four-chambered heart of mammals is so constructed that it sends an untainted supply of purified blood to nourish the head and brain. Undoubtedly, it is a product of those early reptile-dominated days when quick wits, superior intelligence, and clear brains were absolutely essential to a continuance of life. Once attained, it enabled the diminutive defenseless prototherians, not only to perpetuate themselves, but eventually to give rise to the more highly developed viviparous mammals.

Mammalian evolution during the Age of Reptiles was retarded, not only by the dead weight of reptilian dominance and by the fact that mental efficiency has always been more difficultly attained than physical prowess, but by the long wait which was necessary before a suitable food-supply was obtainable. Cereals, grasses, nuts, and fruits have ever been the sustenance of the majority of warm-blooded animals, either directly or indirectly. And it was not until the latter half of the Mesozoic era that any of these angiosperms, or plants with 'covered' seeds, made their appearance. Not long after that important event, the impetus which it gave is noted in the increasing number of mammalian teeth and jaws which are mingled with dinosaur bones in late Mesozoic strata.

At about the close of the Mesozoic era the downfall of the reptiles is recorded by the complete disappearance of the gigantic saurians from their former domains. Terrestrial, aquatic, and aerial forms alike became extinct, leaving only the relatively insignificant group of turtles, crocodiles, lizards, and snakes. In their places, the higher mammals appeared in force and at once took possession of the evacuated spheres of influence. The triumph of intelligence, agility, and brainpower over brute strength, massive bulk, and sluggish mentality was complete.

IV

Major upward steps in evolutionary progress have always been fraught with danger and essayed by few. Bergson, philosopher and naturalist, says, 'In a general way, in the evolution of life, just as in the evolution of human societies and of individual destinies, the greatest successes have been for those who have accepted the heaviest risks.' Clarke, palæontologist and philosopher, adds: 'Over and over again the dominant race has started on its career as an insignificant minority struggling for its existence against an overburden of mechanical and vital obstacles, armed only with specific virtues which have little by little fought their way into the foreground, and by so doing consummated their upward purpose.' Progress, in the long run, has frequently resulted from the discarding of apparent advantages, either in method of obtaining food, or in devices for protection against enemies, and the assumption of new duties and obligations, the far-reaching effects of which could scarcely be foreseen. Habits which for the moment have seemed suicidal have eventually been the salvation of the race.

The palæontologic record is abso-

lutely blank concerning the far-distant beginning of life on this planet. The oldest known fossils are of plants and animals already specialized and diversified, organisms which show considerable progress in development as compared with the theoretical primitive plant-animal. Nevertheless, many assertions concerning the first steps in evolution may be safely based upon the known 'vestiges of creation,' whether they be fossil or living. Apparently the first sacrifice made by animals was the loss of the vegetable ability to transform inorganic carbon and nitrogen into food-elements. As Bergson expresses it, 'The vegetable manufactures organic substances directly with mineral substances; as a rule, this aptitude enables it to dispense with movement and so with feeling. Animals, which are obliged to go in search of their food, have evolved in the direction of locomotor activity, and consequently of a consciousness more and more distinct, more and more ample.' Of marked advantage in the end, the new obligation for the time being imposed a distinctly infelicitous hazard upon those who first assumed it. On the one hand was comparative safety because of the never-failing supply of mineral matter needed for sustenance; on the other, great danger resulted from the scarcity of organic nourishment previously synthesized by plants or other animals.

It is a far cry from the single-celled protozoan to the earliest of the air-breathing vertebrates; yet from many points of view the transition among the higher animals, from the gill-breathing to the lung-breathing stage, marks the second great crisis in organic evolution. For long ages, life-development had progressed in an aquatic environment. Several groups of invertebrates had actually developed terrestrial forms or were preparing for expeditions beyond the margin of sea and lake and river; but in mid-Paleozoic time the fishes were the only vertebrates which had yet appeared. It would seem that they had originated in the fresh waters of the land, but soon migrated to the broader, more richly populated domain of the sea. There they quickly became the dominant form of life and enjoyed a time of great prosperity and ease.

The fishes, like every other group of animals which for a time attained dominance, tried their hand at achieving permanent success by developing huge bulk and protective armament. Sharks from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and arthrodiras, with bony plates two inches thick covering the fore-part of their bodies, were not uncommon in the shallow coastal seas of every continent. These classes formed the prosperous, easy-going majority. They have given rise to no descendants more highly developed than themselves. It was a less conspicuous and more daring class of fishes that developed the accessory breathing apparatus which in their descendants, the amphibians, became functional lungs. The hazards which surrounded those venturesome 'lung-fishes' as they, for the first time, trusted their lives to the new environment and new conditions, may easily be imagined.

Whether the change was due, as Barrell puts it, to 'the compulsion of seasonal dryness,' or, using Bergson's term, to 'an internal push,' the fact is the same: the second great milestone along life's road was successfully passed by a numerically trivial but organically unimpaired minority. Self-satisfied complacency always tends to make the majority moribund. It quickly forgets the ordeal of strenuous endeavor through which it gained its laurels, settles down into a state of passivity, and leaves to a vigorous, risk-taking

minority the pioneer tasks of gaining for the world of organisms new liberty and increased efficiency.

V

The recurrent combat between intelligence and brute strength, combined with the ever-renewed struggle of the efficient few against the moribund many, bore fruit throughout the ages in a progressively higher consciousness and more perfect instinct among animals. Muscle and nerve, bone or shell, became more and more completely adapted to external environment and internal impulse; instinctive reactions to stimuli became so complicated and so remarkable that they will be the wonder of naturalists even when, if ever, their mysteries are made clear. But a still higher plane of development awaited. To mould body-form and innate habits so that they fit perfectly into environment is to retain life by subservience to surroundings. It is the antithesis of utilizing external resources in order that the environment may be so moulded that it is no longer inimical to the body and its impulses. Man is unique among animals and has 'subdued the earth' first of all because he manufactures artificial objects. Instinct must give place to reason; brute-consciousness must develop into self-consciousness.

During the middle of the Cenozoic era, or Age of Mammals, somewhere between one million and ten million years ago, there lived in Southern Asia small arboreal anthropoids which were the common ancestors of chimpanzee, gorilla, and man. Their teeth were adapted primarily for eating fruits, nuts, and herbs; secondarily for tearing flesh. Their arms were long and powerful, with hands and feet well fitted for their life in the tree-tops. Their habits were not unlike those of the higher apes of the present time. Their habitat was the well-forested lowland, with its semi-tropical climate, which existed where to-day are the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas and the bleak plateaus of Thibet.

Then occurred one of the episodes of crustal deformation which have periodically recurred in earth-history. Mountain-making forces slowly uplifted the Himalayan mass, carrying the surface of the land upward to an elevation of many thousand feet above sea-level. At the same time, and perhaps as a result of this and other crustal changes, the climate of the world became progressively cooler. The bleak northern slopes of the new-born mountain range were not only cold, but dry, because the moisture-laden winds from the south lost their water-vapor before they crossed the mountain crest. The forests dwindled almost to disappearance; grassy prairies and occasional rocky cañons characterized the landscape.

Caught in the midst of these adverse surroundings, prevented from southward escape by the well-nigh impassable mountain barrier, the ancestors of man were forced to modify materially their habitual customs if they would escape annihilation. The rolling turf of prairie and upland staged a contest for speed in action, quickness of spring, and supremacy in sustained flight, between hoofed herbivores and clawed carnivores, in which, from the very beginning, all anthropoids were far outclassed. No longer were friendly tree-tops ever at hand as a place of safety from bloodthirsty enemy. On the treeless steppes the puny ancestors of man could prevent starvation only by competing with a multitude of more powerful food-hunting creatures.

Under the compulsion of such an adverse physical and biologic environment the long-tailed, strong-armed,

tree-dwelling anthropoids evolved perforce into tailless, semi-erect bipeds, and at length developed into primitive man — the men of the Old Stone Age. The acquisition of three new characteristics made possible that transition: the habit of coöperation, the use of implements, and the knowledge of fire. Without all three of these no man-like creature could have survived.

It seems perfectly natural, in retrospect, that a creature whose hands were well adapted for locomotion through the tree-tops should have learned to use branches and limbs as clubs for attack or defence. Coöperation in the chase would come readily even to a distant relative of coyote and wolf. The use of fire, first accidentally and then purposefully, would not be a surprising attainment for individuals ingenious enough to utilize the gnarled limbs of scattered trees or the smooth boulders of ice-fed torrents. And yet, there can be no doubt that there were many conservatives who looked with disfavor upon the revolutionary methods of the innovators, and preferred to remain in the comparative safety of temporary shelter in the isolated groves. How should they know that, because the forested areas were annually decreasing in extent, they would eventually disappear? Why should they realize that death was certain for all those who should neglect to form habits independent of the dwindling forests, where safety was temporary and could not, in the very nature of things, be lasting?

Of all animals, man is one of the most gregarious. The social instinct is a part of his very nature. The palæontologist, visualizing the stress of those pre-glacial days in Central Asia, knows that in man's lineage there can be no member of the anthropoid stock who refused to coöperate with his fellows to the mutual advantage of all. Selfishness was rampant, beyond doubt, but dependence upon others for assistance in getting food and for protection against omnipresent foes was essential to life. Conservation of the scanty resources for shelter afforded by caverns, overhanging cliffs, or occasional groves of trees, completed the introduction of community life and crystallized the clan spirit in imperishable form. From that day to this the tendency toward coöperation among human beings has been intermittently broadening and deepening its influence. Because of it, man has multiplied upon the face of the earth.

VI

Dominion over nature, so far as inanimate objects and non-human organisms are concerned, has well-nigh been accomplished by mankind. The future years hold many triumphs which must patiently be achieved and which will doubtless add many more conveniences to the long list of human attainments; but man already knows *how* these conquests must be gained. The method is his; results are but a question of time. The supremacy of mind over matter is beyond cavil. But this is by no means equivalent to stating that man has reached his final goal. Evolution is a *ceaseless* urge; in the past there have always been higher planes to strive for, in the future there may never be such a thing as an ultimate terminal. Success is always temporary; it simply gains new ground from which to start once more out into the unknown. The subduing of the earth has made man master of the external world; but he cannot even hold what he has gained unless he becomes also master of himself.

The dominant, but militaristic, dinosaurs of the Age of Reptiles were forced into extinction quite as much by internecine warfare as by competi-

tive struggle with other races. A house divided against itself cannot stand; the human race, unless it lives in peace and harmony with itself, can never inherit the earth. The consummation of a true human brotherhood which shall embrace all men is devoutly wished by all thoughtful members of society. Some doubt its possibility; many disagree as to how it is to come. Speak to the earth and it will teach thee, for the experience of the past is the only key to unlock the future.

A crisis in evolution as great as any evolutionary crisis of the past is before us. The successful negotiation of the next great upward step in the progress of life will mark the transition from the Cenozoic era to the Psychozoic era. That the step *will* be taken can never be doubted by anyone who has surveyed the long road which leads from the unfathomable past to the present; how soon it will be accomplished and by which breed of men depends upon the people of to-day.

Far back beyond the earliest records of animal life thus far revealed to us, brute-consciousness and instinct were achieved. The long geologic periods have borne fruit in the comparatively recent attainment of self-consciousness and reason. The measureless ages which stretch out into the future will see the development of race-consciousness and love. The type of the new variety of the human species was presented to us nineteen hundred years ago. The supremacy of this new variety will be gradually accomplished, just as every new group of organisms came into its own by processes of growth. Exactly the same principles of evolutionary law which controlled the changes of the past will determine those of the present and the future.

To-morrow, as yesterday, the fittest will survive in the struggle for existence. But whereas in the past selfishness was the measure of fitness, in the future survival value will be determined by breadth and depth of love. Modern science is teaching as it never was taught before that no man liveth to himself alone. Coöperation between individuals, and then between families, was essential to the life of man when he competed with the brutes of field and forest. Still greater coöperation between clans and nations is now essential to his continued life on the earth. 'The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on.' Now, as always, individuals and peoples who are not in line with the great forward movements in the evolutionary trend are doomed to die.

Delving deep into the nature of the life-changes recorded in the rocks, the palæontologist may be like the householder who brings forth out of his treasure things new and old.

THE AFRICAN LION

BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

I

THE lion is, and always has been, a nucleus of undying interest. In him are combined many of the qualities which most strongly appeal to the primitive in man — to those fundamentals of human nature which, although much overlaid by the veneer of conventionality, are never far from the surface. Among such qualities are vast strength and indomitable courage, beauty, majesty, and dignity, ferocity and destructiveness. Ever since man learned to record his thoughts, the lion has been the theme of epic and of song. In Arabic literature he has been designated by nearly seven hundred terms. In the Homeric poems he is mentioned over sixty times, and, whenever his habits or appearance are referred to, the references not only indicate close and accurate observation, but prove that the nature and habits of the lion, which was evidently plentiful in the Asia Minor of Homer's day, correspond with those of the lion now existing in Africa, Mesopotamia, and India.

There is one exception to this rule, namely, the statement that the lion cracks marrow-bones. Now, this is a process for which his teeth are quite unfitted; nor have I ever heard or read of a lion crushing any bones except the skulls or necks of men and the smaller animals; and then only in the process of attack. The observations of Homer are as a rule so minutely correct that one wonders whether the lion with which he was familiar was not the great cave-lion which formerly abounded in Europe and Asia, and from which the mighty maned cat of to-day is descended. The latter possesses a rudimentary pre-molar which suggests that his much mightier ancestor may have had a somewhat different dentition.

Some most interesting references to the European lion — which survived in Thessaly until well into the fourth century A.D., when the last survivors were captured in nets to supply the needs of the Roman Arena — are to be found in the accounts of the experiences of the army of Xerxes after it crossed the Hellespont. It is related by Pausanias and others that, while crossing the mountains of Thrace, lions attacked and ravaged the camel transport train. Curiously enough, the other animals, such as asses and oxen, were not interfered with. This circumstance, which is apparently well authenticated, is somewhat curious in view of the fact that the European lion could never previously have come into contact with the camel.

In the games of the Roman Arena lions formed an important feature, as many as five hundred being exhibited at a time. Sometimes they were ruthlessly slaughtered — to illustrate the skill of a Commodus or to glut the blood-lust of the spectators. But the taming and training of these mighty cats was also a specialty in the Rome of the later Cæsars. One of the arena spectacles consisted of letting loose lions and hares together, the lions being

trained to catch the hares and deliver them unhurt to their keepers.

Alexander the Great, as well as many of the ancient eastern kings, kept tame lions which roamed at large through their palaces. This practice has been continued down to contemporary times by the sovereigns of Abyssinia; and in parts of Algeria tamed and blinded lions are still led about and used for the purpose of exorcising evil spirits. In the later Middle Ages lions and leopards were utilized in Milan and other Italian cities for the execution of criminals.

The family life of the lion, although lived in the open, is but little understood. One forms theories on the subject from time to time, only to have them overthrown by subsequent experience. As a matter of fact, no tenable theory as to how the lion family is constituted stands to-day. One may meet a troop of five, four of which are males, hunting amicably together. In another troop of the same number the proportion of the sexes may be reversed. Troops numbering as many as forty have been observed; nevertheless, a troop numbering more than ten is seldom seen. It is probable that the larger aggregations are temporary; but that the smaller associations, if not permanent, often last for several seasons, is fairly certain. Natives living in lion-infested areas often know the various troops operating in the vicinity, and will describe accurately the individuals of which they are composed.

In dealing with lions — as with all animals not fully gregarious — one must allow for numerous exceptions to any rule advanced. With this qualification I will venture to opine that under ordinary circumstances the lioness bears cubs not more frequently than every third year. In this relation I will further venture to advance the theory that in the lion the sexual instinct is weak, slow in developing, and of short duration in proportion to the length of the animal's life. I have seen at one time or another most of the denizens of the desert fighting for their mates, but never the lion. Lions do fight, often and fiercely enough, but meat appears to be invariably the *casus belli*. There are several recorded instances of lions killing lionesses and then eating them, and at least one in which a lioness followed her wounded mate to where he had crept to die, and ate him. It is but seldom that an elderly lioness is found to be with young, or to show signs of having recently borne cubs. It is very probable, therefore, that the cub-bearing period of the lioness is much shorter than that of the other cats.

The cubs are born with their eyes open after a gestation period of about fifteen weeks. Their color is variable. Usually it is a dusky mustard mixed with iron gray. But the farther north one goes, the lighter is the color of both the cub and the adult. The body, and more especially the legs, have a number of dark spots, as well as more or less indefinite dark stripes. These possibly indicate a reversion toward the infinitely remote type from which lion, tiger, and leopard are all descended. Most of these markings disappear in respect of the body, but some of the spots almost invariably persist on the paws and the lower sections of the legs. Sometimes one or more of the cubs in a litter will have a dark dorsal stripe; as often as not the individuals forming a litter vary from one another in respect of both ground-color and markings. All, however, have faces very large in proportion to their bulk. The invariable expression is of gravity and sombreness.

The number to the litter varies from two to four. There is evidently con-

siderable mortality among the cubs when they are small. Were it otherwise, according to the well-known law governing the increase of species, lions would, in the days before their only effective enemy in South Africa — the European — appeared, have increased to the limit of their food-supply. This they never did. Yet in early days lions infested certain localities in incredible numbers. When a party of emigrant farmers sojourned at Taba 'Ntshu in the Orange Free State, in 1836, they shot two hundred and forty-nine within the space of a year.

The weaning period of the cub lasts from three to four months. The nursery is usually a patch of reeds or a dense thicket; as a rule, it is near water. The parents generally remain with the cubs by day and hunt by night. When nearly weaned, the youngsters accompany their parents on hunting expeditions. The milk-teeth last for about a year; after they have been shed, and the large canines have developed, the cubs are allowed to assist in the process of killing. If natives happen to be living in the vicinity, now is the time when the little flocks of sheep and goats suffer. The flocks are often attacked in the daytime, and the parent lions look on while the cubs exercise their 'prentice teeth and claws on the defenseless prey. In this manner a flock numbering from twenty to thirty may be destroyed within the space of a few minutes.

After the killing, the cubs are carefully instructed in the art of butchering — a process in which the lion exercises very great care, and which is effected, as will presently be described, according to definite rules. The unskillful work of cubs in this line is often illustrated in the badly mauled and inartistically disemboweled carcasses of impala and other small antelopes.

The general appearance of the adult lion is too well known to need description. Nevertheless, the attitude in which he is usually depicted is one which he hardly ever assumes. No lion stalks along majestically with uplifted head. He may, if surprised but not enraged, stand and assume this attitude for a brief period. His usual gait is a loose slouch, the head being held slightly below the axis of the spine. A cat strolling through shrubbery, and not particularly interested at the moment, reproduces with remarkable exactness the ordinary gait of a lion in the jungle. In fact the lion is just an immense cat — weighing, when adult, over four hundred pounds. He differs from the domestic cat in being more or less constant in color, in having a round instead of a vertical pupil to the eye, a tail with a horny tip covered with black hair, and, in the case of the male, in having a mane. In the items of stature, color, and size of mane there is considerable variation. Some male lions, for instance, are quite maneless. The variations are not dependent on locality: all may be represented in the progeny of one pair. It has, however, been established that the northern lions are as a rule lighter in color, less heavily maned, and of greater stature than those of the south. The mane develops toward the end of the third year. It may be light yellow in color, or almost jet-black.

For strength, fearlessness, and ferocity when enraged, this great cat stands easily first among animals. Selous emphatically asserted that the lion was the hunter's most dangerous quarry. This has been questioned, but one may infer that those questioning it either lacked experience or else misunderstood the proposition. In the matter of the actual charge, both the buffalo and the leopard are more dangerous — the former because in charging he holds his frontlet nearly horizontal until almost

in contact with his enemy, thus practically precluding the possibility of a brain-shot, and at the same time shielding his shoulders with the broad-based horns. Moreover, the buffalo is as active and lithe as a cat, and implacably pursues an enemy until that enemy kills him, or until his terrible points have been fleshed. The leopard is dangerous owing to the smallness of the target he presents and the thunderbolt-swiftness of his rush. But neither the buffalo nor the leopard will spring from the darkness upon sleeping men, nor will they — except under very exceptional circumstances — charge at all, unless provoked.

When a lion is surprised or disturbed at his meat, he will often give an angry growl and bound away toward the nearest available cover. Otherwise he will crouch down, facing the intruder. If he lashes his tail from side to side, or twitches the tip, he is meditating a charge. It is not often that a lion rushes to the attack from a greater distance than a hundred yards. The charge is a series of great springs. In these a length of twenty feet is not unusual, and there are records of this length having been considerably exceeded. The tail is held rigidly almost at right angles to the spine, and the claws are extended. A series of short, thunderous growls are emitted. In his charge the speed of the lion is equal to that of a good horse, but he soon gets winded. Sometimes he pauses within a few yards of his enemy before making the final attack; oftener, however, he charges home. A lioness with young cubs will usually charge without hesitation, if disturbed at close quarters. A wounded lion at bay, with blazing eyes, erected mane, and black tail-tuft spasmodically twitching, is an awesome sight. The head sinks below the level of the shoulders; around it the mane forms a quivering disc. The mouth sets partly open, but there is no 'snarling,' such as several writers have described.

II

Not only are there infinite grades of character and temperament differentiating lion from lion, but each individual is subject to moods which are perplexingly diverse. One troop of lions will run when disturbed, like so many rabbits; another will face the intruder with furious defiance. A lion disturbed at his meat before his appetite has been satisfied will probably charge the intruder, who then has to slay or be slain. But the same lion, full-fed, may scuttle away like a startled antelope.

The dentition of the lion is specialized for meat-eating. The jaws can be moved only up and down; the sectorial or carnassial teeth of the upper and lower jaws work together like a pair of scissors, dividing flesh, skin, and cartilage with ease under stress of the tremendous maxillary muscles. When the mouth is closed the lower canine teeth lie outside the upper ones.

The claws, like those of all the true cats, shew a high degree of specialization. Five are borne on the front, and four on the hind foot. As it is of great importance that the claws should be kept sharp, the latter do not touch the ground when the animal walks. The claw is borne by the last phalangeal bone, and this is attached by elastic ligaments to the penultimate phalanx. These ligaments draw the claw-bearing bone backward until the claw folds into a deep sheath; thus only the soft cushion lying beneath the bone touches the ground. When the claws are brought into action in the process of attack, a flexor muscle, which is attached to the lower surface of the phalanx, overcomes the strain of the ligaments and draws forward the claws which, almost

razor-sharp, sink into the flesh of the victim. That the very sharpness of the claws sometimes tends to defeat their object is indicated by the healed-up cicatrices occasionally found on the rumps of buffalo and zebra, which have evidently torn themselves loose from the terrible grip.

There is a further specialization in respect of the claws which merits attention. In the front foot the sheaths lie on the outer side of the phalangeal bone, while in the hind foot the sheath lies above such bone; thus, by a slight coördination, increasing the stability of the foot. As the motive force of the lion's spring comes from the hind-quarters, the reason for this is obvious.

The eye of a lion emits a fiery yellow light; after death the yellow pales and becomes suffused with green. The blaze emitted by the eye of a wounded lion is appalling. I recall the case of a lioness which was disabled by a shot through the spine: her eyes appeared to emit a real scintillation, such as W. H. Hudson observed in the eyes of the Patagonian owl. It was a manifestation of fury and agony impossible to realize unless actually seen.

It is remarkable how variously the voice of the lion impresses people. Dr. Livingstone compared it to the braying of a donkey — and the lion certainly does on occasion utter tones which might be compared to that of ten donkeys braying simultaneously through a brass trumpet. There is, however, a considerable difference between the wrathful roar and the roar of satisfaction emitted when the lion is replete with meat and is on his way to, or back from, the water-hole. This roar has been perfectly described by Selous in his *African Nature Notes:* —

> When a party of lions are together, perhaps on their way to drink after a meal, one of these will halt and breathe out from its expanded lungs a full-toned note which rolls afar across the silent wilderness. As it draws in its breath for another effort, a second member of the party emulates the leader, and then a third, a fourth and a fifth, perhaps, will join in, and all of them seem to vie with each other as to which can produce the greatest volume of sound; and it is a fact that, at the climax of the roaring of a whole troop of lions, the whole air seems to vibrate and tremble. Of a sudden the grand booming, vibrating notes cease, and are immediately succeeded by a series of short, deep-toned, coughing grunts, which gradually die away to a mere hissing expulsion of the breath. Then not a sound is heard until, after an interval of a few minutes, the grand competitive roaring peals across the lonely veldt once more.

The roar of rage is quite different from the foregoing: it is a raucous, shattering sound, suggestive of an unthinkably huge brass trumpet. This is a sound but seldom uttered; one may occasionally hear it from a lion at his kill when disturbed by a stranger. The note which is probably most frequently heard is a high-pitched boom, sinking to a succession of deep detonating grunts. This is the sound which, at a distance, is difficult to distinguish from the voice of the ostrich. The lion also purrs loudly when enjoying his meat.

When engaged in hunting or stalking his prey, the lion maintains complete silence. The reason underlying the chorus roaring is not clear; it is quite possible that such is meant as a signal to all and sundry of the animal kingdom that the king has dined, and consequently that danger for the time being is at an end. There is no doubt that wild animals lose their dread of the lion after he has fed. It has often struck me that the desert creatures had resigned themselves to the payment of a certain toll or tribute to the desert's king.

When vast concentrations of game occur, as is the case in localities where the young grass springs up after the veldt has been swept by fire, the lions

roam about without concealment and kill as they list, the animals of whom toll is taken exhibiting little or no dread. This, indeed, is a thing which strikes the most superficial observer. Major Stevenson Hamilton relates an instance of lions rolling about in play on the sand, while a herd of zebras fed unconcernedly close by. And the zebra is the lion's favorite quarry.

Again, a lion or a leopard will often lie concealed close to a water-hole, to which animals flock in to drink, apparently taking no notice of the presence of their enemy. At length the latter will make the fatal spring. There will be a momentary panic — that is all. After the lion has dragged his victim to the spot, often close by, which he has selected for the feast (for he seldom or never eats where he kills), the animals will recommence drinking with apparent unconcern. Yet the lion has a most fetid smell and this must permeate the whole neighborhood. Wild animals will disregard a lion when the presence of man would send them fleeing in wildest terror.

Each troop of lions appears to have, as a rule, a well-defined range, and it may be that the tremendous sound of its concerted roaring is gratefully regarded by other animals as the signal that for the time being danger is at an end within certain limits. When hunters frequent a neighborhood, the lions therein tend to become comparatively silent; in my experience the concerted roaring then ceases altogether. I do not think the lion feeds more than once in three days; it is probable that he often goes five without killing. It is fairly certain that, the longer his fast, the worse the lion's temper becomes.

The manifestations of fear on the part of domesticated animals in the vicinity of the lion are various and perplexing. According to my experience donkeys shew no alarm whatsoever. The horse is said to sense the presence of the lion more quickly than any other animal — but on this point I cannot speak from personal experience. Oxen on some occasions manifest the direst panic; on others, none whatever. Usually, when tied to the yoke, if a lion roars within a radius of a few hundred yards, they stop chewing the cud and emit deep, heavy sighs. On one occasion I traveled over a long stretch of country in which lions were plentiful; night after night they roared or grunted around our camp, usually without any manifestation of distress from the cattle. After leaving the lion country we crossed a high, bare plateau. Late one night a pack of wild dogs — pursuing what was probably an eland — passed in full cry. This was very unusual, for the wild dog nearly always hunts silently. The oxen literally went mad with terror; they dragged the wagon, to the chain of which they were tied by the horns, for a considerable distance. Then they fell into a struggling, tangled heap from which it was found impossible to extricate them until after day had broken.

Dogs act in a lion's vicinity according to their individuality. One will rush barking around the enemy, keeping just beyond the range of the ripping claws; another will creep whimpering to its master's heels.

It is when game is comparatively scarce, after one of those sudden and often unaccountable migrations which are so frequent, that the lion's skill as a hunter is best evinced. A troop of lions will follow the spoor of a herd of buffalo or zebra night and day, working by scent or by sight, as circumstances require. When the herd is overtaken, the more powerful members of the troop will station themselves at some suitable spot down the wind, while the others startle the quarry and stampede it toward the ambush.

The lion usually kills a large animal, such as an ox, a buffalo cow, or one of the greater antelopes (the buffalo bull is seldom tackled by a single lion), by springing at its side, — usually the left, — grasping the nose with one taloned paw and the upper part of the shoulder with the other, and drawing the head down and sideways. This dislocates the neck — or possibly the dislocation is caused by the animal falling forward to the ground, as, after a mad plunge forward, it invariably does if the grip be true. Smaller animals are usually killed by a bite at the back of the neck, close to the skull. In the case of man, when stalked at night or taken unawares, the skull is usually the part bitten; but if a man be lying asleep when pounced upon, the shoulder, being prominent, is often mistaken for the head. When a man is attacked by a charging lion, he is usually caught low down between the paws,— which, with talons extended, work toward each other,— then flung to the ground and gripped at the shoulder by the terrible jaws. A lion which has taken definitely to man-eating will scrape the skin from exposed portions of his victim's body, and greedily suck up the exuding blood.

The lion is a most skilful butcher. He opens the carcass of his kill at the flank, where the skin is thinnest, eating the layers of skin and flesh covering the paunch, also the soft ends of the ribs and the cartilages of the thorax. Then he will deftly and neatly remove the viscera without breaking the paunch — a feat none too easy even when undertaken by an experienced hunter with a sharp knife. After eating the liver, kidneys, heart, and lungs, together with any fat distributed among the viscera, he will carry the paunch and entrails to a distance of between eight and fifteen yards, and cover them with sand, grass, or light bushes. Returning to the carcass, he will attack the latter behind, biting out big gobbets from the inside of the thighs; these are swallowed whole, skin and all.

There are few experiences more horrifying than that of listening to the agonized bellowing of a buffalo being pulled down by a troop of lions. The attack is made from behind or at the sides, and the killing is a long and cruel business. I have a vivid recollection of an incident of this kind which happened some years ago. The scene was a valley in the northern section of the present Sabi Game Reserve, between the Letaba and Singwitzi rivers. The season was September; the whole country had been burned off two months before, and the young grass had sprung up luxuriantly. A great migration of miscellaneous game from the south had recently taken place, so that the number and variety of wild animals in the vicinity was indescribable. We had moved up a narrow valley which opened out into an amphitheatre, two thirds of the periphery of which was precipitous, the remainder being a low ridge. This we had done with the view of getting away from the pandemoniacal noises which had made sleep impossible near the river on the previous night.

The wind was blowing gently up the valley and over the ridge. Soon after darkness fell, a herd of buffalo burst over the latter, and, on seeing our fire, crashed down through the scrub to their left. Immediately a most appalling chorus of bellowing and roaring broke forth; it was evident that a troop of lions had been in ambush on the top of the ridge. Two large buffalos, a bull and a cow (as we afterwards ascertained), had been attacked.

Than the bellowing of the stricken creatures, nothing more suggestive of mortal agony and despair could be imagined. Mingled with it could be heard the savage growling and roaring of the

attacking lions. The tremendous volume of clamor was redoubled by the sounding-board formed by the crescent-shaped cliff wall. It was some twenty minutes before the tragedy ended; then the bellowings became fainter and fainter, until they ended in agonized moans. The carcasses were dragged a short distance down the valley and there eaten.

The spoor examined next day made it clear that at least ten lions had taken part in the killing. It was judged that about five were adult, three nearly full-and two about half-grown. The impression left was that the adult lions had pulled the victims down and then stood by, roaring instructions or encouragement, while the youngsters did the killing. This took place within less than two hundred yards of our camp, where a strong fire was blazing.

Lions — at all events, those in their period of full vigor, and where game is plentiful — as a rule kill their own meat. They will, however, often eat of a carcass discovered by vultures, locating it, often from a great distance, by watching the birds descending from the sky. There is no doubt whatever that the lion occasionally develops a taste for absolute carrion. Some years ago I was one of a party marooned at a water-place — the only one within a circle of more than thirty miles' radius. Here, owing to an unseasonable shower of rain, our fly-stung cattle collapsed suddenly. Although all the cattle were affected, they did not all die at the same time: some lingered along for several weeks. At the bovine Golgotha to which the wretched creatures were driven (we could not spare ammunition for the purpose of shooting them), I saw more than once lions gorging on the putrid carcasses, while living cattle, to be had for the killing, were standing within a few yards, too weak to move.

The most gruesome experience in connection with lions that I ever heard of, happened as follows. A party of Frenchmen, eight in number, started from the northeastern Transvaal with the intention of reaching Delagoa Bay. They traveled with a light wagon, drawn by ten oxen. The country teemed with game, so ammunition was extravagantly expended. Soon after crossing the Crocodile River the oxen began to sicken from the bite of the tsetse fly. The party pushed on to the Lebomba Range, but the weakened oxen collapsed at the first ascent, and so were driven aside, down wind, to die.

By this time seven out of the eight men were down with fever. The eighth, a man named Alexandre, whose strength and stature were gigantic, seemed to be immune. This was fortunate, for the nearest water was more than seven miles away, and to the spring Alexandre used daily to wend his way, carrying the only available vessels — two small demijohns.

I and my party happened upon the derelict wagon quite by accident. This was nearly six weeks after the oxen had collapsed.

It was an uncanny experience. The wagon stood in a forest glade at the mouth of a steep gorge. Alexandre was absent on a water-fetching trip. Four men, in an advanced stage of fever, lay raving under the wagon. A terrible stench pervaded the neighborhood. The principal sources of this were three mounds close by, under which lay the remains of three men who had succumbed. The details were too shocking to describe. The lions had over and over again disinterred the bodies; ghastly evidences of this abounded; it usually happened by day. The lions grew so bold that they more than once came close to the sick men and sniffed at them. One of the party owned a little dog which, when the lions came close, was wont to run for protection to

its master. One morning a lioness deliberately stalked in among the sick men, seized the dog, and carried it off. The rescue happened just in the nick of time: the spring was rapidly drying up, and Alexandre had only about a dozen cartridges left.

One remarkable circumstance was that, when Alexandre was in the vicinity of the wagons, the lions seldom or never approached. It was very curious that they never attacked the sick men, of whom they evidently had no fear. Possibly the raging fever from which the poor creatures were suffering produced some odor which made the lions uneasy.

III

The designation 'King of Beasts' is no misnomer: the lion is undoubtedly the monarch of the desert — a monarch ruling as human monarchs once did, by virtue of his own royal right, unhampered by any constitutional checks; giving full play to moods of inconsistency and caprice. It cannot be too emphatically urged that the lion is bound by no rules — that what are often looked upon as his most fixed habits are disregarded when occasion demands. Until recently it was looked upon as axiomatic that no lion — with the exception of cubs which occasionally climb up a sloping trunk — ever ascended a tree. Now, however, we know that in certain localities the lions ascend trees and attack native gatherers of gum.

It is believed that, when game is plentiful, they will never interfere with men or their belongings in the daytime. Yet I know of a case when a troop attacked a span of oxen at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in the immediate vicinity of a camp; this in a country teeming with game. The man-eater is, of course, an abnormal creature. As a rule he is an old brute who has lost his strength and whose teeth and claws have been blunted. Yet there are several authentic cases of lions in the prime of life and in the fulness of their strength taking to an exclusive human diet. When the Zulu power, under the terrible Tshaka, turned Southeastern Africa into a shamble a century ago, one large tribe, the Amangwané, wandered as homeless fugitives over the high plains of what is now the Orange Free State for more than eight years. During the whole of this awful pilgrimage they were attended by troops of man-eaters, who regularly levied toll. After a time the wretched people accepted this as a matter of course.

Around the camp-fire the native 'boys' may be feasting and chatting merrily, bantering each other over the incidents of the day just past. Not a breath of wind stirs; the flames and smoke ascend like a column. Overhead the stars seem to lean from the cloudless sky. Hark! a sinister sound — a deep note sinking to a lower depth, falling at length to a syncopated bass utterance deep and vast as an earth-groan; ceasing at length in a cavernous sigh. In an instant all conversation stops; each sweeps a rapid glance around, reading the reflex of his own alarm in every strained countenance.

It is under such circumstances that the White Man is apt to feel conceited; his momentary thrill of alarm ceases under the reflection that the lion is rarely dangerous when articulate. He endeavors to hearten his retainers with a jest, treating their distress with good-natured contempt. Ah, but he forgets that, for countless generations, the ancestors of that mighty, ruthless creature whose awful voice sets the firmament throbbing, has been to the South African native the ubiquitous and invincible dealer of death and destruction.

But it is in the season when thunderstorms are prevalent that lions are most terrifying to those trespassing upon their domain. No camp-fire can survive those deluges, which are frequent during certain seasons in South-eastern Africa. When the dismayed bearers draw closely around the flooded hearth, sitting on their loads and endeavoring to cover themselves with the bushes chopped down before the darkness fell, the White Man, rifle in hand, takes his place in the centre — head and shoulders over the crouching crowd. He glances apprehensively from side to side as the livid, blue-tinted lightning flares through the hissing rain-torrent — fearful of what he may see, more fearful of that which may come hurtling out of the chaos from the side without the range of his vision.

It is under such circumstances that most fatalities take place. Once, on such a night, and in a locality where lions were so scarce as to be almost negligible, I was bending over a flooded fire place, endeavoring to extract some comfort for my chilled hands from stones not yet quite cold. By a most unusual chance I had acquired a donkey two days earlier. This animal was tied to a tree about three yards away. Two lions sprang upon the unhappy creature, dragged it to a spot behind a screen of bushes close by, and there ate it. Every now and then they stopped feasting and uttered the most appalling roars. These were probably intended as a (quite unnecessary) warning to me to refrain from interference. I am quite sure that it was nothing but the accident of the donkey's presence which saved my life.

The lion has no enemies except man; nevertheless, his Achilles' heel exists; it is comprised in his love for porcupine flesh. It is probable that quite a large number of lions lose their lives through becoming disabled by the porcupine's quills sticking into their feet, and occasionally in their throats. In localities where porcupines abound, it is not at all uncommon to find a lion in the prime of life which has been reduced to a condition of pitiful emaciation owing to this cause. A few years ago I traveled through the eastern section of the Kalihari Desert. At a place where a number of shallow gorges were filled with dense thickets of a shrub full of needle-sharp, curved thorns, I noticed a very peculiar spoor. This suggested the progress of some animal shod with small elongated pillows. My Hottentot guide assured me that these were the tracks of lions which lived in the thicket and whose feet had become disabled and distorted through treading on and picking up thorns. He added that the lions were in very poor condition and that they lived 'by hunting mice'!

In spite of the fact that individual lions are apt to acquire degrading habits, there can be no doubt that it was a true instinct which prompted man to select the lion as the emblem of high courage, majesty, and power. Although many of his habits are cruel, the cruelty is not intentional, nor is it worse, probably, than that inflicted by man, no less upon his own species than upon other animals. There is no evidence indicating that the lion enjoys the infliction of pain, as many degenerate humans do. And when the species becomes extinct, as within a comparatively short space it is fated to do under the stress of increasing population, the world will be the poorer.

A THIN DAY

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

THIS is a true story. Grandfather says such stories are always happening to him; and, after this, when I look at his beautiful white face, with the light of some inner fire flashing over it, I shall aways believe him. That particular look of his when he says, 'I see it so clearly, I believe I can throw a little light on it for thee,' has reminded me for years of the heat lightning which plays over the serene late afternoon skies of the southwest in summer, and is a sort of covenant that there will be no storm during the night, and that the day to follow will be long and yellow with sunshine. And though all my life I have seen that light on his face, and have heard him tell us, as children at his knee, the miracle stories that happened to him, still, secretly, in my heart, I have said, 'Dear grandfather, I do believe; help thou my unbelief.'

But now, since yesterday, I do believe, indeed; and for those years of doubting I shall go contritely before him as long as he lives — and afterward, too, of course; for I have not the slightest idea that his dear patient spirit will consider its obligation to us finished by the mere incident of death. I can fancy now his slow reassuring smile at such a notion.

And I have forgotten to tell perhaps the most determining thing of all — that grandfather is a Quaker. Having no preachers in his church, and so being unable to shuffle off the responsibility of being high and pure of thought on to the shoulders of some one paid for that purpose, grandfather had undertaken the task himself. It is very simple, he says. And I dare say myself that, if all churches distributed the responsibility for being good among the laymen, and made each member feel that at any moment the Spirit of the Lord might demand of them that they stand up and give an account of their own souls, instead of leaving it to the curate or his assistant, it would sharpen the spiritual senses of us all.

Or, —one can not say, — it may be that grandfather possesses a special gift, and that even in the more indolent congregations it would have developed. I do not profess to understand such things, but I can tell you what happened yesterday, and you can decide then for yourself whether grandfather was born a seer, or had it thrust upon him by the exigencies of Quakerism.

Yesterday was the first day of summer — not really the first either, but of those few before the first, which hold themselves up like a cup to be filled, and which intimate something coming, coming soon. And at breakfast grandfather said, in his high sweet solemn voice, 'Evelyn, this is a thin day, so thin between us and other souls that even one so young as thee can feel it.'

And it was perfectly true, as I have said, that it was a day full of expectancy that even I had felt.

All day I was away at my work; but no matter how absorbed I became in the tasks before me, the thought of this being a 'thin day' kept coming up. I was glad when I could hurry home and see if, through grandfather's smiling

prophetic eyes, I could pierce further into that other world which did indeed seem very near; for if it had been a thin morning, it was a thinner evening.

Some way I kept expecting illogically to see the soft veiling of the alien dusk over Fifth Avenue break into the heat lightning of midsummer at home.

After dinner grandfather and I started for our walk in Central Park as usual, but he insisted on taking a trolley down town.

For myself, I was anxious to go out to the silent trees, and said so; but he persisted, and said, 'To-night thee must keep thy sweetness in the midst of a crowd, for I feel drawn to do something for some one down town.'

'And for whom, grandfather?' I inquired, turning reluctantly from the great shadowy Park to the blatant street car coming toward us.

'This morning,' he said, 'I read in the paper that the traffic policeman at Forty-Second Street and Vanderbilt Avenue was sick.'

'And what has thee to do with him?' I asked, a little impatient. 'Does thee know him?'

'Yes, I know him,' he said; then corrected himself quickly, with a shade of timidity in those sweet blue eyes: 'Not in the sense thee means, perhaps, Evelyn. I never saw him.' And, correcting himself again in equal conscientiousness, 'That is, I never saw him in the flesh. I can tell thee, though, what manner of man he is in appearance, for since thy great-grandfather's clock in the hall struck ten this morning, he has been constantly before my face.'

'How odd, grandfather!'

'No, it is quite simple; it has been a thin day. I read at breakfast just after you left that Michael O'Halloran was sick, and I felt drawn to him and to his family.'

This was nothing strange, for grandfather felt drawn to every one who was in trouble; and I resigned myself to sitting through one of his calls upon the sick and the afflicted. I was a little tired after being 'expectant' all day and having nothing happen, so I said nothing, but half turned to see the slow procession of grandfather's thoughts across his face.

But he talked on quite casually. 'I felt more and more drawn to Michael O'Halloran, and somewhat hurried. But I could not get Harriet to press my coat for me until she had washed the dishes. I wish thee would speak to her about delaying me at times.'

I said I would do that, certainly, and he continued, 'And then, when I was finally ready to leave the house, the old clock in the hall struck ten, and at the same time it seemed to me that I need not hurry any more, that perhaps I had better bide my time. And all day I have bided my time, knowing I would be told when to come, and what to do.'

I thought for a moment during this recital that perhaps he was not quite well; but he looked perfectly so, and I called to mind countless similar tales he had told me from infancy up. But never before had he offered to share such a story with me in its actual making. Perhaps he had trusted to the thin day to make me see eye to eye with him at last; and half-reverently, curiously, half-vexed, I determined to follow this tale to its conclusion. I hated to do it, too, in a way, for I had never been quite sure that I disbelieved in his stories, and unconsciously I had been rather careful not to analyze them to the last bare shred, to leave them instead to a hazy probability. But here I was now, right in the middle of one; and I must either go right on, whether or no, or bolt in a cowardly way.

While I was going through these mental peregrinations, grandfather was peering out at the window, trying to locate the street we were passing.

'Yes,' he said, 'we will get off at the next corner. The little bookshop is there, which is open evenings.'

'But I thought we were going to see Michael O'Halloran, grandfather,' I said, wondering if it were possible that his mind had wandered from his mission at the thought of his old crony of the bookshop. If so, it was the first time, so far as I knew, that his mind had ever forsaken its stately progression for man, book, street-crossing, or anything else.

'So we are,' he said; 'but Michael O'Halloran touched me on the sleeve a moment ago and told me to bring him a book.'

This was really going too far, and my mouth was all pursed up to protest, when he turned and put the question squarely up to me: 'Would thee have me pay him no heed?'

Thus confronted, I faltered, and was certain, foolish or no, that I was far from being one to say that he should disobey the behest; and so I said, a little brusquely, 'By all means, let us get the book.'

When we had walked the block to the bookshop, we found it cozily lighted and the friendly gray head of the old book-lover buried in a great tome. At grandfather's entrance he hopped nimbly forward, and they hobnobbed more by nods and becks and chuckles than by mere words such as I could understand.

Then grandfather said he had come to get a book for Michael O'Halloran, the policeman at Forty-Second Street and Vanderbilt Avenue, who was sick and had sent him for it.

I was shocked at this bald statement; but I was more shocked, to be sure, when grandfather — grandfather, stately, white, beautiful — walked straight up to a stack of books bound in scarlet leather, took the top one off, handed it unhesitatingly to the shopkeeper, and serenely said, 'This is the book he sent me to get.'

I could not swear it, but I do not believe that he glanced at the title.

'What — what is it, grandfather?' I murmured, aghast.

'*The Second Epistle of John to the Apostles*,' he answered unperturbed; and I looked to the shopkeeper for a denial, but none came.

I sidled over to the stack of books and glanced slantwise. Yes, the title was '*The Second Epistle of John to the Apostles*,' done in tiny gold lettering that I was sure grandfather could not have deciphered without his glasses.

'I — I never saw it bound in red before,' I said weakly.

'Nor I,' he answered sweetly, 'but I like it, does n't thee?'

Then the gray-haired old book-man brought pen and ink, and in his fine, high, old-fashioned hand, grandfather wrote on the fly leaf, 'From Michael O'Halloran to a True Friend.'

I glanced over grandfather's shoulder then, and exclaimed. I called his attention to the wrong placing of the 'From,' and the 'to.' It should have read, 'To Michael O'Halloran from a True Friend,' and as it was, it read just the opposite.

Grandfather looked at it dubiously and said, 'Well, well, thee has a quick eye, and I an old one. But what a pity to spoil the page by crossing out the words. Does thee believe Michael O'Halloran will mind if we leave it so? I can explain to him.'

The book was really an expensive one, and I hesitated to suggest that he buy another; so there we three stood nonplussed, the book-man, grandfather, and I. Grandfather settled it by slipping the volume, unwrapped, into his pocket. 'There, there,' he said, 'I do not believe that Michael O'Halloran will mind at all.'

And so we left the matter.

Grandfather had got Michael O'Halloran's address from the police station that morning, while he was waiting for Harriet to press his coat, and we went straight to the unfamiliar locality without swerving. He has a wonderful sense of place and direction. I went around the world with him once, and we never missed an address, a boat, a train, or anything. To him truly, 'nothing falls early or too late'; and as we nosed along a dark uncertain block down south of Washington Square, all my feeling was gone that his stories might not be true, and I looked forward with eagerness and confidence to the unfolding of this one.

And not because I doubted, but because I did not doubt, I carefully arranged a little test.

'Grandfather,' I began, 'thee said thee had never seen Michael O'Halloran, but that thee knew how he looked; well, how does he look?'

'He is tall and spare. It would seem to me he has not looked quite well for a long time. His skin is smooth and clean-shaven, with a little white scar under his left eye. His hair is glossy black, and his eyes — his eyes — are closed —'

I heard his voice trail off, as we went up the steps of the house before us.

A low red light suffused all the windows, with the houses on each side dark. I reached out to ring the bell, and my hand touched something unexpectedly soft, and folded. Involuntarily I drew back, and grandfather put out his hand where mine had been, and laid it gently on the flowing black crape.

'Well, child,' he said, 'is death so strange to thee?'

Then he tried the door without ringing the bell. The knob turned and I followed him through the narrow hall and into the room at the right.

Often I have heard that death is beautiful, but I had never seen it so simple before, and so, so beautiful. The family were there alone, — two little girls, and a tiny boy, and the mother, — and no one seemed surprised when we came in. Grandfather laid his thin white hand on each little shiny head in turn, like a benediction, I thought, and then stood silently before the mother, his soft black hat held across his breast, his head bowed a little, his thick white hair silvered in the light from the candles at the head and at the foot.

And, fascinated, I drew nearer, nearer, until I could see the glossy black hair, the smooth skin, the little white scar — and the closed eyes.

'Yes, it was then, this mornin', he went,' I heard the widow say; and lifted my eyes just in time to see her incline her head toward the clock on the mantel. The hands had been stopped at ten o'clock. And it was then that grandfather had known to bide his time.

It was quite a walk to the Eighth Avenue car which would take us home, and we went silently. Grandfather told me afterward that he had entirely forgotten the book bound in scarlet leather until he felt drawn to talk to the ill-tempered conductor later. But I was thinking of it all the time, and wondering what part it had to play; for I remembered poignantly that in the miracle stories grandfather had told us year on year, there had never been any threads let lie, every incident had fitted like clockwork, and I felt certain now that the red leather book would fall into its place to complete the mosaic of the picture.

But, as I have said, grandfather was not thinking of the book; he said afterward that he was thinking of the heavy fragrance of the flowers that lay on Michael O'Halloran's breast, of the slim little daughter who had let us out

of the house, and of the candles at the head and at the foot.

We waited a long time for the car, and when it came there was a straggling group of passengers to get on. The conductor jerked a bellicose head out to urge us in our ascent. We were the last ones to get on, and grandfather took his own time.

As he made change for us, the conductor growled 'Step lively now,' and grandfather answered: 'Friend, when thee is as old as I, thee will appreciate more patience from thy younger companions.'

Then for the first time the conductor looked up squarely at us, and there was a certain rough softening of his eye. He even went so far as to move aside and make it easier for grandfather to enter the car.

It is a long ride from below Washington Square to Central Park, and as the passengers came in and went out at the transfer stations, always new faces, the huge shoulders and surly face of the conductor got to be familiar, like an old friend — welcome in a way, though disagreeable.

And then there came a space when we were the only passengers on the car. A misty wind had blown up with nightfall, and the conductor came well into the car, where it was warmer. Just then grandfather, putting his hand into his pocket, touched the book he had bought for Michael O'Halloran. He took it out, unwrapped, and held it absently, decorously, in his neatly gloved hand — a strange scarlet foil for black clothes like his, and his silver hair.

Even the car conductor noticed it. And that was the strangest thing about it all, perhaps. Had the book been black, or blue, or any color that grandfather would have been carrying under ordinary circumstances, the conductor would never have noticed it at all, and the book would never have been delivered, and Michael O'Halloran's message would have gone astray.

But in the stories that happen to grandfather nothing goes astray, and so there the book was, red and beckoning, and grandfather saw the conductor looking at it. I felt then that he was going to give it to the conductor, and I did not want him to. Perhaps I wanted the book myself as a remembrance of the evening, with Michael O'Halloran's name done on the fly-leaf in grandfather's steep handwriting, and with its odd 'From Michael O'Halloran to a True Friend,' instead of 'To Michael O'Halloran from a True Friend.' Or perhaps it was the incongruity of presenting a street-car conductor suddenly with the Second Epistle of John to the Apostles, bound in red leather, that made me wish to protest.

At any rate, I had no choice in the matter.

Grandfather moved down closer to the door where the conductor stood, and I could hear pieces of questions about family and work. Then, after a good bit of conversation that I could not hear at all, grandfather leaned forward and held out the book to the conductor.

I could see that he was pleased to get it. He turned it over in his hands, looking admiringly at the shiny *svelte* binding; then opened it at the fly-leaf.

At first I thought he could not read, he stood so still, looking at the name written so tall and plain.

Then I heard him saying half in a whisper, 'From Mike O'Halloran to a True Friend. An thin yez knows Mike?' he asked, bending toward grandfather, the book hanging half-open from his hand, like a red lip. 'Does yez know Mike whot I done bad — Mike O'Halloran?'

'Yes, I know him,' grandfather said; 'he sent you the book. He died to-day.'

And then they talked on in words I could not get the drift of, until we came to our corner. As we got out, I heard the conductor say, as though he had repeated it over and over, 'An', sir, I ain't seen Mike in fifteen year — not since we wuz young fellers back in old St. Jo.'

He had a sort of cloudy reminiscent look in his eyes, and as I looked back over my shoulder as we reached the curb, I could see him still, half-way down the block, standing on the car-platform, the book, closed now, in both hands, and his gaze far off into the great still shadows of the Park.

SHOULD LANGUAGE BE ABOLISHED?

BY HAROLD GODDARD

Words, words, words.— HAMLET.

WHETHER language should be abolished is, doubtless, an open question. Whether it is being abolished is not an open question. It is being abolished. Its abolition is going on around us everywhere, with increasing rapidity. The process, to be sure, is an unconscious one. But unconscious processes are generally the most elemental and momentous. If this particular radical alteration in the habits of humanity is a desirable one, well and good; let it go on. If it is not, it is high time to become aware of it and do what we can to check it.

Before going further, I ought to explain that, when I say language is being abolished, I do not mean that men, or women, are ceasing to communicate with one another. I am not using the word language in its wide sense of any medium whatever whereby meaning is conveyed from mind to mind, as we speak of the language of the eye, or as Shakespeare speaks of finding

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,

and so forth. I use the word rather in its narrower application to the total body of arbitrary verbal signs employed by a people in its spoken, written, and printed discourse. This is the language which, for good or ill, is being abolished.

What! you exclaim, language being abolished, when every fresh edition of the dictionary has to make room for thousands of new words; when newspapers and magazines multiply faster than rabbits in Australia; when talks and speeches and lectures are crowded into every hour of the day and night?

Yes, in the teeth of these facts, I stand by my assertion.

As for the dictionary, it is indeed growing obese. But may not this very obesity be a symptom of the unhealthy condition of that which resides within it? And when it comes to the magazines and newspapers, compare them with those of a generation ago, and you will see what is happening: the printed matter, where it has not been crowded out by highly pictorial advertisements, is subsiding into a sort of gloss (more or less superfluous) on the illustrations.

Pages formerly uniform to the verge of monotony are now diversified by photographs, diagrams, cartoons, and a dozen other graphic features. The photogravure sections of the Sunday papers have already been prophetically christened 'newspapers without words.' It would be interesting to know the amount of time given to them weekly by the American public, as compared with other sections of equal size — especially by the women, who are perhaps more sensitive than men to coming changes in the spiritual atmosphere.

However that may be, can anyone doubt that we are nearer the beginning than the end of a process that is steadily increasing the appeal of the printed page to the *eye?* Possibly the weekly news film of the moving-picture house gives us a hint of that far-off something into which the newspaper of the present is destined to evolve.

And there are indications of an analogous change on the public platform. Oratory, in the old sense, it is generally admitted, is dead. There are still places — the United States Senate, for instance, and certain pulpits — where speeches are yet made; but nobody takes them very seriously. The kind of public utterance that is taken seriously is the lecture by the chemist or physicist, where the apparatus and experiments do the real talking; by the economist or sociologist, who relies far more on exhibits, diagrams, and graphs than on words, to get his thought across; by the traveler or explorer, whose tongue has become the tip of a pointer touching a screen; or by any of a score of other speakers who talk predominantly through things and pictures rather than language.

And I spoke of sermons. The Catholic Church continues to flourish, for one reason, I imagine, because language was never its primary medium of expression. And the Quakers, whose specialty is silence, still survive. Even some of the other churches, if they have sufficiently good music and architecture, attract their worshipers. But the failure of the extreme Protestant attempt to make language the main medium of religious utterance is pretty accurately measured by the steady decline in length of sermon and ministerial prayer, and the gradual return, even in churches of highly anti-Catholic tradition, to various forms of ritualism. Straws show which way the wind blows. Trivial as it seems, I propose, therefore, this test of the relationship of church and language: go to a service where the minister preaches a preliminary sermon to the children, illustrated by a brick, or a clock, or a silver dollar (which he holds up in the flesh, so to speak, before the audience), and watch every eye concentrated, not on the speaker, but on the object in his hand; and then, when the sermon proper comes, conveyed exclusively in language, watch the eyes fixed, just as intently as before, on vacancy.

And speaking of the church reminds us of the theatre. While the churches (at least the hortatory churches) stagnate, the theatres flourish. Well — have not a hundred authorities on the drama told us that the secret of making a play consists precisely in eliminating language? Whoever, when a theatrical piece has been in rehearsal, has seen a bit of stage business suddenly render a page of dialogue superfluous, has received one of the most impressive lessons art can offer concerning the relation of language and expression. And what pantomime does toward abolishing language by its appeal to the eye, the voice seeks to do through its appeal to the ear. Intonation and inflection, in the theatre, may become as potent eliminators of language as action and gesture are.

Considered from this angle, what is

the whole art of music, indeed, but a protest against language, an attempt to evolve a higher mode of expression? All art in fact proceeds from this same dissatisfaction. It is an endeavor to supersede language with something better. To this statement literature itself is only an apparent exception. Literature, especially in its purest form, poetry, is an attempt to purge language of everything except its music and its pictures, an attempt to think by means of sound and light. The poets — where they have been genuine creators and not mere word-mongers — have always insisted, accordingly, that theirs is the art of striking out words; have always stood, if not for the abolition of language, at any rate for its drastic abbreviation.

This is a paradox only to prosaic minds. The man of prosaic mind thinks that composition is a matter of so arranging words that they shall convey a meaning that is the sum of their separate meanings. But the poet knows better. He knows that it is a matter of so ordering them that they shall suggest verbally inexpressible meanings between the lines; that they shall, quite literally, set spirits to dancing from sentence to sentence, flashes of intellectual electricity to leaping from page to page, faces to peeping forth at the reader from behind the letters like children from behind tree-trunks.

Literature is indeed omission — not in the negative sense of leaving things out, but in the positive sense of making the omitted thing conspicuous. Language, accordingly, in the hands of its masters, may be more properly called the scaffolding of expression than the expression itself. To confuse language with expression, therefore, is like confusing the magician's wand with the spirits it calls up. If pedants had not been guilty of precisely this confusion, the movement for the abolition of language might never have been necessary. It is the pedants and the prosaic people generally who transform from cynicism to truth the saying that language was given man to conceal his thoughts.

That this in sober truth is the function of words seems to be the opinion of the youngest of the arts, — wherein language survives much as the vermiform appendix survives in the human body, — the moving picture. The moving picture of to-day is but an amœba to the moving picture of to-morrow; yet already it has abolished, in the aggregate, billions of words. What it will do in the future, who dares predict? It sometimes seems as if, with its advent, mankind were definitely committed to the method of thinking in pictures. Should this prove true, the cinematograph may well turn out to be the most momentous invention since the invention of letters. In it, for the first time in feasible form, humanity has an instrument of expression fairly adequate to the dynamic and flowing quality of life. Already its wide use is working a revolution in the mental habits of mankind. What though that revolution, up to now, has been mainly destructive! Imaginatively handled, it will enter a creative phase. Indeed, the shifting from abstract to concrete methods of thought which it implies may conceivably bring, in the sphere of *human* knowledge, changes comparable to those already wrought in the realm of *natural* knowledge by the abandonment of the deductive for the inductive method.

With this reference to science we touch on one of the most fascinating aspects of our subject. It may sound strange to speak of the scientist as a pioneer in the movement for the abolition of language. Yet such indubitably he is. His relation to words was never better put, I sometimes think, than in one of Jonathan Swift's most whimsical

strokes of imagination in *Gulliver's Travels*.

Gulliver, in the account of his third voyage, tells of a scheme concocted by certain professors of the Grand Academy of Lagado for abolishing all words whatsoever, on the ground that, since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them (in bundles on their backs) such things as might be necessary to express their particular business. 'I have often beheld two of those sages,' says Gulliver, 'almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave.'

Now, however otherwise he may have intended them, these silent philosophers of Swift's are plainly modern scientists: for a scientist may be defined as a man who thinks with things instead of words. True, the scientist employs a curious language of his own; but the precise mark that sets the genuine scientist off from the charlatan is the fact that his terms — kept outlandish, I fancy, for that very reason — are merely tags of identification substituted temporarily for the things they represent, as a mathematician lets a single letter stand for a complicated expression which it would be tedious to keep on recopying. And just as the mathematician makes a resubstitution before he is done with his figuring, so the scientist in the end replaces his tags with things, which thereupon bring him up with a sharp jerk if in the interval he has let his terminology take liberties with his intellect. The scientist, to be sure, unlike Swift's philosophers, does not ordinarily carry his apparatus on his back. But that is but a detail. Indeed, Gulliver himself goes on to tell how the primitive packs of these sages were supplemented by rooms fitted out with all the necessary objects of conversation. But what is this if not the evolution of the laboratory?

And so science with its things, like religion with its ritual, and like art with its music and pictures, must be counted on the side against mere words. With such foes in the field against it, the outlook for language appears dark indeed — until all at once an immense sphere is remembered about which we have said nothing. The language of ordinary life, — of the street, of the club, of the home, — that surely (you protest) is not disappearing.

Ah! but you forget. Such language is not language at all, as I have chosen to define it. (This is no quibble; it is the heart of the whole matter.) Every hour of the day is testimony to the fact that, in proportion as we really know one another, we leave the level of mere language when we would converse, and rise to higher and subtler modes of communication: we talk, not by words, but by the light in the eye, the expression of the face, the tone of the voice, the gestures of the hand, yes, the movements of the whole body. Gropingly we all reach after the ideal caught in those future-piercing lines of Donne: —

> We understood
> Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
> That one might almost say, her body thought.

Even dull and sluggish men make use in their way of these finer instruments of meaning; while truly expressive and receptive souls put more, and find more, in a shrug of the shoulder or a toss of the head, in a wink or a nudge, in an 'ah!' or an 'oh!' than dumb ones do in hours of talk or pages of printed matter. In fact, among sensitive and congenial spirits, words, in the sense in

which we find them in the dictionary, have much the function that sand has for the locomotive: they enable the wheels of thought to clutch the track of conversation; but they are as far from being the soul of intercourse as the sand is from being the movement of the train.

The soul of intercourse in the intimacies of life is much more a matter of action and music than it is of language. The parents glance across the table at each other — and suddenly the daughter's face turns crimson. The brother's eye turns by an imperceptible degree — and presto! the sister passes him the salt. The baby's under-lip begins to go down — and like a flash the mother has leaped into the breach. 'Hm,' says the husband as he tastes the soup; and though the sound means nothing to the outsider, to the wife it speaks volumes. 'No,' says the maiden to the youth; and by some alchemy of tone the familiar monosyllable reverses its accepted meaning. 'Oh!' cries the child as she receives the apple; and that 'oh' says, 'Thank you' as unmistakably as her tardily added, 'Thank you, Mrs. Jones,' says, 'I'm remembering to say what mother told me.'

Thus does the human voice play the old witch with the dictionary. Listen to words and you will hear words; listen to voices and you will hear reality.

People complain of the paucity of vocabulary in the American home. No doubt the American home is poverty-stricken enough intellectually; but its paucity of vocabulary is no proof of the fact. Time enough to worry when that vocabulary begins expanding. The recent vogue of the word 'some' as an adjective, in a sense for which there is absolutely no synonym in the dictionary, has been the despair of many a parent and pedagogue. 'The language is being pauperized,' they cry. Nonsense. It would be nearer the mark to say it is being vitalized. Watch a healthy schoolboy when he tells you he has just come from 'some' ball-game, and you will perceive that the offending word has ceased to be a mere linguistic sign and has become a kinetic current within the body, a movement of the spirit. *Some* word, it! A true super-word, in fact. Philosophize on it, — and on the kindred subject of slang, — and you may discover why, when a man's vocabulary begins to expand, his powers of expression are generally on the wane.

Genuine expressiveness, involving, as it does, the whole personality, constantly reveals how small a part words have in human communication. When Salvini played Othello in this country, scores of people admitted after seeing him that they completely forgot during the performance the fact that he was speaking in one language — of which most of them understood not a word — while his company was speaking in another. On the day of Pentecost, we are told, men uttered themselves in a Babel of tongues, but each heard and understood in the tongue in which he was born. Babies likewise speak a universal language. And children just learning to talk perform miracles of expression with their slender stock of verbal raw material quite out of the range of an adult with the entire Oxford Dictionary on the tip of his tongue. And yet this very adult, when he succeeds in forgetting his dictionary, catches something of that power which children and geniuses possess more fully. Every man, for example, has a hundred ways of uttering his wife's name, each of which is a masterpiece of vocal shorthand. And the wife reciprocates. The amount of conversation that can be carried on with a pittance of verbal capital is astonishing. Study yourself, gentle reader, from this angle,

if you have never done so, and you will be startled at the scope and variety of your spiritual vocabulary.

No one ever had fuller faith in this theory of the transcendental meaning and economy of words than Humpty Dumpty in *Through the Looking-Glass*. Humpty's character was not as well rounded as his shape, and his verbal practices accordingly are far from impeccable. But they are certainly exhilarating in their quality of creative brevity.

'There's glory for you!' he exclaimed, as he finished expounding to Alice the doctrine of unbirthday presents.

'I don't know what you mean by "glory,"' Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. 'Of course you don't — till I tell you. I meant "there's a nice knock-down argument for you!"'

'But "glory" does n't mean "a nice knock-down argument,"' Alice objected.

'When *I* use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less.'

'The question is,' said Alice, 'whether you *can* make words mean so many different things.'

'The question is,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'which is to be master — that's all.'

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything, so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. 'They've a temper, some of them — particularly verbs, they're the proudest — adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs — however, *I* can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what *I* say!'

'Would you tell me, please,' said Alice, 'what that means?'

'Now you talk like a reasonable child,' said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. 'I meant by "impenetrability" that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life.'

'That's a great deal to make one word mean,' Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

'When I make a word do a lot of work like that,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'I always pay it extra.'

Humpty Dumpty treated words as if they were alive — just as poets and children and people close to nature always do. He spoke a super-language — as even ordinary people do in the ultimate sincerities of life. If the great world in its larger human relations only did likewise, language in its scholastic and lexicographic sense would have been kept in its place, would never have attained its present autocratic power, would never, therefore, have provoked by its abuses the movement for its own abolition. As it is, that movement is an instinctive recognition of the truth that an arbitrary code of signs, however useful, or even miraculous, as a tool for the adaptation of means to ends, is futile for the purpose of expressing reality. The revolt against language is an attempt, in fact, to recover something that was lost when letters were invented. The invention of letters was a fall, as well as an ascent, of man. The movement for the abolition of language is a revolution, a return, an atavism, if you wish; a confession that civilization has been on a wrong scent, that the birds, in some respects at least, have kept closer to the central track of evolution than has man.

While human communication remained exclusively gesticular and vocal, there was no danger of its losing its dynamic and dramatic quality, and that danger remained slight, even with written symbols, so long as they were

hieroglyphic: representative, that is, in form, or imitative in sound.

'Words,' said Democritus, 'are but the shadows of actions.' It is true; and while the shadows keep in contact with that of which they are the reflections, their nature runs little risk of being mistaken. It is when shadows begin to wander about unattended, that we feel that we have passed out of the world of realities. When linguistic signs, therefore, began to depend on arbitrary agreement rather than on intrinsic fitness, — when language, that is, became abstract and static, — the danger became imminent of taking the sign for the reality. From the moment, somewhere in the dim past, when this error was first made, dates that fatal idealistic illusion, which, slowly and subtly infecting the human intellect, culminated in the great biblio-scholastic aberration (what a ghastly example of language!) of the last twenty-odd centuries. During that period, language — which has made man — threatened to unmake him. (Like the dyer's hand, his spirit was subdued to what it worked in.) It did indeed make him insane. It made him as one who, seeing the word 'God' on the page, should bow down to the book in which it was written; or the word 'food,' should seek to devour it; or the word 'horse,' should leap on it and ride. Mad as these comparisons seem, they are no false images of the condition of man while he is ruled by the dynasty of language.

But there are other and better ways of deposing autocrats than by destroying them. The movement for the abolition of language, accordingly, need not proceed to the bitter end. Let it but become conscious of itself, and it will recognize that what is wanted is not so much the doing away with words as it is the doing away with the confusion in function between two kinds of word: between those, on the one hand, which are genuine emanations of things and actions, spirits, real representatives of life and possessed therefore with truly magical and creative power, and those, on the other, which, like algebraic signs or the technical terms of science, are the arbitrarily chosen tools of the intellect.

From the natural but fatal confusion between these two types of word — between creative language and intellectual language — an incredibly large share of the woes of humanity has arisen. All slaveries, I had almost said, are traceable to this source. The chains that really bind humanity are chains the links of which are abstract words. All other chains are chains of sand. The kings and the capitalists, the priests and the pedants, the lawyers and the doctrinaires — not for a day could they retain their sway over the masses of mankind if the verbal bonds in which they fetter their victims were shattered.

And they are being shattered. The dethronement of abstract and static language is under way. It will go on until man learns to distinguish between that which is close to the divinest part of his nature and that which is but a tool in the hands of his mind. With which consummation will come the end of man's long scholastic digression and the twilight of the autocratic gods.

STRIKE STONE ON STEEL

BY LAURENCE BINYON

Strike stone on steel,
Fire replies.
Strike men that feel,
The answer is in their eyes.

Powers that are willed to break
The spirit in limbs of pain,
See what spirit you wake!
Strike, and strike again!

You hammer sparks to a flame,
And the flame scorches your hand.
You have given the feeble an aim,
You have made the sick to stand.

You shape by stroke on stroke
Man mightier than he knew;
But the fire your hammer woke
Is a life that is death to you.

THE RADIUM OF ROMANCE

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing?

BECAUSE, I suppose, there were once two sides to her bread-board, both of which she used for sketching. She brought the board from the Fine Arts room at college to her new home, carrying it one day to the kitchen to try her hand at modeling — in dough. There are several of her early sketches about the house, of that period, prior to the dough-pictures, which show real talent. Her bread, however, had about it the touch of genius. The loaves grew larger all the time, the bakings more frequent. The walls of any house are rather quickly covered with pictures, but there is no bottom to the bread-box. There are still two sides to her bread-board, and she uses both sides for dough.

Time was, too, when I thought of other things than the price of flour; not because of much money in those times, but because she made angel-cake most of the time then, and what bread we did eat was had of the baker; and because the price of flour was then a matter of course. The price of flour now is a good deal more than a matter of course, and the price of corn-meal even more than the price of flour; so that we must count the slices now, and cut them thin. It grieves me to see the children taking each his rigid number; I hate to hear the constant scraping at the bottom of the barrel. But these are war-times, I tell them, and we do well to live at all in war-times; though this taking thought for prices began some time before the war. We shall have angel-cake again, I honestly promise them, with the biggest kind of a hole in the middle, giving them a bran muffin to munch meanwhile, and wondering in my heart if this fight for bread will ever end in angel-cake.

One can live on potatoes and bran muffins, although there was never any romance about them, not even last winter when Wall Street took them as collateral. We need cake. I don't remember that I ever lacked potatoes as a child, but, as a child, I do remember dancing while the pickaninnies sang, —

'Mammy gwine make some short'nin', short'nin',
Mammy gwine make some short'nin' cake.
Ay lak short'nin', short'nin', short'nin',
Ay lak short'nin', short'nin' cake,' —

in an ecstasy of pure delight, which was not remotely induced by common hunger. Short'nin' cake, angel-cake, floating island, coffee jelly — are they not victuals *spirituels*, drifted deep with frosting, honeyed over with an amber-beaded sweat, with melting sweetness, insubstantial, impalpable, ethereal, that vanish into the brain, that thrill along the nerves, feeding not the body, not the mind, nor yet the spirit, for these are but three of our four elements — we are also the stuff that dreams are made of, and we cannot wholly subsist on more material fare.

What makes pie pie is its four-and-twenty-blackbirds, which, when the pie is opened, begin to sing. Singing-blackbird pie is my favorite, whether

you make it of apples or rhubarb or custard or squash, with one crust or two. He dreamed a dream who made the original pie. And even now I cannot pass a baker in apron and paper cap without a sense of frostings and méringues — of the white of life separated from the yolk of life and stirred into a dream. I find the same touch of romance on most faces, young and old, as I find it over the landscape at dusk and dawn, and on certain days even at high noon.

This morning a flock of migrating bluebirds went over, calling down to me. They had come out of the dawn like little dreams, fading into the blue about them and beyond them, where a fleet of great white clouds was drifting slowly far off to the south. But their plaintive voices floating down to me I still hear calling, with more pain and yearning than a human heart, perhaps, should allow itself to know. For at the first sip of such sweet misery some poet chides, —

> Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
> For the far-off unattained and dim,
> While the beautiful all about us lying,
> Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

As if longing were a weakness and not the heart's hope; and our sighing — shall I sigh for what I have? Or stop sighing? Some of my possessions I may well sigh over, but there are very few to sigh for, seeing none of them are farther off than the barn or the line fence, except a few books that I have lent my friends, and now and then a few dollars.

And such is the magic in the morning light that I seem to see the Beautiful all about me lying — in the bend of the road, on the sweep of the meadow, across the commonplace door-yard asleep in the sun; and over all, the calling of the bluebirds has laid so sweet and soft a silence that I think I hear this 'low perpetual hymn' — voices of strumming crickets, of curving stems of golden-rod, of aster-dusted bees, and of wavering red leaves in their singing fall.

It lacks an hour of mail-time, and the newspaper, and the war. The bluebirds are leaving before the mail-man comes, and everything with wings is flying with them, or is poised for flight. Let me go with them too, for an hour. I will then return.

The day is warm, with little breezes on the wing, hardly larger than the swallows. They stir the grasses of the knoll, and race with them up the slope, to fly on over the wavy crest, following the bluebirds off toward the deep-sea spaces among the drifting clouds. And the curving knoll itself is in motion, a yellow-brown billow heaving against the moving clouds where they ride along the sky. And over the knoll sweep the hawking swallows, white bellies and brown and glinting steel-blue backs aflash in the sun. Winging swallows, winging seeds, winging winds, winging clouds and spheres, and my own soul winging away into the beckoning blue where the bluebirds have gone.

Not every day in autumn is like this, not many days in all the year. Yet to know even one, one touched with this golden melancholy, this sweet unrest and yearning, should it not outlast the noon, is to know, —

> And one thing more that may not be,
> Old earth were fair enough for me.

Old earth is fair enough ordinarily. Yet even the dog, for all his appetite and growing years, is not always satisfied with bread and play. He clings closer than ever to me, as if sometimes frightened at inner voices calling him, which, like deep waters, seem to widen between us, and which no love, though pure and immeasurable, may be able to cross. He is nothing uncommon as a

dog, except in the size of his spirit and the quality of his love. He will tackle anything, from a railroad train to a buzzing bumble-bee, that he imagines has intentions inimical to me; and there is nothing on the move, either coming or going, quite innocent of such intentions. Without fear, or awe, or law, he wears his collar, and his license number, 66, but not as a sign of bondage, for that sign he wears all over his alert and fearless front. He growls in his sleep before the fire at ghosts of things that have designs against the house; he risks his life all day long; but he reserves a portion of his soul. He will deliberately chew off his leash at night, and, making sure that nothing stirs about the helpless house, will steal away to the woods, where he hears the baying of some spectral pack down the forest's high-arched halls. I do not know what the little cross-bred terrier is hunting along the frosted paths — fox or rabbit or wild mice; I cannot run the cold trails that are so warm to his nose; but far ahead of his nose lope two panting hearts, his and mine, following the Gleam.

All dogs are dreamers, travelers by twilight, who wander toward a slow deferring dawn. They cannot see in the white fire of noon. A lovelier light, diffused and dim with dusk, is in the eyes of dogs and all dumb creatures, through which they watch a world of shadows moving with them like lantern-lighted shapes at night upon a wall.

> Not of the sunlight,
> Not of the moonlight,
> Not of the starlight,

is the tender, troubled light in the eyes of dogs.

II

There is a deposit, an infinitesimal deposit it may be, of the radium of romance in the slag of all souls. Call it by other names, — optimism, idealism, religion, — you still leave it undefined; an inherent, essential element, harder to separate from the spiritual dross of us than radium from its carnotite; a kind of atomic property of the spirit which breaks up its substance; which ionizes, energizes, and illumines it.

There may be souls that never knew its power, but I can hardly think there ever was a soul shut in a cave so darksome, that romance never entered with its touch of radiance, if only as

> A little glooming light, much like a shade.

This is the light in the eyes of dogs, the light that birds and bees follow, and the jelly-fish, steering round and round his course. Something like its quivering flame burns down in the green, dismal depths of the sea; down in the black subliminal depths; and on down in the heart of the world. For what other light is it, that guides the herring every spring, in from the ocean up Weymouth Back River? or the salmon in from the Pacific, up, high up the Columbia to the Snake, and higher up the Snake into the deep, dark gorges of the Imnaha?

It is now long past October, and where is the bluebird's mate of June? She has forgotten him, and is forgotten by him, but he has not forgotten his dream-of-her; for I saw him in the orchard, while southward bound, going in and out of the apple-tree holes, the lover still, the dream-of-her in his heart, holding over from the summer and coming to meet him ahead of her, down the winter, out of the coming spring.

The dog and you and I and even the humble toad are dreamers at heart, all of us, only we are deeper adream than they.

> If nothing once, you nothing lose,
> For when you die you are the same,

says Freneau to a flower. Yet the flowers are of the dust that I am made of,

and they too are the stuff of dreams. And the toad under the kitchen-steps, what he knows of my heart! As if the unrequited pain of lovers, the sweetest, saddest things of poets, had always been his portion, and their vague melancholy the only measure of his tremulous twilight song. When the soft spring dusk has stolen into the young eyes of the day, as the first shadow of some sweet fear into the startled eyes of a girl, then out of the hush, quavering through the tender gloom,

A voice, a mystery!

From his earth-hole under the kitchen-steps I have known the toad, by dint of stretching and hitching up on chance stones, to get nine inches up, nine inches from the surface of the globe, up on the lowest of the steps! Yet it is given him to pipe a serenade in the gloaming that no other lover, bird or poet, ever quite equaled, even when he sang, —

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night.

Life is always a romance. There is fire in its heart, even in the three cold chambers of the toad's heart; and the light of the fire flickers fainter than the guttered candle before it will go out. This may not be 'the true light'; yet it lighteth every man that cometh into the world, every man with a pen, and his brother with a hoe, though they comprehend it not. Here is a poet who sees no light at all in the 'Man with a Hoe,' because that poet has written more than he has hoed, which is to gather where he has not strawed. When a hoe looks as black as this to a pen, you will search the premises of the pen in vain for hoes. I hoe; I know men who hoe; and none of us knows Mr. Markham's scarecrow for ourself. Here a realist sees what another realist thought he saw; as if you could ever *see* life!

Life is not what the realist sees, but what the realist is and knows, plus what the man with the hoe is and knows; and he knows that, if chained to a pick instead of a hoe, down in the black pit of some Siberian mine, he could not work life out in the utter dark.

Why was there never a man who would swap identity with another? To know why, you must know some man, and 'really to know him, you must not only know what he is, but what he used to be; what he used to think he was; what he used to think he ought to be and might be if he worked hard enough. You must know what he might have been if certain things had been otherwise, and you must know what might have happened otherwise if he had been otherwise. *All these complexities are a part of his own dim apprehension of himself. They are what make him so much more interesting to himself than he is to any one else*' — than even to any poet, who might try to dig into his heavy countenance with a pen! Realism, if not a distortion and a disease, is at best only a half-truth; and the realist, if more than a medical examiner for his district, is but the undertaker besides.

Whoever sings a true song, or pens the humblest plodding prose, whether of Achilles, son of Peleus, or of John Gilley, a milkman down in Maine, or of the toad, or of the bee, has essentially one story to tell, and must be a Homer, truly to tell it.

Here on my desk lies Dr. Eliot's story of John Gilley, and over in the next farm-house lingers the unwritten story of another milkman, my neighbor, Joel Moore; and in the other neighbor-houses live like people — humble, humdrum country people, with their stories, which, if lighted with nothing but their own hovering gleam, would glow forever.

The next man I meet would make a

book; for either he knows, or he *is*, a good-enough story, could I come by the tale. O. Henry, pacing the streets in an agony of fear at having run out of story-matter, is only a case of nerves. The one inexhaustible supply of matter in the Universe that is of use to man is story-matter; for, as the first human pair have been a perpetual song and story, so the last pair shall be the theme for some recording angel, or else they will leave a diary.

The real ill with literature is writer's cramp, an inability to seize the story, all of it, its truth as well as its facts — an ill, not of too much observation, but of too little imagination. Art does not watch life and record it. Art loves life and creates it. 'No one knows the stars,' says Stevenson, 'who has not slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*. He may know all their names, and distances, and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind, their serene and gladsome influence on the mind.'

Art and literature must not turn astronomer, as if our magnitudes, names, and distances — the concern of psychologists, physiologists, ethnologists, criminologists, sociologists — were the concern of mankind. What does mankind reck of the revolution of the node and apsides? that Neptune's line of apsides completes its revolution in 540,000 years? Instead of an astronomer, mankind is still the simple shepherd, keeping watch by night, and all he knows of the stars is that they brood above the sleeping hills, and now and then, in some holy hush, they sing together.

Science is concerned with the names, distances, and magnitudes of the stars; and with problems touching the 'intestinal parasites of the flea.' Art, literature, and religion are concerned only with mankind; with the elemental, the universal, the eternal; with the dream, the defeat, the romance of life.

III

I have much to do with writers — with great writers, could they only think of something to write about. 'There is nothing left,' they cry, 'to write about.'—'But here am I. Take me,' I answer. Out come pads and pencils flying. There is hard looking at me for a moment. Then a cynical smile. I won't do. Becky might have done, but Thackeray got her; just as someone has got everybody! My tribe can never furnish her like again. I hope not. Yet my tribe is not infertile; it is Thackeray's, rather, that has run out.

A sweet young thing in one of my extension courses, whose engagement to a Chicago man had just been announced, voicing the literary despair of the class in a poem called 'The Fairy Door,' made this end of the whole matter: —

> The world seems black and ugly
> When I shut the Fairy Door;
> I want to go to Fairyland
> And live forever more.

She was very pretty. I had no trouble finding her in the amphitheatre before me; and taking her poem, I read it aloud to that last stanza, when, turning sharply, and pointing the manuscript hard at her, I demanded, —

'Is this so? Do you want to leave Boston for Fairyland, instead of Chicago? Do you?'

She was staggered by the suddenness of it all and rose to her feet, adorably pink in her confusion, stammering, 'No, no, I beg — of course I — no, I don't' — by this time so recovered that her eyes flashed wrath as she dropped to her seat.

'Then why did you write it? Why don't you write what you mean? And you mean Boston is a back number — that the one romantic fairy-like spot on earth is Chicago. A real theme, if you but knew it! An extraordinarily fresh point of view!'

Hers the enduring truth about Chicago; as against that set forth by Mr. Armour in 'The Packers, the Private Car Lines, and the People.' Here she was, the very stuff of the eternal in literature, and forced to Fairyland for something to write about! Sheer nonsense. One need not take the wings of the morning to the uttermost sea, or make one's bed in Hell for 'copy.' Chicago will do — or Boston.

To be, if to be only a stock or a stone, beast or bird or man, is to be a story.

We were passing through New York City recently, when I stopped at the Zoölogical Park, and taking the boys, went straight to the aviary, to the condors' cage, and looking up at the great birds dozing overhead, I called 'General! General! General!' There were three condors in the cage, if I remember, and I had never seen any of them before.

'General! General! General!' I called again; when one of the big vultures slowly opened his eyes, slowly stretched out his long neck, slowly turned his ear down toward me, and listened. The others slept on.

'General! General! General!' the third time. Then slowly the mighty wings began to unfold and slowly to fan the air for a few ponderous strokes, when 'General' dropped from his quaking perch to the floor of his cage, and waddling over, pushed his outlandish head through the bars and began to nibble the buttons on my coat. I stroked him, calling him 'General' and other endearing names, while he pulled at the buttons up and down the coat in fond response, my children, and the throng of visitors, looking on in wonder.

But it was nothing strange. Here were three stories, three humped, uncouth, repulsive creatures that nobody knew until I came by; and I knew only General — that behind his vast, inactive wings was silently folded a tale of tragedy and romance. Every lover of wild life who has been thrilled by the majestic flight of the condor above the Sierra peaks knows a little of the tragedy of those folded wings; but the romance — that is for my friend Finley to tell. For it is his story — his, and Mrs. Finley's, then a bride: a story of months of watching among the mountains for a sight of the condors; then of endless hunting through the wild ravines if, by chance, they might stumble upon the nest-cave.

This sounds like nothing but hard, footless, foolish work, as it would have been, had they gone out for gold. Condors are different. When at last, by the wildest fortune, they found the cave, it held one precious egg — a sight few ornithologists ever saw, and fewer still shall see; for the great birds, now restricted to four counties in Southern California, will shortly soar away forever. That big white egg was General. The two adventurers descended and camped at the foot of the mountain, climbing up again to the cave the day General hatched — a turn of luck quite too rare and good.

It was a gray day on the heights, with a raw sleety drizzle pulling down the cañon, when with tripod and camera they reached the wall beneath the cave. Working their way up to the ledge, they found the female condor closely brooding a naked lump of life that had just bulged out of the shell. The old bird showed no disposition to fly. The chill wet wind sucked through the bare shelter, ruffling her plumage, and numbing the fingers fumbling with the camera on the rocky wall.

It was a hard climb up the mountain. It had been a long hard wait of weeks below, — of years indeed, — for just this moment. A condor lays but one egg, and the one egg only every other year; and in all California the living condors could probably be counted on

the fingers of your two hands. Is it much wonder, then, if the fingers trembled as they clung to the wall of the cañon in the bleak March wind?

The camera was ready, the old condor watching stolidly the while from within the cave, her wings partly unfolded, her long neck stretched. She hissed slowly as the human hand came in gently toward her; but she did not move, except to stand up as her chick was drawn out to the lip of the cave.

The light was bad, a time-exposure was necessary. One plate was used, then a second, when the lumpish chick suddenly kicked out, rolled over, and with a spasm, stiffened in the cold. They caught it up, pushed it back to its mother, who was standing as in a stupor, and crept quickly out of the cave. But the old bird stood like a stone, staring at nothing, her chick unprotected between her scaly feet in the cold deadly pull of the draught.

Panic seized the watchers. All was lost — all their long, long hopes were lost! The old condor, stiff on her legs, was dazed, her dull, fixed eyes seeing nothing, her whole maternal being a blank. But there was another maternal being near-by, and with a sharp cry, the young bride darted toward the cave, tearing at the throat of her dress as she struggled over the rim, and, snatching the new-born thing from between the mother's feet, thrust it in upon her own warm bare breast.

Of course it lived. Isn't it here in the cage? And does n't it come when you call, 'General,' and nibble the buttons on your coat? And this is but the synopsis of the first chapter of General's story; a long, strange tale it is, too, from that first day of cave-life far up in the San Bernardino range, to these slow prison-years in the cage of New York City. By dint of coaxing, that day, they got the old condor settled down in the cave, slipped the chick, now warm with life, under its mother, and left them on their bleak and eery ledge till the storm should pass.

It was on a March day that General hatched, and from then on the two watchers, camping down the mountain, climbed into the cañon home to watch him; till one day in July they took him, still a fledgling, down the mountains with them and off to Oregon — in which is suggested the second chapter, that I may not write, for I wish only to show that General has a story.

But, General, who could tell your story from the name-plate on your cage? He must needs touch reverently your folded wings and see them leaning on the thin cold wind blowing far down from Shasta across the San Bernardino range.

Wings are folded into every human story. I know as many commonplace people as any living man, I am sure, and every one of them has wings, and a story — a story of the wings, strong wings, or weak, or broken, or clipped, or caged.

The day we moved out here, before our goods arrived, a strangely youthful pair, far on in the eighties, struggled up the hill from the old farm below to greet us. He was clad in overalls and top-coat, and she in flowers, overflowing from both her arms, and in wild confusion on the gayest Easter bonnet that ever bloomed.

'How do you do, neighbors!' she began, extending her armfulls of glorious mountain laurel; 'Mr. White and I bring you the welcome of the Hingham Hills' — Mr. White's rough old hand grasping mine amid the blossoms.

'Why,' I cried, 'I did n't know the Hingham Hills could hold such a welcome. I have tramped the woods about here, but I never found a bunch of laurel.'

'Ah, you did n't get into Valley Swamp! Mr. White and I will show

you, won't we, Georgie? We know where odes hang on hawthorns, don't we? We are busy farmers, and you know what farming is; but we have never ploughed up our poetry-patch, have we, Georgie?'

They never had; nor much of their other ninety-six acres either — the whole farm a joyous riot of free verse: fences without line or metre; cattle running where they liked; the farm kit — a mowing machine, a sulky plough, and a stolid old grindstone — straying romantically about the shy sweet fields.

It was an ode of a carriage that the spoony old couple went to town in, with wheels dactylic on one side and anapæstic on the other, and so broken a line for a back spring that Mrs. White would slide into Mr. White's lap without cæsura or even a punctuation mark to hinder.

I was at the village market one muddy March day, when Cupid and the old mare, neither wearing blinders, brought this chariot to the curb. Mr. White, descending to the street, reached up for Mrs. White, who, giving him both her hands, put out a dainty foot to the carriage-step and there poised, dismayed at the March mud. Instantly Mr. White, disengaging one hand, lifted a folded blanket from the seat, shot it grandly out across the mud, and with a bow as gallant as Sir Walter's own, handed the dear old shoes unblemished to the shop.

And I have other neighbors. 'Hello!' I called over the telephone to one of them down near the village; 'aren't you going to do that job for me?'

This neighbor is a most useful colored citizen, with a complete line of avocations, cleaning sewers nocturnally and on Saturday afternoons being one of these sporadic and subsidiary callings.

'Hello!' he answered; 'I most assuredly am! And exceedingly sorry I am, too, for this delay.' (He had been coming for one year and six months now.) 'But my business grows enormously. It is really more than I can administer. The fact is, professor, I must increase my equipment. I can't dip any longer. I am rapidly approaching the proportions of a pump.'

There is the romance of business — the measure of life again as it is, set over against what it may merely appear to be! To trudge along beside your cart of the long-handled dipper and know you are approaching the proportions of a pump!

I spoke of Joel Moore here in the next house to me. For twenty-six years he was chained to a milk-route, covering Lovell's Corner, East Weymouth, and our back wood-road; but he always drove it in a trotting sulky.

From behind the bushes I have seen him calming the leg-weary team as it labored up the humps in the road, his feet braced, his arms extended to the slack lines, his eyes fixed on the Judge's Stand ahead, while he manœuvred against Ed Geers and Ben Hur and all the Weymouths for the pole.

It was twelve years ago that Joel drove home with Flora IV, a black mare without a leg to stand on, but with a record of $2.12\frac{3}{4}$. There was large fixing of the little barn for her, and much rubbing down of withers.

One day Joel was seen wandering over the knoll here near the house, kicking stones around. Something was the matter. I sauntered out toward my barn casually and called to him. Picking up a piece of rock in the pasture, he staggered with it to the fence, and fixing it into the wall, said with labored breath, —

'Flora IV has a foal!' And lifting another stone off the wall, for ballast, he strode up the hill and over, and down to his barn, not knowing the Magnificat, it may be, but singing it in his heart all the way down.

My youngest boy was born that same summer, — eleven years ago, — the double event in Joel's mind wearing the mixed complexion of twins. He had had no children till the colt came, and naturally he spoiled her. She was a willful little thing by inheritance though — arch, skittish, and very pretty; and long before she wore shoes had got the petulant habit of kicking the siding off the barn at any delay of dinner.

She should have been broken by her second birthday, but Joel would take no risks; and in the third summer, though he 'had her used to leather,' he needed a steady old horse to hitch her with, and she came up to her fourth birthday untrained. Then, the first time he took her out, she behaved so badly, and cut herself so, forward, that it was necessary to turn her loose for months. Then she was sent away to be broken, but came back a little more willful than ever, and prettier than ever, if possible.

That winter Joel had to give up his milk-route on account of sickness, and with the opening of spring got the blacksmith to take the colt in hand. He took her, and threw her, dislocating her shoulder. Then he pulled off her new shoes, and she was put into the box-stall to get well.

After that, I don't know just why, but we talked of other things than the colt. She kicked a board off the back of the barn one day, sending a splinter whizzing past my head, but neither of us noticed it. She was seven years old now, a creature shaped for speed, but Joel was not strong enough to manage her, and a horse like this could so easily be harmed. In fact, he never harnessed her again, though that was nearly four years ago.

I urged him from time to time, with what directness I dared, to let me take him into the hospital. But he had never left the farm and his wife alone overnight in all these years. Then one day he sent for me. He would go, he said, if I could arrange for him.

A March snow lay on the fields the day before he was to go, and all that day, at odd times, I would see him creeping like a shadow about his place: to the hen-coops, up to the line fence, out to the apple tree in the meadow, taking a last look at things. It was quite impossible for me to work that day.

The next morning the four boys, on their way to school, went down ahead of me to say good-bye. They filed in, shook hands bravely, fighting back their tears, and playing fine the game of bluff with him, though the little fellow, born the summer the colt was born, nearly spoiled it all. He is a dear impulsive child and had frankly been Joel's favorite.

'I've taken the eveners off the disk harrow,' he was saying as he came out to the sleigh. 'I gave the kittens a bed of fresh rowan. I drove a nail under the shutter of the can-house, where you can hang the key. You had better lock up a little till I get back' — his words half muffled under the big robes of the sleigh.

'I hate to leave home,' he said, as we went along; 'but she could n't stand it. She's not well. It is n't so bad for me with you along.'

Two or three times he was about to say something else, but felt too tired. I had him duly entered; introduced him to his surgeon; helped him to his cot, where a cheery nurse made him easy; then gave him my hand.

'Good-day,' he said; 'I'm going to pay you back some time. Only I can't.' He clung a moment longer to me. 'I've never had many of the luxuries. I've worked hard for all I've got — except for the little colt. She was thrown in. I never fed her a quart of grain — the cleanest little eater — as fat as butter

— and on nothing but roughage all the time!'

Then, looking me straight in the eye, he said calmly, —

'You and I and the doctors know. But I could n't tell her. You 'll have to. And tell her she had better sell the little colt. You don't need a fast horse yourself, of course, because you have your auto.'

'Yes I do, Joel,' I answered. 'We all need a fast horse, or something like that.'

And I bent over and kissed him — for my little boy at home.

There is balm in Gilead, but perhaps there are no good roads in Heaven; perhaps there are no fast horses there. I do not know. But I often wish I had told Joel that I believed there were, — for I do, — among the other things that are there.

CAP'N TRISTRAM'S SHIPBUILDING

BY ROBERT WADE

I

Old sea-towns, when with the changing years their ships have sailed forever away, and they are left to shift for themselves, are likely to take the desertion philosophically, and, ignoring time, to settle down into a dreamy reminiscent existence, unhurried, unruffled, comfortable. Their sailor-men retire within their big, square-built homes, their silent wharves, slowly and unheeded, decay. Their warehouses, still holding the look of the sea, stand empty, or harbor a few unobtrusive odds and ends of shore business. The mellow calm of early autumn forever pervades their atmosphere, and life moves as slowly, dreamily, as moves a marsh-land tide in September.

A part of such a town was Cap n Tristram Macey. Cap'n Tristram, big, broad, placid, was finishing his afternoon's work in the little office where he carried on a small coal business, looked after a moderate amount of insurance, and dickered a little in real estate; while, comfortable by the office-stove, the high altar of that redoubtable band of sitters known as 'The Watch,' sat Captain Abner Stevens. Wrapped in deep contemplation and clouds of blue tobacco-smoke, Abner was contentedly awaiting the time when the Cap'n's tasks should be ended, when his feet should seek the stove-rail, and his chair assume that magic angle of conversation which all men should know and love.

At length that time arrived. The spell of Abner's dreams was broken, and his hazy thoughts crystallized into words.

'When re you goin' t' move that house you bought of Eddie Fowler?' he demanded.

'Why, I dunno, Abner; I 'm sure I dunno. I 've about give the idea up, I guess — it warn't practical.'

And Cap'n Tristram looked out of the window contemplating the sunlight.

'What 's the trouble, would n't she

hold together?' questioned Abner with a sly grin; for he, and all the Watch for that matter, knew that Cap'n Tristram was seldom too keen in his real-estate 'dickers,' whereas Eddie Fowler's genius was of a remarkably high order, as all 'The Port' could testify.

'Oh, the house is all right, Abner; she 's sound 's a nut. She 'd stand it to go 'round the Horn; but to go where I wanted to with her, I had to cross the railroad tracks, and there 's where I fetched up, and I fetched up all standin'!'

'Would n't let you acrost!' exclaimed Abner, the joy of discovery in his tone.

'That 's just the size of it,' admitted Cap'n Tristram; 'he would n't let me cross.'

'Who 's he?'

'He? Why, he 's Mr. Armstrong, one of the big men of the road. I finally went to see him about it, but it warn't no use. I could n't dicker with him.'

Abner, at long range, scored a bull's-eye in the spittoon, and Cap'n Tristram continued, —

'No, I could n't dicker with him. You 'd 'a' thought, Abner, why you 'd 'a' thought to have heard him that he was admiral of the fleet and I was powder-monkey complaining o' the ship's grub. Rile me? Yes, that man did rile me. That house ain't a mite of good where it sets, and it never will be if I can't get it across them tracks. I would n't have held up none of his trains, nor bothered him any with his new bridge — and he was so mighty overbearin'! I 'll own he riled me up considerable.'

'Well,' demanded Abner, 'what ye goin' to do about it?'

There was a bit of a twinkle in Cap'n Tristram's eyes, and he was slow in answering. He looked at the long shadows creeping across the Square, then at his watch. It was nearly six o'clock.

'Why I guess, Abner,' he finally said, 'I guess for one thing, I'll do what I oughter done half an hour ago — I'll go home to supper.'

II

Several days later, Abner, in the course of a morning's cruise, sighted Cap'n Tristram just as he was leaving the office of Thurlow and Muzzy, attorneys at law. His curiosity leaped full-grown in an instant, for Cap'n Tristram's kindly philosophy of life had, in all its course, found little need of the law's help. With a hail Abner hove him to, and together they squared away for the office.

At the office there was little to be done; a memorandum and a few letters to write, and Cap'n Tristram was free to enjoy himself and the silent companionship of Abner, who, after a suitable interval, fired the first conversational shot.

'Warn't you off your course at that lawyer's office, Tristram?'

'Why I dunno; just a trifle, maybe; I was taking aboard a pilot.'

'Huh?'

'Takin' aboard a pilot, Abner. You see, I 'm going into buildin', and I want someone who knows the shoals 'n' what-not of it, to keep me clear and out of trouble. That 's sound, ain't it?'

'Um — hum,' admitted Abner; 'what ye goin' t' build?'

'Ships,' said Tristram.

'Ships! Thunder mighty! Where?'

'Why, here, right here in the Port, right where the old Dreadnaught was built. Maybe I'll hang out my shingle, "Tristram Macey, Shipbuilder" — it would n't look half bad, now, would it?'

No visions, either of ships or of shingles, moved Abner's unimaginative soul. He was incredulous. The shipyards, from whence the fame of the town had gone the world over, had long been silent. A generation had well-nigh

passed since the last vessel had slid down the ways, and her sails, gleaming in the sunlight, had left the harbor, which she never again visited. There were all sorts of stumbling-blocks to a revival of the industry — hosts of them.

'You can't git no men,' he declared.

'Oh, yes, I can, Abner; you 'd be surprised to see how many you can pick up right here in the Port; and then, there 's Gloucester and Essex to draw from.'

'Well, the yard ain't fitted up. It would take a mighty sight of money; it would — '

'Abner,' interposed Cap'n Tristram, 'you're always trying to sail with your tops'ls aback. Now, I've got the yard, I've got the money, and I've got the contract for the first two vessels.'

Abner fired a last shot: 'Your yard 's above the bridge; you'll run afoul the railroad again!'

Cap'n Tristram beamed.

'No, Abner, I don't callate I'll get hung up there again. I learned a pretty good lesson with that house o' mine; and besides, you know, I've took aboard a pilot this trip. He ought to keep me out of trouble — he's a good one.'

So it came to pass that the Watch, who had enjoyed Cap'n Tristram's recent discomfi ure to the full, and had solemnly advised him to 'try no more viges in a house,' had a new theme for conversation, new points for argument, and a new centre of interest, in the reawakened shipyard; and, although the 'shingle' was not hung out, Tristram Macey, Shipbuilder, was a busy man.

It was a pleasant morning of September, when the yellow glow of autumn had crept into the sunlight and the air was fresh with the smell of the sea, that Cap'n Tristram was busy in the yard, overseeing, admonishing, advising. With a master's eye to every detail, he moved among the busy 'hands' with the calm dignity of a battleship or giant liner that holds its slow way amid the scurry of smaller, bustling harbor craft. His solid bulk, not wholly unlike the massive new ships in its sturdiness, was bedecked with shavings and stray bits of oakum. The hulls of 'the first two vessels' were nearing completion.

He had nearly finished his rounds of inspection when a stranger intercepted him and fell into conversation. Cap'n Tristram was cordial. He convoyed the man about the yard, soft and springy with yellow chips. Within and without he made him acquainted with the secrets of ships and the glories of shipbuilding.

The stranger was interested. He, too, gathered upon himself chips and oakum and shavings. With evident pleasure, he sniffed the boiling tar. He talked. He let his eye wander out over the broad river, down to the new railroad bridge, flaming vermilion in its red lead; and he looked again at the new schooners.

Cap'n Tristram answered his unspoken query.

'Rig 'em? Why, mister, bless your soul, there ain't no better place on earth to rig 'em than just where they set.'

'What, right there on the ways, as I think you call them?'

'Aye, aye, right there on the ways, and nowhere else. Why not?'

'Well,' said the stranger, 'there 's no draw in that new bridge below you.'

Cap'n Tristram's eye searched the bridge from end to end.

'You 're right, mister,' he agreed at length, 'there ain't. But I can't help that; it ain't my bridge, and from what I know of the railroad folks who built it, I rather guess they're satisfied to stand their own lookout without no help from me.'

Soon after, the stranger took his

leave. Watching him, Cap'n Tristram stood, his hands in his pockets, his shirt-sleeves fluttering in the breeze.

'Unless my reckonin' 's off,' said he, chuckling to himself, 'that lad's from Mr. Armstrong, — I recollect him in the railroad office, — and if I ain't mistaken in the way the wind 's blowin', he'll be back.'

III

Whether Cap'n Tristram's reckoning was right or wrong, does not really matter. What does matter is that his judgment of the wind was correct — or at least very nearly so; for although 'the lad from Mr. Armstrong' did not again visit the yard, a big man in a big automobile did.

Not finding Cap'n Tristram, he followed the directions of the yard boss to the little office by the Square, where he did find him, and, as it chanced, Abner and a fair proportion of the Watch.

Big the stranger certainly was: a big opulent sort of man, past middle life, with heavy brows, short bristling white hair, and about him the air of the highly successful man of business, the financier — 'gold-mounted,' as one of the Watch afterward observed.

As he entered with short, heavy steps, he seemed to fill the place. With a quick sweep he took in the unpretentious room, gave to the silent Watch a glance of imperious distrust, and faced the desk, where, comfortably leaning back in his chair, sat Cap'n Tristram.

'Mr. Macey, I believe.'

There was a deal of aggressiveness, perhaps unconscious, in that simple and wholly courteous query. A sort of demand that, willy-nilly, Cap'n Tristram should be 'Mr. Macey' from that moment forth.

'Yes, sir, I'm Cap'n Macey; how-de-do, sir.'

The visitor replied by hooking his heavy walking-stick over one arm; and, with another glance at the Watch, —

'A word in private, if you please, captain.'

Cap'n Tristram apologized. He was reely sorry. He could n't accommodate the gentleman.

'For this one office is all I've got — but the boys here won't mind waiting, won't mind it a mite — they'll reely be glad to, I know they will. Keep your settin' boys, keep your settin'. What can I do for you, Mr. Armstrong?'

The mention of that name anchored the Watch. It stopped the hand of Abner, fumbling for his 'plug.'

Mr. Armstrong was annoyed, but his manner became gracious.

'Ah, really, captain, it is I who should put that question.'

'Um — hum,' answered Cap'n Tristram.

'Er — yes, er — yes, indeed. In fact, I am here for that very purpose! but before we take that matter up, I — er' — a pause — 'I presume that you recall, captain, that we — the road — had some correspondence with you concerning the moving of a house across our tracks. I believe that I took the matter up with you personally.'

'I believe so,' agreed Cap'n Tristram.

'Yes,' also agreed the railroad man with a vigorous nod. 'Now, at that time, we found it advisable to — er — to — er — refuse the permit.'

'I recollect it,' observed Cap'n Tristram.

'Yes — er — yes; however,' continued the visitor with a wave of his glasses and an upward lift of his brows, 'I have now arranged all that for you. Move your house, captain, move your house, at your convenience. You will meet with no objection from the road. None whatever, I assure you.'

Cap'n Tristram looked first at the railroad man, then out of the window.

'Mr. Armstrong,' said he at length,

'I'm afraid you 're a trifle late. I ain't doing anything in the real-estate way now. If you 'd let me go across your tracks with that house when I wanted to, — and there warn't no reason but clear, sheer bilge-water cussedness why you would n't, — most likely I'd be dickerin' in houses yet; but you did n't let me, and now, Mr. Armstrong, I'm buildin' ships.'

A finality in Cap'n Tristram's tone dismissed further discussion of the house or its moving. It was as if a door had been suddenly slammed in Mr. Armstrong's red, well-shaven face.

'Oh — yes — indeed — er — yes, I see, I see. Well, I am sorry, captain, I am sorry. I hoped to be of some service to you. However, as you say, you *are* building ships, and that brings us to the real matter in hand. To come to the point, Captain Macey, we have put no draw in our new bridge.'

'Um — hum,' said Cap'n Tristram.

'And your two ships are — '

'Up-stream.'

'Precisely, precisely. Now see here, captain, we treated you rather shabbily in that matter of your house. I admit that, and I am quite ready to make amends. Now here are your two vessels. Of course you must rig them.'

'I was certainly callatin' to,' admitted Cap'n Tristram.

'Yes; and before you can do that, you must get them below our bridge. Why not let me do that part for you?'

'M — m,' mused Cap'n Tristram; 'it would cost consid'able.'

'Oh, don't let that thought worry you, captain. The road can look out for that; you need never think of it — a mere trifle to balance our account, if you choose.'

'All told, it would be a sight of work, Mr. Armstrong, a sight of work.'

'But I would be glad to do it, captain.'

'You 'd reely like to?'

'I would consider it as a favor, Captain Macey; really as a favor.'

Drumming slowly upon his desk, Cap'n Tristram meditated.

'Mr. Armstrong,' said he at length, 'a spell back I wanted consid'able to get a house *over* your railroad tracks and you said it warn't advisable to let me. Now, Mr. Armstrong, it seems that you 're considerable anxious to get my ships *under* your tracks and I don't think *that 's* advisable. I 'll rig 'em where they set.'

'But, captain, somebody must get them under. You can't sail a full-rigged ship through a steel bridge, you know!'

'Oh, yes, I can,' blandly returned Cap'n Tristram.

'How?'

'How? You know the law, Mr. Armstrong.'

Mr. Armstrong did know the law, but he had not expected to be told of it to the visible joy of a half-score of ancient seamen. His temper, always lively, too often outran his diplomacy. His face flushed, his feet put a belligerent space between them, and, fingering his heavy cane, he stared full upon Cap'n Tristram, a long, silent, belligerent stare.

Unmoved, the captain continued: —

'I'll own you beat me once, Mr. Armstrong, when I run afoul of your railroad tracks with that house of mine. But I learned my lesson, and this time, it's me who is sure of the course — there's a sight of difference, you know, between a house and a ship!'

The Watch chuckled audibly. The railroad man fought hard, but his temper flared. His voice approached shouting.

'Mr. Macey, sir, I see your intention, I see it clearly. It is absurd, sir, it — is — pre-pos-ter-ous!' and his cane wrathfully beat out the last syllables. 'Until we refused — as, sir, we had a

perfect right to refuse — your request concerning that house, shipbuilding, and shipping of every sort, was dead in this town, ab-so-lute-ly dead, and had been, sir, for forty years! And, if you are to resurrect it, above our bridge, from motives of spite, by heaven, sir, draw or no draw, law or no law, I'll fight you, I'll fight you through every court in the land till I have you beaten!'

The blast disturbed Cap'n Tristram not a whit. Quietly he took off his spectacles and turned to face more squarely the glaring man of wrath.

'I would n't do that, Mr. Armstrong,' said he; 'I would n't fight anybody, unless of course I had to; especially if I was sure to get the worst of it — as you know you be.'

The other attempted to speak, but Cap'n Tristram's even voice continued, 'Of course, I know how you feel, Mr. Armstrong I know *just* how you feel. You feel just's I did when my house fetched up on your railroad tracks!'

That last remark and an appreciative ripple from the Watch furnished the slight touch of the spur which Mr. Armstrong's already galloping temper needed.

'Well,' he roared, his face purple, 'what do you propose to do about it?'

Cap'n Tristram rose. His calmness was unruffled, but his easygoing serenity he put from off him as he would have put off a coat. It was Captain Tristram Macey, the captain who had commanded his ship from stem to stern, whose one word had been absolute law, who now faced the wrathful magnate. Every whit as big he seemed bigger. His eyes blazed.

'Do!' he thundered; 'I callate, Mr. Armstrong, it is not for me to do anything! You have built that bridge without a draw to it. I don't know where the gover'ment was to let you do it, — these days, — but you did. You're obstructing navigation. Clean agin the law you've penned in me and my two schooners; and now, sir, now you stand here in my office and ask me what I propose to do about it! Mr. Armstrong, sir, you're on the wrong tack. The question is, what are *you* going to do — and you know it!'

Adam Armstrong, director of the Eastern Railroad, stared. For a minute that was all he could do. Never had he been so addressed — never! But the force of the blast, the steady eye, the unexpected power, — the very bulk of this old sea-captain, — in a measure cooled his wrath. Besides, he was a sensible man.

'This will get us nowhere, captain; my time is valuable. We must talk business.'

'That's my way of lookin' at it, Mr. Armstrong. Set down.'

Impressively, Mr. Armstrong sat down. His hand began to play with his dangling eye-glasses and their broad black ribbon, and he began to 'talk business.'

'Now, captain,' said he, 'I will be perfectly candid with you. You are perhaps right concerning the law and the lack of a draw in our new bridge, and very possibly you could cause us some trouble if this matter were ever brought to the attention of the government. But that, of course, need never be. Our interests seem to conflict, but I trust we can reach an agreement, right here, and in a very friendly way. We — the road — owe you something. Now what would you consider a reasonable proposition?'

Cap'n Tristram meditated.

'Why, I dunno, Mr. Armstrong, I' m sure I dunno. You see I warn't plannin' on any "propositions." I was expectin' to rig my ships right where they be — and it still seems pretty advisable to me. But I don't like to make trouble for anybody. I never did. I don't believe in it, and so, well, if you reely

want to do as you said, reely want to tow my schooners somewheres below your bridge, paying all the bills of course, why, I don't know's I' d mind, but — '

'Good, good!' broke in the railroad man, instantly, emphatically. 'I was positive that we could reach an agreement. I appreciate this, and —'

Cap'n Tristram checked him.

'Hold your luff, Mr. Armstrong, there ain't no hurry. Let me finish. I only said I would n't mind — would n't mind lettin' you do what you propose with my ships; and I would n't, if I could rig 'em myself in any place but where they be. But I can't. If I' m to rig those vessels, they've got to stay just where they set.'

Mr. Armstrong's jaws snapped.

'What do you mean, captain?'

'Why, just what I said, Mr. Armstrong. I myself can't rig them ships anywhere but where they be now.'

'And what do you expect?'

'I don't expect anything, Mr. Armstrong; only if you move 'em, I myself can't rig 'em.'

'Indeed! and so perhaps you — er — a — wish us to rig them for you! That, sir, is utterly absurd!'

'All right, Mr. Armstrong, all right — then I'll rig 'em myself, and I'll rig 'em right where they be. It seems pretty advisable to me, anyway.'

Mr. Armstrong straightened back in his chair.

'Captain Macey, you take decided advantage of our position — er — that is, of our generosity, sir, de-cided advantage!'

'Then you don't think it advisable — '

'Advisable!' snorted the railroad man. 'Advisable! Don't say that word again! This is robbery — plain, spiteful, revengeful robbery; but, under the circumstances, I suppose we must submit to it. I suppose we must consent to be robbed, and so we will agree to rig your ships!'

'And spar 'em?'

'You pirate!' shouted Mr. Armstrong. 'No!' And his fist banged the chair-arm.

'Then I'll spar 'em myself, and, being a pirate, I reckon I'll put the spars into 'em right where they set, and you, Mr. Armstrong, you can dicker with the gover'ment!'

Abner, the forgotten, choked. The Watch deluged the spittoon. Shooting one furious glance at them, Mr. Armstrong, his eyes bulging, his face flaming, bolt upright with rage, turned upon Cap'n Tristram. His mouth opened, but no word came from it until he blazed, —

'Pirate? Yes, you are a pirate! You' re a robber, sir, a low, petty robber! I want no dealing with you. I scorn you — but — but — but to be rid of you, simply to — be — rid — of — you, sir, I will spar your infernal ships. And now sir, now I am done, I am ab-so-lute-ly done with you.'

And glaring at the captain, Mr. Armstrong reached for his hat and cane.

Cap'n Tristram held up his hand soothingly.

'Calm yourself, Mr. Armstrong, calm yourself. I ain't no pirate, I ain't no robber, nor I ain't no hand to drive hard bargains, neither, no hand at all. But I learned considerable about dickerin', especially with railroads, through that house of mine, and I'll have to keep my lead agoin', as we say to sea, afore I 'm certain whether we're done or not. Now, as I understand it, to save yourself trouble with your new bridge, you're anxious to take my two schooners, tow 'em off somewheres, and, standin' all expense of course, to put the spars into 'em and rig 'em for me. Well, I dunno but what to be obligin', I 'd let you do that; but see

here, you'll have to take them vessels clear to Boston. Well now, s'posin' you was to lose 'em on the way? s'posin' a gale was to spring up and drive 'em ashore on Plum Island — what then?'

'Then,' shouted Mr. Armstrong with the grace of a bated bull, 'then they could go to the devil, sir, straight to — the — devil, where they belong.'

His fist pounded out his statement.

'Then,' said Cap'n Tristram soberly, 'I can't trust you with 'em. I was willin' to be accommodatin' and to oblige you, but — '

'Oblige! Accommodate! What do you mean, you old sea-scoundrel! Accommodating! It's robbery, sir, robbery; that's what it is, plain barefaced robbery; and I tell you, I'll not submit to it! I tell you, I'll not be held up in this office of yours and swindled! Rig your ships! Do what you please with them! Go to the law! Go to the courts! Go to the devil! Sail through our bridge if you can! We'll fight you! We'll fight you to the Supreme Bench and our last dollar! We'll, we'll — '

'Abner,' observed Cap'n Tristram, ignoring the bellowing man before him, 'this's a reg'lar typhoon, ain 't it? Would you say now, just for a guess, that Mr. Armstrong was dickerin' with me or with the gover'ment?'

'Oh, I — I'm dickerin' with you, you pirate!' shouted the railroad man, grabbing his cane and leaping to his feet. 'I'm dickerin' with you, because I've got to; but you're a swindler, sir! You're a crook! I loathe you, I loathe you! I loathe everything pertaining to you! Not a word, not a word, sir — I scorn you. I scorn dealing with you, and simply to be rid of you, simply to be rid of you, sir, I'll tow your abominable little ships below our bridge for you; I'll tow them to Boston or to New York or to Hong Kong for you! I'll rig them for you. I'll spar them for you. And if I lose them going or coming, I'll pay you for them and I'll buy that — that — DAMNED house of yours to boot! By Heaven, I will; and here's this miserable gang of old shell-backs that you've kept here, to witness my words!'

And Adam Armstrong, second vice-president and director of the Eastern Railroad, spent for breath, stamped from the office that shook with his wrath. He headed for his big automobile, shouting to his chauffeur.

Just as he was entering the car, Cap'n Tristram called from the doorway, —

'Oh, Mr. Armstrong, when you order them masts, the four lowers, I mean, you 'd better get Oregon pine. They'll cost considerable more to begin with, but in the long run, they'll be worth it, more'n worth it.'

The furious reply was lost in the roar of the starting motor, but neither the shaking fist nor the purple look shot at the captain was to be misunderstood.

Cap'n Tristram watched the automobile cross the Square and disappear up State Street. Slowly he turned from the doorway, and with a smile faced the Watch.

'Abner,' said he, 'Mr. Armstrong don't seem interested in Oregon pine, does he?'

And the Watch roared!

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

II. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

She was a little woman, rather plain than beautiful, but with energy, sparkle, and vivacity written all over her. I always think of her curls, but they were not curls of coquetry or curls of sentiment. They were just alive, as she was, and danced and quivered when she nodded and glowed.

The first half of the nineteenth century, when she was growing up, was still the age of ministers in New England, and she was of a ministerial family, grew up in that atmosphere, and inherited all its traditions. Only she preached in books, not from the pulpit. She passed her youth among the joys and torments of religion, as then practised. She married and had children. Then she set the world afire with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, made money, which she sorely needed, wrote more books, a huge number of them, made more money in proportion, spent it with much generosity and some joy, and died, perhaps a great author, certainly having been a great power in her day.

She did all this with health that was never robust, never reliable, and often wretched. 'A wisp of nerve,' she calls herself; and she was. 'She loved more,' says her biographer, 'and consequently suffered more than others, and the weight of her suffering was heavier because she had grown up, apparently, almost without care, either from herself or others, in behalf of her body.' There were no gymnasiums for girls in those days, no vigorous outdoor sports, no tall, swaying figures and red cheeks; only samplers and prayer. Mrs. Stowe often analyzed these conditions in her characters, and also analyzed them, with much acuteness, in herself. 'About half of my time I am scarcely alive, and a great part of the rest, the slave and sport of morbid feeling and unreasonable prejudice. I have everything but good health.'

But do not suppose that she let morbid fancies or cringing nerves interfere when there was work to be done. That generation had its weaknesses, and sometimes cultivated them; but it could trample on them, when occasion demanded, and even forget them. Mrs. Stowe was an excellent manager, careful of her household, careful of her husband, careful of her children. She could be up early and down late, sew, clean, and cook, plan and provide. When moving had to be attended to, she bore the burden. What that means, every housekeeper knows.

She appreciated the importance of order and system in a family. 'I know that nothing can be done without it; it is the keystone, the *sine qua non*, and in regard to my children I place it next to piety.' She gives an amusing picture of her efforts to apply this principle in establishing a new home: furniture men flying about, servants calling, assistants

suggesting, everything to be done, and nobody ready to do it. Nerves were evidently out of place in such a scene as this, and she whipped them into submission — could even make fun when, in the midst of it, she received a letter from her husband, saturated with gloom, warning her that he could not live long, wondering what she could do as a widow, and urging prudence, as she would not have much to live on. Prudence! With big freight-bills to pay and the children clamoring for steak to sustain them through their labors!

When these whirlwinds of achievement are over, the nerves revenge themselves. Nerves usually do. She has times of depression so deep that she hardly seems to live. 'All I wanted was to get home and die. Die I was very sure I should, at any rate, but I suppose I was never less prepared to do so.' Again, 'I let my plants die by inches before my eyes, and do not water them, and I dread everything I do, and wish it was not to be done.' Yet, even in these depths, if there is a call from others in greater misery, she can respond, sometimes with soothing tenderness, sometimes with cheerful rallying. When her husband writes to her in utter despair, the sympathy of her answer is disguised in gentle mockery. 'My dear Soul, I. received your most melancholy effusion, and I am sorry to find it's just so. I entirely agree and sympathize. Why did n't you engage the two tombstones — one for you and one for me?'

This gayety, which she could apply to her own troubles, of course made her delightful to others, and socially she was popular and much sought after. Like most persons of sensitive temperament and nervous organization, she at once liked society and shunned it. The instinct of avoiding people, of remaining shut up within herself, was strong in her, and she had to make an effort to overcome it. 'I am trying to cultivate a general spirit of kindliness towards everybody. Instead of shrinking into a corner to notice how other people behave, I am holding out my hand to the right and to the left, and forming casual or incidental acquaintances with all who will be acquainted with me.' She cultivates the habit of speaking to disagreeable people, to nonentities, and finding the good that can surely be found in them. Also, she feels the intense excitement of social intercourse, with its consequent fatigue and reaction. 'I believe it would kill me dead to live long in the way I have been doing since I have been here. It is a sort of agreeable delirium.'

In the main she likes people. Instead of saying, with Madame de Staal-Delaunay, that she is always glad to make new friends because she knows they cannot be worse than the old, she declares that she leaves Brunswick with regret, because she shall never find friends whom she likes better than those she has made there.

And men and women liked her, because she liked them. She entered many circles and mingled with all sorts of people, and everywhere she was received with esteem and affection. She herself speaks of the singular charm and fascination of her brother, Henry Ward Beecher: 'He has something magnetic about him that makes everybody crave his society — that makes men follow and worship him.' The magnetism in her case was by no means so marked; but it was there, and very many found it irresistible.

If she was popular in general society and was liked by others because she liked them, much more had she a tender and devoted affection in the most intimate relations of life. 'There is a heaven,' she says, 'a heaven — a world of love, and love after all is the life-blood, the existence, the all in all of

mind.' And in a simpler and even more penetrating phrase, she shows how thoroughly she had experienced what she estimates so highly: 'Oh, Mary, we never know how we love till we try to unlove.'

Her devotion to her father and to her brothers and sisters was constant and unfailing. Perhaps the nearest of them all to her was Henry Ward Beecher, and the strength of her love for him appears strikingly in the letters written in regard to his greatest trial. She not only rejects all possible doubt as to his innocence and purity, but rejects it with a whole-hearted conviction which it is difficult to resist. He is herself, she says, and she feels a blow at him more than she would feel it at herself.

Her children she loved and tended and cared for, entering into all the interests of their lives and being prostrated by their illness or death. It certainly could not be said of her that she was a writer before she was a mother. 'My children I would not change for all the ease, leisure, and pleasure that I could have without them.' Like all persons of deep and sensitive natures, she feels the utmost difficulty in expressing affection. What are those strange, those insurmountable barriers that make it impossible for the tenderness that fills our hearts to overflow our lips, so that we meet our dearest with a jest, or a quip, or a casual comment, instead of the sincere outpouring of passionate devotion? How many of us can echo Mrs. Stowe's words: 'As for expression of affection . . . the stronger the affection, the less inclination have I to express it. Yet sometimes I think myself the most frank, open, and communicative of beings, and at other times the most reserved'? How many of us, again, resolve, as she did, when a friend mourned over not having told a lost child how much she loved him, that we will not make the same mistake, but will give our feelings full expression, while there is yet time? The time passes, till it grows too late, and all against our will our lips are sealed.

The depth and the varying phases of Mrs. Stowe's love of her husband are naturally not fully seen in her published letters. That she did love him, both before marriage and after, is evident enough. With the writer's instinct of analysis, she makes a curious dissection of her feelings to a friend, half an hour before her wedding. 'Well, my dear, I have been dreading and dreading the time, and lying awake wondering how I should live through this overwhelming crisis, and lo! it has come, and I feel *nothing at all*.' But neither the dread nor the indifference indicate any doubt or coldness as to Professor Stowe. When she writes of him to others, it is with a warm efflorescence of praise. His tenderness enwraps her, his enthusiasm upholds her, his confidence sustains her. When she writes to him directly, their mutual understanding and intimate affection are obvious in every line. Amusing stories are told of his occasional assertion of being something more than Mrs. Stowe's husband; but these never imply any jealousy or undue sensitiveness in one who was well qualified to play his part in life without being the husband of anybody.

II

Like many writers, and some who have been among the most successful, Mrs. Stowe was neither a great scholar nor a great reader of the writings of others. She speaks of her enjoyment in early childhood of the poetry of Scott. Later, after looking in dismay at the appalling collection of theology in her father's library, she was able to divert herself with the odd agglomeration of fact and fancy in Mather's *Magnalia*.

As her education went on, she of course became familiar with the standard books which, as names at any rate, are known to intelligent people. She also read curiously such writings of contemporaries as appealed to her quick and eager spirit. But she created her own work from what she saw in life, not from what she found in books. She had neither the vast zest for knowledge as such, which is so evident in Margaret Fuller and Sarah Ripley, nor the enthusiasm for education as a moral agent, which animated Mary Lyon. Quotations and literary references are not frequent in her letters or in her formal writings. It is the same with artistic matters generally. In later years European travel trained her to a good deal of interest in pictures and architecture. But her temperament was not naturally æsthetic, nor was it especially susceptible to emotional stimulus from painting or music.

The great activity, the really vital and vivid manifestation of her spiritual life, was in religion. When she was twelve years old, she wrote a composition entitled, 'Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved by the Light of Nature?' It is a truly appalling production for a child of that age — not in itself, but when one thinks of all it meant in the way of wearing, haunting, morbid spiritual discipline and suggestion.

The young person of to-day cannot realize what these religious problems were to the young person of one hundred years ago. The atmosphere which was breathed from morning to night was loaded with discussion and controversy. Nobody understood this better than Mrs. Stowe, or has depicted it more powerfully. 'On some natures,' she says, 'theology operates as a subtle poison; and the New England theology in particular, with its intense clearness, its sharp-cut crystalline edges and needles of thought, has in a peculiar degree the power of lacerating the nerves of the soul, and producing strange states of morbid horror and repulsion.' Elsewhere she puts this influence even more forcibly: 'With many New England women at this particular period, when life was so retired and so cut off from outward sources of excitement, *thinking* grew to be a disease.'

If such statements were true in general, even of girls who had the ordinary surroundings of this world and were not especially bound to the atmosphere of the sanctuary, they were far more applicable to Mrs. Stowe herself. Her family was essentially Levitical, and the quintessence of theological excitement was distilled about her dreaming childhood. Her father, Lyman Beecher, was a giant of the faith. He was a robust, active, naturally healthy spirit, a dynamic creature, who used to shovel sand from one corner of the cellar to another to tone his bodily muscles, and toned the muscles of his spirit by shoveling sinners to heaven or to hell. He was born too normal to suffer, himself, the extreme agonies of a tormented conscience, though his curious autobiography shows that even the normal had their struggles to go through.

When it came to a sensitive nervous organization like his daughter's, the spiritual tumult that he spread around him had a far different effect. No doubt she was only one of many; but we have the advantage of a keener insight into her sufferings than into those of others. No doubt there was a certain strange pleasure in the sufferings themselves, an intense, thrilling appreciation of being at any rate alive, such as is quaintly indicated in the brief sentence of Anatole France, 'It is sweet to believe, even in hell.' Yet, as we read the story of Mrs. Stowe's experiences from our modern point of view, we rebel a little, with the feeling that

there is enough unavoidable misery in the world without adding the distresses of the imagination.

What these distresses were in Mrs. Stowe's case we gather from many passages in her letters. That her sensitiveness, her response to influences of joy and depression, to every suggestion from others, was extreme, is everywhere evident. 'I believe that there never was a person more dependent on the good and evil opinions of those around than I am.' That she took all her spiritual experiences with passion, is evident also. 'Thought, intense, emotional thought has been my disease.'

The weight of original sin upon such a temperament, the horror of it, with all its fearful consequences, may easily be imagined. An ideal of perfection was before her always, and it seemed as if she never attained it, and of course she never did. She could do nothing right. Temptations daily beset her and she daily yielded. Back of all her sins was pride, fierce, devilishly prompting pride, the old, stubborn, willful, unconquerable self. She went hourly into battle with it. Sometimes she triumphed for a moment. But it rose again, in hydra variety forever.

All this was forced in upon her soul, beaten in upon her. You are irretrievably wicked, said her best friends; there is no escape but one: believe — you must believe. So she believed, or said she did, and tried to — tried by day and by night to find her way through the complex maze of doctrine which believing meant in those days. At moments she felt that she had succeeded. Rest came, a wide peace settled down upon her, it seemed that she could never again be troubled any more. 'My whole soul was illumined with joy, and as I left the church to walk home, it seemed to me as if Nature herself were hushing her breath to hear the music of heaven.' She said to her father, in ecstasy, 'Father, I have given myself to Jesus, and He has taken me.' And her father answered, as much rejoiced as she, 'Then has a new flower blossomed in the kingdom this day.'

But the ecstasies did not endure. Do they ever, did they ever, even in the calmest and most saintly heart? Doubts come, difficulties, sometimes a flush of rebellion. She hears preachers say that we have no plea to offer for our sins and no excuse. Have we not? she says. Why were we put into the world with the fierce thirst for sin and so helpless to resist it? 'I have never known the time when I have not had a temptation within me so strong that it was certain I should not overcome it.'

Worse than the doubts is the dead feeling of exhaustion and emptiness that follows enthusiasm. You are in heaven for an hour. An hour afterwards you do not care whether you are in heaven or in hell. The terrible struggle of these experiences has dried her mind and withered her soul. 'Though young, I have no sympathy with the feelings of youth.' So her spirit flutters in an endless turmoil, exalted and depressed all the more because of the quiet and tranquillity of her life without.

It is needless to say that she fought through the storm, that with the passage of years she retained the essence of her faith, at the same time dropping or obscuring the struggles and terrors of it. The world was broadening about her and she broadened fully with it. Love came to be the great stronghold of her religion, love and hope and sunshine. She grew more and more willing to leave the mysteries and the problems to take care of themselves.

III

But whatever religion she had, it was a primary instinct to preach it. She was not essentially a mystic, content to

enjoy her spiritual ecstasies in solitude, to brood over them without any effort to extend them to others. She was born to be active, to be energetic, to make the world feel her existence. When she was a little child, she heard somebody read the Declaration of Independence and it made her 'long to do something, I knew not what: to fight for my country, or to make some declaration on my own account.' She was like the young college graduate, just engaged, who was found in tears and explained that she 'wanted to do something for the world and for Wellesley and for him.'

In the New England of those days the desire to do something generally meant to communicate one's religious experiences. This of course involved making others extremely wretched; but as it was to save their souls, what did it matter? Had not one been extremely wretched one's self? So many of these quiet, earnest, simple women had fought through a passionate spiritual struggle to a hardly earned and hardly sustained victory! The great impulse of their lives was to fight the battle and win the victory for those they loved, for an even wider world, for every one. Each new battle in a new soul made their own triumphs more confirmed and sure. If this was the case with women in general, how much more so was it with one who had grown up in an atmosphere of preaching and teaching; whose father had spent his life wrestling with the devil in the pulpit and in the study and had worsted him gloriously; whose brothers had followed the same career with like energy and success! She speaks of one of these brothers as 'peppering the land with moral influence.' Was it not certain that, with her temperament and her experiences, she would want, in some shape or other, to hold the pepper-pot herself?

She did. It must not be understood from this that in daily life she was pedantic, or inclined to moralize and sermonize. On the contrary, she was gay and sympathetic. She had a wide appreciation of human nature, a wide comprehension of it; and this led her to bear with others whose point of view was entirely different from hers. 'Tolerance,' she says in one of her books, 'tolerance for individual character is about the last Christian grace that comes to flower in family or church.' It had come to flower with her. Men and women might differ vastly in beliefs, in standards, even in practice, and yet be all lovable. 'My dear friend,' she says, 'we must consider other people's natures.' Is it possible to give more broadly human as well as more broadly Christian advice than that?

But all the tolerance and comprehension did not mean indifference or mere idle study of men's various ways of going to ruin. With the sympathy came a passionate desire to help, a profound conviction that sympathy was the best agent for helping. And as she had a constant eagerness to make over souls, so she had a whirlwind energy in the manner of doing it. She tells us that her father had a wonderful faculty of exciting family enthusiasm. When he had an object to accomplish, he would work the whole household up to a pitch of fervent zeal, in which the strength of each one seemed quadrupled. She amply inherited the trait, and strove with all her nervous force to do good wherever she might be. Even the simple pursuit of her own pleasure she was fain to justify by some side issue of benevolence. Thus, when she bought a plantation in Florida, she urged that she was largely influenced by the wish to elevate the people. The plan, she says, 'is not in any sense a mere worldly enterprise.'

Very characteristic is the anecdote told by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, of the friend in Germany whom Mrs. Stowe

was anxious to convert from his skeptical philosophy. First, she argued, pleaded, persuaded by letter, some of her letters being even thirty pages long. When this epistolary effort failed her, she was obliged to rely wholly upon prayer; and at length, at Christmas-time, her perseverance was rewarded by the complete conversion of the reluctant German.

But with Mrs. Stowe the natural expression for this preaching, reforming impulse was literature, just as with Mary Lyon it was teaching. Gautier said that the production of copy was a natural function with George Sand. Without emphasizing it quite so strongly, it may yet be said that the pen was the implement that Mrs. Stowe handled most readily and with most pleasure. She did not write because she read. She wrote because she thought and felt, and writing was to her the simplest medium for getting rid of thought and feeling. Like many others with a similar gift, she was not frank or particularly outspoken in daily converse. It costs her an effort to express feeling of any kind, she says. Yet when she took her pen, all her inner life flowed out readily. Could she have said to any one what she wrote of Niagara, for instance? 'I felt as if I could have *gone over* with the water; it would be so beautiful a death; there would be no fear in it. I felt the rock tremble under me with a sort of joy. I was so maddened that I could have gone too, if it had gone.'

All her life writing excited her, overpowered her. She does not do it methodically, systematically, but with a frenzy of self-forgetfulness. 'My book, instead of cooling, boils and bubbles daily and nightly.' The work overcomes her in the production; it overcomes her afterwards, as if it were the production of some one else. When she reads the death of Uncle Tom, she 'can hardly restrain the convulsion of tears and sobbings' that shakes her frame.

With such a mighty instrument of preaching at hand as this, how can she fail to exercise it? It is a most interesting study to disentangle the web of motives that lies behind her literary achievement. Money? Money enters in, of course. Mrs. Stowe liked to earn. She also liked to spend and liked to give. Now, earning was irregular, spending was lamentably regular. She so managed that she was never seriously hampered financially; she was too essentially prudent and too honorable for that. But the pressure of money needs was not strictly favorable to the pursuit of literature. Her biographers tell us that at times what she pursued was not literature, but the necessities of life; and she herself says that when she began *Uncle Tom*, she was 'driven to write by the necessity of making some income for family expenses.'

Yet the passion for writing, for doing something that would make the world remember her, went far deeper than any need of money. Her sister, in a sharp, brief characterization of all the family, says that, as a child, 'Harriet is just as odd, and loves to be laughed at as much as ever.' To be laughed at, to be pointed at, to be praised — there is the writer surely. Mrs. Stowe tells us that, when she first began to read, she was possessed with the longing to do something in literature. When she was thirteen, she wrote a tragedy. 'It filled my thoughts sleeping and waking,' till her sister forced her to write extracts from Butler's *Analogy*, instead. All through the production of her lengthy series of works it is evident that she was impelled by something besides the need of money: that the intense ambition to succeed, to get glory, to touch and move and thrill the hearts of men, was ever present with her.

At the same time, she would not have

admitted that this was her main motive any more than money. Her gifts, if she had any, were given her for a purpose, and that was never forgotten. 'He has given me talents and I will lay them at his feet, well satisfied if He will accept them.' She writes with her life-blood, she says, and 'as called of God.' In *Uncle Tom* she was openly and confessedly doing missionary work. But in everything she ever wrote, her desire was the same. She was a Beecher. The Beechers were Levites, preachers, all of them. Only it fell to her to hold forth from a vaster pulpit than any other Beecher ever dreamed of. And just as with them, so her utterances were given to her from a higher source. She did not write *Uncle Tom*, she declares. She saw it, she felt it, she heard it in prophetic visions. It came to her in a great tide of inspiration, the spirit pouring through her as its mere humble instrument for the renovation and regeneration of the world.

And as the preaching, missionary instinct was always present in her literary ambition, so it was equally present in her enjoyment of popularity and success. It is unnecessary to say that these came to her in vast measure, and she appreciated them. When she was eleven years old, her father asked her teacher who wrote a certain composition. 'Your daughter, sir.'

'It was the proudest moment of my life,' she says. But she had many proud moments afterwards. The storm of applause — and of equally intoxicating obloquy — which came to her from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has not often been surpassed in the history of literature. She was praised and admired and reviled in America. In England the reviling was less, the praise and admiration perhaps even greater. When she visited that country, high and low crowded to gaze upon her, to touch her hand, to hear her speak.

Nor was it all vague and impersonal glory, which flowed about her in the streets but left her alone on an isolated pinnacle. What she asked of the world most was love. In the full sweep of her success she wrote, 'It is not fame nor praise contents me. I seem never to have needed love so much as now.' Well, love came to her. She made friends everywhere, friends with wealth, friends with distinction, friends with titles, who took her into their hearts just as nearly as those who had grown up with her at home. The warm lining of her fame was as rich and lasting as its glittering outside.

Through it all she was modest, put on no airs or vain pretenses, did not seem to feel that she had done any thing great, insisted, with apparent sincerity, that the work was not her work nor hers the glory. She moved among those curious and applauding crowds, a little, quiet, shrinking, yet always dignified figure, with a half smile of wonder what they were all making such a fuss about. 'It was enough to frighten a body into fits,' says her husband of one great occasion. 'But we took it as quietly as we could, and your mamma looked as meek as Moses in her little, battered straw hat and gray cloak, seeming to say, "I did n't come here o' purpose." '

She enjoyed it; oh, there is no doubt about that. She was eminently human, and few human beings have lived who would not have enjoyed it. But through all the tumult and hurly-burly there persisted that still, small voice telling her that the triumph and the means that won it were given her for a purpose. The instinct of the missionary and preacher at once excused her joy in her success and doubled it. Not hers was it to write brilliant and cleverly turned stories for the fleeting enchantment of an hour, but to stir hearts, to win hearts, to push on the movement of great causes in a turbid world.

Lowell, writing as editor of the *Atlantic*, of which she was a pillar in those days, cautioned her to 'Let your moral take care of itself, and remember that an author's writing-desk is something infinitely higher than a pulpit.'

To her there was nothing higher than a pulpit, nothing could be. 'The power of fictitious writing, for good as well as evil, is a thing which ought most seriously to be reflected on,' she says. She never ceased to reflect on it.

IV

She reflected on it more than she did on her story, her incidents, or her characters. In fact, fortunately, these hurried her on without reflection. But plenty of the reflection on the power of fictitious writing for good and evil always got mixed up with them. By temperament she was an interested and an acute and exact observer of human nature, both external and internal. Her stories, all her stories in greater or less degree, are founded on an extensive study of character and manners. This is true of her Southern novels, and they show that she had made good use of her opportunities in collecting material, both consciously and unconsciously. It is far more true of her New England books; and the fine and varied insight of *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, especially of *Oldtown Folks*, has hardly been surpassed since. In this line it must be remembered that Mrs. Stowe was an originator, for Hawthorne's work was entirely different in spirit. If Miss Jewett, Mrs. Freeman, and Miss Alice Brown have developed some sides more effectively, Mrs. Stowe deserves credit for having set the great example. The shrewdness, the sympathy with which she depicted the New England farmer, and, above all, his wife and daughter, are forever commendable and delightful. That peculiar thing called the New England conscience is especially fascinating to Mrs. Stowe, and she is never weary of disentangling its curious webs of subtle torment.

In making all these investigations she sometimes likes to think of herself as the artist merely, who portrays man's body and soul with scientific ardor and is more concerned with truth than with moral efficacy. 'I am myself but the observer and reporter,' she writes, 'seeing much, doubting much, questioning much, and believing with all my heart only in very few things.' She does herself infinite injustice. By comparison with some of us, she believed in a great many things. Especially, she was filled with an overwhelming zeal to convey to others what beliefs she had. It is here that she differs from the notable writers who have succeeded her. They, for the most part, observe and report life as it is, from scientific and artistic curiosity. But to Mrs. Stowe every heart is a text and every tragedy a fearful example. She probably was not aware herself how furiously she preached. But no Beecher was ever a mere observer, or could have been contented to leave New England and the world without making them better.

And as her observation and material were affected by her missionary spirit, so her artistic methods were affected even more. Everywhere the illustration of human truth is a secondary object; the first is to produce an effect — naturally, a moral effect. Now, in literature the subordination of truth to effect, no matter for what purpose, is melodrama. Dumas and the thousands like him arrange effective incident merely to amuse, to startle and excite the reader; Mrs. Stowe arranges it to jolt the reader into the path of virtue. It is not a matter of violent sensation. Where are there more violent

sensations than are to be found in Shakespeare? But, as Trollope admirably remarks, there is no objection to sensation, no matter how violent, provided it is always subordinated to the development of character. When character is subordinated to sensation, the proper name is surely melodrama. It is amusing and profitable to hear Mrs. Stowe herself on this subject. Some one has accused her of being moved by melodrama. She is at first appalled, though she has no very clear idea what is meant. Then she concludes consolingly, 'If, by being melodramatic, as the terrible word is, he [the artist] can shadow forth a grand and comforting religious idea . . . who shall say that he may not do so because he violates the lines of some old Greek artist?' You see the point.

An entertaining side-issue of this preaching aspect of the creator of Uncle Tom is her active part in the Byron controversy. I have no wish to stir up a vexed and disagreeable question; but I do insist that Mrs. Stowe's part in it was based upon the zealous desire to do good, however much lack of tact she may have shown. When she was a child, she adored Byron, and was deeply overcome by the announcement of his death. She heard it from her father, who also adored him, — with reservations, — and thought that, if Byron 'could have talked with Taylor and me, it might have got him out of his troubles.' Is n't that delicious? Later, she became intimate with Lady Byron, and, after her death, felt that an effort to make clear her relations with her husband would benefit the wife's memory in this world and help to save the poet's soul in the next. And what a magnificent theme it was for moral edification! Still, you see, the preaching Beecher. For it cannot be denied that there hung always about Mrs. Stowe that light, vast aura of sanctification which is, or was, so apt to emanate from the New England ministerial being, and which is condensed into a supernatural glow upon the countenance, even pictured, of her distinguished brother, Henry Ward.

I do not mean, however, to stress this missionary side of Mrs. Stowe with undue emphasis. As I have before pointed out, she was a sunny, human person, with large understanding of the weaknesses of others and large allowance for them. She had an excellent portion of humor in her composition, and indeed this was as characteristic of her family as was preaching. She says of her oldest sister that her 'life seemed to be a constant stream of mirthfulness'; and Harriet herself often drifted into broad eddies of the same golden river. From her father she inherited the faculty of amusing people as well as that of admonishing them. From him also she got a sense of the pleasant things of this world, and a sort of eternal youth for enjoying them. 'Hearts never grow old, do they?' cried the Reverend Lyman; and his daughter could have said the same.

One even divines in Mrs. Stowe pagan possibilities that are really delightful. She reproaches George Eliot with too much self-abnegation, and wishes that she could get her into the Beecher household, 'where we sometimes make the rafters ring with fun, and say anything and everything, no matter what.' She has occasionally an obscure feeling that something is wrong in the preaching attitude; that there are interests in life besides being good and the effort to make others so. 'With all New England's earnestness and practical efficiency,' she writes, 'there is a long withering of the soul's more ethereal portion, — a crushing out of the beautiful, — which is horrible. Children are born there with a sense of beauty equally delicate with any in the world,

in whom it dies a lingering death of smothered desire and pining, weary starvation. I know, because I have felt it.'

What charms me most in this connection is Mrs. Stowe's conversion to Rubens. In all the wide spiritual world, can you imagine temperaments more different? She knew it as well as you do. She begins by hating him. Yet even then she feels the power. 'Rubens, whose pictures I detested with all the energy of my soul, I knew and felt all the time, by the very pain he gave me, to be a real living artist.' Afterwards, when she sees the gorgeous Medici group in Paris, she is almost, if not quite, converted. That starved childish spirit, which hungered for earthly loveliness in the barren New England desert, found something to thrill it in the Rubens flesh, so splendidly redolent of the glory of this world. In fact, if she had been a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, she would have followed it with the same proselyting ardor that she gave to Christianity; and the image of Mrs. Stowe, a thyrsus in her hand, undraped in a dainty, if limited, garment of fawnskin, careering over the pastures by the sea, at the head of a Bacchic squadron of middle-aged New England damsels, does not lack a certain piquant, if indecorous, exhilaration.

But she was to descend to posterity, not as a votaress of Bacchus, but as an ardent expositor of the New England conscience. All her books are saturated with it. In every one of them nature and human nature, passion and hope, good and ill, are used to illustrate the goodness of God, the importance of virtue, the absolute necessity of making over the world on the New England model. Perhaps *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is no better than some of the others; but it has the characteristics of all of them, and a fortunate conjunction of circumstances gave it an enormous success which none of the others could have achieved. Read everywhere in America and Europe, translated into all languages, it was far more than a novel, it was one of the greatest moral agencies the world has seen; and Mrs. Stowe will be simply the author of it to millions who know, and care to know, nothing else about her. Few teachers or preachers anywhere can ever hope to accomplish such results as she did.

Undeniably, with Mrs. Stowe, as with others of her type, there are times when one wearies intensely of this missionary endeavor. After all, the sky is blue, the winds blow, and life is pleasant. Why not let it go at that? Yet, when the hours and days of anguish come, — for the individual, or for the world, — as they are coming now, we realize that perhaps we need these little, fragile, insinuating, indomitable things with curls to drive or wheedle us into the fold of God.

TO THE WINGLESS VICTORY

A PRAYER

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

Wingless Victory, whose shrine
  By the Parthenon
Glorified our youth divine,
  Hearken! — they are gone,
    The young eagles of our nest,
    They, the brightest, bravest, best,
      They are flown!

Lilies of France,
  When first they flew,
Led their lone advance
  Great heaven through:
    Now soar they, brood on brood,
    Like stars for multitude,
      To France! France!

Save thou the golden flight
  That wakes the morn,
And dares the azure height,
  The tempest's scorn!

Save them o'er land and sea,
  In deeps of air!
Thy grace, where'er they be,
  Ensphere them there!

Save them, the country's pride,
  Our wingèd youth!
And where they fall enskied,
  Save thou the truth,
  O Wingless Victory!

NIGHT-WORK IN A MUNITION FACTORY

BY WINIFRED BROOKE IRVINE

I

December 26, 1916

I APPLIED to-day for a position in a large shell-factory in Toronto, and have been told to report on December 31 at 11.45 P. M. I bought a regulation cap and apron — the former an ugly frilled affair, and the latter a plain, long-sleeved overall made of heavy butcher blue cotton; and when I acquire a pair of heavy leather gauntlets, I shall be all ready for the fray.

January 1, 1917

I reported at 11.45 last night, and found that I had to wait with nine other women on a reserve night-shift of twelve hours. Our pay is ten cents an hour, and we sit round and wait until a call comes for a worker. At first I thought it rather amusing, but it soon became tiring, and I hated everybody and everything, especially the particularly uncomfortable chair that I was sitting in.

About 4 o'clock a woman came up and said, 'You look tired, girlie; come and lie on my cot.' Part of the rest-room was a sleeping place, with rows and rows of cots, and someone sound asleep on each one. I was very thankful for the spare cot, and I spread my scarf over the rather grimy-looking pillow, and lay down thankfully, sleeping until 8 o'clock, in spite of the noises going on around me.

When I got up, I went into the cloak-room, where there are long troughs for the women to wash in. I don't mean to say that we actually have to get into the troughs, but there are taps at intervals all down them, and there I washed in ice-cold water, with coarse yellow soap, and paper towels that feel as if they were made of sand-paper. There were dozens of tired-looking women, with the dirtiest faces and unspeakably black, filthy aprons. They did n't look as if they had been particularly thrilled with their night's work, and seemed glad to get away.

I then went to the other end of the department, to the Y.W.C.A. cafetéria, and got a good hot breakfast — porridge, coffee, bread and butter — for 13 cents. The cafetéria is open day and night, and is run by voluntary workers who work in four-hour shifts.

January 2

Well, I've got a 'job,' and I can't say I particularly love it. At 12.15, when I had settled down for my vigil, the matron came up and said, 'Will anyone volunteer for elevator service?' I jumped up at once and said, 'Oh, yes, I'll go'; and was led 'off to the slaughter,' so to speak, by a small messenger girl.

We went into the yard, and across railway tracks and weird places where the earth was steaming, past the forges and blacksmith-shops, with men toiling in the glare of the fires and half hidden by steam. After walking about the distance of a long city block, we came to the shop. The first sight was quite alarming: not only the noise, but the smell and the dreadful lurid look of the whole place.

I was taken up to the big freight elevator, which is used for taking shells from one floor to another, and a workman stayed for ten minutes and showed me how to start and stop it.

After a time the forelady came up and said, 'You can sit down on this box when you are not working; but don't let the superintendent see you. He does n't allow any one to sit down.' I stayed until 8 in the morning, as the elevator-women work on eight-hour shifts, and I was so tired I could hardly see.

January 3

Last night, after I had 'punched the clock' in the rest-room at 11.45, I went straight to the shop, and was told that I was not needed on the elevator, but that I am now a reserve-worker, and may be called to go into the shop at any minute.

I was sent to a room on the second floor, and found many women there, some coming off their shifts, some waiting to be called to work, all looking tired and grimy, but fairly cheerful. There is a wooden table, some pegs to hang our coats on, and a few, just a *very few*, kitchen chairs. I was n't lucky enough to get one, and as I was told that I might not be called until 5 or 6 in the morning, I spread my coat on the floor, rolled up my apron as a pillow, and went fast asleep. About ten or fifteen of the women were asleep on the floor, and we certainly did n't look pretty.

At 4 o'clock one of the foreladies woke me up, and said that the superintendent, Mr. Sheep (I will call him that though it was n't his name, and he looked like a disagreeable wolf), wanted a woman to go on No. 209 C machine. I put on my apron and gloves, and followed her into a regular inferno of noise and steam and whirring wheels. The shop is about as long as a city block, and two or three hundred feet wide. The second story of the building, where the adjusters are made that close the large end of the shell, reaches only half-way across, and the rest-room is at one end of it.

The shells come into the factory at one end, just roughly shaped pieces of shell, and they leave at the other end finished and ready to be shipped abroad.

A great overhead crane runs up and down continually, with a hideous whistling noise, and the roof seems full of big black whirring wheels and whirling leather belts. On the ground, machines and women are everywhere, all packed close together; and there are men as well, tool-setters, foremen, and laborers who go round sweeping up the steel shavings that are constantly piling up round and under the machines.

The machines, of which there are four of each kind, are in line down the shop, with narrow passages between them where the operator and inspector stand; and between the rows are wooden runways with rollers, down which the big eighty-pound shells are pushed and shoved from one machine to another. I say pushed and shoved, for the rollers don't roll freely, and when a heavy shell comes along, it takes all one's strength to get it to move down the line.

I was sent into my place in front of a huge fifteen-feet-long hydraulic machine, and a foreman showed me how to work it. The shells came down the runway behind me, those belonging to my machine being turned sideways and pushed along a short runway to where they were adjusted into place with a huge clamp. Then the overhead lever was pulled to one side and the machine set in motion. I had to turn on a tap from which came a disgusting mixture of soap, grease, and water which ran over the knives as they cut into the steel. It steamed and almost boiled,

and every now and then it would splash and would send a spray into my face and over my apron; and the smell was sickening.

A great cutter bored into the shell, and one adjusted the levers so that it would stop at the right time.

After half an hour my foreman said, 'Well, I guess you can manage alone now,' and walked away. I felt deathly sick, and more terrified than words could express, at being left alone with this hideous monster, which might blow up at any minute for all I knew. I set my teeth and thought to myself, 'I must n't be sick; I must remember what that dreadful man told me about this awful thing'; and somehow or other I remembered and managed to turn out thirty-eight shells in the six hours. We were only supposed to finish thirty-five in that time, so I felt I had been able to hold down my job.

At 10 o'clock my relief came, and then, trembling with exhaustion, I stumbled upstairs to get my coat, and then out into the icy, but clean air.

January 4

I was sent on to a machine this morning at 3 o'clock, but was able to get three hours' sleep on the draughty floor before I was called. I took a small cushion and a steamer-rug, and was a bit more comfortable than I was the night before.

I went to a new machine, a fearsome thing that cut off the outside steel from the shells. It took two of us to adjust the work into place, and a third woman to paint the nose of the shell with a yellow sticky grease, before the machinery was set in motion. Then the fun began: great long shavings of hot, jagged steel were cut off and banged round within about eighteen inches of our faces. When they got too long, we beat them off with wooden sticks, and they fell to the ground.

January 5

I went on at 4 o'clock this morning, at the machine I first worked, and I was able to turn out fifty shells, so I made 45 cents extra. We are paid 30 cents an hour, and have a bonus of three dollars a week if we are not late, and break no rules; for every shell over thirty-five we turn out we get 3 cents.

There is an inspector for every two machines, and she checks our work and the number we turn out. I also keep an account, and mark up every shell I finish, with chalk on my machine.

The foreman was fairly civil, but I do not think the hours between two and seven in the morning lend themselves to much cheer and sociability. In my hideous blue frilled cap I look as handsome and feel as pleasant as the wolf in the Red Riding Hood story, when he put on the grandmother's frilled nightcap. My apron is black already, and my cap too, and I shall have to buy a rubber apron to protect my blue one from the compound spray.

January 6

A new machine last night, and not quite so hard to work as the other two. I find that all the operators, inspectors, and foremen drink milk during their working hours. I asked why, and was told it counteracts some poison one breathes or swallows. To-morrow night I shall get a pint of milk and drink it out of the bottle, just as the others do. I don't want to be poisoned or asphyxiated.

January 7

I thought I was in luck last night, as I was put far down the shop away from the machines, and told to paint a line round the shells. I grinned with delight, and worked away happily and easily for half an hour, when disagreeable Mr. Sheep came up and said to the foreman, 'Who put this woman here? She is a machine operator.' I was dragged away from my pleasing pastime,

and taken upstairs and given an entirely new machine to work; it is clean, but heavy work.

We make from fifty to sixty adjusters in the six hours; and as one has to pick them off the floor and hold them against the machine while one clamps them on, and they weigh twenty-two pounds each, it is pretty heavy going. Still, I like it better than the dirty work downstairs.

January 8

Joy and gladness! I have a machine of my own, and rather a good one, too, not too elaborate, and one can do very well on piece-work, I'm told. The machines vary a great deal in that respect. My new machine is a roughing bore, and I have such a horrid foreman: his name is Bill, and he looks as if he is dying of consumption. His eyes glare, and his temper is hectic.

My inspector is a tiny woman, who says she is now forty and has worked in a carpet factory since she was sixteen, and finds munition work very pleasant in comparison. Oh, heavens! what *can* the carpet factory have been like.

The girl next me is a little thing, too, about twenty-one, I should judge, very ugly and with a face like a very white pug; she offered me some candy and a biscuit, and I *did* like her.

I made 85 cents extra to-day, and so far I have had no hospital shells: that is, shells spoilt in the operation, but not too badly to be repaired. We get a fresh card each day when we go to work, and on it a record is kept by our timekeeper and foreman: so many shells turned out; so many hospital shells; so much scrap; so many delays through the operator's fault, machinery breakdown, or lack of power. These cards are turned in at the office, and from them the pay-sheets are made up. We have four foreladies on the floor and four timekeepers. They dress in khaki coats and rakish khaki-colored caps.

January 10

Bill gets on my nerves. He has an alarming habit of jumping over the shell runway to shriek scoldings in my ear; the noise is so intense that I hear nothing until he is right beside me. If we have to call our fellow-workers' attention, we throw steel shavings at them (small ones).

I dropped my little gold watch into the pool of greasy compound which is under my machine; but after getting my sleeves wet up to the elbows, I managed to fish it out, covered with grease, but still going strong.

My shift is now from 3 A.M. to 9 A.M. Not nice hours, but one is n't given any choice. I am told that 'once on night-shift, always on night-shift.'

January 15

Only two hours' work last night, as the power went off. I was terribly sleepy and tired, and stood with my head hanging down and my eyes closed. The forelady came by and said, 'I'm sorry you are tired, but please look alert and bright: Mr. Sheep can't bear to see anyone looking weary or sitting down to rest.'

While the work is going quickly, I get on all right; but when there is any delay I suffer agonies of sleepiness. I never knew before what horrible physical discomfort it is to keep awake when one is exhausted with lack of sleep, and those four hours seemed an eternity.

At 7 o'clock, when it began to get light, I felt a little better; and although I did n't *look* alert, I managed to stand up straight and keep my eyes open.

I certainly wish I had been lucky enough to be on a day-shift, going on at almost any hour except 2, 3, 4, and 5 in the early morning. The day-workers do not find the work half as tiring as we do: they get a good night's sleep, and the six-hour shift is an unusually short

one compared to the hours in other factories.

The inspectors have easy work, with hardly any physical strain, and their pay is excellent, $72 a month; they can also keep fairly clean.

The easier work, such as painting the edges of the shells, for instance, and operating the lighter machines upstairs, is given — and quite fairly, I consider — to the younger or smaller women.

We have all sorts and conditions here: young girls who have never done a day's work before in their lives; ex-stenographers; and countless girls who have been in domestic service. I am told that some of the best work of the factory is turned out by what the old hands call 'society girls.' I imagine that these girls are of a very good class, who are doing the work as a patriotic duty. Two that I knew of, turned in their pay envelopes to the Red Cross, untouched. The girls who stay for a week and then disappear are girls who come in just because they think it is the fashionable thing to do. There are three of them who go on at six in the morning, and I am always very much entertained when, at night, I see them shedding their lovely fur coats and silk dresses, unlacing their smart white-kid boots, and lying down to sleep on the horrid black blankets attired in wonderful negligées made of pale pink crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with ribbon roses.

January 16

Another night with very little work. Something had gone wrong with our four machines, and I was able to watch the other women at work.

There is a husky Englishwoman opposite me whose man is in France, and she is working to keep the home together for seven children. I never saw such a hustler. It makes one almost dizzy to see the way she plunges and dives, and pushes and whacks the levers up and down. She told me before we went on duty to-night that she ''ated the 'Un'; and I think every shell she manipulates is a wordless ''ymn of 'ate.'

I wish that I could sleep enough in the daytime; if I did, I could stand the night-work better. We have a room in a house where there is a singing teacher and also a violin teacher, so I am beset with noise by day and by night. I generally go to sleep in the street-car on my way home, but one can hardly call it a restful hour.

Many of the women choose to work at night, so that they can look after their children and do their housework by day. No wonder they look worn and weary.

When the shells reach my machine, they are rough and black inside. They come into the factory partially hollowed out. The group of machines that mine belongs to has the third or fourth operation; the group just before ours cuts off the rough ends, and our rough bore scrapes out the first roughness from the inside.

Sometimes the shells come in sticky with snow and sand, as they lie outside piled up on the ground, waiting to be sent up into the factory.

A lot of the women on my shift are regular old factory hands, most of them English, and their language savors very much of Billingsgate; but I find them kind and thoughtful, and very honest about their work. When shells are rather scarce, we take them in turn as they come along the runway to our machines. The women all play fair and never take a shell out of turn, and three or four extra shells are quite a financial consideration to them; it means a loaf of bread, or perhaps half a pound of sausages.

The factory never closes down; we work on Sundays and on all holidays, except Christmas day.

January 17

It has been eight below zero for the last week, and a bitter wind blowing. I go out to the factory about 10.30 P.M. and settle down to sleep on a cot; then, at 2.15, the matron comes, gently shakes my shoulder, and says, 'Time to get up, dearie.' Oh, the effort of getting up and putting on my uniform, rubbers, gloves, and cap! I looked in the glass last night and hardly knew my own face, it looked so white and puffy with fatigue. It is a judgment for saying that my kind little fellow-worker looked like a pug, for I certainly am getting to look very much like one myself.

There is a dear soul who goes on at my shift, a clever and charming woman who was a newspaper reporter before working in the factory. She has been on a machine since October 1, and has never missed a day. She looks very delicate, and I think she must hold down her job by sheer pluck and force of will. We go to the cafetéria together, and indulge in soup and two cups of strong black coffee, which help to brace us up for our six hours of strain.

She gets the matron to wake her at 1.45, as she says she has to have a whole hour to compose her brain before going on to her machine.

We have to punch the clock at 2.45, and that gives us time to get over to the shop by three, as we have to be ready waiting at the machine so that there need not be an instant's delay in the work while the shifts change.

The 3, 4, and 5 o'clock shift women look deadly weary when they come on and almost dead when they go off, but the 6, 7, and 8 o'clock shift women seem less tired; and my own relief, who comes at 9 o'clock, is quite spry and jaunty.

My hands and arms are getting very chapped and ingrained with dirt; the compound soaks through our thick gloves and I wear out a heavy leather pair every week.

A horrid irritating couplet kept running through my head last night. It was something like this, —

> When the heart is courageous,
> All work's a delight.

The more I said it, the more doubtful the statement seemed. I long sometimes to lie down on the greasy wet wooden floor and go to sleep.

January 18

When I got in last night, I heard that a girl had been killed that afternoon. A wheel fell from the ceiling onto her neck as she was bending over her machine. It made me feel rather sick, and I hear that several women have left the factory; but it is strange how, when one is at work, one never expects the particular wheel that is over one's own head to drop.

Never before did I hear such fantastic tales as were going round among the workers; the lurid description of what the foreman did, and how the poor girl looked; every story different, and more horrible than the last.

January 19

A machine-shop is a very unlovely place: the only thing that is bearable to look at is the reflection of a fire outside the windows. It makes a ruddy glow on the glass, and I watch it as being the only relief from the tired, dirty faces, the whirling black machinery, and the heaps of cruel jagged-looking steel shavings that the men load onto wheelbarrows, all dripping with the yellow-black compound.

At 7 the men of the day-shift come in, and I get a below-zero breeze, as the entrance is just opposite to where I stand. It is cold but refreshing after the thick, heavy night air of the shop. At dawn one feels greatly revived.

I believe that one's vitality is at its lowest ebb between 3 o'clock and dawn; mine is, anyway.

January 21

I nearly 'passed out' to-day. It was snowing and blowing when I came off duty, and I did n't see the railway crossing, and heard nothing until some men shouted; then I looked up, to see a freight car nearly on top of me. I jumped back and pushed against it with my hands, and so got clear of it. I was too cold and tired to care at the time; but after I had breakfast, I said a fervent prayer of gratitude that I had not been killed in such a stupid, dull way.

January 23

I am glad I came here to work; it is hard and dirty and exhausting, but it certainly is an eye-opener as to how the workers of the world live. I *know* now what it means to work in a factory, and shall always have a deep sympathy with factory-hands of any description.

Some months ago I was talking to a Russian, who was saying what a hard time the working classes had. I said in a smug way, 'Why it must be very nice work in a factory like A——, where things are so clean and the work-people are well cared for.'

'Mon Dieu!' he said; 'picture to yourself, madame, putting a piece of bacon into a can of beans every minute of every hour of every day—week—month — eternity! Ah, the desolation of such work!'

January 30

I had a 'spat' with Bill to-day. He bounced over the runway as usual and shrieked out, 'What-jer get that lever so near the bolt fer?'

I was very irritated, and I shrieked back, '*Don't you dare to talk like that to me! You put the chalk-mark where the lever was to go, and it is your own stupid fault if the work is wrong!*'

He jumped back and said no more. I shall certainly report him when I get a chance. The other girls often cry when he scolds them, and it is too bad to make us all nervous.

February 1

I am making good money these days, and turning out between ninety and a hundred shells a night. It was nice to get a good fat pay envelope.

February 5

I find that Bill is a returned soldier, who has been gassed, and that is why he looks so ghastly, and is so nervous and cross. Of course, I can't report him now, and shall try and bear his peculiarities of temperament.

I handle, not only my ninety shells, but about fifty others which have to be pushed down to the next machine; I am getting more used to it now, and send them along at a fairly good rate.

February 12

Great joy! A message has come from a fuse-factory that they want me there next week, as they are opening up the new women's department. I shall finish my week out here, and then sleep for at least four days before going to the new work.

February 16

I resigned yesterday, and sold my caps and aprons to a new worker. I feel that, if I could be boiled in soapy water for a few hours, I might get some of the black grease out of my system. I am glad to be going to the fuse-factory, for the work will not be so heavy; the pay is small, — only $9.60 a week to begin with, — but it is daytime work, and I shall be able to manage it better.

II

February 19

I reported at A. & B.'s factory this morning at 7.30. The matron told me that the motto of the factory is 'Per-

fection, not Production.' She said also that the firm intends to make the fuse department a pleasant place for women to work in.

The factory is a five-story building; the basement and first three floors are given up to shell-making, and the fourth and fifth floors to the new fuse department.

I was given my cap and apron, khaki-colored this time, and was sent to work a lathe on the first line. The office and inspection-room are at one end of the department; the rest of the floor-space is filled with lathes and drills. There are two lines of lathes: ten of one kind on the first line, and ten of another on the second.

The fuses come to the factory discolored lumps of brass, with only a semblance of the shape they are ultimately to take. The first work is done on the roughing machines, four in number, which are operated by men. The inspecting, lathe-work, and drill-work are to be done by women.

The fuses are mercifully light to handle, after the great eighty-pound shells I have been used to. There is no villainous compound running over the work, which is quite dry and clean.

February 23

The lathe I am operating is a marvelous piece of mechanism: it has seven different tools, and I can see that it will need careful and intelligent handling if the work is to be carried out successfully. We are making time-fuses for the Imperial Government. The measurements are exact to the thousandth part of an inch, and a rigid system of inspection will be enforced to insure 'perfection' before the fuses are sent to the government bond house, where they are finally inspected before being shipped 'over there.'

The fuse department is a new venture, as until a few months ago it was thought that fuse-making was too difficult a piece of work for Canadian firms to handle. Mr. A——, I am told, is a genius where machinery is concerned; and I feel sure that he will be able to meet and overcome the difficulties in fuse-making which have been encountered in the past by other firms.

Only three women came to work the day the department opened, and Mr. A——, the superintendent, and head-foreman, instructed us in our new work. Mr. A—— taught me how to handle my lathe, and took the trouble to explain every tool and its use in detail. To be treated with civility and as if one was an intelligent human being I found a pleasant change from the harsh rudeness of the men in the shell-factory.

The inspection-room, which they call the 'cage,' is screened off from the rest of the room with wire-netting. A long narrow table runs the full length of the room, and the girls will sit at each side. Each girl will have a different gauge, and will do her part of the inspecting as the fuses are passed down the table. I believe there are to be about fifty-two inspectors when the work is fully started.

February 24

There is no Sunday work here, and only one daytime shift, from eight to five, with an hour off for lunch; we are on time-work, and make $9.60 a week; but later on we shall be put on piece-work, and then it will be possible to make a good deal more.

March 1

I am glad spring is here; it is much pleasanter going to work by daylight.

I asked Mr. A—— to-day if he would allow me to set the tools on my lathe. He laughed and said, 'Yes, certainly; I wish all the women would learn to set their own tools.' He showed me how to set and adjust the knife-tool; when the machine is hot, it affects the size of the brass, and allowance has to be made

for the fuses' shrinking when they have cooled off. Every day the knife-tool has to be newly adjusted after we have operated the lathe for about half an hour. Now that I know how to alter it myself, it will save a good deal of time.

March 5

Our head-foreman is a big Scotchman, who is Patience Personified. He has twenty complicated lathes under his management, and the women are all inexperienced at the work, and the machines new.

Our second-line lathes look alike, but they have different dispositions — very much like human beings. No. 3 is very sullen; will *not* behave, for hours at a time. No. 1, which I operate, is highly strung and nervous, but responds readily to kind and reasonable treatment. So it goes all the way down the line, and poor H—— has a peck o' trouble sometimes, trying to keep workers and lathes on a harmonious footing. He says, 'Smile and the world smiles with you'; and I believe Mr. A—— has the same sentiments, for both these kindly men are patient and forbearing, and when things go wrong, they quietly set to work to right the difficulty, without any scolding or shouting. We all appreciate their attitude, and try to work intelligently; when we don't succeed in that, we try to *look* intelligent, so that they won't be too much discouraged with their pupils.

March 7

Mr. A—— told me to-day that he wanted a capable inspector to be put in charge of the second line, and would I like the job.

I think I must have looked absolutely aghast, and I said, 'Oh, no; please, *please* let me keep my lathe.'

He very kindly said I need n't give up my present work if it meant as much to me as all that.

Operating a lathe is more fascinating and interesting to me than keeping house, or bringing up children, or going to parties, or anything else in the world; now that I am getting to understand the mechanism thoroughly, and the work is going well, I am a blissfully happy woman; the work takes my whole attention, for each fuse has to be watched carefully, and the excitement and joy of turning out perfect work is quite marvelous.

March 8

A very distressing accident happened to-day: one of the lathe-operators caught her hand in the machine, and it was badly cut and bruised. No one knows exactly how it could have happened, as the machine was well protected; but they think that perhaps the ragged edge of her glove got caught. She was wonderfully brave, and did n't scream or make any fuss, although she suffered terribly. She was taken at once to the hospital, and we have felt miserable all day.

Our matron is an excellent manager of 'woman-power,' and has chosen the workers for the different machines in a way that shows she understands, not only the physical, but the mental capabilities of the workers. She is strict, but just, and we can always get a fair hearing when any complaints are to be made.

The stolid strong women are working the heavy milling machines, the younger, more delicate girls do the drill-work, and the tall women, with a good deal of endurance, she thinks best for the lathes. As our foreman says, 'There are only certain temperaments suited to the lathes'; and I think I know what he means: one must not be stolid, but it does n't do to get nervous and worried when things go wrong.

March 9

When we got to the factory to-day, we heard that skilled mechanics had

been put on our machines. The work is not being turned out fast enough by the women, and a certain contract has to be put through before the end of the month.

I was happy to find that my machine had no operator, so I went straight to work just as if nothing unusual had happened. Mr. A—— and the head-foreman laughed, and asked me if I did n't want a new job. I said, 'Certainly not, I can work just as well as *any* man.' Mr. A—— turned to the foreman and said, 'Put Mrs. Irvine's machine in good order, and she can try and beat the men.'

The work went beautifully, and the lathe worked like a charm; no fuses were spoiled, and I am entirely content with life in general, and fuse-factories in particular.

March 10

Such a day! *Such* fun! This morning only five of the 'skilled mechanics' were operating the lathes; nobody explained their absence and at noon only three were left.

We were told this evening that they had been a bit *too* skilled and quick, and had spoiled hundreds of the precious fuses by not taking enough care. If the truth were known, I really believe Mr. A—— and the foreman are quite pleased at this turn of events. They have always been tremendously anxious for the women to do well, and I feel sure that only the stern necessity of business made the firm put the men in our places. Still, it is a little bit of a joke, and they quite see, appreciate, and also laugh at it, which I think is very good-natured.

March 12

The women are back in their places, and contentment reigns! I had an interesting day, as I was given the defective fuses, to remedy the mistakes the men had made. It was, fortunately, possible to save a great many of them.

March 15

I want above all things to be a tool-setter, but I believe there is a rule in the union preventing the women from taking up this branch of the work. In the English munition factories they had the same rule when women first began to work; but as time went on, and the men had to leave, the women were found to be excellent tool-setters, and the rule was changed.

Rule or no rule, I set most of the tools on my own lathe, and it saves so much time, that my record is going up for the number of fuses turned out each day.

March 20

I have my munition badge: it is given to any woman who has been employed for a month in a munition factory, and at the end of six months' work in the same factory, it has a bar attached to it, and becomes the property of the worker. Any woman who has such a badge in her possession when the war ends, will be given a medal by the government.

I set a tool to-day that is the hardest one of all to adjust properly. When I told the foreman, he gave me a whack on my shoulder and said, 'We'll have to put you on the Union. You 're just full of mechanics.'

When I recovered my balance and had caught my breath, I felt very much amused. If I was put on the Union, I might be called the 'Most High Grand Llama of the Loyal and Ancient Order of the Serrating Tool.' I wonder if I should be expected to march in the Labor-Day parade, and wear a blue-silk apron trimmed with gold fringe.

March 24

The old woman who is in charge of our rest-room says she will have to leave, as the girls spill so much powder in front of the looking-glass, and it makes her cough to sweep it up. Of

course I think women far superior to men! but it makes one smile to see the girls at the noon hour, daubing powder over their grubby faces. If they would only cover up all the dirt, it would n't look so queer; but they are apt to forget the back of their necks. The effect is both laughable and deplorable.

April 2

The nice head-foreman left to-day. He took umbrage at something the superintendent said, and after a short but heated conversation, picked up his box of tools and walked out. There was great consternation among the lathe-operators, and real regret, as well. H. has always been kind and patient; he rejoiced at our successes and sorrowed over our failures. I shall have no one to call me the 'stand-by'; no one to have me put 'on the Union.' Good-bye to the glory of the Labor-Day procession and the blue-silk apron. I have dreamed of riding a white horse on that occasion; but on reflection I find comfort in the thought that white horses only 'process' on July 12, so there is *one* thing I *have n't* missed.

April 15

The operator who was injured came back to-day; her hand is healed, but she says that it still hurts when it is touched. She actually had the pluck to go back to the lathe where she was hurt. I call that real bravery. I don't believe I *could* have done it.

April 25

I had to operate another lathe to-day while my own was being repaired; I felt as awkward as if I was playing on a strange piano at a church social — all the action queer, and half the notes dumb! The handles are not quite right for me, and I find operating it, is quite a strain.

April 26

My lathe is still out of order, and I worked No. 3 again. I turned out 486 fuses, which beats the record so far; but at five o'clock, when I left my lathe, I felt that I should never operate a machine again. I am very much exhausted to-night.

April 28

The doctor says I have strained my heart; it is *too* stupid, just when we have gone on piece-work and the machines are working well. I shall have to rest for three weeks.

May 19

Back to the factory again, to my great satisfaction, although I have to go into the cage as an inspector. I sat with my back to the room where the lathes are, for it would be altogether distracting to watch anyone operating No. 1 lathe.

May 23

Of all stupid, dull occupations, inspecting is the worst: it is easy, but monotonous to a degree. I have one gauge which I learned how to handle in two minutes, and I tried 6,000 fuses with it during the day — just the same simple movement six thousand times during eight hours. The morning seems eternity, and by four in the afternoon I have sunk into a state of abysmal despair!

May 25

I was given a position as forewoman to-day. My work will be to supervise the women on the drills. It will be good to be on the 'fighting deck' again and out of this 'cage.'

The women who are operating the lathes are making from $25 to $30 a week now. I call it the 'Millionaires' Row.' They come to the factory in the very smartest of spring finery.

June 4

My new work is interesting, but it is without the fascination of machine-

work. I have had to invent a system of keeping an accurate count of the work as it goes from one drill to another; the girls are paid at so much a hundred fuses and they make between $15 and $18 a week.

We have an eight-and-a-half-hour day now, and I find it a long weary day, as I leave home at 6 A.M. and don't get back till 6 P.M.

A friend who works in the bond house tells me that the A. & B. Company are turning out A1 fuses. 'Hurrah for our side!'

June 27

I was obliged to give up work again, and left the factory yesterday with a very sad heart. My doctor tells me that I must take a long rest this time, and never try factory-work again.

I handed in my badge to the matron with deepest regret, and wished that I could have summoned up courage to ask Mr. A—— if I might keep it. I think the government might give a consolation prize to women who have really broken down in health while operating machines. I shall always be thankful that I tried munition-work, even though I only lasted out for six months. It has been a marvelously worth-while experience.

One hardly likes to talk about 'doing one's bit' when one is being well paid for working, but I feel satisfied and happy with the thought that in putting my heart and soul into the work I was doing something for England. It was an infinitesimal something, but I am grateful that I have had the privilege of being a munition worker, even for such a short time.

JAN SMUTS

BY WALLACE NOTESTEIN

I

THE cycles of history come closer together nowadays. It was less than two decades ago that General Smuts had to run for his life before British troops, and last year he was banqueted in London, with an old enemy as toastmaster. He could not forbear contrasting the present and the past. It was in the last days of the Boer War that General French had cornered him in a nasty block of mountains. By a dash through 'Murderer's Gap,' where he alone of his company escaped, the Boer leader got past the British ring fence. Two days later, with other forces, he reached the railway and halted to let a freight train pass, only to learn afterwards that French had been on the train. In the jests as to the hospitality which each missed giving the other, there was an implicit comment upon British policy and its consequences. Smuts's whole career is, indeed, such a comment.

Jan Smuts comes of Cape Colony farming people; his father had been a member of the legislature of the Colony. From Stellenbosch College he went to Cambridge University, and spent three quiet years reading Eng-

lish law, graduating with a double first. He returned to South Africa, a thoughtful young man, who liked to look back to the Dutch origin of his country, and was hardly aware of the influence of Britain upon him. As a lawyer and writer on political subjects, he quickly gained Kruger's notice, who made him State Attorney of the Transvaal when he was only twenty-eight.

With the outbreak of the war he at once became a leader of soldiers, and soon won fame for skillful and rapid movement. During the last months of the conflict he was able to elude the closing net of the British, and prolong the war. His conduct of warfare was as splendid as his strategy. 'No Bayard ever behaved better to any enemy,' testified an English officer who had been his prisoner.

One of the signers of the Peace of Vereeniging, he recognized that it was the part of wise men to accept the inevitable. Three years of rough out-of-door life had made over the ascetic-looking student into a vigorous, active man, fit for the political wars ahead. He became Botha's first lieutenant in the Het Volk, or People's Party. When, in 1906, the Liberal Party came into power in Great Britain, Smuts journeyed to London, assured Campbell-Bannerman, of old the friend of the Boers and now Prime Minister, that the Boers could be trusted, and went back to Pretoria with the knowledge that the Transvaal was to be given self-government.

When Botha became head of the government, Smuts took the place next him. The two men lived up to their promises to Britain. It was evidence of their loyalty that in 1907 they sent English soldiers against Boer strikers, some of them old companions in arms.

Already the movement for a union of the British states of South Africa had been started by Lord Selborne. To that project Botha and Smuts were, from the first, committed. As leaders of the Transvaal, the wealthiest of the four states and the one with most to lose by union, they were in a position of vantage to urge union. The Constitutional Convention at length agreed upon was Smuts's opportunity. His whole life had been a preparation for it. No one in South Africa understood better the evolution and practice of responsible ministries. He took it upon himself to master all the colonial constitutions. It is said that, in the week before the Convention, when he was away on his farm reflecting on the plan, he made a test of proportional voting among his men. In the actual work of the Convention, he played one of the larger rôles. The result was a new state, — not a federation; Smuts had opposed the plan of a federation, — built on British models, with much adjustment to particular conditions.

Botha became Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa and gave Smuts three portfolios — Mines, Interior, and Defense. Could he have foreseen the rough seas and headwinds against which he was to steer the ship of state, he must have hesitated. The problems of South Africa were its own. The question of the negro, of his rights and the control exercised over him, the question of imported labor from India, — there were already more coolies in Natal than white men, — and the question of the Dutch and English language in the schools, were all of them charged with danger. No less serious was the continuous strife between capitalists of the Rand and miners who might precipitate anarchy at any time.

Most difficult was the question of the relations of the Dutch and English, a question always reappearing in new forms. Many of the Dutch hoped to use self-government to win back all that Kruger had kept in his most unreason-

able days. Many of the English feared lest the 'logic of the stricken field' was to be reversed. But Botha and Smuts held on to the policy that the two peoples must work together. Otherwise, said Smuts, the white man would be driven from South Africa by the 'overwhelming majority of prolific barbarism.' There are already five negroes to one white man.

During the years from 1910 to 1913 Botha and Smuts piloted the new state through uncharted and perilous seas without wreck. Botha was the great popular figure, — but a statesman nevertheless, — and Smuts was the parliamentary leader. His brains, said an enemy, constituted the greatest danger to South Africa. If he lacks Lloyd George's capacity for taking the centre of the stage, if he lacks his dynamic personality, he has his gift as a conciliator; if he lacks Asquith's calmness and measured language, he has his ability to state issues clearly and to force measures through. He is, I am inclined to think, more thorough than either.

His main interest was defense. The Defense Act of 1912 was all that any National Security League could wish. From 1907, when Botha talked defense with Haldane, Smuts's was a voice prophesying war. During a time when suave British statesmen were talking kindly of the German and discounting his intentions, Smuts was telling South Africa that war might be close at hand, and that they must arm. He could not indeed refrain from warning the British of their danger.

'We have been going ahead very fast in South Africa,' he once remarked: 'it is not surprising that some of our people are unable to keep the pace.' By 1913 it was evident that the reaction was setting in. General Hertzog broke with the Botha Cabinet on the question of imperial defense, and led away a part of the South African party. It was the overture to the jangled music of 1914. That rebellion broke out with the opening of the European War is not so surprising as that it was quelled. That several thousand Boers saw the chance to regain what they had lost in 1900 is easily understood. Only the prudence and swift action of Botha and Smuts, with the troops armed under the Defense Act, saved the situation.

Why did they choose to save it? Why did they not use the chance to set up an independent government? They could not have been stopped. It was a case where clearheadedness and a sense of honor determined them. They recognized the threat to their own country from German intrigues and ambitions; they knew that the protection afforded by the British Navy was not to be estimated slightly. Moreover, they had learned to trust Britain. Yet there was a more binding reason for loyalty. The promises made in 1906 could not be dismissed. 'Out of the late great war,' said Smuts, 'the Boer public brought little except their good name. They are not going to allow any one to drag that good name in the dust.'

To prevent that contingency, however, meant fighting old comrades, meant the pursuit and capture of De Wet, and the execution of Fourie. It was a hard business even for the strong, and Smuts and Botha bore the brunt of it. South Africa knows, if Britain does not, the debt of the British Empire to two men.

The suppression of rebellion was followed by the easier, but by no means simple, task of conquering German Southwest Africa. Botha and Smuts had hardly returned from that to the turmoil of home politics, when the latter was called to East Africa. There is no space to describe that campaign. Smuts used his strategy of the Boer War, enveloping movements and long rapid marches that demanded almost more

than men could give. East Africa had been nearly won when he was summoned to London to represent South Africa in the Imperial War Conference and the Imperial War Cabinet. In June of 1917 he was asked to attend the sessions of the British War Cabinet. On at least two occasions since then he has been the mouthpiece of the government. His several speeches have commanded attention throughout the world. And, though he is sorely needed in South Africa, where things are going far from well, England finds herself unable to spare him.

His interest in his own country has been no whit lessened by his new responsibilities. The story of that nation he has called 'the one great and true romance of modern history.' Nor does he believe its destiny yet accomplished. He has dreamed of a nation that would reach to the Zambesi or farther, and he has had a part in making real those dreams. He has that wide perspective to which German politicians aspire. He is given to comparing the South African state with the American Republic in its early days. He would see in a hundred years a great and powerful democracy such as ours. Yet, though proud of recent progress and hopeful of the immediate future, as pioneer statesmen are wont to be, he has an old-world pessimism about the far outcome. It is characteristic that he regards our nation as still in the experimental stage; characteristic, too, that he fears a South Africa all black again.

He is afraid that Germans will aid in making it black. In a recent address he has said that the aims of the Germans in Africa were really not colonial, but were dominated by far-reaching conceptions of world-politics. They planned a great Central African Empire which was to include British, French, and Portuguese possessions, with bases on both oceans. Toward this objective they were marching before the war. They would like to resume their march. They would make their territories great recruiting grounds for native armies, before which the untrained levies of the Union of South Africa would easily go down. The preservation of that Union makes necessary a new Monroe Doctrine.

Neither his dreams nor his care for South Africa have availed to make him a popular figure. He has more enemies than any other man in South Africa. He does not stand in the public estimate, as Botha does, on a high moral elevation. If the voters concede his ability, even his greatness, most of them do not love him. He is too much an intellectual, too sharp and quick in combat, too blunt-spoken. His efforts, in close elections, to be a good fellow have provoked only amused and derisive comment. Much of his success in politics he would be the first to ascribe to that superior to whom he has ever been loyal — Botha. His victories in Parliament, like Wilson's with Congress, have been those of the man who had the best arguments. God is sometimes on the side of the strongest reasons.

'Slim Jannie' his enemies call him, and say that Machiavelli's *Prince* is his textbook. 'Of course Smuts is smooth,' is the way Englishmen who return from South Africa put it. It is hard for one at a distance to determine just how much that means. He has, to be sure, been very adroit in handling legislatures; he knows the subtle ways in which conflicting forces are brought together. Like every politician who has kept his head above water, he has been something of an opportunist. Yet to an outsider he seems to have pursued certain policies with a consistency of purpose that is unusual, and he has not been too much concerned about the fate of his head.

If he were not wanted, he told his con-

stituents, he would seek the shade of a large tree and read 'some interesting book or other.' The book might be Kant, or Grotius, or Joseph Conrad. And the tree would be on his own farm, where he could talk Bergson to his wife, and tell his boys of battles not far off or long ago.

II

To the British situation, he comes with peculiar advantages. He is the first man in the history of British politics who is of the government and yet detached from it. He is not identified with the Liberal party, although he will hardly forget what that party did for South Africa. He has not even the prejudices that a colonial is likely to have acquired. He has no predilections on the tariff. On labor questions it is true that his record will not commend him to the British Labor party, who will have more to say before they have less. Yet, when he declares that there must be less poverty and less luxury after the war, more economic freedom for all workers, and no idleness, he is not so far away from the programme of the committee of the Labor party, from the so-called 'hand and brain' movement — what hand and brain went ever paired? His outlook withal is so untouched by politics that Northcliffe organs and dyed-in-the-wool Conservatives can scarce forbear to praise, while the Webbs and Chestertons welcome it. That is, of course, much of his strength. He can examine British questions as an outsider, but he understands the ways in which British folk move forward better, than they themselves understand them.

He has advantages that few colonials possess. It is just possible that there might come from another colony a mind just as fertile, an intelligence just as thorough. But no other colony could offer one who has been twice a warrior, who has had to deal with strikers ready to shoot him, who has gone through the bitterest politics, — he has been hammered with brickbats and gone on his way to the next meeting, — and who has had to put down rebellion. If experience makes wise, he should be qualified for the most difficult tasks of empire. He has been compelled to be a man of action and wisdom. If he has not always been wise, he knows how to profit from mistakes. For he is, above all, a philosopher and has learned to unify philosophy and experience.

About the future of the British Empire he is not dogmatic. He is, however, clearly out of sympathy with those who wish a closer organization of the Empire. To him that Empire — he would like to drop the word — is a system of nations. In that system the colonies must no longer occupy inferior or subordinate places. He would have no parliament or common executive — the problems of the colonies are so different. 'The British Commonwealth of Nations does not stand for standardization or assimilation, or denationalization but . . . for a more various life among all the nations that compose it.'

There must of course be common action. Foreign questions can no longer be left to Britain alone. There must be a joint policy, which means a much simpler policy than heretofore. This involves some sort of machinery, and it is characteristic of Smuts's training that he proposed to take hold of that already in use since the war. Let the annual meeting of colonial premiers and representatives be made a permanent institution. This suggestion he had hardly thrown out when it was announced that an Imperial Cabinet had been determined upon. Such an organization of the Empire, he pointed out, need rouse no fears, since it could be no more a menace to the world. Such an organization could be set into the

League of Nations; 'the British Empire is the only League of Nations that has ever existed.' It must furnish one of the bases of that League.

Will not this mean the dissolution of the British Empire? Smuts would probably answer that it is held together — and will continue to be held together — only by common traditions and common defense.

Because of his eagerness to see the conquered parts of Africa retained, he has been put down by some as an old-style Imperialist, with the familiar creed that all wars should end in the extension of British territory. That he has welcomed the project of the Cape-to-Cairo railroad merely proves the point. Yet in those proposals he has chiefly been interested in the security of his own country, in its economic development, yes, and in its expansion. He wants a great free South Africa, great enough and strong enough to maintain the white man's position. He is really a Nationalist. It is because of that, because he recognizes the self-interest of the several states in the preservation of the Empire, that he is loyal to the Empire. He believes in the Empire, but not as Disraeli and Chamberlain believed in it. It is, indeed, from their disciples that he meets most opposition in England. He is sympathetic with the best aspects of British Imperialism — and he has known the worst.

He has not, indeed, forgotten the Boer War. There is hardly a speech in which he does not refer to it. He has dared to tell the English, when they are dining him, that they were 'wrong, very wrong' in South Africa, that they fought against liberty. And the English, save for murmurs from the *Saturday Review*, have continued to present him with the freedom of their cities, cities with monuments to the dead of the South African War. That could not happen in Germany. It could happen nowhere, except within the British Empire, and at no time but the present. The water goes under the bridge faster nowadays.

It is not so surprising that he should favor a league of nations. It is true that he has mingled with men of a practical sort who are likely to be more cynical than poets or pacificists about the federation of man. It is true that he has lived most of his life in a corner of one continent. Yet he thinks and speaks as a liberal-minded citizen of the world, who is not afraid to dip into the future. If he is afraid of machinery and paper leagues, if he places much dependence upon the progress of public opinion and a change in the hearts of men, he nevertheless yields his full adherence to a federation, one with force behind it. That force must be exercised to put nations that have got off the rails back upon them. About the details of the plan he refuses to dogmatize: it is hard, he admits, to frame a practicable scheme. In America, indeed, they have thought much upon this matter and have written a large literature upon it. America has 'an ideal in the clouds, while Europe has labored in the trough of the sea.' The League of Nations must be established, he insists, in the peace treaty at the end of the war. It must provide for gradual disarmament. But it must withal be flexible. We do not want another Holy Alliance, an institution wholly conservative. 'There are sometimes interests more important than peace.' There will arise 'new creations more valuable than the preservation of the *status quo*.'

One cannot read what he has to say, without putting him down as one of the ablest public men of our day. He has indeed been chary of words. And he cannot be called an eloquent speaker. He has struck out, so far as I know, no phrases that have become the catch-words of politics — we have come to

expect that much of our statesmen. He has little feeling of the rhythm of English sentences and no subtlety in fitting words together. But he is clear as the sunlight of his South Africa; he is downright, as we expect old warriors to be; and he phrases things in a way that is fresh, not only because he has come from a far land where even figures of speech are different, but because he has reflected much and reduced many things to their simplest terms.

It has recently come out rather accidentally, but in a way that seems trustworthy, that at Christmas-time he was sent to Switzerland by the British government, to talk with Count Mensdorff of Austria, doubtless with a view to detaching that nation from the Central Powers. The fact is indicative of his future tasks. He will certainly be one of the spokesmen of the Empire in the events that are ahead — whether Lloyd George and Milner rule, or Asquith, or Henderson.

In the reshaping of the world, his attitude is sure to be one acceptable to the idealist, American or British. He can be depended upon to stand by Belgium, Poland, Serbia, and Roumania. President Wilson will not be more insistent upon the security of the small nations. Smuts will stand for their rights, not only because he is one of the political idealists, — though more reticent than some in the expression of that idealism, — but because his whole life has been involved in the struggle for a small nation, and because he has fallen under the liberalizing influence of the British constitution. It is evident that he believes in a larger degree of self-government for India. And one who has had so large a part in bringing the states of South Africa together might conceivably understand better than Asquith or Lloyd George how to grasp that nettle, Ireland.

Like President Wilson, he is sympathetic with the Russian people. They have been called barbarians by the Germans, but they saved Europe from Napoleon, they have 'always gone for the Turks whenever they saw them.' Their present plight is, of course, Germany's opportunity. 'Russia is a woman laboring in childbirth, and Germany chooses this moment to strike her down. The spirit of history will never forgive her.'

His 'war aims' are simplicity itself. He demands lasting peace, the end of militarism and standing armies; national principles must be admitted, at least to the point of autonomy. The ruling classes of Germany must be broken. He has said nothing about a 'negotiated peace' or about a 'diplomatic offensive.' 'What was brought about by blood and iron will have to be undone in the same way.' Yet, 'We could not be crusaders and fight on till Europe was in decay and we had got rid of the Kaiser and all the other evils.' Has any one stated the aims of the war with more common sense?

It is as 'a warrior for liberty' that Smuts is most fitly characterized. Liberty and Freedom are words that have not lost their savor for him. History is the record of their progress. The struggles of Hampden and Pym, of Cromwell and Dutch William, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the Boer War, and the present struggle are to him scenes in the same play. History and his own life have made him hopeful as to the outcome. 'I have seen freedom go under, and I have seen freedom rise again.'

If freedom does rise again, his voice is sure to have weight in the councils of the new world of free nations.

HIGH ADVENTURE. VII

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I. ONE HUNDRED HOURS

A LITTLE more than a year after our first meeting in the Paris restaurant which has so many pleasant memories for us, Drew completed his first one hundred hours of flight over the lines, an event in the life of an airman which calls for a celebration of some sort. Therefore, having been granted leave for the afternoon, the two of us came into the old French town of Bar-le-Duc, by the toy train which wanders down from the Verdun sector. We had dinner in one of those home-like little places where the food is served by the proprietor himself. On this occasion it was served hurriedly, and the bill presented promptly at eight o'clock. Our host was very sorry but, 'Les sales Boches, vous savez, messieurs?' They had come the night before. A dozen houses destroyed, women and children killed and maimed. With a full moon to guide them, they would be sure to return tonight. 'Ah! cette guerre! Quand sera-t-il fini?'

He offered us a refuge until our train should leave. Usually, he said, he played solitaire while waiting for the Germans; but with houses tumbling about one's ears, he much preferred company. 'And my wife and I are old people. She is very deaf, *heureusement*. She hears nothing.'

J. B. declined the invitation. 'A brave way that would be to finish our evening!' he said as we walked down the silent street. 'I wanted to say, "Monsieur, I have just finished my first one hundred hours of flight at the front." But he would n't have known what that means.'

'No, he would n't have known,' I said. Then we had no further talk for about two hours.

A few soldiers, late arrivals, were prowling about in the shadow of the houses, searching for food and a warm kitchen where they might eat it. Some insistent ones pounded on the door of a restaurant far in the distance.

'Dites donc, patron! Nous avons faim, nom de Dieu! Est-ce-que tout le monde est mort ici?'

> Only a host of phantom listeners
> That dwelt in the lone house then,
> Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
> To that voice from the world of men.

It was that kind of silence, profound, tense, ghostlike. We walked through street after street, from one end of the town to the other, and saw only one light — a faint glimmer which came from a slit of a cellar-window almost on a level with the pavement. We were curious, no doubt. At any rate, we looked in. A woman was sitting on a cot-bed with her arms around two little children. They were snuggled up against her, and both fast asleep; but she was sitting erect, in a strained, listening attitude, staring straight before her. Since that night we have believed, both of us, that, if wars can be won only by haphazard night-bombardments of towns where there are women and children, then they had far better be lost.

But I am writing a journal of high adventure of a cleaner kind, in which

all the resources in skill and cleverness of one set of men are pitted against those of another set. We have no bomb-dropping to do, and there are but few women and children living in the territory over which we fly. One hundred hours is not a great while as time is measured on the ground; but in terms of combat-patrols, the one hundredth part of it has held more of adventure, in the true meaning of the word, than we have had during the whole of our lives previously.

At first we were far too busy learning the rudiments of combat to keep an accurate record of flying time. We thought our aeroplane clocks convenient pieces of equipment rather than necessary ones. I remember coming down from my first air-battle, and the breathless account I gave of it at the bureau — breathless and vague. Lieutenant Talbott listened quietly, making out the *compte rendu* as I talked. When I had finished, he emphasized the haziness of my answers to his questions by quoting them. '*Region:* "You know, that big wood." *Time:* "This morning, of course." *Rounds fired:* "Oh, a lot!" ' and so forth. Not until we had been flying for a month or more, did we learn the right use of our clocks and of our eyes while in the air. We listened with amazement to after-patrol talk at the mess. We learned more of what actually happened on our sorties, after they were over, than while they were in progress.

All of the older pilots missed seeing nothing that there was to see. They reported the numbers of the enemy planes encountered, the types, where seen, and when. They spotted batteries, trains in stations back of the enemy lines, gave the hour precisely, reported any activity on the roads. In moments of exasperation Drew would say, 'I think they are stringing us! This is all a put-up job!' Certainly, this did appear to be the case at first. For we were air-blind. We saw little of the activity all around us, and details on the ground had no significance. How were we to take thought of time and place and altitude, note the peculiarities of enemy machines, count their numbers, and store all this information away in memory, at the moment of combat? This was a great problem.

'What I need,' J. B. used to say, 'is a traveling private secretary. I'll do the fighting and he can keep the diary.'

I needed one, too, a man air-wise and battle-wise, who could calmly take note of my clock, altimetre, temperature, and pressure-dials, identify exactly the locality on my map, count the numbers of the enemy, estimate their approximate altitude — and all this when the air was criss-crossed with streamers of smoke from machine-gun tracer bullets, and opposing aircraft were manœuvring for position, diving and firing at each other, spiraling, nose-spinning, wing-slipping, climbing, in a confusing intermingling of tricolor *cocardes* and black crosses.

We made gradual progress, the result being that our patrols became a hundred-fold more fascinating — sometimes, in fact, too much so. It was important that we should be able to read the ground, but more important still to remember that what was happening there was of only secondary concern to us. Often we became absorbed in watching what was taking place below us, to the exclusion of any thought of aerial activity, of our chances for attack or of being attacked.

The view from the air of a heavy bombardment, or of an infantry attack under cover of barrage fires, is a truly terrible spectacle, and in the air one has a feeling of detachment which is not easily overcome. But it must be overcome, as I have already said, and as I cannot say too many times for the

benefit of any young airman who may read this journal. During an offensive the air swarms with planes. They are at all altitudes, from the lowest artillery *reglage* machines at a few hundreds of metres, to the highest *avions de chasse* at 6000 metres and above. *Reglage*, photographic, and reconnaissance planes have their special work to do. They defend themselves as best they can, but they almost never attack. Combat avions, on the other hand, are always looking for victims. They are the ones that are chiefly dangerous to the unwary pursuit pilot.

An airman's joy in victory is a short-lived one. Nevertheless, a curious change takes place in his attitude toward his work, as the months pass. I can best describe it in terms of Drew's experience and my own. We came to the front feeling deeply sorry for ourselves, and for all airmen of whatever nationality, whose lives were to be snuffed out in their promising beginnings. I used to play 'The Minstrel Boy to the War Has Gone' on a tin flute, and Drew wrote poetry. While we were waiting for our first machines, he composed 'The Airman's Rendezvous,' written in the manner of Alan Seeger's poem.

> And I in the wide fields of air
> Must keep with him my rendezvous.
> It may be I shall meet him there
> When clouds, like sheep, move slowly through
> The pathless meadows of the sky
> And their cool shadows go beneath.
> I have a rendezvous with Death
> Some summer noon of white and blue.

There is more of it, in the same manner, all of which he read me in a husky voice.

I, too, was ready to weep at our untimely fate. The strange thing is that his prophecy came so very near being true. He had the first draft of the poem in his breast-pocket when he was wounded, and has kept the gory relic to remind him — not that he needs reminding — of the airy manner in which he canceled what ought to have been a *bona-fide* appointment.

I do not mean to reflect in any way upon Alan Seeger's beautiful poem. Who can doubt that it is a sincere, as well as a perfect expression of a mood common to all young soldiers? Drew was just as sincere in writing his verses, and I put all the feeling I could into my tin-whistle interpretation of 'The Minstrel Boy.' What I want to make clear is, that a soldier's moods of self-pity are fleeting ones, and if he lives, he outgrows them.

Imagination is an especial curse to an airman, particularly if it takes a gloomy or morbid turn. We used to write 'To Whom It May Concern' letters before going out on patrol, in which we left directions for the notification of our relatives and the disposal of our personal effects, in case of death. Then we would climb into our machines, thinking, 'This may be our last sortie. We may be dead in an hour, in half an hour, in twenty minutes.' We planned splendidly spectacular ways in which we were to be brought down, always omitting one, however, the most horrible as well as the most common — in flames.

Thank fortune we have outgrown this second and belated period of adolescence, and can now take a healthy interest in our work!

Now, an inevitable part of the daily routine is to be shelled — persistently, methodically and, often, accurately shelled. Our interest in this may, I suppose, be called healthy, inasmuch as it would be decidedly unhealthy to become indifferent to the activities of the German anti-aircraft gunners. It would be far-fetched to say that any airman ever looks forward zestfully to the business of being shot at with one-hundred-and-fives; and seventy-fives, if they are well placed, are unpleasant enough. After one hundred hours of it, we have

learned to assume that attitude of contemptuous toleration which is the manner common to all *pilotes de chasse*. We know that the chances of a direct hit are almost negligible, and that we have all the blue dome of the heavens in which to manœuvre. Furthermore, we have learned many little tricks by means of which we keep the gunners guessing.

By way of illustration, we are patrolling, let us say, at 3500 metres, crossing and recrossing the lines, following the patrol leader, who has his motor throttled down so that we may keep well in formation. The guns may be silent for the moment, but we know well enough what the gunners are doing. We know exactly where some of the batteries are, and the approximate location of all of them along the sector; and we know, from earlier experience, when we come within range of each individual battery. Presently one of them begins firing in bursts of four shells. If their first estimate of our range has been an accurate one; if they place them uncomfortably close, so that we can hear, all too well above the roar of our motors, the rending *gr-r-row, gr-r-row* of the shells as they explode, we sail on calmly, — to all outward appearance, — manœuvring very little. The gunners, seeing that we are not disturbed, will alter their ranges, four times out of five, which is exactly what we want them to do. The next bursts will be far distant, hundreds of metres below or above us; whereupon we show signs of great uneasiness, and the gunners, thinking that they have our altitude, begin to fire like demons. We employ our well-earned immunity in preparing for the next series of batteries, or in thinking of the cost to Germany, at one hundred francs a shot, of all this futile shelling.

Drew, in particular, loves this cost-accounting business, and I must admit that much pleasure may be had in it, after patrol. They rarely fire less than fifty shells at us during a two-hour patrol. Making a low general average, the number is nearer one hundred and fifty. On our present front, where aerial activity is fairly brisk and the sector a large one, three or four hundred shells are wasted upon us often before we have been out an hour.

It will be long before this chapter of my journal is in print. Having given no indication of the date of writing, I may say, without indiscretion that we are again on the Champagne front. We have a wholesome respect for one battery here, a respect that it has justly earned by shooting which is really remarkable. We talk of this battery, which is east of Rheims and not far distant from Nogent l'Abbesse, and take professional pride in keeping its gunners in ignorance of their fine marksmanship. We signal them their bad shots — which are better than the good ones of most of the batteries on the sector — by doing stunts: a barrel turn, a loop, or two or three turns of a *vrille*. As for their good ones, they are often so good that we are forced into acrobacy of a wholly individual kind. Our avions have received many scars from their shells. Between 4500 and 5000 metres, their bursts have been so close under us that we have been lifted by the concussions and set down violently again at the bottom of the vacuum; and this on a clear day, when a chasse-machine is almost invisible at that height, and despite its speed of 200 kilometres an hour. On a gray day, when we are flying between 2500 and 3000 metres beneath a film of cloud, they repay the honor we do them by our acrobatic turns. They bracket us, put barrages between us and our own lines, and give us more trouble than all the other batteries on the sector combined.

For this reason it is all the more humiliating to be forced to land with

motor-trouble, at the precise moment when they are paying off some old scores. This happened to Drew while I was writing up my journal. Coming out of a tonneau in answer to three *coups* from the battery, his propeller stopped dead. By planing flatly (the wind was dead ahead, and the area back of the first lines there is a wide one, crossed by many intersecting lines of trenches) he got well over them, and chose a field as level as a billiard-table for landing-ground. In the very centre of it, however, there was one post, a small worm-eaten thing, of the color of the dead grass around it. He hit it just as he was setting his Spad on the ground, — the only post in a field acres wide, — and it tore a piece of fabric from one of his lower wings. No doubt the crack battery has been given credit for disabling an enemy plane. The honor, such as it is, belongs to our aerial godfather, among whose lesser vices may be added that of practical joking.

The remnants of the post were immediately confiscated for firewood by some poilus, living in a dugout near by.

II. 'LONELY AS A CLOUD'

The French attack, which has been in preparation for the past month, is to begin at dawn to-morrow. It has been hard, waiting; but it must have been a great deal worse for the infantrymen, who are billeted in all of the surrounding villages. They are moving up to-night to the first lines, for they are the shock troops who are to lead the attack. They are chiefly regiments of chasseurs — small men in stature, but clean, hard, well-knit — splendid types. They talk of the attack confidently. It is an inspiration to listen to them. Hundreds of them have visited our aerodrome during the past week, mainly, I think, for a glimpse of Whiskey and Soda, our lions, who are known to French soldiers from one end of the line to the other. Whiskey is almost full-grown, and Soda about the size of a wild cat. They have the freedom of the camp and run about everywhere.

The guns are thundering at a terrific rate, the concussions shaking our barracks and rattling the dishes on the table. In the mess-room the gramaphone is playing, 'I'm Going 'Way Back Home and have a Wonderful Time.' Music at the front is sometimes a doubtful blessing.

We are keyed up, some of us rather nervous, in anticipation of to-morrow. Porter is trying to give Irving a light from his own cigarette. Irving, who does n't know the meaning of nerves, asks, 'Who in hell are you waving at?' Poor old Porter! His usefulness as a combat pilot has long past, but he hangs on, doing the best he can. He should have been sent to the rear months ago.

The first phase of the battle is over. The French have taken 11,000 prisoners, and have driven the enemy from all the hills, down to the low ground along the canal. For the most part, we have been too high above them to see the infantry actions; but knowing the plans and the objectives beforehand, we have been able to follow, quite clearly, the progress of the battle.

It opened on a wet morning with the clouds very low. We were to have gone on patrol immediately the attack began, but this was impossible. About nine o'clock the rain stopped, and Rodman and Davis were sent out to learn weather conditions over the lines. They came back with the report that flying was possible at 200 metres. This was too low an altitude to serve any useful purpose, and the commandant gave us orders to stand by.

About noon, the clouds began to break up, and both high and low patrols prepared to leave the ground.

Drew, Dunham, and I were on high patrol, with Lieutenant Barry leading. Our orders were to go up through the clouds, using them as cover for making surprise attacks upon enemy *reglage* machines. We were also to attack any enemy formations sighted within three kilometres of their old first lines. The clouds soon disappeared, and so we climbed to 4500 metres and lay in wait for combat-patrols.

Barry sighted one and signaled. Before I had placed it, he dived, almost full-motor, I believe, for he dropped like a stone. We went down on his tail and saw him attack the uppermost of three Albatross single-seaters. The other two dived at once, far into their own lines. Dunham, Drew, and I took long shots at them, but they were far outside effective range. The topmost German made a feeble effort to manœuvre for position. Barry made a *renversement* with the utmost nicety of judgment, and came out of it about thirty metres behind and above the Albatross. He fired about twenty shots, when the German began falling out of control, spinning round and round, then diving straight, then past the vertical, so that we could see the silver under-surface of his wings and tail, spinning again until we lost sight of him. (This combat was seen from the ground, and Barry's victory confirmed before we returned to the field.)

Lieutenant Talbott joined us as we were taking our height again. He took command of the patrol, and Barry went off hunting by himself, as he likes best to do. There were planes everywhere, of both nationalities. Mounting to 4000 metres within our own lines, we crossed over again, and at that moment, I saw a Letord — a three-passenger *reglage* machine — burst into flames and fall. There was no time either to watch or to think of this horrible sight.

We encountered a patrol of five Albatrosses almost on our level. Talbott dived at once. I was behind him, and picked a German who was spiraling either upward or downward — for a few seconds I was not sure which. It was upward. He was climbing to offer combat. This was disconcerting. It always is to a green pilot. If he is running, you may be sure that he is at least as badly rattled as you are. If he is a single-seater and climbing, you may be equally certain that he is not a novice, and that he has plenty of sand. Otherwise, he would not accept battle at a disadvantage in the hope of having his inning next.

I was foolish enough to begin firing while still about 300 metres distant. My opponent ungraciously offered the poorest kind of a target, getting out of the range of my sights by some very skillful manœuvring. I did not want him to think that he had an inexperienced pilot to deal with. Therefore, judging my distance very carefully, I did a *renversement* in the Lieutenant Barry fashion, but it was not so well done. Instead of coming out of it above and behind the German, when I pulled up in *ligne de vol* I was under him!

I don't know exactly what happened then, but the next moment I was falling in a *vrille* — spinning nose-dive — and heard the well-known crackling sound of machine-gun fire. I kept on falling in a *vrille*, thinking that this would give the German the poorest possible target. This is a mistake which many new pilots make. In a *vrille*, the machine spins pretty nearly on its own axis, and although it is turning, a skillful pilot above it can keep it fairly well within the line of his sights.

Pulling up in *ligne de vol*, I looked over my shoulder again. The German had lost sight of me for a moment in the swiftness of his dive, but evidently he saw me just before I pulled out of the *vrille*. He was turning up again

for another shot, in exactly the same position in which I had last seen him. And he was very close, not more than fifty metres distant.

I believed, of course, that I was lost; and why that German did n't bag me remains a mystery. Heaven knows I gave him opportunity enough. In the end, by the merciful intervention of Chance, our godfather, *my* godfather, I escaped. I have said that the sky had cleared. But there was one strand of cloud left — not very broad, not very long; but a refuge, oh! what a welcome refuge! It was right in my path, and I tumbled into it. Literally head over heels, I came skidding out, but pulled up, put on my motor, and climbed back at once. And I kept turning round and round in it for several minutes. If the German had waited, he must have seen me raveling it out like a cat tangled in a ball of cotton. I thought that he was waiting. I even expected him to come nosing into it in search of me. In that case there would have been a glorious smash, for there was not room for two of us. I almost hoped that he would try this. If I could not bag a German with my gun, the next best thing was to run into him and so be gathered to my fathers while he was being gathered to his. There was no crash, and taking sudden resolution, I dived vertically out of the cloud, head over shoulder, expecting to see my relentless foe. He was nowhere in sight.

In that wild tumble, and while chasing my tail in the cloud, I lost my bearings. The compass, which was mounted on a swinging holder, had been tilted upside down. It stuck in that position. I could not get it loose. I had fallen to 600 metres, so that I could not get a large view of the landscape. Under the continuous bombardment, the air was filled with smoke, and through it nothing looked familiar. I knew the direction of our lines by the position of the sun, but I was in a suspicious mood. My motor, which I had praised to the heavens to the other pilots, had let me down at a critical moment. The sun might be ready to play some fantastic trick. I had to steer by it, although I was uneasy until I came within sight of our observation balloons. I identified them as French by sailing close by one of them, so that I could see the tricolor pennant floating out from a cord on the bag.

Then, being safe, I put my old Spad through every antic we two had ever done together. The observers in the balloons must have thought me crazy, a pilot running amuck from aerial shell-shock.

Looking at my watch, I received the same old start of surprise on learning how much of wisdom one may accumulate in half an hour of aerial adventure. I had still an hour and a half to get through with before I could go home with a clear conscience. Therefore, taking height again, I went cautiously, gingerly, watchfully, toward the lines.

III. 'MAIS OUI, MON VIEUX!'

The 'grand and glorious feeling' is one of the finest compensations for this uncertain life in the air. One has it every time he turns from the lines toward — home! It comes in richer glow, if hazardous work has been done, after moments of strain, uncertainty, when the result of a combat sways back and forth; and it gushes up like a fountain, when, after making a forced landing in what appears to be enemy territory, you find yourself among friends.

Late this afternoon we started, four of us, with Davis as leader, to make the usual two-hour sortie over the lines. No Germans were sighted, and after an uneventful half hour, Davis, who is always springing these surprises, decided

to stalk them in their lairs. The clouds were at the right altitude for this, and there were gaps in them over which we could hover, examining roads, railroads, villages, cantonments. The danger of attack was negligible. We could easily escape any large hostile patrol by dodging into the clouds. But the wind was unfavorable for such a reconnaissance. It was blowing into Germany. We would have it dead against us on the journey home.

We played about for half an hour, blown by a strong wind farther into Germany than we knew. We walked down the main street of a village where we saw a large crowd of German soldiers, and sprayed bullets among them; then climbed into the clouds before a shot could be fired at us. Later, we nearly attacked a hospital, mistaking it for an aviation field. It was housed in *bessonneau* hangars, and had none of the marks of a hospital, excepting a large red cross in the middle of the field. Fortunately we saw this before any of us had fired, and passed on over it at a low altitude, to attack a train.

There is a good deal of excitement in an expedition of this kind, and soldiers themselves say that surprise sorties from the air have a demoralizing effect upon troops. But as sport, there is little to be said for it. It is too unfair. For this reason among others I was glad when Davis turned homeward.

While coming back I climbed to 5000 metres, far above the others, and lagged a long way behind them. This was a direct violation of patrol-discipline, and the result was, that while cruising leisurely along, with motor throttled down, watching the swift changes of light over a wide expanse of cloud, I lost sight of the group. Then came the inevitable feeling of loneliness, and the swift realization that it was growing late, and that I was still far within enemy country.

I held a southerly course, estimating, as I flew, the velocity of the wind which had carried us into Germany, and judging from this estimate the length of time I should need to reach our lines. When satisfied that I had gone far enough, I started down. Below the clouds it was almost night, so dark that I could not be sure of my location. In the distance, I saw a large building brilliantly lighted. This was evidence enough that I was a good way from the lines. Unshielded windows were never to be seen near the front. I spiraled slowly down over this building, examining as well as I could the ground behind it, and decided to risk a landing. A blind chance and blind luck attended it. In broad day, Drew hit the only post in a field 500 metres wide. At night, a very dark night, I missed colliding with an enormous factory chimney (a matter of inches), glided over a line of telegraph wires, passed at a height of a few metres over a field littered with huge piles of sugar-beets, and settled, *comme une fleur*, in a little cleared space which I could never have judged accurately, had I known what I was doing.

Shadowy figures came running toward me. Forgetting, in the joy of so fortunate a landing, my anxiety of a moment before, I shouted out, 'Bon soir, messieurs!' Then I heard some one say, '*Ich glaube* —,' and lost the rest of it in the sound of tramping feet and an undercurrent of low, guttural murmurs. In a moment my Spad was surrounded by a widening circle of round hats — German infantrymen's hats.

Here was the ignoble end to my career as an airman! I was a prisoner, a prisoner because of my own folly, because I had dallied along like a silly girl, to 'look at the pretty clouds.' I saw in front of me a long captivity embittered by this thought.

Not only this, but my Spad was intact.

The German authorities would examine it, use it. Some German pilot might fly with it over the lines, and attack other French machines with my gun, my ammunition!

Not if I could help it! They stood there, those soldiers, gaping, muttering among themselves, waiting, I thought, for an officer to tell them what to do. I took off my leather gloves, then my silk ones under them, and these I washed about in the oil under my feet. Then, as quietly as possible, I reached for my box of matches.

'Qu'est-ce-que vous faites là? Allez! Vite!'

A tramping of feet again, and a sea of round hats bobbing up and down vanishing in the gloom. Then I heard a cheery, 'Cà va, monsieur? Pas de mal?'

By way of answer I lighted a match and held it out, torch-fashion. The light glistened on a round, red face and a long French bayonet. Finally I said, 'Vous êtes Francais, monsieur?' in a weak watery voice.

'Mais oui, mon vieux! Mais oui!' this rather testily. He did n't understand at first that I thought myself in Germany. 'Do I look like a Boche?'

Then I explained, and I have never heard a Frenchman laugh more heartily. Then he explained, and I laughed, not so heartily, and a great deal more foolishly.

I may not give my location precisely. But I shall be disclosing no military secrets in saying that I am not in Germany. I am not even in the French war-zone. I am closer to Paris than I am to the enemy first-line trenches. In a little while, the sergeant with the round, red face and the long French bayonet, whose guest I am for the night, will join me here. If he were an American, to the manner born, he might greet me in this fashion: —

'When you have been on patrol a long way behind the enemy lines, shooting up towns and camps and railway trains like a pack of aerial cow-boys; when, on your way home, you have deliberately disobeyed orders and loafed a long way behind the other members of your group in order to watch the pretty sunset; and as a punishment for this æsthetic indulgence, have been overtaken by darkness and compelled to land in strange country, only to have your machine immediately surrounded by German soldiers; then, having taken the desperate resolve that they shall not have possession of your old battle-scarred avion as well as of your person, when you are about to touch a match to it, if the light glistens on a long French bayonet and you learn that the German soldiers have been prisoners since the battle of the Somme, and have just finished their day's work at harvesting beets to be used in making sugar for French poilus — ah, is n't it a grand and glorious feeling?'

To which I would reply in his own memorable words, —

'Mais oui, mon vieux! Mais oui!'

BREAD AND THE BATTLE

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

I

GERMANY has been fighting this war for half a century. The Allies have been fighting it for less than four years. Nowhere is the disparity in preparation more manifest than in the matter of food.

Now, I am not a fanatic about food in war. I look upon it as one factor of the great game of munitions: an important factor, no doubt, but not the only one; a factor to take its place with the other munitions — men, and money, and steel, and chemicals, in their hundreds of death-dealing forms.

But while I am not a fanatic about food, the Germans are, if not fanatics, at least experts in food. I think a good case could be made for the argument that the present war is a food war. And when I find our good American citizens anxiously asking whether perhaps Germany is not going to collapse through hunger, I feel like commending to their consideration the attention that our Teutonic cousins and present enemies have been giving to food for a matter of forty years, and their evident ability to take care of the problem now.

I need not say that a good deal of this matter is '*verboten*.' Some of it I do not know. Some that I do know I cannot talk about. But what I do know and can talk about, when pieced together, makes out a case that leads one to suspect that Cousin Wilhelm has not been so negligent of the need of feeding his people as our hopes had led us to believe.

There is a difference between being a sailor and going to sea and being a landsman and going to sea. If you are a sailor, you may venture on a boat only once a year and still you go like a sailor. But if you are a landsman, you may ride from Cape Cod to Singapore and back twice a year, for the course of your natural life, and still you are a landsman.

That is the way with a war power and a peace power. Germany is a war power, and though she fought only once in forty years, she went to war like a war power. I mean that she did in war just what she had been preparing to do in peace; that she did not change either her strategy or her tactics; that, if she went to war for food, she fought her battles for food; that her tactics were true to her strategy, and that her strategy was true to her imperial plan of campaign.

Germany never forgets that food and war are coördinate. In 1916 there was printed in the *Berliner Tageblatt* an article by Dr. Lujo Brentano, who had been an official adviser of the German government as to the areas needed to maintain her population independently. After reviewing the two schools of German thought in the matter of subsistence, — the high-tax school, which had sought to encourage home-cultivation, and the greater-navy school, which had sought to insure importation by force on the high seas, — Dr. Brentano comes to the conclusion that Germany must expand her agricultural lands.

This once decided, the question is, in

what direction the expansion shall take place. Dr. Brentano surveys, in order, Belgium, North France, Hungary, Poland, the Baltic provinces, and Russian Lithuania. The first three he dismisses because all are grain-importing countries. Even Poland he finds not entirely self-supporting. But the sparsely settled Baltic provinces, which have populations of from 23 to 44 people per square kilometre, as compared with Germany's 123 per square kilometre, offer a tempting outlet. To these Germany must look, he concludes, for subsistence in the present war and for continued support after the war.

Here we have both the end and the strategy of the German campaign. Bread and the Battle are joined. The German people are asked to go to war now, in order that lands may be provided for the support of their children in time to come. But if the German empire-builder looks to the future, the German general looks to the present strategy. Germany must not starve while she is carrying on her campaigns. Every campaign must as nearly as possible support itself. The power which dictates the expansion in the east; which fights on three fronts to win here a battle and there a campaign; which uses bullets and billets; which directs drives of gas, of heavy guns, of sympathy, and of ideas, does not content itself with a distant goal. The German army is not a caravan pushing through a desert. It is a foraging host, traveling through a fertile country where the bins are full and the fields are ready for the harvest. It has been part of the strategy of Germany to fight always on the enemy's land. By so doing, she secures food for her own army, and to just this extent weakens the force of his opposition. Germany's progress has always been into the harvest-fields of the foe.

Stories of wars are told in terms of diplomatic engagements made and broken, of military victories and defeats. Stories of battles are told in terms of military activities to gain a certain objective, to defeat a certain army, to reach and hold a certain terrain. But behind these formal statements there are often concealed other unavowed purposes. While not the immediate major objective in any one of Germany's campaigns, food has always been a factor in the mapping of the campaign. And in every case Germany has won such subsistence prizes as the campaign offered. The great drives may be looked upon as so many bread forays. Belgium, North France, Serbia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Venetia, Poland, and Russia have all made their forced contributions to the larders of German armies.

Nothing in the unwritten history of the war is more dramatic than the struggle between the two great groups of powers for the grain-supplies of Eastern and Central Europe. England has been accused of never playing the romantic rôle. Those who make this complaint forget the Dardanelles expedition. Looking back from our present experience, it is hard to see how she could have been expected to succeed. But the stake was a great one. The granaries of Russia were bursting with wheat. Bulgaria was wavering between Germany and the Allied powers. Roumania and Serbia were openly friendly with the Allies. The economic interests of all these countries lay in agriculture. By one stroke England might open up the food-sources of a continent; she might close with a blow the ambitions of her rival; and she might secure the friendship of the Balkans. But Germany suborned the beggar who sat by the gateway, and the Turk stabbed the Allies in the back.

The Allies' failure to run the Dardanelles gave the food advantage to Germany. Russia was eliminated as a

source of supplies, and was soon to disappear as a military factor. Even while she was at war with Germany, part of Russia's surplus stocks of wheat were finding their way to the Central powers through Sweden, Roumania, and Finland. Germany had to her credit her position as a compact unit, her system of intensive farming, her highly developed transportation systems, her machinery of distribution. She occupied a position of greater and greater control over Bulgaria, Roumania, Poland, and Serbia and was soon able to subjugate them completely.

At the beginning of the the year 1917, Germany claimed to occupy 215,221 square miles of enemy territory. When Germany spread over Belgium in the late summer of 1914, she surprised in Antwerp large stores of grain which she commandeered. It appeared in a debate in the French Chamber of Deputies that through invasion France had lost 800,000 acres of grain-land out of a total of 16,250,000 acres. In these items we have the German system of cashing in on the food-increment of captured lands.

But Germany has not secured much help from the captured territory in the West. This region includes the industrial arrondissements of Lille, Valenciennes, and Douai, and the Longwy–Briey coal and iron region. Even the arable lands have been denuded by battle. You cannot raise bumper crops under fire. Both Belgium and North France are under the influence of the Commission for Relief of Belgium, with which carefully wrought out agreements were made for the protection of civilian populations. But we find Deputy Minister of War General von Wandel commending the services of the economic committees in Belgium and elsewhere in these words: 'We owe it in great part to the skillful and untiring activity of the economic committees that our soldiers in the field are fed as well as they are, and that large stocks, which have made it easier for us to feed our people, have been brought from the occupied territories into Germany.'

At the same time we find an official statement to the press assuring the people that 'no food of any kind has ever been exported from Germany to Belgium for the civil population. The same thing applies to Northern France and to that part of Belgium which is not under the Governor General, but belongs to the lines of communication.'

But it was from the east that Germany secured her real contributions of food-stuffs. When you pity Belgium, you should also pity Poland, whose sorrows stand further from the sympathetic eye of the western world. Belgium lay in the path of Germany's immediate tactics. Poland lay in her path of empire. Poland supplied the first installment of that agrarian outlet to which Germany had been looking since the days of Bismarck. And the rape of Poland was a blow at the heart of Russia.

There is no need to tell over the story of Poland's crucifixion. In the second year of the war Warsaw was occupied and the Polish people were driven from their homes. Travelers tell us that the path of evacuation was marked with human skulls, as the American Great West was marked with the bones of the buffalo after the advance of the hunter and the pioneer. On top of their other burdens, the Allies and America would have undertaken to feed the starving Polish people had they been able to secure engagements on the part of Germany to respect the imported food-supplies. President Wilson wrote requesting respect for the imported supplies of the Polish people, and in the request he was joined by Premier Asquith. Germany refused the concession, with the plea that she could not contract obligations on behalf of Austria-Hungary and

Bulgaria. The systematic exploitations continued. Crops were commandeered, and on the captured fields cavalry horses from Hindenburg's army were used in raising new harvests. According to an admission of Von Batocki, several million acres were planted to grain in 1916, on fields from which the last native inhabitant had been driven.

Some time some one will write the story of the intrigues by which Bulgaria and Roumania were ravished for breadstuffs. For the present we must piece out the story from the scanty records that come to us between the lines of censored reports. But we have enough to build a structure clearly indicative of the purposes of the Central powers. Brothers in blood, Bulgaria and Roumania have been arrayed against each other like cocks in a pit. Both were agrarian nations depending upon their exports of food-stuffs for their economic prosperity. The closing of the Dardanelles had destroyed the free exchanges of their markets. In the manifesto by which, in 1916, Bulgaria justified her espousal of the side of the Central powers, the admission is frankly made that every economic consideration had forced her to this conclusion.

Said the nameless writer of the manifesto issued by the ministry of M. Radoslavoff, 'To-day we see races that are fighting, not indeed for ideals, but solely for their material interests. The more, therefore, we are bound to a country in a material way, the greater is that country's interest in our maintenance and increase, since thereby that one will profit who helps us and is tied to us by economic bonds.'

There follows in the manifesto a statistical statement of Bulgaria's import and export trade with the various belligerent countries in the war, showing that for the years 1907, 1909, and 1911 the Central powers and Turkey had enjoyed an ever-increasing import and export trade with Bulgaria as compared with her trade with the Entente powers. As a large part of her import and export trade consists in dealings in live stock and dairy products with the Central powers and Turkey, Bulgaria finds her interests inseparably linked with them.

Bulgaria proved a useful ally. Not only were her markets turned over to the Germans, — at extortionate rates of profit, be it admitted, — but she served as a useful tool in other and difficult machinations. As early as December, 1915, while Bulgaria had been selling to Germany, she had been seizing the relief stores of Serbia. And from her coign of vantage she proceeded to turn the screws on Roumania. Greatly as Germany needed grain, she brought pressure on Roumania to force the passage of German and Austrian armies to Turkey by threatening to limit the import of Roumanian maize. And Bulgaria came to her aid by placing an embargo on goods to Roumania from Saloniki. Roumania countered by embargoing all Bulgarian goods.

But the little nations could not live on embargoes. In April, 1916, commercial relations were opened between Roumania and Bulgaria, and a treaty was signed with Germany for a free interchange of products. As a result, 60,000 carloads of grain were immediately shipped to Germany, the government of Bulgaria receiving field-kitchens from the Krupps in return. Roumania had in the autumn of 1915 sent some three million tons of grain to Germany, and had been kept from sending food to Turkey only by the Russian fleet which patrolled the Roumanian coast.

One of the chief stories centring around the 'bread and battle' campaign concerns the food imbroglio of 1915–16, in which Great Britain, France, Germany, and Roumania were the chief

actors. The events of this food skirmish had large consequences. Upon its results hung Roumania's entry into the war on the side of the Allies, and all that has followed of disaster on the Eastern front.

Great Britain had failed to open the Dardanelles and was in the market for food-stuffs. Germany had been receiving produce from Roumania, and had begun to carry things with a high hand. The story begins with the purchase by Germany, in the fall of 1914, of a large stock of Roumanian wheat at a price said to have been £200 a carload of ten tons. When the price fell to one third of this figure, 40,000 carloads were left by Germany unaccepted in the elevators. On Germany's failure to take up her stocks, Roumania turned elsewhere for a market.

Early in January, 1916, arrangements were made with the Roumanian Central Commission of Export for the sale to Great Britain of 80,000 carloads of grain, amounting to 800,000 tons, at £10,000,000, to be delivered by April 17. Great Britain contracted to remove all the grain by six months after the close of the war. When Germany learned of the purchase, she immediately opened negotiations to buy the remainder of the crop at the price paid by the British. Her immediate purchases amounted to 1,000,000 tons of maize, 350,000 tons of wheat, 150,000 tons of barley, and 1,000,000 tons of oats.

Not content with securing the sur plus, Germany also exerted pressure to compel Roumania to violate her compact with Great Britain. While Great Britain was not able to remove her grain, Germany was in such a position that she could require delivery to Hungarian ports. This grain Germany attempted to secure. She also undertook to bring about the fall of the ministry in power.

Conditions between Roumania and the Central powers were becoming more strained. They were such that Germany stood to win more through war than through diplomacy. By what measures Roumania was led to her ill-starred declaration of war against Germany probably will not be told until after the war is over. It suffices to say that no act could have played more completely into Germany's hands. The little Roumanian army was quickly driven to the mountains and destroyed. It is said that the amount of cereals left in Roumania when she was defeated was six million tons.

It is doubtful whether Roumania left her entire grain-stores for the victorious Germans. Some of the grain was destroyed, some was shipped to Russia, and some was stored on the Lower Danube, out of harm's way. A conservative estimate of the amount of Germany's booty from Roumania in 1916 is three million tons.

Even at this figure Germany won at one blow a twentieth of the total average pre-war consumption of Germany and Austria for a year. The American writer, D. Thomas Curtin, stated that a German statistician had told him that he believed that the conquest of Roumania would add between nine and ten months to Germany's ability to hold out. Besides providing Germany with instant stores, Roumania has also provided grain-lands. Since 1916 Germany has taken the lion's share of her food-stocks. The Food Minister in the Austrian Reichsrath admitted in November, 1917, that substantially the whole stock of wheat had been removed from Roumania and used up.

Here we see the hand of the conqueror consummating his long plans. The end of the year 1916 saw the Balkan states well battered. Serbia was destroyed, Montenegro was conquered, Bulgaria seduced, and Roumania made tributary to the victorious Hun. Thus

Germany's pathway was opening to the East.

Even Italy has paid her toll of subsistence to the enemy. For a year she was of little service to the commissariat of the Central powers. But in the victorious thrust into Venetia in the autumn of 1917, the Austro-German armies captured great quantities of potatoes and green vegetables. As much as 400,000 bushels of wheat were taken at one thrust, and through the capture of lines of communication, arrangements were made for extending the fishing industry in the Adriatic. Plans were mentioned in the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* of November 6, 1917, for the running of cold-storage trains from Trieste to Vienna for the transport of Adriatic fish. And the province of Venetia was looked to for the supply of maize, rice, vegetables, wine, and tobacco.

The strategy of battle was always turned to the service of the strategy of bread. Germany knows well how to make war pay for itself. Let war always be made on the enemy's territory. By so doing you twice beggar him. You take from him his source of supplies, and you add them to your own stores.

Behind the petty details of the Balkan imbroglios the larger negotiations were going forward. The elimination of Russia from the war, the laying of a track to the east through the sparsely settled rich arable lands of the south European plateau, the splitting of Russia into two parts, the flouting of the cold northern section, the seducing of the richer Ukraine, interpret themselves. They are a part of the present strategy; but behind this strategy the food needs of the Germany of the next generation are being well watched.

The present outlook is serious enough, Courland is farmed for the support of Germany, and fifty-six million acres of Russia's agricultural land, 27 per cent of her total, are made tributary to Germany. How much food does this represent? By some estimates it is said to amount to 58,000,000 tons of food-stuffs and 30,000,000 tons of coal yearly; 37 and 75 per cent respectively of Russia's totals, and enough, once actually annexed to the German power, to solve her pressing food-problems for a century to come. Now the word comes that Germany is demanding 85 per cent of the entire produce of the Ukraine for her own.

Even during Germany's giant offensive of 1918 we read mournful accounts of her food-shortages. We are told that she may at any time collapse through hunger. We read of riots, of sawdust bread, and of synthetic meat. There may be some truth in the accounts of individual hardship. But all the evidence shows that Germany is not anywhere near a general collapse, either through a break in morale or through the pinch of hunger. Every year that Germany fights finds her food-position stronger. Every one of her great engagements has been of the nature of a foraging expedition, save the last, and it is still too early to say that she has not added to her stores in this.

The multiplying of talk in America concerning the collapse of the German fighting spirit has gone past the point of harmless speculation. It has become positive misrepresentation, and, if persisted in, will amount to aid and comfort to the enemy. Let us take care that we do not fight Germany's battle for her.

REVOLUTIONARY JUSTICE

BY MADELEINE Z. DOTY

I. DAILY LIFE IN PETROGRAD[1]

DAWN rose over the city. I waited for what it would unfold. Petrograd was in the throes of revolution. As I sped across Siberia, news of it reached me. At each station wild stories poured over the wire. The working class had risen. The extreme left of the Socialists, the Bolsheviks, had gained control.

I sat on the broad window-ledge of my hotel window, and gazed out at the silent snow-covered square. At seven, two hours before daybreak, the city began to stir. Great lines of people formed. Weary, ragged soldiers stood, in lines a block long, before tobacco shops; women with shawls about their heads and baskets on their arms appeared before provision stores. The trams began to move. They overflowed with people. Soldiers climbed to the car-roofs and sat there. Women and men struggled for a foothold on a car-step, and held on to one another.

At nine, when the sun came over the horizon, the city throbbed with life. Little processions of men and women passed arm-in-arm, under red flags, singing. There was the beat of drums and some Kronstadt sailors swung into sight. Everywhere there was movement and action, but without violence. People stopped to argue. Voices rose high, and arms waved wildly. It was a people intensely alive and intensely intelligent. Everyone had an opinion.

It was my first glimpse of Russia. My heart leaped up. These people had not been contaminated by proximity to German militarism. They were not cogs in a machine. In spite of suppression, they were not servile. They were alive and free. Every Russian I met could talk; even those who could not read or write could talk.

But life in Petrograd for a stranger was difficult. The hotels were bourgeoise and capitalistic. They received scant help from the working-class government. There was no heat in my room, and only one electric light. The food grew poorer day by day. Attempts to remedy defects by fees were useless. The waiter pushed back my tip proudly, and said, 'We don't take tips now.' A sign in one restaurant read, 'Don't think you can insult a man because he is a waiter by giving him a tip.' I saw that the world had been turned upside down. The cooks and waiters had become the aristocrats; the lawyers, bankers, and professors were the riff-raff.

I shivered in my room, and added coat after coat. A cold — which I had contracted coming across Siberia — grew worse. But there was nothing to do but grin and bear it. The doctors had fled or were in hiding. It was only after a twenty-four hours' struggle that I secured a doctor, and when he arrived he could be of little assistance. The drug stores were closed; it was impossible to have a prescription put up. The chemists had gone on strike. They refused to work under the Bolsheviks. But in a

[1] Some portions of this first section have recently appeared in a slightly different form in England; but they are reprinted here in order to complete the effect. —THE EDITORS.

week the government brought these recalcitrants to terms. It threatened to take over the stores unless the chemists did business as usual.

Life was a continual battle, as it always has been, between the people who have, and the people who have not. Only now it was the capitalists and the employers who were struggling for a foothold and the working class who were ruthlessly censoring, suppressing the press, and imprisoning. The first revolution was political, the second economic. In the second, the working people had risen. There were three things that they wanted—peace, bread, and land. The Provisional Government under Kerensky had given none of these things. Instead, war was continued and an offensive was planned. This was too much for the weary Russians. No one wanted to fight.

Besides, the Provisional Government failed to live up to its promises. It could not. It was torn between two factions, Left and Right. It never came to an agreement. The land remained undivided; the people went hungry.

Then the workers grew restless. They saw their dreams of peace, bread, and land no nearer. Silently they massed, and one night, while the city slept, one government was wiped out and another took its place. It was done quietly. In the Winter Palace the ministers of the Provisional Government sat and debated. Outside, the Bolsheviks (workmen and soldiers) gathered. They barricaded the streets leading to the railway stations with barrels, wagons, and automobiles, and soldiers with bayonets guarded the barricades. Meanwhile the leaders of the Bolshevik movement assembled at Smolny Institute (formerly an aristocratic girls' school) and made it the new seat of government. Cannons were mounted about the Institute; then over the wires orders went to the soldiers in the streets.

Shells began to burst over the Winter Palace. The patter of machine-guns and the thud, thud of bursting shells, broke the night's stillness. The State Bank, the telephone and telegraph stations, were quickly seized, and the small Cadet Corps guarding them overpowered. A thousand members of the Cadet Corps and the Woman's Battalion guarded the Winter Palace. In a few hours they were forced to surrender, and the ministers were seized and sent to imprisonment in the fortress of Peter and Paul.

At 3 A.M. Petrograd was in the hands of the Bolsheviks, and Leon Trotsky was presiding over the All-Russian Soviet — Congress of Workmen and Soldiers — at Smolny Institute, and addressing its members as follows: 'We are standing before an experiment unheard of in history, of creating a government with no other aim than the wants of the workingmen, peasants, and soldiers.'

Truly, Petrograd was no place to be ill in. The nights were the worst. As I lay in my bed and waited for the dawn, my nerves played me tricks. I could not sleep. There was no one to speak to, no one who spoke anything but Russian. If I rang, no one answered. I lay and shivered, and waited for street-fighting to begin. When the machine-guns opened fire, what should I do? If the soldiers entered to search or loot, would they spare me? How was I to explain that I was an American and a worker, not a capitalist?

Often I gazed from my window, and always I saw a great surging mass of people; and the more I looked the better I liked the people. They were so alive and eager. By this time I had made friends with the maid. I learned to say, '*Tavarish*' (comrade). I would point to myself and say, 'Tavarish.' It always brought a smile and the most ready service.

I decided to give up the hotel and find a home in a working-class family. The decision was a wise one. The hotel was very expensive. In the apartment I went to, I had more heat, more food, and better care, for one-tenth of the money. From that time forth I never had any personal difficulty. The soldiers and workers took me into their midst without question. Often I was on the street until midnight, but no one molested me; I had only to smile and say, 'Amerikanski, Bolshevik, Tavarish,' to have a hundred hands stretched out in aid. I got caught in great crowds and was unafraid.

The average Russian has a dual personality — he is both a brute and an angel. But, if you expect him to be an angel, he will be one. Many foreigners experienced great hardship in Petrograd, and went home with wild stories; but much of the difficulty was of their own making. You don't wave a red rag at a bull if you want the bull to behave. And it is n't wise to wear a high silk hat, a fur coat, and a diamond ring, and swagger up to an unfed, ill-clothed Bolshevik and tell him he 's a rascal.

Every day, on nearly every street-corner, a fur-coated gentleman and a soldier would be in hot argument. In the end it always got down to the same practical basis: —

Soldier: You are a capitalist.

Gentleman: You are a rascal.

Soldier: Capitalists are enemies of the people. All must be poor, all must be alike. Where did you get that fur coat?

Gentleman: None of your business.

Soldier: Yes, it is. It is our turn to have the fur coats, and we are going to have them.

Sometimes, on dark nights, the fur coat changed hands; but usually the soldier and gentleman merely parted in hot anger.

One night Jack Reed was held up and robbed. But he knew a few Russian words and explained that he was an American and a Socialist. Whereupon his possessions were promptly returned, his hand cordially shaken, and he was sent off rejoicing. Another night a woman was held up and robbed. She was a Russian, and explained pathetically that her home was far distant and she needed car-fare. Her appeal had effect. A rouble was returned to her, with the following instructions: 'If any soldiers start to rob you again, just tell them that Comrade So-and-so has already robbed you, but has left you a rouble to get home with.'

Daily I grew tougher. The buttons got pulled off my clothes and remained off. I ceased to feel that baths were a daily necessity. I grew thankful for coarse but nourishing food. There was plenty of tea, a fair amount of black bread, quantities of vegetables, — cabbages, beets, carrots, turnips, potatoes, — and coarse meat. There were no sweets or pastry, but sometimes we had butter, and usually four lumps of sugar a day. It was a case of survive if you can, and if you do you 'll grow strong.

And there was one great joy about life in Russia. It was thrillingly interesting. You could not be bored. Every day the Bolsheviks issued some new decree. One day all titles were abolished; the next, judges and lawyers were eliminated. They and their knowledge were held to be useless. I confess to a wicked delight on that occasion. I am a lawyer, and I know how little justice there often is in the law.

But such dee ls frightened the Monarchists and Cadets. They would come out from hiding and make a show of resistance, and then scurry back. For day by day the Bolsheviks grew in power. All the soldiers were Bolsheviks, and they had the bayonets.

In the midst of this passionate life the poor Bolshevik government had no

easy task. It had let loose the brute force of Russia. It was the greedy brute who caused the trouble. He looted gayly and thoroughly, while the government struggled desperately to bring about order. And these looting episodes were seized on and magnified by the opposition, in order to discredit the Bolsheviks and spread terror.

My first experience of looting I shall never forget. I had been out to dinner. I had heard shooting at a distance, but had not realized what it meant. It was when I started to go home, about eleven, that the sound of bullets began to beat in on me. My way lay in the direction of the shooting. The fatal thud-thud grew almost unbearable. Then there came shouts and cries of distress. I confess that I was a coward. I was with an American correspondent and his wife, and I shamelessly begged them to see me home. I might be willing to die for a cause, but I did not want to be killed by a stray bullet.

With great difficulty we secured a sleigh. It was a wonderful night, bright with stars. The sled glided swiftly over the hard snow. It seemed impossible that men could be killing one another. Then a sleigh dashed past us. It evidently carried a wounded man, for he kept crying out, 'Help, comrade, help!' I shivered and held on to my companions. The shots had grown very loud. We could see soldiers running. Their guns had been taken from them. They were shouting and screaming. Our sleigh passed close by them, but they made no move toward us. My companions said something about going to see the excitement, but I wanted to get home and bury my head under the bedclothes.

In the morning I had more courage. Besides, the shooting had ceased. I walked from my house toward the Winter Palace. When I came within two squares, I saw bright red drops on the snow. At first I thought it was wine, but it was too red and thick for that; and there were splotches of red on some of the buildings, where a wounded man had been leaning. All over the road, and on the frozen Neva, were smashed bottles. I picked up a bottle. Its label bore the Tsar's coat of arms. It was a choice brand of Madeira.

When I reached the Winter Palace I found that it was guarded by a ragged crowd of factory boys in civilian clothes, carrying bayonets. They were some of the Red Guard. They at least were sober. Wine is hard to get in these days, and vodka unobtainable. Consequently the thirsty Russians grow desperate. That is what had happened the night before. Thirsty soldiers got into the wine-cellar and held an orgy; other soldiers came to drive them out, and remained to drink. Quarreling began. Kronstadt sailors and Red Guards arrived; the drunk and half-drunk refused to leave. Firing began. Tempers rose higher and higher, and a small battle ensued. In the end the hose of a fire-engine was turned on, all the bottles in the wine-cellar were smashed, and the place flooded. Three soldiers were drowned in the wine, and between twenty and thirty killed, and many wounded. But with daylight order came, and shame and repentance. The Russian is always very repentant. He may murder a man, but afterwards he will feed and clothe the man's child.

It was difficult in those swift-moving days to see clearly. It will take time to see the Russian Revolution in just proportions. But one thing grew apparent. That is that in a *bloody* revolution, where force is the basis, as in bloody war, everything fine gets pushed to the wall. Art, science, and social welfare vanish. The working class fought for power and became dictators. They ruled, not by the vote, but by force. They pulled existence down

to the conditions of the poorest workingman. They failed to live up to their ideals of beauty, brotherhood, fair play, and freedom. A government by the people and for the people, inspired by ideals of brotherhood and freedom, is the only true foundation.

II. PRISON AND COURT-ROOM

I woke to find that judges and lawyers had been abolished. Over-night, legal learning and ancient precedents had been cast into the scrap-heap. It was refreshing to start with a clean slate. Russia was no longer bound by traditions. Still, humanity had not reformed overnight. There were people who would grab and lie and betray their fellows. What was to be done with them?

In the early days of the Revolution there had been a great jail-delivery. Many thieves and murderers, as well as political offenders, were released. Every now and then a man was caught preying upon society. The Bolshevik mob had scant mercy for such a one. They had given him freedom, and this was his gratitude. The culprit should pay the price.

A member of the American Military Control in Petrograd told me of the following incident as one he had witnessed. A woman dashed into the street after a boy of fifteen. 'He 's stolen my pocket-book; he 's stolen my pocket-book!' she cried. A miserable shrieking urchin sped madly down the road in front of her. He was caught by passers-by, and a crowd gathered. Blow upon blow fell upon the defenseless head. Childish shrieks of terror filled the air. The woman, appalled at what she had done, rushed back to the house. Again she made a desperate search, and suddenly in a dark corner she unearthed the missing pocket-book. Again she dashed into the street, waving her property and calling loudly her mistake. But it was too late: the childish cries were still; a beaten and lifeless body had just been hurled into the canal. Sick shame seized the mob. Rage surged in their hearts. Under the Tsar they had been mercilessly beaten and abused. Brute force had been their instructor. They turned on the woman and applied the only method they knew. They beat her to death and dropped her into the canal.

Dire deeds were said to go on behind the grim walls of the fortress of Peter and Paul. Here ministers and generals languished in cells formerly occupied by ardent revolutionists.

With a good deal of difficulty I secured permission to visit the fortress. My permit read for seven in the evening. I took with me a young woman as interpreter. The grim fortress is surrounded by a massive stone wall and stands on the bank of the Neva, opposite the Winter Palace. At the entrance soldiers were gathered about a camp-fire. Camp-fires burn all over Petrograd. Wherever soldiers stand on guard they build a fire for warmth. At night the burning logs make the city bright. It is like an armed camp.

In the firelight the great iron-studded wooden gate of Peter and Paul looked like the entrance to a mediæval castle. About the door, rough-looking soldiers, in long coats that came to their ankles, and shaggy fur hats, leaned on their bayonets. When I entered, and the massive gate clanged to, I felt indeed cut off from the world.

Through the darkness we made our way to the commandant's office. He was not in, but untidy-looking soldiers examined my pass. I must wait, they said. They eyed me curiously and spoke to my interpreter. After a little they grew friendly and invited me to have a glass of tea. They took me into the kitchen — a long, low-ceilinged room,

with a great stove at one end. There were ten or a dozen soldiers. They smoked and talked incessantly, dropping cigarette-butts wherever they stood. They were dirty, ragged, and unshaven. We sat down at a long wooden table, with a steaming samovar between us. As I grew in favor, sugar, butter, and some eatable black bread were produced. This was a treat, indeed.

The soldiers were looking at me curiously. I was an American, and they wanted to know about America.

'Why has America gone to war?'

'Has President Wilson sold out to the capitalists?'

'Will there be a revolution in America?'

These were the questions poured upon me. Some of the men could not read or write, but their knowledge was extraordinary. It was plain that they had but little faith in American democracy. The belief that America has sold out is widespread. This is the work of German propaganda.

I tried to answer the questions. I tried to make them see America with my eyes. I explained that half our country is bourgeoise; that there is no working class which corresponds to the Russian workman; that even the unskilled American worker has something to lose; that, in consequence, there cannot be a revolution in America, such as has occurred in Russia.

They were keenly interested. The majority saw my point. They realized that changes in America are likely to come by evolution rather than by revolution. I told them that the President led rather than lagged behind the opinion of the majority; that he was more liberal and democratic than any president we had had, except Lincoln. But one man, an illiterate, was not to be convinced. There was only one remedy for inequalities. The working class must rise, whether they were a minority or a majority. The capitalists must be beheaded. He himself would like to behead them one by one. In the flickering light I seemed to see him pull out his knife and feel of it. But the other men were against such methods. They suppressed this firebrand. Their intelligence was marvelous. Many had never been to school, yet they knew about conditions in both America and Europe. Their conversation was not confined to wages and food, but dealt with world-politics.

Probably in no other civilized land are there so many illiterates. But even the Russians who cannot read or write can think and talk.

By this time the commandant arrived, and I was led forth on my tour of inspection. The massiveness of the old fortress was impressive. The walls were several feet thick. No sound could penetrate them. The corridors were like vaults. Here one was buried alive.

My request to interview the prisoners was instantly granted. I was ushered into a cell, and the Bolshevik guard withdrew. It was a room twelve by fourteen feet in size, with a high ceiling. There was one little window far up in the wall. It was impossible to see from it, and in the daytime it gave scant light. There was a stone floor, and the walls had been whitewashed. It looked clean, but cold. There was the damp chilly atmosphere of a prison. But the one electric light shone brightly. It stood on a table by the iron bedstead. The only other furniture was a chair.

The occupant of this cell was the former Minister of Finance, a man about fifty, with gray hair and beard. He courteously offered me the chair and sat on the bed. Again I had the sensation of a topsy-turvy world. Workingmen with fixed bayonets stood at the door, while a learned Minister of Finance meekly sat on his prison-bed

and talked to me. He was studying an English grammar, for he could not speak English. We talked together in French. He accepted his lot philosophically. He did not complain of conditions. He and the others, he said, were treated as political offenders. They could have food from the outside, and letters and visits from their families, and might read and write as much as they liked.

'It's the psychology of the place that is terrible,' he said, as he rose and paced the floor. 'We can't tell what will happen. Each moment may be the last. Personally, I am not afraid. I don't think they 'll hurt me. But the others are afraid. Every hour they fear a massacre. I do not dare tell my wife this. I tell her we are all right. But it is a frightful strain.'

I visited other cells. I talked with a Social Democrat, a man who has fought for Russian freedom and is a well-known economist. He bitterly denounced the Bolsheviks.

'Go back to America and tell them what is happening here. Tell American Socialists that the Bolsheviks are imprisoning their fellow Socialists. Nine times I was imprisoned under the old régime, and since the Revolution I have been imprisoned ten times. There is little to choose. Both Tsar and Bolsheviks are dictators. There is no democracy.'

After this outburst he began to pace the floor restlessly. His eyes had a haunted look. His words were those of the Minister of Finance.

'It's the uncertainty that's so terrible. Personally, I'm not afraid. They don't dare hurt me. But the others — they are afraid. They are going to pieces. Every day they expect to be lined up and shot. It is unbearable.'

In each cell it was the same. There was the queer restlessness, then the fatal sentence.

'It is n't for myself I fear, it's for the others. They are afraid.'

The distrust of the prisoners bred distrust in the keepers. Slowly each side was being dragged to disaster.

In addition to the single cells there were two large dormitories. In these were imprisoned army officers. I was shown these rooms. The men were smoking and playing cards. Here the tension was less. Companionship had eased the strain. In one room a Russian general rose and addressed me. He spoke in French.

'Well, madame,' he said, 'what do you think of Russia? What do you think of a country that imprisons its officers? I don't suppose America does that sort of thing?'

The men crowded around to hear my answer.

'No,' I said, smiling. 'Still, America does imprison people. It imprisons men who refuse to fight.'

At this there was a delighted laugh, and the general continued: 'Here, you see, it's the other way. We are imprisoned for fighting. There should be an exchange of prisoners.'

Even the Bolsheviks saw the joke and joined in the laugh. Certainly it was a topsy-turvy world.

As we turned to go, my interpreter spoke to a guard. He had been rude, had pushed the generals aside and slammed the door.

'I hope,' she said, 'you are good to the prisoners. Remember your own prison days and what it was like.'

The man hung his head. He was like an overgrown child. 'I do forget,' he said, 'and I grow ugly.'

In that little incident lay the whole story. Power breeds tyrants. No man should have arbitrary control of his fellows. As long as there was belief in retaliation and punishment life would be ugly.

A few days later I visited the Revolutionary Tribunal. I wanted to see how law without law-books and precedents was administered. The palace of the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaivitch had been turned into a court house. It is a massive white stone building on the bank of the Neva, near the fortress of Peter and Paul. In the old days it was gay with music and laughter. A broad marble staircase, covered with a red velvet carpet, led to the ball-room. That room was resplendent in silk hangings, a gold frieze, and a gorgeous chandelier. It had a brightly polished inlaid wooden floor. Many gay little slippers had whirled across it. Now it was covered with the mark of muddy feet. Dust, ashes, and cigarette-butts lay everywhere. The red velvet carpet had been pulled awry. The elaborate furniture was piled up in corners. Streams of workingmen and soldiers moved in and out. An excited crowd was arguing in the corridors. The court-room was empty. The judges had retired, angry, and refused to sit again that day. The story I got was as follows: —

A man named Branson, a member of the ancient Duma, and the secretary of a league for the defense of the Constituent Assembly, had been on trial. The court-room was filled with his friends and sympathizers. When Branson entered, he was given an ovation. The President of the tribunal called for order, but the applause and cheers continued. Then the President ordered the room cleared. Whereupon indignant cries arose. 'This is not a tribunal, it is a chamber of torture. We will not leave except at the point of the bayonet.'

Again the President called upon the soldiers to empty the hall. Slowly they moved forward, with fixed bayonets, but the public did not stir. The soldiers withdrew into a corner. A workingman sprang to his feet and heaped sarcasm upon the tribunal. The President threatened expulsion, but the man merely cried out, 'Shoot me down; you cannot put me out otherwise.' The President ordered the man ejected, but he slipped in among the spectators and took a seat. From this vantage-ground he again hurled out his taunt: 'Shoot me down; you cannot take me otherwise.' The public sided with the man. It was impossible to reach him without violence. The patience of the court was exhausted. In hot anger the President and tribunal left. By this time the soldiers were angry, and expelled the crowd with no gentle hand.

At this point I arrived. There would be no further sitting that day, so I left; but in a few days I returned. This time I had a permit, and my interpreter.

The court was to open at two. We climbed the dirty marble staircase. The air was foul and full of smoke. Across one end of the ball-room was a long wooden table covered with a red cloth. This was the judges' bench. In front were rows of wooden benches for the spectators. On one side of the judges' bench were other seats, for the prisoners, lawyers, and witnesses. There was no order or cleanliness.

Two o'clock came and went; then three, then four, then five. If Germany attempts to systematize Russia, she will have her hands full. A Russian is never on time. At six o'clock the seven judges filed in. They were all workingmen. They had been elected by the All-Russian Soviet, the Congress of Workingmen and Soldiers. Not one of them could boast of a clean collar. The President wore a dingy business suit. One man's shirt was so dirty that it was impossible to distinguish the color. He was collarless.

No one rose to greet the court. A group of Junkers were to be tried, among them a man named Pouriskevitch, a general in the Tsar's army, one of the men who had aided in the assass-

ination of Rasputin. Pouriskevitch is a Monarchist to the backbone, and hated by the working class. He and his companions were accused of forming an organization which was to seize the government and restore the monarchy.

The room was packed. The trial had brought from hiding a number of titled and wealthy people. Most of the women wore Red Cross costumes. This was to hide their elegance. But one family, a mother and several daughters and some relatives, appeared in all their finery. They wore rings and diamond brooches and displayed expensive furs. They crowded on the bench beside me. There was not room for them all, so one of the daughters turned to me. She spoke in German (the language of the Russian court): 'Will you move to the back of the room. We want this bench. One of the prisoners is a relative.'

I had been in court four hours. I had sat in my seat the whole time, to hold it. I looked up at the young woman and shook my head. She reddened with anger. Her insolence was intolerable. She seemed to have forgotten that there had been a revolution. She planted herself half on me and half on the bench. She was very beautiful, but her body was as hard and rigid as her face. I found my temper mounting. I understood the rage of the Bolshevik at the insolence of the autocracy. I drove my elbow with a vicious dig into the young woman. She grew furious, but she no longer had power to order me to a dungeon. She removed herself from my lap, but squeezed in close. I could make no impression and gave it up.

By this time even the aisles were full. Two cooks had come up from the kitchen. Their arms were bare and they were hot and greasy. Two chairs were brought for them by the soldiers. I sat between the duchesses and the cooks. Of the two, the cooks had the better manners.

Then there was a great craning of necks. There was a sound of tramping feet. The prisoners were being led in. In they came, between two rows of Bolshevik soldiers. They were in full regimentals. Their uniforms were covered with gold braid, and they wore a great array of medals. They even had spurs on their shining leather boots. They laughed and joked like schoolboys. The soldiers who guarded them were ragged and dirty. No two had uniforms alike. Some wore caps and others fur hats. Nothing matched. One or two had their feet bound in rags. They looked like the soldiery of a comic opera. They ranged themselves along the wall and leaned on their bayonets. The whole scene was comic.

Again I felt like Alice in Wonderland. I had swallowed a magic pill which had transformed things. Cooks and duchesses; ragged soldiers and resplendent generals; collarless workingmen and bewigged and begowned judges, had changed places. Even the gaudy ballroom, by a wave of the magic wand, had become a dirty human meeting-hall.

Laughter surged to my lips, but something in the faces of the judges checked it. The eyes of the soldiers were stern. The family next me was making signs to their Junker officer. They jested and laughed. They ridiculed the proceedings. The Junker officer lay back in his chair and stretched his feet out in front of him and grinned. Contempt for the court was in every act and look.

But now the trial had begun. Pouriskevitch had retained an eminent lawyer as his defender. A gray-bearded man in a handsome frock coat stepped forward. He had all the pomp and formality of bygone days. He was over-obsequious to the judges. Each wave of his hand was an insult.

He bowed low and addressed the tribunal. 'Most reverent and honorable sirs,' he began.

The prisoners giggled. A smile went around the court-room. But the tribunal listened with wide-open, serious eyes. They struggled to comprehend the learned legal arguments. A puzzled frown crept over their faces. They consulted one another, but the lawyer's eloquent speech flowed on.

'I am sure,' he said, 'that this great and honorable tribunal wishes to be just; that the learned gentlemen on the bench have no thought but justice.'

The biting sarcasm failed to touch the tribunal. They listened with child-like earnestness. It was pathetic and magnificent.

But early in the case there came an interruption. Among the prisoners was a man who was not a Junker. He had been indicted with the group of Monarchists, but he was in reality a Socialist. This man's lawyer, also a Socialist, now rose. He used no blandishments. He upbraided the tribunal. He declared that it was an outrage that his client, a prominent Socialist, should be classed and tried with the despicable Monarchist Pouriskevitch.

It was as if a bomb had exploded. The court-room was in an uproar. Pouriskevitch, red and angry, was on his feet. 'How dare a common Socialist consider it an insult to be tried with me. I am a general and a noble.'

It was funny and tragic. One half the court-room glared at the other half. The judges were bewildered. In the end they ordered the Socialist lawyer from the room. They had ignored or failed to comprehend the insults of the eminent counsel, but they understood the taunts of the Socialist Then the tribunal consulted together. At last the President rose and announced that the court would retire, to consider whether the prisoners should be tried together or separately.

It was eight o'clock. I was faint for want of food. The tribunal might not return for hours, and then it might sit until three in the morning. I decided to leave. As I pushed my way out, I realized again the intense emotional atmosphere of the fortress. Faces were flushed and eyes angry. Hot, eager talk spurted up. There was the same battle of class against class, the same hatred, the same desire on the part of each to dominate. Only the judges had been serene. They were pitiful and great in their simplicity, their struggle to understand, their attempt to be fair.

From the Nicolai Palace I went to the apartment of Maxim Gorky. A few days before, I had been there and had met the mother of Tereschenko and the wife of Konavello. Tereschenko and Konavello were two of the ministers imprisoned in Peter and Paul. This mother and wife were tortured by anxiety. In their dilemma they turned to Maxim Gorky. He was the one intellectual who had not deserted the Bolsheviks. He was doing the big thing. He criticized, condemned, but tried to help. Each day his paper, *Novia Jizm*, laid bare the faults of the Bolshevik government. Hourly he was in danger of arrest. But his stand made his home the refuge of the oppressed. Workingmen and countesses came to him for aid.

Marie Andrievna, Gorky's companion for twenty years, and in all but legal formality his wife, made a charming hostess. It was she who cheered the distressed women and invited them to tea. It was she who promised to visit the imprisoned men. It was she who told Gorky of Konavello's rheumatism. When Gorky heard this, he went to the telephone. Over the wire he arranged to have his doctor visit the sick man. Tears of gladness and gratitude were in the women's eyes when they left.

When I reached Maxim Gorky's, after my day in court, I was tired and

spent, but they listened to my story with interest. Then Marie Andrievna told me of her day. She had been to Peter and Paul. She had seen the imprisoned men. She had found Konavello very ill. The prisoners had been through a fiery ordeal. In a moment of rashness Konavello had written to a friend denouncing the Bolshevik government and declaring that Russia was being delivered over to Germany. This letter came into the hands of the soldiers on guard. They were enraged. They cast Konavello into a dungeon, a dark cell in the basement, where the walls reeked with moisture. When the other prisoners heard of Konavello's plight, they took counsel together. It was agreed that Konavello was too ill to survive such treatment. They decided to make a protest. Ministers, generals, and other political prisoners resolved to go on a hunger strike. They were not going to be outdone by militant suffragettes.

The ministers and generals proved effective hunger-strikers. The soldiers grew worried, then enraged. They led the little community out into the yard and lined them up against the wall. 'We shoot, unless you suspend your strike,' was the ultimatum.

But light came to three Kronstadt sailors. They suddenly stepped forward. 'What we are doing is wrong,' they said. 'It's against all principles of brotherhood. These men shall not be shot, except over our dead bodies.'

Their courage won the day. The angel in the Russian soldier rose to the surface. The prisoners were sent back to their cells, and Konavello was released from the dungeon.

'But,' said Marie Andrievna when she had finished, 'another time it may not turn out that way. My heart sickens when I think of the future.'

Since my return to America I have read that two of the ministers in Peter and Paul have been put to death. One, I believe, was the Minister of Finance. The night-guard entered the cells and stabbed the men. It was not an act of the Soviet government, but a deed of that wild, revengeful force which has been let loose in Russia. The pity of it! For the Russian has infinite possibilities. He is angel as well as brute. He can be dominated by high ideals as well as by low. But the Soviet government has not the time to teach ideals. In its desperate struggle to survive, in its fight for equality, it uses autocratic methods.

Only the voice of Gorky rises above the maelstrom, pleading for moderation, for patience, for fine *methods* as well as fine *principles* — pleading for spiritual regeneration as well as economic equality. These are his words as they appeared one morning in his paper, *Novia Jizm:* —

'The question is, is the Revolution bringing spiritual regeneration? Is it making people more honest, more sincere? or is man's life as cheap as before? Are the new officials as rude as the old? Are the old brutalities still in existence? Is there the same cruel treatment of prisoners? Does not bribery remain? Is it not true that only physical force has changed hands, and that there has been no new spiritual realization? What is the meaning of life? It should be the development of spiritual realization, the development of all our capacities for good.

'The time is not ripe for this. We must first take things over by force. That is the answer I get. But there is no poison more dangerous than power over others. This we must not forget, or the poison will poison us. We shall become worse cannibals than those against whom we have fought all our lives. It must be a revolution of the heart and brain, but not of the bayonet.'

TANKS

It was a park of tanks, a huge zoo of fabulous-looking iron monsters, by hundreds lined up round the hedges of their fields! I felt a momentary shock that I had brought no buns, so homely and decent looked these rows behind rows of patient Behemoths. But hardly had I alighted, and absorbed the staggering fact of my whereabouts, than a further shock obliterated even that, and wiped out the tanks, and carried me whirling across the world. For there came along a flash of blue, and then another, — of a blue strangely familiar, yet grostesquely unexpected here. Abruptly, violently, I was back upon the northern plains of China, jogging along from dawn to dusk over the loess lands of Shensi or Kansu, and through gray little walled cities filled with just such twinkling, ruddy faces as these. And here they all were again, in a Picardy valley, in attendance on tanks.

For several minutes the shock really did take me between wind and water. I could not talk very coherently to anybody, or study very intelligently the insides of the tanks in their gigantic hangars: I did so fiercely want to be once more out of all this, and away into the peace of Asia. And I had a terrified wonder all the time whether I might not at any corner hear the voice of Elder Brother, or the Groom, or Old Ai. If I had, it would, as the Americans say, have 'broken me all up.' However, no actual old friend appeared, but they were all old friends really. For these were not slim and furtive, pussy-footed Southerners: they were just the fellows that I knew, the jolly lads of the North, always ready to laugh and be friendly.

I like the poetic justice of finding them here, too. It strikes home in the very bull's-eye of one's brain, to find the oldest of civilized races — or the only one — visibly and actually taking its part against Kultur. It is a good omen, and there is a beautiful irony about putting China and the tanks together. Here are these uncouth great engines, the very latest word in the mechanism of massacre, and here in attendance on them, laughing and singing, the representatives of that race to which we owe almost all the mechanism we have, the race which has invented the origins of everything we are, yet itself has always rested content to go as far as convenience required and no further.

But my friends have suffered often enough from my passion for what I regard as the ideals of Asia; you cannot wonder if all my emotions leap at the sight of Chinese tending tanks. Progress and civilization mean to us only an advance in physical comfort for ourselves or discomfort for other people — trains, telephones, tanks, tubes; the confusion is as old as Christendom, between comfort and happiness, the ideal and the machine. We have, of course, been on the wrong tack, in fact, for a thousand years, but I think people in general are beginning to realize the error. At least the darkened world is all astir with doubts and wonders. Mr. Wells's new kindness to God is a fair symptom that the times of error, besides being very evil, are also waxing late.

Altogether I have no doubt that this war is turning every one to thinking; otherwise, indeed, what would be the use of it? Meanwhile, I take you back to the tanks. Do not fancy that the Chinese play any part with these, except that of coolies and fetchers and carriers in the hangars. (Though I should not be surprised if they came to be even better than we are at camouflage if they are allowed to try their hand. It is a game that would exactly suit them, and once they are interested, they always improve on their model.)

Dazed as Sheba's Queen, I wandered on through a long succession of these hangars, filled with innumerable multitudes of parts and pieces, all to me alike unintelligible. But the huge, massive orderliness of the whole scene is in itself overwhelming. You might take it as a microcosm of the war itself. The long, high-arched dimness of each hangar is full of life: trolleys come and go on little rails, Chinese sit singing at their task of tagging camouflage nets, or run errands for some commanding soldier who knows no word of their language. But he gets along with his new allies quite easily all the same; they are a good crowd to handle, these Shantung fellows, as bright and sharp as needles, if they are decently treated and joked with, and allowed to be interested in their work. Here and there, in corners or separate sheds, are invalid tanks themselves, like trunkless sick elephants, waiting to be looked after; on one of them you can still read in Russian its supposed Russian destination, painted on its flank to mislead, in the days when the secret of the tanks and their purpose was still being kept in the dark.

But most of them are outside in the fields, some sheeted and some bare, monstrous and prehistoric in their rows. They really are terrifying things, oppressively evil and ominous. They daunt one's imagination to such an extent that I should always have the instinct to run away if I saw a tank advancing down upon me, even if I knew quite well that it was a perfectly friendly tank, which was bringing me tea. And I think I realize why it is they are so dreadful.

Humanity has an old ancestral horror of everything that moves otherwise than on feet or wheels. That is the only choice for all respectable decent movables; we hate slugs and snakes and snails, for instance, and everything that goes uncannily on its belly (women, being the older half of us, have that hatred even stronger than men). And it is for the very same reason that one's primitive instinct loathes the tanks. They break the law of foot-or-wheel; it makes them unrighteous and frightening merely in themselves, without a thought of their guns and terrors. In fact, it is obvious to compare them to slugs: neither has anything apparent to move with, yet they do move.

E pur si muove: it is this that makes them so malign.

I do not feel that they waddle, as John Buchan says: their footless advance is ponderous, even, and smooth — exactly like the unctuous, inexorable advance of the great bulks that develop upon you in nightmare. As one climbs inside, however, one has no such comparisons, but rather feels as if one were prosaically getting into a 'bus. A 'bus not built for passengers, though: one crouches, and clutches, and braces one's feet, and clings passionately to any projection that comes handy (usually it is a boiling-water pipe), as off the thing goes lumbering. Over the ground it monumentally grinds; it is filled with clangor and roar, and emits eldritch screeches as it goes: the pandemonium is deafening, and as it turns it has a sleek, horrible effect of skidding. Anyhow, it is not from inside that you best

appreciate the marvelousness of a tank: there you are merely deafened, dithered, and 'churned to a pummy.'

But imagine some music-hall on Olympus, and the time come for a tank to do its 'turn.' Before it there is a deep trench, or pit, more than thirty feet across, and as many deep. The rounded rhomboidal mass of Behemoth sits leadenly on the far side, lifting his blunted nose. Then, with a jangling roar, the monster starts. 'Without the smallest plunge or caper,' he advances implacably toward the trench; his nose hangs over, his fore-quarters, half his body — more. Behemoth's centre of gravity must lie incredibly far back: for it seems a long age, and a monstrous miracle of magic, as he hangs out across the trench. One shivers in endless anticipation of the critical instant when the inevitable happens, and Behemoth nose-dives into the depths with a cataclysmal crash. And then, slowly, agonizingly, he rootles up again on the near side, horribly like a gigantic, footless beast in agony, entrapped, nuzzling and nosing his way up, and up, and up, until he staggers, half-erect, against the brink; and so, higher and yet higher, and yet higher, till at last once more the centre of gravity is passed, and with a shattering crash, Behemoth falls forward on his belly again, and, after a few wild rockings fro and back, blandly proceeds toward his next trial.

This, let us take it, is a big square pile of built-up earth, walled in and breasted up with wood-balks, till it is the size of a cottage, but many times stronger, being quite solid. Were it a cottage, in fact, it would crumble at the first moment of Behemoth's pressure; as it is, the balks and solid bulk withstand him, as his snout ascends its sides, up, and up, until his mass seems to stand straight, erect in air, and he threatens apparently to fall backwards at any moment. But at the crucial instant, — just as this appears inevitable, — victory is gained, and Behemoth smashes down square upon the top, and subsides there, rocking. After a moment of sitting poised, however, he crawls forward again — out over the farther edge of the pile, until it is an anguish to see how far he hangs over, yet does not fall. Forward, forward, he still proceeds, though, and with a crash like an earthquake takes a header once more to earth. But the rest of him is still to follow: onward gropes his snout, and onward, till with a far worse crash than the last, his whole bulk falls square to earth again, with wilder, more reverberating rockings than ever.

I tell you, it really is a fearsome sight: and what the Chinese must think of it all, one simply cannot conceive. And even this is only Behemoth at peace. Imagine Behemoth enraged, with tusks of red fire projecting on either flank, drunkenly wallowing across the shell-shattered earth in his implacable advance, and cuddling cottages and shelters into crumbles with the dreadful, smooth rootlings of his snout; and you may begin to form a faint notion of the fear that fell upon the Amalekites when first they saw this new product of evolution.

TOOTH-PASTE AND WHISKEY

This is not a treatise on hygiene, oral or otherwise. Neither does it try to prove by statistics that the amount America spends on whiskey, if spent on tooth-paste, would add ten years to the life of the average American. In fact, this has no firm, unwavering mission, no relentless purpose. It seeks merely to relate some of the adventures of a draft-board clerk. The work is new. It offers the imaginative great opportunities for romance, tragedy, or nausea. Nevertheless, one speedily discovers

that the greatest of these is a sense of the ridiculous. A sense of humor has little chance. There are few subtleties to rouse it. But a sense of the ridiculous is an unfailing ally, which somehow keeps one sane and more or less tranquil, even when the Provost-Marshal General sends out eight bulletins in one day.

After weeks of comparing registration cards, of making out lists and then verifying them, we began physical examinations. I was stationed to gain the necessary information from each man and to dispatch him to the doctors. The first day, when I esconced myself at my desk at a quarter before eight o'clock and began to examine the long line of men that filed past me, I discovered that all the world was divided into two classes: the men who gave forth the faint and antiseptic odor of tooth-paste and the men who, not so faintly, smelled of whiskey. Later, I found out that the tooth-paste variety could be addressed in English, while the whiskey class required the fragments of languages which I learned.

At first, however, I knew no tongue but my own. I seized upon Form 14, P.M.G.O., and began conscientiously to read the questions printed thereon.

1. Have you found that your health or habits interfered with your success in civil life? If so, give details.

2. Do you consider yourself sound and well? If not, give details.

3. Have you undergone treatment in a hospital or asylum? If so, for what ailment?

My dismay increased with each question as I read them to that first man. They seemed so very personal, especially the parts about habits and asylums. I really did not see how I could go through them one hundred and eighty times a day. But, lo, after the first half hour, I shortened them to 'Feel good?' and 'Ever in a hospital?' and recorded the answers with the proper business-like unconcern. I also acquired enough assorted languages to make myself understood. It had a sad effect upon me, however. I caught myself talking broken English at dinner that night.

Before this I had always had a vague idea that women were hypochondriacal and men were not. After dealing with some two thousand men, I have lost that notion forever. They hated to confess that they were well. The poor souls who had no definite ailment would cautiously say, 'I'm not sick that I *know* of,' plainly implying that horrible diseases might be preying upon them secretly. The men who had never 'undergone treatment in a hospital' seldom said no to that question. Instead, they replied, 'Not yet,' and explained that they had sometimes had a doctor. It was not an instinct of self-preservation and a longing for discharge on the ground of physical deficiency which moved them. Rather was it the spirit of emulation, which made each man long to be a little more decrepit than the man ahead of him in line. When one poor, deformed creature told me that he had had a broken back, the others looked at him with envy.

The foreigners described their ailments in most expressive pantomime, and then looked disgusted when the interpreter turned to me and said, 'He's all right.' One of them proudly boasted that he had once been in a hospital for three days after a fight, but that he had stabbed two men in the fray. One man in a new and obvious wig whispered, 'Do they take bald-headed men in the army?' I thought that I had listened to so many grievances, real and make-believe, that nothing further could surprise me; but one day, a man of whom I asked my usual question, 'Do you consider your health good?' looked

around for a chair, drew it up beside my desk, sat down, crossed his knees, and began, 'Well, I'll *tell* you — '

When they came down after the examination, and I told them that they had passed, great was their astonishment. One man sighed lugubriously and confided to me, 'Those doctors never felt my pains or they would n't have passed me.' Another gasped and said, 'This is what I call robbing the grave.' But some men left with renewed self-confidence and vigor. Mayhap their wives will always be grateful to the benevolent government which devised selective service.

Having safely passed the doctors, the men were asked whether they wished to claim exemption or discharge. Most of them did, but some of them were apologetic or explanatory about it. One little Italian beamed at me when I asked him whether he wanted to go and fight or stay home and said, 'Too much babies.' It was beautiful, by the way, to see how devoted the children of the foreigners were to their fathers. After the first day many men brought their wives, children, and witnesses with them, in order that they might fulfill all formalities at once. The children ran to meet their fathers when they came downstairs after their physical examination. Men proudly claimed discharge when they held a child in their arms.

Some married conditions were not so felicitous, however. One man said, 'Sure I got to claim exemption. My wife's nervous. Why, she has n't taken in a washing for two years now.' I found myself sympathizing with him. Marriage had turned out so differently from his roseate dreams. On the other hand, one youth declared with an oath that nothing should prevent his going. Startled at his vehemence, I asked whether he was married. He said that he was, but nonchalantly disposed of his wife with the statement, 'She has her mother.'

The men's names never ceased to interest us. Boleslav and Wladyslaus conjured up vague recollections of John Huss and the Holy Roman Empire. Ksawery Roman sounded like a picaresque tale by George Borrow. Orcowe Kornel, Curchi Lausa, and Fidos Windunk had a charm entirely apart from the men they represented. Pronunciation became a tremendous gamble — a man was so unlikely to recognize his name when he heard it. The strange beauties of many names were not due, however, to sponsors in baptism so much as to clerical errors. Lists were many and handwritings eccentric. We trust that the men were properly grateful to the typist who made them sound like Homeric epithets.

So the work hurried on, until the other day half our men went to camp. And the men who had been sure that their health was wrecked, and the men who insisted that they were supporting wife, child, and mother in England on ten dollars a month, went gayly with the rest, devoutly hoping, perhaps, that their past aberrations were forgotten. Men fairly fought to be allowed to go out of their turn. Two thirds of them were aliens, proud to fight for 'U-nited States' — even the little Armenian who had said to me with Eastern courtesy, 'I am a Turkish subject. The privilege of fighting for this country is not mine.' The men hung out of the train windows, waving their hats, calling out good-byes, and singing 'Over There' — not the ancient hymn, but the latest success of Mr. Cohan. The women and older men stood on the platform, many of them weeping silently. Yet it is an ancient saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'

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Lawrence Pearsall Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, has been editor of the *Hibbert Journal* from its foundation. **Agnes Repplier,** whose home is in Philadelphia, has been a contributor to the *Atlantic* for more than thirty years of essays upon many and diverse themes. The versatility of her talent and the wide range of her interests have never been more manifest than in the papers we have printed since the war began. The last was 'Woman Enthroned,' in the number for March of this year. **Anne Douglas Sedgwick.** (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt), one of the most acceptable writers of fiction in English, is of American birth, but has spent most of her life abroad. Of late she has been doing hospital work in France.

* * *

Ordway Tead is an active member of the Bureau of Industrial Research, 'a voluntary group, independently committed to the impartial study and accurate publicity of labor problems; at this time making a special point of keeping in close touch with the government relations with organized labor.' **Samuel Scoville, Jr.,** a practising lawyer of Philadelphia, finds his relaxation in a sympathetic and understanding study of Nature in all her varying aspects. **John Jay Chapman,** a writer skilled in every form of literary art, is the father of Victor Chapman, the American aviator, whose death in France last year inspired the noble lines 'May, 1917,' in the *Atlantic* for August last.

* * *

Gordon Snow is Recorder of Salt Lake City, and secretary of Local Draft Board No. 3, in that district. **Virginia Baker,** an occasional contributor, lives in Warren, R. I. Notwithstanding the whimsical cast of many of her stories, the discerning reader notes the nice accuracy of her observation. **Abbé Ernest Dimnet,** Professor at the Collège Stanislas, Paris, has done much, by virtue of his familiar acquaintance with English and American life and manners, and his mastery of the English idiom, to strengthen the bonds of international friendship. In March, 1915, the *Atlantic* published his study of General Joffre.

Amy Lowell, poet, critic, and close student of the art of modern poetry, lives in Brookline, Massachusetts. **Alfred G. Gardiner** is the editor of the Liberal London *Daily News,* whose attitude, like that of the *Manchester Guardian,* is critical of the present British government. Mr. Gardiner is the accomplished master of pen portraits, as all will know who have read his *Pillars of Society* and has lengthening list of Atlantic papers. **Chauncey B. Tinker,** who has been Professor of Chemistry at Yale since 1913, is a welcome new contributor.

* * *

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles a'Court Repington is a retired British officer, with a distinguished record of service in Afghanistan, the Soudan, and the Boer War, having been 'mentioned in despatches' four times, and as many times decorated for gallant conduct. Upon his retirement from the army, he became military correspondent of the *Times,* and during his service of fifteen years in that capacity held a position of great authority and influence. Since the war began he has been the leading protagonist of the 'theory of the Western Front,' and his preponderant influence in support of that theory was discussed by M. Chéradame in his paper in the April *Atlantic,* to which Colonel Repington's article is, in part, a reply. He has now entered the service of the *Morning Post,* having severed his connection with the *Times* for reasons which he himself describes. **Dr. M. P. Rooseboom,** a thoughtful and well-informed student of affairs, is a resident of The Hague. The editor invited this contribution, knowing that Dr. Rooseboom had lived in the United States for several years, and had had every opportunity to become familiar with our point of view as well as that of the Netherlands, which he naturally and warmly supports. **Charles Bernard Nordhoff,** a brilliant Californian aviator, who has graduated from the Escadrille Lafayette, and is now an officer in the American service, continues the narrative of his adventures in the air, the earlier portions of which we printed in October, January, and April last. Of the late Major Lufbery, to whom he refers enthusiastically in these

Will Russia Fight Again for Democracy?

THE BIRTH OF THE RUSSIAN DEMOCRACY

By A. J. SACK

Director of the Russian Information Bureau in the United States.

Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the U. S. Navy, says:

"'The Birth of the Russian Democracy,' which has been issued by the Russian Information Bureau, established by the Russian Extraordinary Mission to the United States, appears to contain a mass of information that is invaluable."

Herbert Hoover, the U. S. Food Administrator, says:

"It is a perfect mine of information concerning that extraordinary and important movement in Russia which has had such enormous consequences. It is a pleasure to have at hand such an authoritative and well documented account."

The New York Times of June 23 says:

"Beyond question the most authoritative work that has yet appeared on the development and present condition of the Russian upheaval is Mr. A. J. Sack's large volume on 'The Birth of the Russian Democracy.' His work brings the account of revolutionary developments down to the end of last year, and the narrative is remarkably accurate and comprehensive. The century-long story of the revolutionary movement in Russia makes a thrilling chapter in human history, and Mr. Sack tells it well. He explains clearly the part which the Bolsheviki have taken and shows why they have attained so much apparent success."

George Kennan in The Outlook of July 3, says:

"No fuller or better account, probably, is to be found in the English language of the ideas, the men, and the events that finally brought about the overthrow of the Czar's Government in March, 1917. The biographical sketches of the great revolutionary leaders — Bakunin, Lavrov, Kropotkin, Breshkovsky, and Plekhanof — are accurate and interesting, and contain many details of personal experience and adventure that are little known — if known at all — to American readers. Mr. Sack tells the story of the Revolution largely through original documents, connecting them by enough lucid narrative to show the circumstances or the sequence of events in which they had their origin. This collection of speeches, addresses, orders, proclamations, and resolutions comprises the whole documentary history of the Russian Revolution, and gives the political programme of almost every group or faction that has played a part in it, as well as the aims or opinions of every prominent leader who has influenced it. This feature of the book gives it great value both as a work of reference and as a compendium of revolutionary opinions and judgments."

The first part of the book contains a full history of the Russian Revolutionary Movement from the Decembrist uprising of 1825 up to the March Revolution, 1917. The second part of the book is devoted to developments in Russia since the March Revolution and contains documents giving the declarations and acts of the Provisional Government, of the Bolsheviki revolt, and all the most important documents of the Russian Revolution from March, 1917, up to date, with many facsimile photographs of important documents. It gives the detailed proceedings of the most important historical sessions of the Councils of Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Delegates; the proceedings of the National Conference in Moscow, of the Democratic Conference and of the Preliminary Parliament in Petrograd. Complete speeches of A. F. Kerensky, I. G. Tseretelli, A. I. Konovalov, Prof. P. N. Miliukov, A. I. Gouchkov, Gen. Alexeiev, Gen. Kornilov, George Plekhanov, E. C. Breshko-Breshkovskaya, Peter Kropotkin, V. M. Chernov, N. S. Tscheidze and other leaders.

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pages, he writes in a recent letter: 'Major Lufbery, greatest of American fighting pilots, is gone; I saw him fall, while I paced helplessly around my "bus," laid up with a broken magneto.' **Henry P. Talbot** is a distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Chemical Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is now giving much of his time to government service. M. **Chéradame's** papers continue to arouse extraordinary interest. In this number he discusses from a new standpoint and with new insistence his thesis of the overshadowing menace of Pan-Germany.

* * *

As evidence of the widespread effect that is being produced by M. Chéradame's arguments, we quote the following from a letter of the pastor of a Presbyterian church in Washington: —

June 18, 1918.

To the Editor of the Atlantic.

Dear Sir: — For several months past I have noted with much interest the series of articles appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* by M. André Chéradame. These seem to me to be the most illuminating and valuable discussions that have appeared anywhere. M. Chéradame is doing a magnificent work for the Allies and for our own country. I am glad that you have put these articles in book form.

The object of my letter is to urge that you continue this fine work on a larger scale, with M. Chéradame as collaborator. I suggest that, if possible, you secure from among your patrons *some one who may be wealthy and patriotic, who would finance the publication and distribution of a million or more copies of the seventh chapter of M. Chéradame's book on Pan-Germanism: the Disease and Cure,* that chapter being entitled 'The Best Way to Crush Pan-Germany.' Many people do not read magazines or books, and a tract of this kind might reach a large number. This chapter is especially appropriate now. . . .

M. Chéradame is right: we are obsessed with the theory of the Western front. The press of the country has not yet got the fundamental ideas of the European situation. Some editors have got the idea, and are speaking in ringing tones.

I am doing what I can along this line, and my object in writing is not to secure any publicity; rather, I want to help and want you to help, on a big scale. Will you do it?

Yours for smashing the Hapsburgs,

James H. Taylor.

* * *

The following judicious comment comes to us from the Department of Justice in Washington, anent the celebrated discussion between Mr. Scully and Colonel Roosevelt concerning the characteristics of the ostrich: —

Editor of the Atlantic Monthly: —

Dear Sir: —It has been a pleasant relief to turn aside for a moment from the regulation of alien enemies, and observe the havoc wrought when Colonel Roosevelt's ostrich-laden train of thought overtook and telescoped that of Mr. Scully. The suggestion of a prone position as an effective defense to the attack of an infuriated ostrich has a somewhat humorous connotation. One can well imagine the solemn joy of the ostrich which encountered the Colonel thus defensively recumbent. It might not be able to hurt him, but by walking over him and sitting on him, it would exercise privileges never accorded to his political opponents. Perhaps, though, we should compare the Colonel to the ostrich and Mr. Scully to the surprised wayfarer. If Mr. Scully accepts the Colonel's strictures lying down, he may escape great harm; while if he stands up and hits back, the resultant combat will be most painful. I hope, however, that he will hit back.

One thing I miss in both the original article and the commentary. That is, the ostrich of my youth, a timid creature, accustomed to flee from an enemy and effect what it fondly assumed to be total concealment by burying its head in the sand. Certainly this is not the fiery, intelligent bird discussed by Mr. Scully. Is it perhaps extinct? Its conduct seemed an invitation to destruction. Yet even here protective coloring might accomplish much. The sand-colored female, after thrusting her head into a desert sand-pile, should be nearly indistinguishable. The only proper refuge for the black male would be the nearest coal-bin. With the demand for fuel at its present pitch, it would hardly seem discreet for a bird to seek concealment by imitating a heap of coal.

* * *

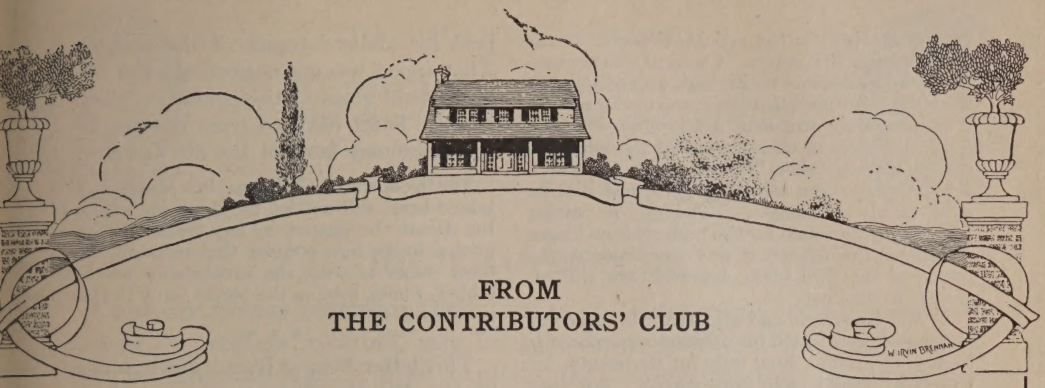
Another point in the discussion is illuminated in the following letter:—

Glendale, Ohio, *July* 3, 1918

Editor of the Atlantic: —

Theodore Roosevelt, in his criticisms, in the June *Atlantic,* of Mr. Scully's paper 'The African Ostrich,' appears to have tripped up on one point. He writes: 'Mr. Scully says that the ostrich is the only animal man has domesticated because of "sheer loveliness, as distinguished from utility." Surely Mr. Scully has forgotten that the peacock has been domesticated for a far longer time than the ostrich.'

It is true that the peacock has been domesticated from times beyond record; but Mr. Scully was not speaking of the dates of domestication: he was speaking of 'sheer loveliness, as distinguished from utility.' Mr. Roosevelt was wrong in suggesting that the peacock was domesticated for its beauty. Everything we know about it indicates that it was domesticated for utility, for food. Easily accessible information on this point



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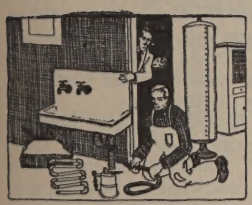

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can be obtained in the article 'Peacock' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. 'Classical authors contain many allusions to its high appreciation at the most sumptuous banquets; and mediæval bills of fare, on state occasions, nearly always include it. In the days of chivalry one of the most solemn oaths was taken "on the peacock," which seems to have been served up garnished with its own gaudy plumage. . . . Though in earlier days highly esteemed for the table, it is no longer considered the delicacy it was once thought; the young of the wild birds, however, are still esteemed in the East.'

If Mr. Roosevelt had said that the peacock, long ago domesticated for utilitarian purposes, is to-day, in general, bred only for its beauty, his statement would have been correct. But that statement would not have invalidated Mr. Scully's assertion that the ostrich is the only animal man has domesticated because of 'sheer loveliness, as distinguished from utility.'

Sincerely yours,
CALVIN DILL WILSON.

* * *

It seems that the chronicler of Illustrious Illiterates in the June Club did but imperpect justice to the Iowa lady of whom he made agreeable mention. A zealous partisan of hers writes us the complete account:

In all fairness to the old lady from Iowa quoted in 'The Illustrious Illiterate' in the June number, I should like to give the full text of her classic remarks, there quoted only in part. 'If I'd 'a' knowed I could 'a' rode,' she said, 'I would 'a' went; but if I had 'a' went, I could n't have et nothin'.'

We have had numerous other appreciative letters in further explication of American practices in the arts of speech, for which we regret that we have not space.

* * *

Offers of help are always gratefully received. We record the two following:—

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.
KIND SIRS

I am a story writer and I understand you are in the Market for same. on what subject would you prefer to a have a love, Jokes, or a detective, stories. I am writeing Every night and nearly all the time. Yours Resptfully.

DEAR SIR, — I hear you buy Stories if so pleas Rite me and tell me the terms and Price and what cind you want funny or sad and How long or short I can rite all cinds I can Rite songs to. do you know of some Company that buys songs I got a lot of war songs Rote and would like to sell them Rite soon and Oblidge me.

* * *

Closer readers of the *Atlantic* will perhaps recall Private Knickerbocker's touching appeal for soldiers' copies of the magazine. That appeal was not neglected, and a Memphis friend sends us this quotation from a grateful letter received from this exponent of the literary taste of the 8th Cavalry.

The troopers of G Troop, 8th Cavalry, stationed here, will not let the duplicate copies of the *Atlantic* be wasted, by any means. It is surprising to see how popular that reputedly high-brow paper is with the indubitably low-brow soldier, whom, here on the border, only the burro is beneath.

* * *

This letter from a friend much admired by the *Atlantic* will interest our readers.

NANCY, 27 *May*, 1918

DEAR MR. EDITOR: —

Since the first months of 1915, the *Atlantic Monthly* and its readers have given many precious tokens of sympathy to my dear and poor people of refugees in Nancy. Then I am glad to tell you and I am sure you shall be glad to know, that the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques has just honoured with one of its highest prizes our common 'Revue des Refugiés Lorrains à Nancy.' If you are so kind as to publish this information in the *Atlantic*, your many readers who from afar were my staunch associates will be happy to think that our enterprise has been carried out in a serious way.

I enclose here a copy of my official report to the Conseil Général de Meurthe-et-Moselle about the valuable services of the American Red Cross and the American Fund for French Wounded in this department; perhaps you will be pleased to publish the full text, if not of the report, at least of the resolutions voted by the whole assembly and printed on the first page.

Everyone in France feels that the U. S. are now wholly in the war, with their muscles, their brain and their heart. Therefore *we* must win, on two conditions: at first, that we shall be able to find a suitable method for organizing the high commands — a method which, of course, takes into serious account the justifiable pride of each nation and which will be urged by a just estimate of the present needs. Next, that we swiftly create a powerful army — a fleet — of 'avions,' not by the hundreds, but by dozens of thousands. That is not a dream, it is quite possible, and it is necessary if we will win before the full ruin and starvation of the half of civilized humankind. As to me, how gallant soever your soldiers may be, I would rather prefer thirty thousand American flying machines and flying men, than three hundred thousand soldiers, so much it is difficult, — I dare say, perilous, — to handle an army without staffs trained and experienced enough.

If, before the end of this year 1918, the great Allied nations have not crushed the whole German aviation, if they have not in th field several dozens of thousand 'avions' for bombing the cities far from the front, and also every day, every night, every hour of the day and the night,

TO ATLANTIC READERS

We invite your especial attention to this page describing three of the most important war books we have published this year.
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HIGH ADVENTURE

Captain James Norman Hall, author of "Kitchener's Mob," and one of America's greatest aviators, was brought down wounded, and captured by the Germans on May 7, after exploits and adventures that had made him famous throughout the country.

"High Adventure," Captain Hall's new book, completed just before his last fight, is now on sale at a price of one dollar and fifty cents net (profusely illustrated). We believe it is not only the greatest aviation book of the war, but also one of the few enduring volumes that the conflict has called forth.

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"It is free from the *panache* of heroism. It has no smell of trench mud. It has none of the oriflamme of glory. But it is the splendid Odyssey of unseen, unknown, unrewarded, unhonored, unsung action, facing all dangers, on all seas, in all perils of board and overboard, under the divine aegis of Duty and Service. It reveals humanity in a radiance of nobility strange and rare even in an epoch like this. It is a book of immense charm, verbal power, and all-inclusive sanity."—*Reedy's St. Louis Mirror.*

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the quartered bodies just behind the front, — it would be a bankruptcy at once for our industries and our races, the Italian, British, French and American. I stand strongly hoping.

I beg you, dear Mr. Editor, to believe me

Yours truly L. MIRMAN.

Prefect of Meurthe-et-Moselle.

The 'resolutions' referred to by M. Mirman follow, being a record of the proceedings of the Conseil Général at its session of April 23, 1918.

The Conseil Général, having listened to the report of the Prefect setting forth the multifold services rendered to the civil population of Meurthe et Moselle by the American Red Cross and by the American Fund for French Wounded, notably by the establishment at the Luxembourg barrack of a shelter for refugees, a children's hospital, and a maternity department, and by setting up in numerous workingmen's centres dispensaries and clinics for women and children; and the majority of its members having inspected, with the utmost interest, the perfect organization of the services installed in the Luxembourg barrack, and having come to realize with deep emotion the scope of the work undertaken by the American Red Cross, hereby requests the Prefect to present to Dr. Maynard Ladd and to all his collaborators, men and women alike, its sentiments of profound gratitude, and to inform them how deeply it is touched by the attentions, no less efficient than devoted, lavished by them upon the women and children of Lorraine.

At the same time the Conseil Général extends its fraternal greeting to the valorous soldiers of the American Republic, who at this moment are displaying equal ardor with the soldiers of France in defense of the Lorraine front. It associates itself wholeheartedly with the action of the communes of the department in erecting, at the expense of all, a provisional monument in honor of the first sons of the United States who fell on the field of honor, and who rest in Lorraine soil; it engages to preserve this patriotic monument, which will endure through the ages as a goal of pilgrimage for all those who have it at heart to commemorate the great historic fact — the alliance of the two sister Republics against German imperialism.

* * *

Our readers will recall a letter recently printed in this column, written by a young wife fresh from the agony of parting with her soldier husband. We did not at the time think that an utterance so sensitive and so poignant could be read without instant sympathy, and we print the following comment after consideration. Many readers, we hope, will refer to the original letter, for the two exemplify, with almost perfect precision, the divergence between those whom William James used affectionately to call 'sick souls' and those who are, by wonderful gift of birth, 'healthy-minded.' For either to understand the other is difficult; yet many of us cannot withhold our sympathy from the one or our esteem from the other. This spirited letter comes, it need hardly be said, from a wife of the Regular Army.

THE EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEAR SIR: — In the contributor's column of the June *Atlantic* you publish a letter from a soldier's wife to her mother, with the inference that it represents the best spirit of American youth. I should like to enter a vigorous protest against this. I too am a soldier's wife; my husband enlisted a week after war was declared, and is now in France. I know very well all that that wife is suffering, for I have spent nearly eight years of perfect married happiness, and the separation and loneliness and uncertainty only grow with time. Nevertheless, if I had written that letter to my mother, I would consider myself a *traitor*. For a wife to send her husband forth, 'not seeing how he can come back,' is disgraceful; for her to allow him to go, feeling that he will not return, is a terrible failure in wifely duty. If all the wives and mothers felt that way, and let their men feel it, we would surely be defeated, for we would be a nation expecting the annihilation of our army, and our army would be looking forward to death instead of glorious victory.

I cannot imagine a man receiving his overseas orders with 'tears streaming down his cheeks, and sobbing like a baby.' I 'm afraid he 'll be mightly little help to the cause! I was living near my husband's camp when the orders came for his regiment to go, and I never saw a happier crowd of men in my life than those officers were.

Along with most of the other wives I took the last meal with our men at the mess before the camp was closed to all civilians prior to the regiment's leaving. Every one was jolly and cheerful and full of fun, and none of it was strained or forced, either. With one or two exceptions (which we all despised) I am sure we said our last good-bye with a smile on our faces, even though, when it was over, the whole world seemed veiled in a queer mist, that, for me, did not lift for a week.

If the daughter in your letter *really believed* in God, she would know that He would protect her husband. Each time we were together in those last weeks, my husband and I read the 91st Psalm, and we really *believe* it. I read it every night still, and I am sure my husband does, too; and I feel absolutely certain that, if our whole army and the home folks behind only had a living working faith in God, ours would be an army protected by the Lord, and it would march to Victory almost unscathed, for nothing is impossible to God. No, your correspondent says God gives us faith, but hers is not worthy of the name, and I hope and pray her letter is *not* a sample of the struggles in the million hearts of which you speak.

I write thus at length, for though the spirit of the officers and their wives in the camp I know best was wonderful and inspiring, there were many cases among the men where their families did everything to rouse fear and weaken *morale*, and I think a nation-wide campaign should be begun against such a state of mind.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1918

THE COMMON FOE

BY L. P. JACKS[1]

'Whoever cannot prevail upon himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the Lusitania, whoever cannot conquer his sense of the gigantic cruelty to unnumbered innocent victims . . . and give himself up to honest delight at this victorious exploit of German defensive power — him we judge to be no true German.' — Pastor Baumgarten, quoted in *Conquest and Kultur*, page 32.

I

THIS utterance deserves the closest study. If the reader has time and aptitude for such things, it will repay him to place the words under the kind of analysis which used to be practised in the pulpit, when a text of Scripture was first expounded, clause by clause or word by word, and then finally summed up into a single motive or driving thought. So expounded, the text of Baumgarten's saying would yield some remarkable results. The exposition of the separate clauses would be sufficiently instructive. But the most startling result of all would be in the final summing up, which would discover, in a sudden revelation, the very marrow of the German gospel of force.

To change the figure, the reader may be advised to study the picture first with his eyes close to the canvas, that he may note the colors that are used and the way they are laid on. Then let him step back and view the whole from a distance. He will see before him a speaking portrait of the common foe — *painted, be it observed, by the foe himself*, as by one looking at himself in a glass. And he will mark the cruelty of the face. 'Whoever cannot' do thus and thus, says Pastor Baumgarten, '*we judge to be no true German.*'

Meditating upon what he has thus seen, both in the near view and the distant, there will gradually rise before the reader a complete explanation of the origin, nature, and issues of the present war, and an equally complete justification of the part he is called upon to play in bringing it to the only conclusion which mankind can tolerate. He will understand what he is fighting for and what he is fighting against. He will stand in need of no further propaganda to enlighten him on this matter. And all this he will owe, not to the malicious comment of an adversary, but to the original text of a German confession uttered by the mouth of a German pastor. To which he may add further the equally outspoken confession of a German statesman, Prince Hohenlohe, quoted by the Earl of Denbigh in the House of Lords on May 8: 'Your

[1] The reader will, of course, remember, that the author, who is the Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, writes as an Englishman. — THE EDITOR.

people think we admire you with your principles of humanity and all the rest of it. We don't. We think you a lot of damned fools.'

When, four years ago, we first became acquainted with utterances of this character, — and many had begun to leak out even before the war, — there were not wanting thoughtful people, both in America and in Great Britain, who refused to take them seriously. They seemed to belong to the class of mere ravings, and we could not believe that any great and enlightened people would sanction for long a policy guided by a spirit so rankly and frankly inhuman. The notion was widespread and insistent that no modern government making war with aims such as the writers quoted in *Conquest and Kultur* had expressed could possibly sustain the effort; since the German people, when once they realized what their masters were after, would assuredly find means of putting a stop to the conflict. I can recall many conversations that I had at the time, with persons by no means pacifist in tendency, in which this view was forcibly expressed. An early end to the war was anticipated, not by a political revolt in Germany, — which competent judges have never expected, — but by the refusal of her moral forces to engage themselves in an enterprise so outrageous. For, until the outbreak of the war and perhaps for some time afterwards, the moral force of the German people was held in high respect by Englishmen in general. There were none of the humaner tendencies of civilization in which we did not credit them with whatever interest we could claim for ourselves. We were totally unprepared for the revelation that was awaiting us; and in this sense, if in no other, the Germans can claim to have taken us by surprise and to have enjoyed the advantage which surprise confers on an enterprising foe. Our military authorities were, I think, commendably alert, and made the best of the utterly inadequate forces which were at their disposal in the summer of 1914; but the public mind was slow to gather the necessary impetus. The feeling was abroad that the whole enterprise, on Germany's side, was doomed to a speedy collapse through its inherent moral rottenness.

Needless to say, we have been completely disillusioned, and it is to be hoped that the American people will profit by our disillusionment. They have had the advantage of entering the war at a stage when the shadow of doubt can no longer exist as to what it is we have to deal with. The enemy whom it is now our high mission, as united peoples, to deal with and overthrow, is that principle or being, — I am strongly tempted to use the latter word, — whose sinister character rises unmistakably before us as we read between the lines of the atrocious sentence in which Baumgarten has unconsciously painted the portrait of Germany. Its name is Cruelty — the lowest of Nature's categories, disavowed and abhorred wherever the conscience of man is not perverted or asleep, but still returning from time to time to humiliate our human pride by reminding us of our bestial origin.

The Witches' Sabbath which, after years of assiduous preparation, Germany at last succeeded in setting afoot, is on a scale so vast, and composed of elements so confused and confusing, that at first one is at a loss to find the keynote of the performance. Germany, moreover, has endowed it with features of horror for the interpretation of which the human mind seems to lack the necessary categories. We see clearly that an enormous crime has been committed. The mere fact that in four years twelve million human beings have been slaughtered, and perhaps five

times as many maimed or crippled, is sufficient evidence of that. But the crime has so many aspects, and is so far beyond any existing measure of criminality, that it is by no means easy to give it a distinctive name.

But the simplest explanation turns out to be truest, and in human actions the simplest explanation is always that which traces their origin to some instinct, impulse, passion, or desire. With that clue in our hands the difficulty begins to vanish. We read again through the collection of extracts in *Conquest and Kultur;* we view these utterances in the light of the deeds by which Germany has continually illustrated them during the last four years; and gradually the keynote disentangles itself from the confused mass of impressions. It is the voice of cruelty that we hear, the voice of the wild beast. Tracing the sound as it winds onward through the whole performance, at length it becomes clear to us that what we have here to do with is the attempt of a cruel nation to subdue mankind to itself by methods of cruelty, thereby reinstating the lowest of nature's categories as an operative principle in international affairs.

Within the political crime, which has been described over and over again by statesmen, and by none so forcibly as by President Wilson, there lies a deeper crime which is directed against the very nature of man, the *fons et origo* of all the rest. Cruelty is the keynote of the whole collection of utterances gathered together in *Conquest and Kultur*, and might very well have formed the title of the book. Cruelty has been the keynote of all the deeds by which Germany has from the beginning of the war proved that these utterances are true to her character.

We are mistaken, and seriously mistaken, when we take the presence of this quality as an accidental circumstance, as a mere ugly fringe to the rest of Germany's proceedings, or as belonging only to the manner of her actions but not to their substance. From the human point of view cruelty is the essence of the matter, the one word which, better than all others, sums up the whole body of reasons why the American and British peoples are now at war. Not until the meaning of the war has been thus translated from its political to its human equivalent, can we claim to have realized the true nature of the common foe. Cruelty, appearing at first as a general contempt for the rights of nations, has been turned into the chief weapon of war, and used as such by Germany without stint or limit. In the ages to come this will be remembered before everything else, and will be the last thing to be erased from the memory of mankind. It will be the heading of the chapter in which history narrates the part which Germany has played in the war. And no one need hesitate to predict that whatever victories she may have won, or may be destined to win hereafter, will be undone, or turned into ultimate defeats, by the reputation that she has achieved as a cruel nation and as an apostle of cruelty in the life of nations.

For the evidence of all this, we are no longer dependent on the utterances of her statesmen, professors, and divines — eloquent as they remain when taken in corroboration. By a chain of *deeds* following in rapid and unbroken succession, she has unmasked herself as an essentially cruel nation, with cruel instincts and with cruel aims; so that we need no longer appeal to her writers and preachers — to Treitschke, Von Bernhardi, Pastor Baumgarten, *et id omne genus.*

'In the beginning,' said the greatest of her poets, 'was the deed.' The deed with which Germany began this business was the unspeakable outrage on

Belgium — a deed of cruelty through and through. This was the growing point of all the rest. From that moment on, the deeds of Germany have followed — as her statesmen are fond of proclaiming that they always do — a perfectly logical course. They present an orderly evolution, wherein the later crimes grow out of the earlier by a law of sequence peculiar to actions of this kind. They show an inner logic always present in cruel deeds, which compels the criminal to retrieve the consequences of the first crime by perpetrating a second, of wider scope. When the victim has been murdered, the next step is to murder his immediate friends, lest vengeance should be taken; and after that, all sympathizers, actual or possible, must be got out of the way — and so on, in ever-widening circles, till at last the criminal stands alone and unchallenged in the midst of a wilderness of destruction and death. Nothing short of this will render him 'safe.'

Thus Germany, proclaiming that she is fighting for her 'safety,' finds herself at this moment in the precise position occupied by Macbeth in the fifth act of his downfall. She must either crush the life out of the nations that oppose her, surrounding herself with a desert of broken and humiliated peoples, — a condition to which Russia is already reduced, — or she must accept the consequences of her crimes. Such is the natural evolution, the inevitable logic, of all deeds into which cruelty enters as a motive. 'Our actions,' said Bethmann-Hollweg, in one of his last speeches as Chancellor, 'have followed a perfectly logical course.' So indeed they have, and they will have logical consequences.

II

Some years ago I was present at a meeting of friends, when the question suddenly came up, what is the most detestable quality in human character? We were a mixed group of professional men — lawyers, doctors, clergymen, journalists, and one eminent artist. We had been talking about the Pharisee and the publican, and the excellent point had been made by one of the speakers that anybody nowadays who consciously tried to play the part of the publican would himself become a Pharisee of a deeper dye. This naturally enough introduced the question of 'hypocrisy,' and we were in the midst of an argument, of a somewhat hair-splitting kind, as to what hypocrisy is and is not, when somebody said, 'But after all there are worse things than hypocrisy' — and instantly half a dozen voices called out, 'Cruelty.'

At the word our hair-splitting was arrested. Almost without discussion, we were agreed that cruelty is the most detestable quality which human nature, in these days at all events, can display. I have seldom known an instance of unanimity more rapidly attained. And I believe that, if a plebiscite on the same question were to be taken to-morrow among the plain men and women of America and Great Britain, the same answer would be given and with the same promptitude. Whenever cruelty appears, its nature is unmistakable; it is a naked thing, which defines itself; it tempts no hair-splitting; like the Substance of Spinoza, it tells its own tale in its own language, and men have only to see it to know it for what it is. Practised by man, it is the worst thing that earth can display or heaven look down upon.

Unquestionably, then, the most appalling fact which the present war has revealed is that the German people — I use the word 'people' advisedly — possess an instinct for cruelty. The evidence for this is cumulative and overwhelming, and much of it is too

horrible for the pen to transcribe. War at its best is a cruel business, but Germany has exerted herself to make it as cruel as possible. She has placed her intellect, — her scientific intellect, her political intellect, her military intellect, — at the service of her instinct for cruelty. She has not only given rein to this instinct, — as in a sense everyone who fires a gun at his enemy may be said to do, — but she has held up the cruelty of her deeds as an aspect of them that is to be admired and encouraged. Even if we admit that the destruction of the Lusitania and her passengers was a military necessity, or a great stroke of military success, — and assuredly it was neither, — none but a cruel nation would have struck a medal, or allowed a medal to be struck, to commemorate the event.

Her treatment of Belgium was, as I have said, the beginning, and every one of her subsequent proceedings, which the world now knows by heart, is in strict keeping with the first. Nor is the story yet complete. We know but little of her treatment of prisoners of war — little, that is, compared with what we shall know hereafter, but enough, alas, to be assured that, when the full story comes to be written, the world will read one of the blackest pages of its history. It will be a story of cruelty carried to lengths of which, heretofore, we had deemed human nature incapable.

It is this part of the story, more perhaps than any other, which confirms me in the belief that we have here to do with a people in whom cruelty is an instinct. I will mention three instances, and they are typical of hundreds that are well authenticated, of thousands that will be made public hereafter, and of many more of which the record has perished with the victims who might otherwise have preserved it.

A British officer wounded at Le Cateau, after nameless sufferings both in transit and in hospital, and after seeing the deaths of many of his companions through neglect and torture, was at length sufficiently recovered to stand on his feet, and was under orders for removal to another locality. He and a number of others in a similar condition were drawn up in the station, waiting for their train. Presently a passenger express drew up at the platform, which was crowded to the edge by the wounded men. When the train stopped, a woman put her head out of the window of a first-class carriage, spat in the officer's face, and without saying a word, drew back into the carriage and closed the window.

On another occasion, the same officer was one of a number of others, lying on stretchers, who had been gathered together in a small shed. Presently it began to rain heavily outside. Whereupon the attendants took the trouble to carry them all out, left them in the rain for three hours, and then brought them back again. Subsequently one of the officers, who was suffering torments of thirst, called out for water. A nurse came up and said, 'Ah, you want water. Well, you shall have some.' She went out, returned in a moment with the water, took it up to the officer, poured it out on the ground under his face, and handed him the empty glass.

A boy officer of nineteen had been taken, wounded, about the same time as the witness mentioned above. Either then or during his transit to Germany, he had been deprived of all his clothes, except his socks, and had been given a Red Cross blanket to cover him. With his wounded arm suspended by a piece of string round his neck, a sling being refused him, and with the blanket wrapped round his body, he arrived, filthy, exhausted, and famished, at his destination. Before detraining, the Red Cross nurse in charge ordered him

to give up the blanket as this was the property of the Red Cross and not of the military hospital to which he was going. He represented that he had nothing else to cover him. But the nurse insisted, made him take off the blanket, and left him naked. In that condition he walked with the others through a jeering crowd from the station to the hospital.

These are small things in comparison with the general background of horrors, but they are unique, and profoundly characteristic. Moreover, small though they are, they form one piece with the monstrous crimes which the German government has committed, one after another, against international decency and human right. The story of the wounded officer left to walk naked through the town, the story of the victims of the Lusitania, the story of the fifteen thousand sailors of the British mercantile marine who have been murdered at sea, are only shorter and longer versions of the same revolting truth, and perhaps it is the shorter version that tells the story best. Large and small, they betray the same psychology — the psychology of a people with whom cruelty is an instinct. And again I venture to predict that these small things will be the longest and the most vividly remembered in the ages that are to come: the murder of Nurse Cavell, for example, will never be forgotten so long as humanity reads the record of the past.

In these large-scale cruelties Germany has this indeed in her favor — that the scale of them is so large that our faculties are unable to comprehend it, to realize what it means. This perhaps is a merciful provision, for a full realization of these things would make life too dark to be endurable; and it will extend to posterity, who will be equally unable to remember what we cannot conceive. But the small things, which are as comprehensible as they are significant, will hang in the picture-gallery of the future; they will be speaking symbols of all the rest; they will summarize the meaning of the war and will remind coming generations of Americans and British that the foe against which they fought shoulder to shoulder and mingled their blood to overthrow, was Cruelty. Of the woman who poured out the water under the face of the wounded officer one may indeed repeat what was said long ago, and in a contrary sense, of another woman: 'Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached, there shall that which this woman hath done be spoken of as a memorial of her.' The woman for whom this memorial is being prepared is militarist Germany, *tout simple*. Her feet are the feet of Cruelty. Who can doubt that they are feet of clay?

A principle that should never be lost sight of when human affairs are in question is that every quality of character, whether national or individual, depends for its value on the other qualities with which it is mixed. There are qualities which are not themselves virtues, but which enormously increase the value of those that are: humor is a well-known instance in point. Contrariwise, there are certain vices which pervert and poison any virtue with which they happen to be conjoined. This may not be true of all the vices, but it is unquestionably true of some. And of these cruelty is the outstanding example. Among all the moral poisons this it is whose action is the most sudden, the most deadly, the most complete. Mixed with the virtues, however numerous and however stately, it has the instant effect of infecting them all with something abominable. You may have valor, efficiency, discipline, farsightedness, as the German nation unquestionably has, but if you have cruelty as well, the aforesaid virtues

not only go for nothing as such, but begin to acquire the character of enormous vice. Thus it is that, until she has ceased to be cruel, no decent nation will acknowledge Germany as a friend.

In a League formed for the purpose of combining the highest qualities of the nations for a common purpose, what contributions would be more valuable than the valor, efficiency, discipline, and far-sightedness of this great people? But she must divest herself of cruelty before crossing the threshold. Endowed with nine tenths of the qualities which would secure her a leading place in any form of world-federation, she has the one vice which for the present puts her outside the pale, which unfits her for the comity of nations. There is no place in the world of the future for a people whose policy is tainted by the instinct for cruelty.

That virtues so high should be spoiled by admixture with a vice so detestable is not the least painful among the many tragic aspects of the hour. Reluctant as one must needs be to lay the worst of human qualities, as they are now appraised in a world no longer barbaric, to the charge of any people, a fair reading of German history, especially in the culminating period of the last four years, leaves no alternative. Whether one reads of the abominable doings of Frederick the Great, or of the cynical policies of Bismarck, or of the crew of the last fishing-smack left to perish in the North Sea, one is always aware of the presence in the atmosphere of this poisonous element. What affronts us most is not the note of 'blood and iron,' not rapacity, not selfishness, not megalomania or the exaltation of might over right, — characteristics in which German history is not unique; not even the indifference to human suffering, but something worse — a tendency to go out of the way to inflict suffering, as when the wounded officers were removed from the shed that they might be exposed to the rain, and were taken back again. There is no resisting the conclusion that we have here to do with an instinct, unequally distributed of course and by many Germans detested and denounced, but sufficiently active to allow of the more cruel elements getting the upper hand of the less and stamping themselves on German methods, both in the policies of peace and in the conduct of war. Nor is there anything which confirms this so strongly as those reasoned defences of 'frightfulness' — which is cruelty disguised under another name — lately worked out with such painstaking thoroughness, not by German military writers only, but by philosophers and divines.

As one ponders the meaning of these things, — reluctantly enough, — a new light seems to dawn on that sinister phrase which strikes the keynote of German militarism — 'World-dominion or Downfall.' This was the motto of Lucifer in his assault upon heaven — the expression of a mind when it feels within itself the stirring of an impulse which the entire moral order is in league to extirpate. It is the motto of evil everywhere and always. In a moral sense, and in our day, there is no middle course for a cruel nation between downfall and world-dominion. So long as it clings to its cruelty, it must be in one position or the other. Nothing short of the total suppression of all its enemies will leave it in possession of 'peaceful days.' In a deeper sense than any German writer I have encountered seems to be aware of, the author of this phrase unconsciously but accurately hit off an essential truth regarding the issue of the war.

III

There is a cruelty in Nature, and it has been reserved for our age to realize

how immense is its range, and how appalling its effects. All this comes to a head in the suffering which man inflicts upon his brother; for man is a part of nature. Man has been called 'the representative product of the universe'; and we do well to remember that in this position his actions represent the worst of which nature is capable as well as the best. He summarizes her goods and he summarizes her evils. Thus it comes to pass that, when cruelty is practised by man, it is at once recognized as the worst thing under the sun. And because cruelty survives in man's nature, the task has been justly assigned him of expiating it and of eradicating the last vestiges of its reign in human life. It is the enemy which he is sent forth to overthrow, an enemy which retains a citadel in his own nature. The whole mission of civilization might be summed up as a crusade against its power. Whatever other objects civilization may set before itself — and there are many — would be either unattainable, or worthless if attained, were cruelty to be left in possession.

The conclusion which the Germans have drawn from the facts is the opposite of that set forth above. A glance into *Conquest and Kultur* will show this on every page. The writers quoted have this in common — they interpret the cruelty of Nature as a warrant for going further in the same line. They accept the position for man as Nature's chief agent in the bloody work of the struggle for existence; and what she does blindly and unconsciously, they would have Germany do, for her own aggrandizement, with open eyes, deliberately, systematically, scientifically. If Nature tortures and kills, why should not Germany torture and kill? If she is indifferent to the sufferings of her victims, why should Germany be sympathetic? If she has her own methods of torture, why should not Germany invent others more apropos? If she can destroy cities with molten lava, or overthrow them by earthquakes, why should not Germany batter Rheims Cathedral with her cannon? If Nature is a murderess, why should Germany hesitate to shoot Nurse Cavell?

This is the famous 'biological argument' in support of *Schrecklichkeit*. 'One single highly cultivated German warrior,' says Haeckel, 'represents a higher intellectual and moral life than hundreds of the raw children of nature whom England, France, Russia, and Italy oppose to them.'

'Must Kultur rear its domes over mountains of corpses, oceans of tears, and the death-rattle of the conquered?' asks Karl A. Kuhn. 'Yes, it must. The might of the Conqueror is the highest law before which the conquered must bow.'

'The purpose of the conqueror,' says K. F. Wolf, 'must be to crush the conquered people and its political and lingual existence. . . . The principal thing for the conqueror is the outspoken will to rule and the will to destroy the political and national life of the conquered.'

'As the German Eagle soars high above all the beasts of the earth' says Professor Sombart, 'so must the German feel exalted above all surrounding peoples, and must look down upon them in their bottomless depths.'

In all which, and a hundred other passages of similar import, the ethos is unmistakable. It is the hot foul breath of Nature's cruelty that is blown in our faces. It is the instinct for cruelty that inspires these ravings, which otherwise we might well dismiss as the absurdities of megalomania. They express that instinct, and they appeal to it. How large a public they appeal to, I know not, but that there should be any public at all either to listen or applaud, is

sufficiently significant. To out-Herod Nature in the infliction of suffering, to imitate and develop the darkest of her rites, to make man the agent and man the victim, and to propose that Germany should build up her greatness on this foundation — has the eye seen or the ear heard, or has it ever before entered into the heart of man to conceive, an infamy such as this?

Such is the cause in which America and Great Britain now stand united. Behind the political explanations that may be given of the war, — and they are important enough on their own ground, — we are brought at last to the naked human fact that the ultimate foe is cruelty. Mr. Wilson has said, in words which will stand written in the books of history, that the aim of America in the war is to make the world safe for democracy. But the world will never be safe for democracy so long as one cruel power either dominates or aspires to domination.

This, it seems to me, gives a high and peculiar meaning to the present alliance of our two peoples. It throws a new light on the nature of the bond that holds us together, and opens up the prospect of its endurance through the centuries to come. Some have described the bond in terms of blood-kinship, or of language or institutions having a common root; and others again have spoken of our common love of justice and international right. But to these I will venture to add one more, which is as potent as any of the others — our common hatred of cruelty.

Can hatred of anything ever be a bond of union among men? Yes, it can, when it takes the form of hating the worst, for that is only the obverse of loving the best! And here no question can arise as to what the worst really is. It is cruelty erected by an otherwise enlightened people into a scientific principle, and now plainly revealed in its true character before the eyes of the whole world. So presented, Americans and British hate it together, with a hatred equally implacable and equally resolute. I know of no sentiment, of no thought, of no ideal, which the individual American shares so wholeheartedly with his British friend, or in which the two nations are so completely at one — at one always, even when circumstances obscure the other bonds that unite them, but now consciously and joyously at one in the sense of a common mission on the earth. We have shared a vow with one another, that whatever rule or domination may hereafter arise in this world, it shall not be the rule of that power which, by its words — and still more by its deeds — has aligned itself with the cruelty of Nature, and adopting the worst of Nature's methods has made it her mission, in her own interest, to impose new sufferings and new humiliations on the rest of mankind. Rather than see this happen it were better to perish and perish together. On that ground, if on no other, America and Great Britain now stand together with one heart, one mind, one will.

The war against cruelty, in which our two peoples thus stand united, is no new task suddenly or unexpectedly thrust upon our shoulders. It has been going on for ages, now in one form, now in another. It is the cause for which the best of our race have 'resisted unto blood,' since the birth of Christianity. Every blow struck through the Christian ages for liberty, for justice, for human rights, turns out, in the last analysis, to have been aimed at the reign of cruelty in one or other of its innumerable forms. In modern times the struggle has continued with unabated intensity and ever-growing resolution. It is the ultimate meaning of your own Civil War. Then as now, indeed, a

great political issue was at stake; but the political issue was one which would never have arisen, had not one section of the community claimed to do a thing which was adjudged to be cruel by the standards of the other. Had it not been for the cruelty involved in slave-owning, there would have been no Civil War; and then as now it was the hatred of cruelty that nerved the fighting arm of the North.

We may interpret the whole movement for social reform, as it has developed during the last three-quarters of a century, in the same manner. Social reform began when cruelty was discovered in the normal working of industrial civilization. The best exponent we have ever had of the real motives of social reform was Charles Dickens. It was his great mission, all the greater because he was not fully aware of its greatness, to expose the secret cruelties which lurk beneath the surface of modern life, and by exposing them to rouse the hatred of them in the common human heart. His task has been taken up by thousands, and so deep is the resolve of all civilized men to have done with this last strain of the beast, that we are grateful to anyone who will point out its lurking-places and show us where the next blow needs to be struck.

I believe that future historians will find in these things the great redeeming feature of the present age — a mark of honor, to be set down (with much, alas, that tells a very different tale) to the everlasting credit of our day and generation. We have sinned against one another — God knows how deeply; we have constructed a highly artificial form of life, in which it is hard for anyone to play his part without inflicting harm on others at some point, remote or near, in the social complex; but with all this we have come to a common consent that, when cruelty is once revealed, our effort shall never slacken until the causes of it are removed. This is the virtue which stands out clear and shining amid whatever vices may be justly laid to the charge of the men and women of this age.

Thus it is that the challenge of Germany does not find us unprepared. It is an old enemy that confronts us, and we have long ago chosen the side on which we stand and the part we mean to play. Never before, indeed, has cruelty taken so formidable a shape or shown itself so expert in disguising its true character; but we recognize the ancient foe and hope at last to finish our account with him. Here too 'events are taking a strictly logical course.'

It is a good work in which the American and British peoples now find themselves at one, and that alone gives the best augury for the maintenance of the bond and for its development in other fields and other forms. Of all the tasks in which we could be engaged together, there is none more consonant to the genius of the two peoples. We are building up a common memory, firmest and most enduring of all the bonds of human life; and through the ages that are to come, the heart of the American and the heart of the Briton will warm toward each other when they remember that their fathers stood side by side and struck together in that great and terrible day when cruelty received its *coup de grâce.*

These are the things that make two peoples one. Political unions, unless they are otherwise reinforced, are doomed to a brief and unhappy existence; but here we stand on the ground of a human proposition.

And well may we ask this question — if the American and British peoples cannot understand each other and live and labor hereafter as brothers in the cause of mankind, *what two nations can?* True, we have had our grievances

one against the other, *but what two nations have had so few*, and those few of a sort that could be so easily forgotten by the exercise of a little common sense and right feeling on both sides? What hope is there for a general understanding among all nations if you and we fail to agree? Surely the whole world will look to the character of our mutual relations for the first signs that such a thing as international friendship is possible. It is for us to show the way; and if we fail who, in heaven's name, is likely to succeed? Unless I am much mistaken, the beginning has already been made; and it has been made from the very point which of all others is the most favorable for further advance.

As to the effects on national character of the further development of this beginning, I would call attention to a principle I have already mentioned — that the value of everything in this world depends on the other things with which it is mixed. When human or national characteristics are brought into close association, by work or suffering or fighting for a common purpose, the result is not a mechanical mixture, as when sand and sugar are shaken up together, but has rather the nature of a chemical combination — indeed, of a union yet more intimate than that. A *third something* is always produced, in which the original elements can be discovered only by a process of retrospective analysis. Each individual difference suffers change, by contact with the differences on the other side; just as, to take an example under our eyes, the traditional foreign policy of America is being changed at this moment by contact with that of the European Allies, while theirs also — and this perhaps is the more important aspect of the matter — is being changed by contact with hers.

Some inkling of what is to be expected may be gained by a glance at the actual modifications which went on, through the normal intercourse of the two nations, for many years before the war. One has often heard it said, with much truth, that English society was becoming Americanized, and again that American society was becoming Anglicized. But the result of American influence on English society was to produce something wholly dissimilar from American society; while the corresponding influence on the other side was to produce something wholly dissimilar from English society. Transplant either influence to the soil of the other, and you get a new product altogether; and *two* new products, when the process is reciprocal.

The Americanized Englishman — and I should be proud to learn that I am one myself — is not in the least like an American; and would never be mistaken for one. He is a modified Englishman. *Per contra*, an Anglicized American — and again I am proud to say that I have known several — is not in the least like an Englishman. He is a modified American. Indeed, I believe it is strictly true that an Americanized Englishman and an Anglicized American are more distinct from each other than an American and an Englishman who have never been modified in this manner. By taking on each other's colors, they add fresh colors to the list of those originally in being, and we may hope the world is correspondingly enriched. Each comes into possession of a new individuality, which differs, not only from that which he formerly had, and from that which has influenced him, but still more from the corresponding product on the other side.

And this is just as it should be. By coming under each other's influence, an American and an Englishman unquestionably surrender something of their individuality; but at the same time the new individualities which they acquire

in the process are at least as distinct from one another as were the old which they have surrendered.

We may, therefore, take it for granted that new characteristics will be developed on both sides as the result of our present union in a common task. What these will be, no man can say with precision and in detail. But having regard to the cause which has brought us together, which is the highest that earth could offer to united effort and sacrifice, I do not hesitate to believe that the sequel will be in keeping with the nobility of this beginning, and that the outcome, as it develops through the ages, will be such that neither side will find a reason for regret.

DEAD AUTHORS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

'Les morts n'écrivent point,' said Madame de Maintenon, who lived in a day of tranquil finalities. If men's passions and vanities were admittedly strong until the hour of dissolution, the finger of death obliterated all traces of them; and the supreme dignity of this obliteration sustained noble minds, and solaced the souls that believed. An age which produced the *Oraisons Funèbres* had an unquenchable reverence for the grave.

Echoes of Madame de Maintenon's soothing conviction ring pleasantly through the intervening centuries. Book-making, which she knew only in its smiling infancy, had grown to ominous proportions when Mr. Andrew Lang, brooding over the fatality which had dipped the world in ink, comforted himself — and us — with the vision of an authorless future. 'There were no books in Eden,' he said meditatively, 'and there will be none in Heaven; but between times it is different.'

For a Scotchman, more or less familiar with ghosts, Mr. Lang showed little foreknowledge of their dawning ambitions. If we may judge by the recent and determined intrusion of spirits into authorship, Heaven bids fair to be stacked with printing-presses. One of their number, indeed, the 'Living Dead Man,'[1] whose publishers have unhesitatingly revealed (or, I might say, announced) his identity, gives high praise to a ghostly library, well catalogued, and containing millions of books and records. With such resources at their command, with the universe for inspiration, and with the uncounted dead for readers, why should disembodied spirits force an entrance into our congested literary world, and compete with the living scribblers who ask their little day?

The suddenness of the attack, and its unprecedented nature, daunt and bewilder us. It is true that the apparitions who lend vivacity to the ordinary spiritualistic séance have from time to

[1] *Letters from a Living Dead Man.* Written down by Elsa Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

time written short themes, or dropped into friendly verse. Readers of that engaging volume, *Report of the Seybert Commission for Investigating Modern Spiritualism*, published in 1887, will remember that 'Belle,' who claimed to be the original proprietor of Yorick's skull (long a 'property' of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, but at that time in the library of Dr. Horace Howard Furness), voiced her pretensions, and told her story, in ten carefully rhymed stanzas.

> My form was sold to doctors three,
> So you have all that's left of me;
> I come to greet you in white mull,
> You that prizes my lonely skull.

But these effusions were desultory and amateurish. They were designed as personal communications, and were betrayed into publicity by their recipients. We cannot regard their authors — painstaking but simple-hearted ghosts — as advance guards of the army of occupation which is now storming the citadel of print.

It is passing strange that the dead who seek to communicate with the living should cling so closely to the alphabet as a connecting link. Dying is a primitive thing. Men died, and were wept and forgotten, for many, many ages before Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth. But letters are artificial and complicated. They belong to fettered humanity, which is perpetually devising ways and means. Shelley, whose impatient soul fretted against barriers, cried out despairingly that inspiration wanes when composition begins. We strive to follow Madame de Sévigné's counsel, 'Laissez trotter la plume'; but we know well how the little instrument halts and stumbles; and if a pen is too clumsy for the transmission of thought, what must be the effort to pick out letters with a ouija board, or with a tilting table? The spirit that invented table-rapping (which combines every possible disadvantage as a means of communication with every absurdity that can offend our taste) deserves to be penalized by its fellow spirits. Sir Oliver Lodge admits that the substitution of furniture for pen or pencil 'has difficulties of its own.'

The frolicsome moods of the Lodge table must have been disconcerting, even to such a receptive and sympathetic circle. It performed little tricks, like lying down, or holding two feet in the air, apparently for its own simple diversion. One day, in emulation of Æsop's affectionate ass, it 'seemed to wish to get into Lady Lodge's lap, and made caressing movements to and fro, as if it could not get close enough to her.' On another occasion, when the piano was being played in the Mariemount drawing-room, the spirit of Raymond came to listen to the music. After applauding 'distinctly and decidedly,' the table 'was determined to edge itself close to the piano, though we said we must pull it back, and did so. But it would go there, and thumped Barbie, who was playing the piano, in time to the music. Alec took one of the black satin cushions, and held it against her as a buffer. The table continued to bang, and made a little hole in the cushion.'[1] No wonder that several tables were broken 'during the more exuberant period of these domestic sittings, before the power had got under 'control'; and the family was compelled to provide a strong and heavy article which could stand the 'skylarking' (Sir Oliver's word) of supernatural visitors.

The ouija board, though an improvement on the table, is mechanical and cumbersome. It is the chosen medium of that most prolific of spirit writers, Patience Worth; and a sympathizing disciple once ventured to ask her if there were no less laborious method by

[1] *Raymond, or Life and Death.* By Sir Oliver J. Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Co.

which she could compose her stories. To which Patience, who uses a language called by her editors 'archaic,' and who likes to 'dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,' replied formidably, —

'The hand o' her do I to put be the hand o' her, and 'tis ascribe that setteth the one awither by eyes-fulls she taketh in.'

The disciple's mind being thus set at rest, he inquired how Patience discovered this avenue of approach, and was told, —

'I did to seek at crannies for to put; aye, an 't wer the her o' her who tireth past the her o' her, and slippeth to a naught o' putting; and 't wer the me o' me at seek, aye, and find. Aye, and 't wer so.'

The casual and inexpert reader is not always sure what Patience means to say; but to the initiated her cryptic and monosyllabic speech offers no difficulties. When asked if she were acquainted with the spirit of the late Dr. William James, she said darkly, —

'I telled a one o' the brothers and the neighbors o' thy day, and he doth know.'

'This,' comments Mr. Yost, 'was considered as an affirmative reply,'[1] and with it her questioners were content.

All fields of literature are open to Patience Worth, and she disports herself by turns in prose and verse, fiction and philosophy. Other spirits have their specialties. They write, as a rule, letters, didactic essays, *vers libre*, and an occasional story. But Patience writes six-act dramas which, we are assured, could, 'with a little alteration,' be produced upon the stage, short comedies 'rich in humor,' country tales, mystical tales, parables, aphorisms, volumes of verse, and historical novels. In three years and a half she dictated to Mrs. Curran, her patient ouija-board amanuensis, 900,000 words. It is my belief that she represents a spirit syndicate, and lends her name to a large coterie of literary wraiths. The most discouraging feature of her performance is the possibility of its indefinite extension. She is what Mr. Yost calls 'a continuing phenomenon.' Being dead already, she cannot die, and the natural and kindly limit which is set to mortal endeavor does not exist for her. 'The larger literature is to come,' says Mr. Yost ominously; and we fear he speaks the truth.

[1] *Patience Worth. A Psychic Mystery.* By Caspar S. Yost. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

II

Now what do we gain by this lamentable intrusion of ghostly aspirants into the serried ranks of authorship? What is the value of their work, and what is its ethical significance? Perhaps because literary distinction is a rare quality, the editors and publishers of these revelations lay stress upon the spiritual insight, the finer wisdom, which may accrue to us from direct contact with liberated souls. They even hint at some great moral law which may be thus revealed for our betterment. But the law of Christ is as pure and lofty as any code our human intelligence can grasp. We do not live by it, because it makes no concession to the sickly qualities which cement our earthly natures; but we hold fast to it as an incomparable ideal. It is not law or light we need. It is the power of effort and resistance. 'Toutes les bonnes maximes sont dans le monde; on ne manque que de les appliquer.'

The didacticism of spirit authors is, so far, their most striking characteristic. As Mr. Henry James would put it, they are 'awkward writers, but yearning moralists.' Free from any shadow of diffidence, they proffer a deal of counsel, but it is mostly of the kind which our next-door neighbor has at our command.

In the little volume called *Letters from Harry and Helen*,[1] the dead children exhort their relatives continuously; and their exhortations, albeit of a somewhat intimate character, have been passed on to the public as 'an inspiration to the life of brotherhood.' Helen, for example, bids her mother and sister give away the clothes they do not need. 'You had better send the pink dress to B. You won't wear it. Lace and a few good bits of jewelry you can use, and these won't hurt your progress.' She also warns them not to take long motor rides with large parties. The car holds four comfortably; but if her sister *will* go all afternoon with five people packed into it, she is sure to be ill. This is sensible advice, but can it be needful that the dead should revisit earth to give it?

Harry, a hardy and boisterous spirit, with a fine contempt for precautions, favors a motor trip across the continent, gallantly assures his family that the project is 'perfectly feasible,' tells his sister to 'shoot some genuine food' at her sick husband, who appears to have been kept on a low diet, and observes with pleasure that his mother is overcoming her aversion to tobacco. 'Mamma is learning,' he comments patronizingly. 'Some day she will arrive at the point where a smoker will fail to arouse a spark of criticism, or even of interest. *When that day comes, she will have learned what she is living for this time.*'

Here was a chance for a ghostly son to get even with the parent who had disparaged the harmless pleasures of his youth. Harry is not the kind of a spirit to miss such an opportunity. He finds a great deal to correct in his family, a great deal to blame in the world, and some things to criticize in the universe. 'I suppose the Creator knows his own business best,' he observes grudgingly; 'but there have been moments when I felt I could suggest improvements. For instance, had I been running affairs, I should have been a little more open about this reincarnation plan of elevating the individual. Why let a soul boggle along blindly for numberless lives when just a friendly tip would have illuminated the whole situation, and enabled him to plan with far less waste?'

'O eloquent, just and mighty death!' Is it for this that we have pretended to break thy barriers, to force thy pregnant silence into speech, to make of thy majesty a vulgar farce, and of thy consolations, folly and self-righteousness?

The 'Living Dead Man' has also a little course of instructions to give, and a little list of warnings. He bids us drink plenty of water because water feeds our astral bodies, and to take plenty of rest because sleep fits us for work. He tells us not to lose our tempers, because, if we do, the malicious spirits about us fan the flame of our wrath; and not to look too long at gold coins, because avaricious spirits gloat with us over their shining. He is a gentle, garrulous ghost, full of little anecdotes about his new — and very dull — surroundings, and mild little stories of adventure. He calls himself an 'astral Scheherazade,' but no sultan would ever have listened to him for a thousand and one nights. He chants *vers libre* of a singularly uninspired order, and is particular about his quotations. 'If you print these letters,' he tells his medium, 'I wish you would insert here fragments from that wonderful poem of Wordsworth, "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." ' Then follow nineteen lines of this fairly familiar masterpiece. There is something rather droll in having our own printed poets quoted to us lengthily

[1] *Letters from Harry and Helen.* Written down by Mary Blount White. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

by cultivated and appreciative spirits.

Raymond, though he has been thrust before the public without pity and without reserve, shows no disposition to enter the arena of authorship. Through laborious and grotesque table-rappings, and through mediums controlled by — apparently — feeble-minded spirits, he has prattled to his family about the conditions which surround him: about the brick house he lives in; about the laboratories he visits, where 'all sorts of things' are manufactured out of 'essences and ether and gases,' — rather like German war-products,— and about the lectures he attends. The subjects of the lectures are spirituality, concentration, and — alas! — 'the projection of uplifting and helpful thoughts to those on the earth plane.' In the lecture hall are windows of colored glass — red, blue, and orange. If any of the audience need more intellect, they stand in the orange light and absorb intellectuality; if they need to be affectionate, they stand in the 'pinky-colored' light and absorb loving thoughts; if they need 'actual spiritual healing,' they stand in the blue light and are healed. The simplicity of this labor-saving process is beyond praise, and Raymond's 'guide' assures him that, in the years to come, human beings will study and understand the qualities of different colored lights. Such scraps of wisdom as are vouchsafed him he passes dutifully on to his parents. He tells his mother that on the spiritual plane 'Rank does n't count as a virtue. High rank comes by being virtuous.'

'Kind hearts are more than coronets.'

Also that 'It is n't always the parsons that go highest first,' and that 'It is n't what you've professed; it's what you've done.' Something of this kind we have long suspected. Something of this kind has long been hinted from the plain pulpits of the world.

III

We are repeatedly told that the Great War stands responsible for our mental disturbance, and for the weakening of our moral judgment which has made possible these repeated assaults upon the taste and credulity of the world. Mr. Howells, observing rather sympathetically the ghostly stir and thrill which pervades literature, asks if it proceeds from the battlefields of Europe. 'Is it because the dead are superabounding now beyond the ratio of all the past pestilences, and a most powerful people is dedicating itself, body and soul, to the destruction of human life in the most murderous war that ever was?'

But natural laws are not affected by numbers. A single dead man and a million of dead men stand in the same relation to the living. If ever there was a time when it was needful to hold on to our sanity with all our might and main, that time is now. If ever death was a holy and a glorious thing, it is holy and glorious to-day. Our men, French, British, and American, lay their lives down that the world may be a clean place for other men to live in. They go out bravely into the dark, and they do not deserve to have their names bandied about by 'controls,' or quoted to the world as talking bootless twaddle. Of course we think about them day and night. How could it be otherwise? There is, and there has always been, a sense of comradeship with the dead. It is a noble and a still comradeship, untarnished by illusions, unvulgarized by extravagant details. Newman has expressed it in 'A Voice From Afar'; and recently Mr. Rowland Thirlmere has made it the theme of some very simple and touching verses called 'Jimmy Doane.' The elderly Englishman who has lost his friend, a young American aviator, — 'generous,

clever, and confident,' — and who sits alone with his heart cold and sore, feels suddenly the welcome nearness of the dead. No table heaves its heavy legs to announce that silent presence, no alphabet is needed for his message. But the living man says simply to his friend, 'My house is always open to you,' and hopes they may sit quietly together when the dreams of both are realized, and the hour of deliverance comes.

The sinking of the Lusitania is, and will always be, a turning-point in history. Its novelty in warfare was not so much one of method as of design. It was a proclamation of Germany's refusal to recognize the status of neutrals and non-combatants. It was her 'I dare you!' flung full in the face of the world. The tale will be told and retold, with other tales of cruelty and cowardice, as long as men stay men. But the sea holds its dead until the judgment-day. To the murderer comes the brand of Cain, to the murdered the peace of Abel. It is inconceivable that an American magazine should publish the fantastic and repulsive details of a spiritualistic séance, in which Lusitania 'victims' recounted the horrors of their drowning, or fatuously described a submarine as the devil-fish of the sea, or, worse than all, gasped, and moaned, and cried out, 'Oh, Oh, I'm dead!' 'Oh, dear!' 'Oh, I feel so ill!' 'The boat is filling!' while the medium made swimming motions in the air to the accompaniment of groans. And this shocking travesty of death is supposed to bring comfort to the living. The grossness of the process fails to offend; the puerility of the result fails to discourage. 'There is a set of heads,' wrote Sir Thomas Browne, 'that can credit the relations of Mariners, yet question the Testimonies of St. Paul.' We seem to have changed very little in the course of three hundred years.

Byron has recorded in a letter to Hoppner the profound impression made upon him by two concise epitaphs in the cemetery of Bologna.

MARTINI LUIGI
Implora pace.

LUCREZIA PICINI
Implora eterna quiete.

It seemed to the poet — himself in need of peace — that all the weariness of life, and all the gentle humility of the tired but trusting soul, were compressed into those lines. There is nothing calamitous in death.

> The patrimony of a little mould,
> And entail of four planks,

is the common heritage of mankind, and we accept it reverently. But to escape from time, only to enter upon a futile and platitudinous eternity, upon the manufacture of sham products, and the authorship of unreadable books — which of us has courage to front such direful possibilities!

It is strange that the spirits who are driven by the stress of these terrible years to communicate with a desolate world should be untouched by the source of our desolation. Raymond gave his young life for England; but, once dead, feels no further concern for her deliverance. Patience Worth, with the ruthless self-concentration of the author, is too busy dictating novels and plays to waste a thought upon our assaulted civilization. She is a trifle impatient of earthly authorship (potter hates potter, and poet hates poet), and she bids us know that truth is not to be found in 'books of wordy filling'; but she adds without compunction 900,000 more words to our overflowing measure, and leaves untouched the problems we desperately face.

Harry and Helen express some calm regret that the lack of unselfish love

should make war possible, and report that 'Hughey' — their brother-in-law's brother — 'has gone to throw all he possesses of light into the dark struggle.' Apparently his beams failed signally to illuminate the gloom, which is not surprising when we learn that 'A selfish or ill-natured thought' (say from a Bulgarian or a Turk) 'lowers the rate of vibration throughout the entire universe.' They also join the 'White Cross' nurses, and are gratified that their knowledge of French enables them to receive and encourage the rapidly arriving French soldiers. Helen, being the better scholar of the two, is able to give first aid, while Harry brushes up his verbs. In the absence of French caretakers, who seem to have all gone elsewhere, the two young Americans are in much demand.

Apart from these crass absurdities (which have their readers and their believers), what is there of help in such a volume as *The Invisible Guide*,[1] which purports to be an answer to the often asked question, 'How may I enter into communion and fellowship with the departed?' There is nothing grotesque in this little volume, which has some agreeable chapters. The dead soldier who is the Guide does not use table-legs, or ouija boards, or automatic writing, when he communicates with his friend, and he is always commendably brief. But his detachment from the great issues for which he died is absolute and a bit depressing; his neutrality is of that thorough-going kind which was commended to Americans in the first year of the war, and his generalizations have neither pith nor marrow. It is not worth while for a disembodied spirit to come back to earth and say, 'The test of religion is life.' 'Art is eternal if the artist is content with the joy of the working.' 'Understand that love is spiritual, and you understand all.' These things have been said, and better said, by wise men the world over.

What strikes us most perceptibly about the Guide is that, in common with living pacifists, he seems less grieved by the great crimes and tragedies of the war than by the hostility they arouse. He has not a sigh to waste over desolated Belgium and Serbia. Air-raids and mangled women and children fail to disturb his serenity. But he cannot endure a picture called Mitrailleuse, which represents four French soldiers firing a machine-gun. When his friend the author so far forgets himself as to be angry at the insolence of some Germans whom he sees in a restaurant, — where they have no right to be, — the Guide, pained by such intolerance, refuses any communication; and when, in more cheerful mood, the author ventures to be a bit enthusiastic over the gallant feats of a young aviator, he murmurs faintly and reproachfully, 'It is the mothers that suffer.'

A more disheartening spirit to have about in war-time could not be conceived, or one less fitted for the austere rôle he has assigned himself to play.

[1] *The Invisible Guide.* By C. Lewis Hind. New York: John Lane Co

IV

The recent and most unjustifiable attempt to add Mark Twain to the list of ghostly authors and counselors was based on his alleged desire to help a ruined world. It was said that the spirit of the great humorist was 'tortured' because he could not give mankind a work which would 'shed enlightenment where now there is only darkness and dismay.' If this means that he has a formula for an invincible and uneludible submarine chaser, I hardly think that Mrs. Gabrilowitsch would deny it to her country. But if the projected volume is to be only another manual of vague philosophy, vapid

admonitions, and fantastic statements, we can submit to its loss, and solace ourselves with a re-reading of *Huckleberry Finn*. Mr. Clemens did a full measure of work in his lifetime, and received his full measure of reward. The 'merry star' that danced above his cradle shone on him, fitfully but fairly, until he died. It were a sin and a shame to plunge him now into the murky fogs of spiritualistic revelations.

Granted that he was what his friends called him — 'a mystic at heart'; that he believed, or fancied he believed, in thought-transference, and that he was capable of seeing something strange and mysterious in very ordinary occurrences: the finding of a lost article which had been searched for vainly while it lay close at hand, or the premonition of news contained in an unopened letter — this last a melancholy sort of guesswork which we have all of us practised at times. But a mystic at heart may be also an author by profession, with a sense of values, and a nice perception of the skill that goes into book-making. If anything could disturb Mark Twain's spirit, and bring it stormily back to earth, it would be the linking of his name to the volume called *Jap Herron*.

So great a treason to the dead must seem incredible to healthy minds; but from every side come mad rumors of similar deceptions. O. Henry, it is whispered, is dictating tracts and allegories; Dickens may yet complete *The Mystery of Edwin Drood;* Washington Irving has loomed wistfully on the horizon of an aspiring medium: —

> Milton composing baby rhymes, and Locke
> Reasoning in gibberish. Homer writing Greek
> In naughts and crosses.

To be reintroduced to earth as the author of books as silly as they are dull is hard luck for the scholar and the wit.

Patience Worth is fortunate in so far that she has no earlier reputation at stake. In fact, we are assured that three of her stories are told in 'a dialect which, taken as a whole, was probably never spoken, and certainly never written. Each seems to be a composite of dialect words and idioms of different periods and different localities.' It is Mr. Yost's opinion, however, that her long historical novel, *The Sorry Tale*, is composed 'in a literary tongue somewhat resembling the language of the King James version of the Bible in form and style, but with the unmistakable verbal peculiarities of Patience Worth.' 'What bringeth thee asearch?' and 'Who hath the trod of the antelope?' are doubtless verbal peculiarities; but for any resemblance to the noble and vigorous lucidity of the English Bible we may search in vain through the six hundred and forty closely printed pages of this confused, wandering, sensuous, and wholly unreadable narrative, which purports to tell the life-history of the penitent thief. I quote a single paragraph, snatched at random from the text, which may serve as a sample of the whole.

'And within, upon the skins'-pack, sat Samuel, who listed him, and lo, the jaws of him hung ope. And Jacob wailed, and the Jew's tongue of him sounded as the chatter of fowls, and he spake of the fool that plucked of his ass that he save of down. Yea, and walked him at the sea's edge, and yet sought o' pools. And he held aloft, unto the men who hung them o'er the bin's place, handsful of brass and shammed precious stuffs, and cried him out.'

Six hundred and forty pages of this kind of writing defy a patient world. And we are threatened with 'the larger literature to come'!

For some reason which has never been explained, Patience Worth drops her archaism (if it be archaism) when she writes verse, and becomes fairly intelligible. Mr. Yost, who is a partial

critic, warns us that we 'may search in vain' through literature for anything resembling these poems. 'They are alike in the essential features of all poetry, and yet they are unalike. There is something in them that is not in other poetry. In the profusion of their metaphor there is an etherealness that more closely resembles Shelley, perhaps, than any other poet; but the beauty of Shelley's poems is almost wholly in their diction; there is in him no profundity of thought. In these poems there is both beauty and depth, — and something else.'

Whatever this 'something else' may be, it is certainly not rhyme or rhythm. The verses brook no bondage, but run loosely on with the perilous ease of enfranchisement. For the most part they are of the kind which used to be classified by compilers as 'Poems of Nature,' and 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection.' Spring, summer, autumn, and winter are as inspirational for the dead as for the living.

> 'T is season's parting.
> Yea, and earth doth weep. The Winter
> cometh,
> And he bears her jewels for the decking
> Of his bride. A glittered crown
> Shall fall 'pon earth, and sparkled drop
> Shall stand like gem that flasheth
> 'Pon a nobled brow. Yea, the tears
> Of earth shall freeze and drop
> As pearls, the necklace o' the earth.
> 'T is season's parting. Yea,
> The earth doth weep.
> 'T is Fall.

These simple statements might justifiably be printed without the capital letters which distinguish prose from verse; but we can understand them, and we are familiar with the phenomena they describe.

Patience Worth as a 'psychic mystery' has no significance for the reading public. With her ouija-board intimacies, and her 'feminine tastes'; with the baby of 'patrician mould' whom she persuaded Mrs. Curran to adopt; and with the cat she asked for, but which dejectedly died when it learned its fate, we have no concern. It is only her incursions into the field of authorship which make her liable to criticism. It is only the literary ambitions — and disqualifications — of the spirit-world which disturb our serenity.

Ghosts there have always been since men began to die. They have played their part in disquieting the world since the world awoke to trouble. Vengeful, prophetic, fantastic, and invariably *de trop*, they have come down to us through the centuries, discredited, but feared. Now our old apprehensions, our old creeps and shivers, are exchanged for new and reasonable misgivings. Spirits soothing as syrup, didactic as dominies, prolific and platitudinous, are dictating books for the world's betterment; and never a word which can add to our store of knowledge, or stand the 'dry north light of intellect.'

We are told that once, when Patience Worth was spelling out the endless pages of *The Sorry Tale*, she came to a sudden stop, then wrote, 'This be nuff,' and knocked off for the night.

A blessed phrase, and, of a certainty, her finest inspiration. Would that all dead authors would adopt it as their motto; and with ouija boards, and table-legs, and automatic pencils, write as their farewell message to the world those three short, comely words, 'This be nuff.'

DAFFODILS

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

THOUGH he knew that he was going to die, Marmaduke Follett, as he lay in the hospital on the French coast, had never in his life been so happy. Until these last days he had not been able to feel it in its completeness. Of the great engagement where he had fallen he remembered only the overwhelming uproar, the blood and mud; and after that, torments, apathies, dim awakenings to the smell of ether and relapses to quieter sleep. Now the last operation had failed, — or, rather, he had failed to recover from it, — and there was no more hope for him; but he hardly suffered and his thoughts were emerging into a world of cleanliness, kindness, and repose.

The hospital, before the war, had been a big hotel, and his was one of the bedrooms on the second floor, its windows crossed by two broad blue bands of sea and sky. As an officer, he had a room to himself. The men were in the wards downstairs.

One of his nurses — both were pleasant girls, but this was the one who, with a wing of black hair curving under her cap, reminded him of his cousin Victoria — had put a glass of daffodils beside his bed — not garden daffodils, but the wild ones that grow in woods; and if she made him think of Victoria, how much more they made him think of the woods in spring at Channerley!

He was dying after a gallant deed. It was a fitting death for a Follett, and so little in his life had been at all fitted to that initial privilege: it was only in the manner of his death that his life matched at all those thoughts of Victoria and Channerley.

He did not remember much of the manner; it still remained cloaked in that overwhelming uproar; but, as he lay there, he seemed to read, in the columns of the London papers, what all the Folletts were so soon to read — because of him: —

'His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to award the Victoria Cross to the under-mentioned officers, non-commissioned officers and men: —

'Sec. Lt. Marmaduke Everard Follett. For most conspicuous bravery.

'He was directed with 50 men to drive the enemy from their trench, and under intense shell and machine-gun fire he personally led three separate parties of bombers against a captured 325 yards of trench; attacking the machine-gun, shooting the firer with his revolver, and destroying gun and *personnel* with bombs. This very brave act saved many lives and ensured the success of the attack. In carrying one of his men back to safety, Sec. Lt. Follett was mortally wounded.'

He felt himself smile, as he soberly spaced it out, to remember that the youths at the office used to call him Marmalade. It was curious that he most felt his present, and his present transfigured self, when he thought of Cauldwell's office, where so many years of his past had been spent. When he thought of that, of the jocund youths, of the weary hours and wasted years,

it was to feel himself transfigured; when he thought of the Folletts and of Channerley, to feel that he matched them; it was, at last, to feel as if he had come home. What to the grimy, everyday world counted as transfiguration, counted as the normal, the expected, to the world of Channerley.

He wondered, lying there and looking out past the daffodils, where Victoria was; he had heard that she was nursing, too, somewhere in France; and again, as he had smiled over the contrast of 'Sec. Lt. Marmaduke Everard Follett' and the 'Marmalade' of Cauldwell's office, he smiled in thinking of the difference between Victoria and the nice young nurse who, for all her resembling curve of hair, was also second-rate. It would have been very wonderful to have been nursed by Victoria, and yet his thought turned from that. There had never been any sweetness, never even any kindness for him, in Victoria's clear young gaze: when it came to nursing, he could imagine her being kind to a Tommy, but not to him, the dull, submerged cousin; and the nice though second-rate nurse was very kind. He would rather die under her eyes than under Victoria's.

And he would rather think of Victoria as he had last seen her at the big London dance to which, most unexpectedly, he had found himself asked last spring — the spring before the war. He had decided, as with nervous fingers he tied his white cravat, — how rarely disturbed was that neat sheaf lying in his upper drawer! — that he must have been confused with some other Follett, for he was so seldom asked anywhere, where he would be likely to meet Victoria. However, it was a delight to see her in her snowy dress, her beautiful hair bound with silver, and to feel, as he watched her dancing, that she belonged, in a sense, to him; for he, too, was a Follett.

How much more did she belong to him now! And not only Victoria, but all of them, these Folletts of his and the Folletts of past generations; and Channerley, centre of all his aching, wistful memories. It had been for him, always, part of the very structure of his nature, that beautiful old house where he had spent his boyhood. Perhaps it was because he had been turned out of the nest so early that he never ceased to miss it. His thought, like a maimed fledgling, had fluttered round and round it, longing, exiled, helpless.

If, now, he could have survived, his eldest brother, he felt sure, must have asked him oftener to stay at Channerley. It still gave him a pang, or, rather, the memory of many pangs, to recall that Robert had not asked him for two years, and had seemed to forget all about him after that. They had all seemed to forget about him, — that was the trouble of it, — and almost from the very beginning: Robert, who had Channerley; Austin, who had gone into the army and was now in Mesopotamia; Griselda, married so splendidly up in her northern estate; and Amy, the artistic bachelor-girl of the family, whom he associated with irony and cigarette-smoke and prolonged absences in Paris. Even cheerful Sylvia, of South Kensington, with her many babies and K.C. husband, whom he always thought of, for all her well-being, as very nearly as submerged as himself, — even Sylvia saw little of him and asked him only to family dinners, — Mr. Shillington's family, not hers, — at depressingly punctual intervals.

But Sylvia, the one nearest him in years, was the one who had forgotten least, and she had, after her fashion, done her best for him. Confused at study, clumsy at games, shy and tongue-tied, he had not in any way distinguished himself at a rather second-rate public school; and to distinguish

himself had been the only hope for him. The Folletts had never had any money to spare, and Eton and Oxford for Robert and Sandhurst for Austin fulfilled a tradition that became detached and terse where younger sons who could not distinguish themselves were concerned. Still, he had always felt that, had his father lived, something better would have been found for him than to be bundled, through the instrumentality of Mr. Shillington, into a solicitor's office. There he had been bundled, and there he had stuck for all these years, as clumsy, as confused as ever; a pallid, insignificant little fellow (oh, he had no illusions about himself!), with the yellow hair and small yellow moustache which, together with his name, had earned for him his sobriquet.

They had not disliked him, those direfully facetious companions of his. *Noblesse oblige* was an integral part of his conception of himself, however little they might be aware of his unvarying courtesy toward them as its exercise. He suspected that they thought of him as merely inoffensive and rather piteous; but shyness might give that impression; they could not guess at the quiet aversion that it covered. He was aware sometimes, suddenly, that in the aloofness and contemplative disdain of his pale sidelong glance at them, he most felt himself a Follett. If his mind, for most practical purposes, was slow and clumsy, it was sharp and swift in its perceptions. He judged the young men in Cauldwell's office as a Follett must judge them. In the accurate applying of that standard he was as instinctively gifted as any of his race; and if he knew, from his first look at her, that the nice young nurse was second-rate, how coldly and calmly, for all these years, he had known that the young men who called him Marmalade were third-rate. And yet they none of them disliked him, and he wondered whether it was because, when he most felt disdain, he most looked merely timid, or because they recognized in him, all dimly as it might be, the first-rateness that was his inherently and inalienably.

Just as the third-rate young men might recognize the first-rate but dimly, he was aware that to the world the Folletts, too, were not important. It was not one of the names, in spite of centuries of local lustre, to conjure with; and he liked it all the better because of that. They had never, it was true, distinguished themselves; but they were people of distinction, and that was, to his quiet, reflective savoring, an even higher state. He sometimes wondered if, in any of them, the centring of family consciousness was as intense as in himself. If they were aloof about third-rate people, it was not because they were really very conscious about themselves. They took themselves for granted, as they took Channerley and the family history; and only Amy was aware that some of the family portraits were good.

The history — it was not of course accurate to call it that, yet it seemed more spacious and significant than mere annals — pored over in long evenings, in faded parchments, deeds, and letters, was known in every least detail to him. How the Folletts had begun, very soberly but very decorously, in the fifteenth century, and how they had gone on: rooting more deeply into their pleasant woodlands and meadows; flowering, down the centuries, now in a type of grace — that charming Antonia who had married so well at James the First's court; and of gallantry — a Follett had fallen at Naseby, and a Follett had fought at Waterloo; or of good-humored efficiency, as in the eighteenth-century judge and the nineteenth-century bishop. And he, who was neither graceful nor gallant nor

good-humored (sour and sad he felt himself), never could resist the warming, revivifying influence of these recognitions, stretching himself, sighing, smiling happily before his Bloomsbury fire on a winter's evening, as he laid down the thick pile of yellowed manuscripts to think it all over and feel himself, in spite of everything, a link with it all.

Robert had always been very decent about letting him have and keep the documents for as long as he liked.

It was strange to think that he was never to see his Bloomsbury lodgings again, and stranger, really, that a certain tinge of regret was in the thought; for how, for years, he had hated them, place of exile, of relegation, as he had always felt them! Yet he had come to be fond of his little sitting-room, just because, to his eye, with its mingled comfort and austerity, it was so significant of exile. If a Follett could n't have what he wanted, that was all he would have — his rack of pipes, his shelves of books, his little collection of mostly marginless mezzotints ranged along the dark, green walls. The room was a refuge and did not pretend to be an achievement, and in that very fact might, to an eye as sharp as his for such significance, suggest the tastes that it relinquished. He had, indeed, all the tastes and none of the satisfactions of Channerley.

There it was; he had come back to it again, as, indeed, he had, in spirit, never left it — never for a moment. He felt himself, lying there in the hospital on the French coast, with the soft spring sea lapping upon the beach under his window — he felt himself drop, drop, softly, sweetly, deeply, back to his childhood. From his high nursery-window he saw the dewy tree-tops, — the old hawthorn that grew so near the house, and the old mulberry, — and the rooks wheeling on a spring sky so many years ago. The dogs, at that early hour, just released, might be racing over the lawns: idle, jovial Peter, the spaniel, and Jack, the plucky, hot-tempered little Dandy-Dinmont.

Below the lawns were the high gray garden walls, and above, rising a little from the flagged rose-garden, were the woods where the daffodils grew, daffodils like those beside him now, tall and small, their pale, bright poetry set in warrior spears of green. Little bands of them ran out upon the lawn from under the great trees, and one saw their gold glimmering far, far among the woodlands. Oh, the beauty of it! and the stillness, the age and youth, the smile and the security! How he had always loved it, shambling about the woods and gardens; creeping rather — he always saw himself as creeping somehow — about the dear, gay, faded house! Always such an awkward, insignificant little boy; even his dear old Nanna had felt dissatisfied with his appearance; and he had always known it, when she sent him down with the others to the drawing-room; and his mother, she had made it very apparent, had found him only that.

He shrank from the thought of his mother; perhaps it was because of her, of her vexed and averted eyes, her silken rustle of indifference as she passed him by, that he saw himself as creeping anywhere where she might come. He only remembered her in glimpses: languidly and ironically smiling at her tea-table (Amy had her smile), the artificial tone of her voice had even then struck his boyish ear; reading on a summer afternoon, with bored brows and dissatisfied lips, as she lay on a garden chair in the shade of the mulberry tree; querulously arguing with his father, who, good-humored and very indifferent, strolled about the hall in his pink coat on a winter morning, waiting for the horses to be brought round; his mother's

yellow braids shining under her neatly tilted riding-hat, her booted foot held to the blaze of the great log-fire. A hard, selfish, sentimental woman; and — was n't it really the only word for what he felt in her? — just a little shoddy. He distinguished it from the second-rate nicely: it was a more personal matter; for his mother, though certainly not a Follett, was of good stock; he knew, of course, all about her stock. It always grieved him to think that it was from her he had his yellow hair and the pale gray of his eyes; his stature, too, for she had been a small woman; all the other Folletts were tall; but she had given him nothing more: not a trace of her beauty was his, and he was glad of it.

It was curious, since he had really had so little to do with him, as little, almost, as with his mother, how blissfully his sense of his father's presence pervaded his childish memories. He was so kind. The kindest thing he remembered at Channerley, except his dear old Nanna and Peter the spaniel. It used to give him a thrill of purest joy when, meeting him, his father, his hands clasped behind his back after his strolling wont, would stop and bend amused and affectionate eyes upon him; rather the eyes, to be sure, that he bent upon his dogs; but Marmaduke always felt of him that he looked upon his children, and upon himself, too, as parts of the pack; and it was delightful to be one of the pack, with him.

'Well, old fellow, and how goes the world with you to-day?' his father would say.

And after that question the world would go in sunshine.

He had always believed that, had his father lived, he would never have been so forgotten; just as he had always believed that his father would never have allowed one of his pack to be bundled into a solicitor's office. For that he had to thank, he felt sure, not only Sylvia's negative solicitude, but his mother's active indifference. Between them both they had done it to him.

And he never felt so to the full his dispossession as in thinking of Robert. He had always intensely feared and admired Robert. He did not know what he feared, for Robert was never unkind. But Robert was everything that he was not: tall and gay and competent, and possessing everything needful, from the very beginning, for the perfect fulfilment of his type. The difference between them had been so far more than the ten years that had made of Robert a man when he was still only a little boy. There had been, after all, a time when they had been a very big and a very little boy together, with Austin in between; yet the link had seemed always to break down after Austin. Robert, in this retrospect, had always the air of strolling away from him — for Robert, too, was a stroller. Not that he himself had had the air of pursuit; he had never, he felt sure, from the earliest age, lacked tact; tact and reticence and self-effacement had been bred into him. But his relationship with Robert had seemed always to consist in standing there, hiding ruefulness, and gazing at Robert's strolling back.

The difference with Austin had perhaps been as great, but it had never hurt so much, for Austin, though with his share of the Follett charm, had never had the charm of Robert. A clear-voiced and clear-eyed, masterful boy, Austin's main contact with others was in doing things with them, and that sort of contact did not mean congeniality. Austin had made use of him; had let him hold his ferrets and field for him at cricket; and a person whom one found useful did not, for the time being, bore one.

But he had bored Robert always

— that was apparent; and beautiful Griselda, who was older than either of them, and Amy, who was younger. Griselda had gazed rather sadly over his head; and Amy had smiled and teased him so that he had seldom ventured on a remark in her presence. Even fat little Sylvia, the baby, had always preferred any of the others to him as she grew up; had only not been bored because, while she was good-humored, she was also rather dull. And at the bottom of his heart, rueful always, sore, and still patiently surprised, he knew that, while he found them all a little brutal, he could not admire them the less because of it. It was part of the Follett inheritance to be able to be brutal, unconsciously, and therefore with no loss of bloom.

And now, at last, he was not to bore them any longer; at last, he was not to be forgotten. How could he not be happy, — it brought back every blissful thrill of boyhood, his father's smile, the daffodil woods in spring, heightened to ecstasy, — when he had at last made of himself one of the Folletts who were remembered? He would have his place in the history beside the Follett who fell at Naseby. No family but is glad of a V.C. in its pages. They could no longer stroll away. They would be proud of him; he had done something for all the Folletts forever.

II

The nice young nurse came in. She closed the door gently, and, with her smile, calm before accustomed death, and always, as it were, a little proud of him, — that was because they were both English, — she took his wrist and felt his pulse, holding her watch in the other hand, and asked him, presently, how he felt. Only after that did she say, contemplating him for a moment, — Marmaduke wondered how many hours — or was it perhaps days? — she was giving him to live, —

'A gentleman has come to see you. You may see him if you like. But I 've told him that he is only to stay for half an hour.'

The blood flowed up to Marmaduke's forehead. He felt it beating hard in his neck and behind his ears, and his heart thumped down there under the neatly drawn bed-clothes.

'A gentleman? What's his name?'

Was it Robert?

'Here is his card,' said the nurse.

She drew it from her pocket and gave it to him. It could n't have been Robert, of course. Robert would only have had to come up. Yet he was dizzy with the disappointment. It was as if he saw Robert strolling away for the last time. He would never see Robert again.

Mr. Guy Thorpe was the name. The address was a London club that Marmaduke placed at once as second-rate, and 'The Beeches, Arlington Road,' in a London suburb. On the card was written in a neat scholarly hand: 'May I see you? We are friends.'

It was difficult for a moment to feel anything but the receding tide of his hope. The next thing that came was a sense of dislike for Mr. Guy Thorpe and for the words that he had written. Friends? By what right, since he did not know his name?

'Is he a soldier?' he asked. 'How did he come? I don't know him.'

'You need n't see him unless you want to,' said the nurse. 'No; he's not a soldier. An elderly man. He's driving a motor for the French Wounded Emergency Fund, and came on from the Alliance because he heard that you were here. Perhaps he's some old family friend. He spoke as if he were.'

Marmaduke smiled a little. 'That's hardly likely. But I'll see him, yes; since he came for that.'

When she had gone, he lay looking

again at the blue bands across the window. A flock of sea-gulls flew past — proud, swift, and leisurely, glittering in the sun. They seemed to embody the splendor and exultation of his thoughts, and, when they had disappeared, he was sorry, almost desolate.

Mr. Guy Thorpe. He took up the card again in his feeble hand and looked at it. And now, dimly, it seemed to remind him of something.

Steps approached along the passage, the nurse's light foot-fall and the heavier, careful tread of a man. An oddly polite, almost a deprecating tread. He had gone about a great many hospitals and was cautious not to disturb wounded men. Yet Marmaduke felt again that he did not like Mr. Guy Thorpe, and as they came in, he was conscious of feeling a little frightened.

There was nothing to frighten one in Mr. Thorpe's appearance. He was a tall, thin, ageing man, travel-worn, in civilian clothes, with a dingy Red-Cross badge on the sleeve of his waterproof overcoat. Baldish and apparently near-sighted, he seemed to blink toward the bed, and, as if with motoring in the wind, his eyelids were moist and reddened. He sat down, murmuring some words of thanks to the nurse.

A very insignificant man, for all his height and his big forehead. Altogether of The Beeches, Arlington Road. Had he turned gray, he might have looked less shabby; but dark thin locks still clustered above his high crown and behind his long-lobed ears. His eyes were dark, his moustache drooped, and he had a small, straight nose. Marmaduke saw that he was the sort of man who, in youth, might have been considered very handsome. He looked like a seedy poet and some sort of minor civil servant mingled, the civil servant having got the better of the poet. Marmaduke also imagined that he would have a large family and a harassed but ambitious wife, with a genteel accent — a wife a little below himself. His tie was of a dull red silk. Marmaduke did not like him.

Mr. Thorpe glanced round, as if cautiously, to see if the nurse had closed the door, and then, it was really as if more cautiously still, looked at Marmaduke, slightly moving back his chair.

'I'm very grateful to you, very grateful indeed,' he said in a low voice, 'for seeing me.'

'You 've come a long way,' said Marmaduke.

'Yes. A long way. I had heard of your being here. I hoped to get here. I felt that I must see you. We are all proud of you; more proud than I can say.'

He looked down now at the motoring-cap he held, and Marmaduke became aware that the reddened eyes were still more suffused and that the mouth under the drooping moustache twitched and trembled. He could think of nothing to say, except to murmur something about being very glad — though he did n't want to say that; and he supposed, to account for Mr. Thorpe's emotion, that he must be a moving sight, lying there, wasted, bandaged, and dying.

'You don't remember my name, I suppose,' said Mr. Thorpe after a moment, in which he frankly got out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

'No, I'm afraid I don't,' said Marmaduke very politely. He was glad to say this. It was the sort of thing he did want to say.

'Yet I know yours very, very well,' said Mr. Thorpe, with a curious watery smile. 'I lived at Channerley once. I was tutor there for some time — to Robert, your brother, and Griselda. Yes,' Mr. Thorpe nodded, 'I know the Folletts well: and Channerley, the dear old place.'

Now the dim something in memory

pressed forward, almost with a physical advance, and revealed itself as sundry words scratched on the schoolroom window-panes and sundry succinct drawings in battered old Greek and Latin grammars. Robert had always been very clever at drawing, catching with equal facility and accuracy the swiftness of a galloping horse and the absurdities of a human profile. What returned to Marmaduke now, and as clearly as if he had the fly-leaf before him, was a tiny thumb-nail sketch of such a galloping horse unseating a lank, crouching figure, of whom the main indications were the angles of acute uncertainty taken by the knees and elbows; and a more elaborate portrait, dashed and dotted as if with a ruthless boyish grin — such an erect and melancholy head it was, so dark the tossed-back locks, so classical the nose and unclassical the moustache, and a brooding eye indicated in a triangular sweep of shadow. Beneath was written in Robert's clear, boyish hand, 'Mr. Guy Thorpe, Poet, Philosopher and Friend. Vale.' Even the date flashed before him, 1880; and with it, strange, inappropriate association — the daffodils running out upon the lawn, as no doubt he had seen them as he leaned from the schoolroom window, with the Greek grammar under his elbow on the sill.

So that was it. Mr. Guy Thorpe, placed, explained, disposed of — poor dear! He felt suddenly quite kindly toward him, quite touched by his act of loyalty to the old allegiance in coming; and flattered, too, — yes, even by Mr. Thorpe, — that he should be so recognized as a Follett who had done something for the name; and smiling very benevolently upon him, he said, —

'Oh, of course; I remember perfectly now — your name, and drawings of you in old schoolbooks, you know. All tutors and governesses get those tributes from their pupils, don't they? But I myself could n't remember, could I? for it was before I was born that you were at Channerley.'

There was a moment of silence after this, and in it Marmaduke felt that Mr. Thorpe did not like being so placed. He had no doubt imagined that there would be less ambiguous tributes, and that his old pupils would have talked of him to the younger generation.

And something of this chagrin certainly came out in his next words as, nodding and looking round at the daffodils, he said, —

'Yes, yes. Quite true. No, of course you could n't yourself remember. I was more though, I think I may fairly say, than the usual tutor or governess. I came, rather, at Sir Robert's instance.' — Sir Robert was Marmaduke's father. —'We had met, made friends, at Oxford; his former tutor there was an uncle of mine, and Sir Robert, in my undergraduate days, used to visit him sometimes. He was very keen on getting me to come. Young Robert wanted something of a firm hand. I was the friend rather than the mere man of books in the family.'

'Poet, Philosopher and Friend' — Marmaduke had it almost on his lips, and almost with a laugh, his benevolence deepened for poor Mr. Thorpe, so self-revealed, so entirely Robert's portrait of him. Amusing to think that even the quite immature first-rate can so relegate the third. But perhaps it was a little unfair to call poor Mr. Thorpe third. The Folletts would not be likely to choose a third-rate man for a tutor; second was kinder, and truer. He had, obviously, come down in the world.

'I see. It's natural I never heard, though: there's such a chasm between the elders and the youngers in a big family, is n't there?' he said. 'Griselda is twelve years older than I am, and

Robert ten, you remember. She was married by the time I began my Greek. You never came back to Channerley, did you? I hope things have gone well with you since those days?'

He questioned, wanting to be very kind; wanting to give something of the genial impression of his father smiling, with his, 'And how goes the world with you to-day?' But he saw that, while Mr. Thorpe's evident emotion deepened, it was with a sense of present grief as well as of retrospective pathos.

'No; I never came, — that is — No; I passed by: I never came to stay. I went abroad; I traveled, with a pupil, for some years before my marriage.' Grief and confusion were oddly mingled in his drooping face. 'And after that — life had changed too much. My dear old friend Sir Robert had died. I could not have faced it all. No, no; when some chapters are read, it is better to close the book; better to close the book. But I have never forgotten Channerley, nor the Folletts of Channerley; that will always remain for me the golden page; the page,' said Mr. Thorpe, glancing round again at the daffodils, 'of friendship, of youth, of daffodils in spring-time. I saw you there,' he added suddenly, 'once, when you were a very little lad. I saw you. I was passing by; bicycling; no time to stop. You remember the high road skirts the woods to the north. I came and looked over the wall; and there you were — in your holland pinafore and white socks — digging up the daffodils and putting them into your little red-and-yellow cart. A beautiful spring morning. The woods full of sunshine. You would n't remember.'

But he did remember — perfectly. Not having been seen, but the day; the woods; the daffodils. He had dug them up to plant in his own little garden, down below. He had always been stupid with his garden; had always failed where the others succeeded. And he had wanted to be sure of daffodils. And they had all laughed at him for wanting the wild daffodils like that for himself, and for going to get them in the wood. And why had Mr. Thorpe looked over the wall and not come in? He hated to think that he had been watched on that spring morning — hated it. And, curiously, that sense of fear with which he had heard the approaching footsteps returned to him. It frightened him that Mr. Thorpe had watched him over the wall.

His distaste and shrinking were perhaps apparent in his face, for it was with a change of tone and hastiness of utterance, as though hurrying away from something, that Mr. Thorpe went on: —

'You see, — it's been my romance, always, Channerley — and all of you. I've always followed your lives — always — from a distance — known what you were up to. I've made excuses to myself — in the days when I used to go a good deal about the country — to pass by Channerley and just have a glimpse of you. And when I heard that you had done this noble deed, — when I heard what you had done for England, for Channerley, for us all, — I felt I had to come and see you. You must forgive me if I seem a mere intruder. I can't seem that to myself. I've cared too much. And what I came for, really, was to thank you, — to thank you, my dear boy, — and to tell you that because of you, life must be nobler, always, for all of us.'

His words had effaced the silly, groping fear. It was indeed, since his colonel's visit, the first congratulation he had had from the outer world. The nurses, of course, had congratulated him, and the surgeons; but no one who knew him outside; the kindly telegrams from Robert and Sylvia did not count as congratulations. And in a way poor

Mr. Thorpe did know him, and though it was only from him, it had its sweetness. He felt himself flush as he answered, 'That's very kind of you.'

'Oh, no!' said Mr. Thorpe, shaking his head and swinging his foot — Marmaduke knew that from the queer movement of his body as he sat with very tightly folded arms. 'Not kind! That's not the word — from us to you! Not the word at all!'

'I'm very happy, as you may imagine,' said Marmaduke. And he was happy again, and glad to share his happiness with poor Mr. Thorpe. 'It makes everything worth while, does n't it, to have brought it off at all?'

'Everything, everything — it would; it would, to you. So heroes feel,' said Mr. Thorpe. 'To give your life for England. I know it all — in every detail. Yes, you are happy in dying that England may live. Brave boy! Splendid boy!'

Now he was weeping. He had out his handkerchief and his shoulders shook. It made Marmaduke want to cry, too, and he wondered confusedly if the nurse would soon come back. Had not the half hour passed?

'Really — it's too good of you. You must n't, you know; you must n't,' he murmured, while the word, 'boy — boy,' repeated, made tangled images in his mind, and he saw himself in the white socks and with the little red-and-yellow cart, and then as he had been the other day, leading his men, his revolver in his hand and the bullets flying about him. 'And I'm not a boy,' he said; 'I'm thirty-four; absurdly old to be only a second lieutenant. And there are so many of us. Why,' — the thought came fantastically, but he seized it, because Mr. Thorpe was crying so and he must seize something, — 'we're as common as daffodils!'

'Ah! not for me! not for me!' Mr. Thorpe gulped quickly. Something had happened to him. Something had given way in him — as if the word 'daffodils' had pressed a spring. He was sobbing aloud, and he had fallen on his knees by the bed and put up his hand for Marmaduke's. 'I cannot keep it from you! Not at this last hour! Not when you are leaving me forever! — My son! My brave son! I am your father, Marmaduke! I am your father, my dear, dear boy!'

III

It was the stillest room. The two calm bands of blue crossed the window. In the sunlight the gulls came flying back. Marmaduke looked out at them. Were they the same sea-gulls or another flock? Then quietly he closed his eyes. Stillness — calm. But something else was rising to him from them. Darkness; darkness; a darkness worse than death. Oh! death was sweet compared to this. Compared to this all his life had been sweet; and something far dearer than life was being taken from him. He only knew the terrible confusion of his whole nature. He opened his eyes again with an instinct of escape. There were the bands of blue, and, still passing in their multitudes, leaving him forever, the proud, exultant sea-gulls. The man still knelt beside him. He heard his own voice come: —

'What do you mean?'

'I never meant to tell you! I never meant to tell you!' a moan answered him. 'But — seeing you lying there! — dying! — my son! — who has given his life for England! — And how I have longed for you for all these years! — My romance, Marmaduke — How could I be silent? Forgive me! Forgive me, my boy. Yes, mine. My known children are dear to me, but how far dearer the unknown son, seen only by stealth, in snatched glimpses! It is true, Marmaduke, true. We were lov-

ers. She loved me. Do not ask. Do not question. We were young. She was very beautiful. It was spring-time; daffodils were in the woods. She said that she had never known anyone like me. She said that her life was hollow, meaningless. I opened doors to her. I read to her. Browning — I read Browning,' he muttered on, 'in the woods; among the daffodils. It was a new life to her — and to me. And we were swept away. Don't blame us, Marmaduke. If there was wrong, there was great beauty — then. Only then, for after, she was cruel — very cruel. She turned from me; she crushed and tore my heart. Oh! — I have suffered! But no one knew. No one ever dreamed of it. Only she and I. My God! — I see her in your hair and eyes!'

It was true. It was absolutely true. Through his whole being he felt its inevitability. Everything was clear, with a strange, black, infernal clearness. His life lay open before him, open from beginning to end: that beginning of tawdry sentiment and shame — with daffodils; and this end, with daffodils again, and again with tawdry sentiment and shame.

He was not a Follett. He had no part in the Folletts. He had no part in Channerley. He was an interloper, a thief. He was the son of this wretched man, in whose very grief he could detect the satisfaction — oh, who more fitted to detect such satisfaction! — of his claim upon a status above his own. He was all that he had always most despised, a second-rate, a third-rate little creature; the anxious, civil, shrinking Marmalade of Cauldwell's office. Why (as the hideous moments led him on, point by point, his old lucidity, sharpened to a needle fineness, seemed to etch the truth in lines of fire upon the blackness), had n't he always been a pitiful little snob? Was n't it of the essence of a snob to over-value the things one had n't and to fear the things one was? It had n't been other people, it had been himself, what he really was, of whom he had always been afraid. He saw himself reduced to the heretofore unrecognized, yet always operative, element in his own nature — a timid, watchful humility.

Oh, Channerley! Channerley! The wail rose in his heart and it filled the world. Oh, his woods, his daffodils, his father's smile — gone — lost for ever! Worse than that — smirched, withered, desecrated!

A hideous gibbering of laughter seemed to rise around him, and pointing fingers. Amy's eyes passed with another malice in their mockery; and Robert would never turn to him now, and Griselda would never look at him. He saw it all, as they would never see it. He was not one of them, and they had always felt it; and oh, — above all, — he had always felt it. And now, quite close it seemed, softly rustling, falsely smiling, moved his loathsome mother: not only as he remembered her in her youth, but in her elegant middle years, as he had last seen her, with hard eyes and alien lips and air of brittle, untouched exquisiteness.

Suddenly fury so mounted in him that he saw himself rising in bed, rending his dressings, to seize the kneeling man by the throat and throttle him. He could see his fingers sinking in on either side among the clustered hair, and hear himself say, 'How dare you! How dare you! You hound! You sniveling, sneaking hound! You look for pity from me, do you! — and tenderness! Well, take this, this! Everything, everything I am and have that's worth being and having, I owe to them. I've hated you and all you mean, always — yes, your fear and your caution and your admiration and your great high forehead. Oh, I see it! I see it! — it's my own! And though I

am only that in myself, then take it from me that I hate myself along with you and curse myself with you!'

It came to him that he was slowly panting, and that after the fever-fury an icy chill crept over him. And a slow, cold smile came with it, and he saw Jephson, the wit of the office, wagging his head and saying, 'Little Marmalade take a man by the throat! Ask me another!'

No; little Marmalade might win the V.C.; but only when he thought he was a Follett. Was that what it all came to, really? Something broke and stopped in his mind.

He heard his father's voice. How long ago it had all happened. He had known for years, had n't he, that this was his father.

'Marmaduke! Mr. Follett! What have I done? Shall I call somebody? Oh, forgive me!'

His father was standing now beside him and bending over him. He looked up at him and shook his head. He did not want anyone to come.

'Oh what have I done?' the man repeated.

'I was dying anyway, you know,' he heard himself say.

What a pitiful face it was, this weary, loosened, futureless old face! What a frightened face! What long years of slow disgarnishing lay behind it: youth, romance, high hopes, all dropped away. He had come to-day with their last vestiges, still the sentimental, romancing fool, self-centred and craving; but nothing of that was left. He was beaten, at last, down into the very ground. It was a haggard, humiliated, frightened face, and miserable. As he himself had been. But not even death lay before this face. For how many years must it go on sinking down until the earth covered it? Marmaduke seemed to understand all about him, as well as if he had been himself.

'Sit down,' he said. He heard that his voice was gentle, though he was not aware of feeling anything, only of understanding. 'I was rather upset. No; I don't want anyone. Of course I forgive you. Don't bother about it, I beg.'

His father sat down, keeping his swollen eyes on the motoring-cap which, unseeingly, he turned and turned in his hands.

'Tell me about yourself a little,' said Marmaduke, with the slow, spaced breaths. 'Where do you live? How? Are you fairly happy?'

He knew that he was not happy; but he might, like most people with whom life had not succeeded, often imagine himself so, and Marmaduke wanted to help him, if possible, to imagine it.

'I live near London. I used to do a good deal of University Extension lecturing. I've a clerkship in the Education Office now.' Mr. Thorpe spoke in a dead, obedient voice. 'A small salary, not much hope of advance; and I've a large family. It's rather up-hill, of course. But I've good children; clever children. My eldest boy's at Oxford; he took a scholarship at Westminster; and my eldest girl's at Girton. The second girl, Winnie, has a very marked gift for painting; she is our artist; we're going to send her to the Slade next year when she leaves the High School. Good children. I've nothing to complain of.'

'So you're fairly happy?' Marmaduke repeated. Oddly, he felt himself comforted in hearing about the good and happy children, in hearing about Winnie, her father's favorite.

'Happy? Well, just now, with this terrible war, one can't be that, can one? It is a great adventure for me, however, this work of mine, motoring about France. I don't think I've ever done anything I cared so much about since — for years,' said Mr. Thorpe. 'It's a beautiful country, is n't it? and the

soldiers are such splendid fellows! One gets a lot out of it. But happy? No, I don't suppose I am. I'm pretty much of a failure, and I started life with great imaginings about myself. One does n't get over that sort of disappointment; one never really gets over it in a way.' Mr. Thorpe was looking at him now, and it was as if there were a kindliness between them. 'Things have been rather gray and disagreeable on the whole,' he said.

'They can be very gray and disagreeable, can't they?' said Marmaduke, closing his eyes.

He was very tired, and as he lay there quietly, having nothing further to know or to suffer, having reached the very limits of conscious dissolution, something else began to come to him. It seemed born of the abolition of self and of the acceptance of the fact that he was dead to all that had given life, worth or beauty. It would have been very good to be a Follett, though; he saw it now, he had over-prized that special sort of goodness — with so much else from which he had been, as really, shut out; but he was not a Follett; nor was he merely this poor, insignificant father. He did not quite make out in what the difference lay and he did not rejoice in it, for there was no rejoicing left in him. But, even if the difference were only an acquired instinct (dimly the terms of his complacent readings in biology and sociology returned to him), even if it were only that, not anything inherent and transmissible, it was, all the same, his own possession; something that he and the Folletts had made together; so that it was as true to say that he had won the V.C. as to say that they had. The lessened self that was left to him had still its worth. To see the truth, even if it undid one, was worthy; to see so unwaveringly that it was good to be a Follett even when one was n't one, had the elements of magnanimity; and to accept the fact of being second-rate proved, did it not? — if one still cared to prove it; he felt himself smile as gently at the relinquished self as he had smiled at his father, — that one was not merely second-rate.

There was now a sound of stumbling movement; doors opening and shutting, nurses, surgeons in the room; and his father's face, far away, against the blue bands, looking at him, still so frightened and so miserable that he tried again to smile at him and to say, 'It's all right. Quite all right.'

At all events he had been decent to the poor old fellow. His thoughts came brokenly, but he was still seeing something, finding something; it was like a soft light growing. At all events, he had behaved as a Follett would wish to behave even when brought to such a pass. No — but it was n't quite that, either; it was something new. He had behaved as anyone decent should wish to behave. And the daffodils glimmering to his vision seemed to light him further still. 'We are as common as daffodils,' came back to him. Daffodils were for everybody. Foolish little boy who, on the distant spring morning in the woods of Channerley, dug them up to take them to his own garden!

He was there among them with his little red-and-yellow cart, and the thrush was singing high above him, in the rosy topmost branches of an elm.

Beautiful woods. Beautiful flowers of light and chivalry. How the sunshine streamed among them!

'Dear Channerley,' he thought. For again he seemed to belong there.

Gentle hands were tending him and, as he turned his cheek on the pillow, it was with the comfort — almost that of the little boy at Channerley being tucked up in the warm nursery to go to sleep — of knowing that he was dying, and that, in spite of everything, he had given something to the name.

THE NEW PLACE OF LABOR

BY ORDWAY TEAD

I

LABOR has won a new place in American life in the last twelve months. The workers have been accorded unprecedented recognition in the conduct of public affairs. The leaders of organized labor have been called to Washington, not merely to advise, but actively to administer; and the rank and file of workers, especially in the war industries, have secured concessions in the principles and terms of labor-adjustment for which they had struggled unsuccessfully for a decade.

No one who visualizes the protean diversity of American conditions believes that American labor is about to take the reins of government into its hands, or that there is a unified host of a myriad manual workers advancing with clear aims under a common banner. The situation in a working class of thirty million people is not so simple. But when, as is the case to-day, a point of vantage has been reached, it is important to define the changes and to get a sense of the direction which liberated forces and new tendencies are taking. We want to know how labor has achieved its new place: whether its advances represent an asset in successful war labor policy; whether the leverage of the workers' present position portends a 'reconstruction' which is sound, or one characterized by class-conflict, disruption, and animosity. It is now so obvious that after the war labor will drive progressively ahead from the position it holds at the end of the war, that a genuine concern for the future of American democracy makes necessary some attempt to estimate the present status of the workers.

Unquestionably the Wilson administration has been sympathetic with organized labor. There is no other way to account for the amity which has been characteristic of the government's relations with the workers at the navy yards and arsenals. Organized as these workers are into a number of craft unions, it has been possible for Secretaries Daniels and Baker to adjust all matters in a way which has precluded practically all strikes at government plants.

A remarkable memorandum, to which Secretary Baker and Mr. Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, were parties, made possible the building of all the cantonments without any considerable interruption of work. This agreement forestalled friction by assuring union terms and conditions of employment to the workers in the several building trades engaged in this enormous construction. But this was only the precursor of genuine collective contracts between the government and organized labor in three other fields. The contracts with the longshoremen, the seamen, and the shipyard crafts mark a revolutionary change in official policy. Never before has the Federal government negotiated in this direct manner with associations of workers; even at the navy yards and arsenals, negotiations have never been with the unions as such.

The new procedure shows that the government realizes that its responsibilities as an employer are no different from those of the private employer. And the revised policy has this initial justification — it works. This practice of direct dealing with national and local labor leaders through collective contracts has kept the workers on the job. It affords them machinery for taking up with the government and with private employers, in orderly fashion, whatever differences may arise. It convinces the men that the American struggle for democracy is being carried forward behind the lines no less than in the trenches.

It is only when the workers find matters at a breaking-point, — and let them break, — that the public thinks or cares about the conditions under which the great work-a-day war-work of the country is done. Then, all too often, there are nothing but recrimination and abusive epithets. But let the American public recollect that, since the war started, it has had to give no thought to the thousands of seamen engaged in the extremely hazardous occupation of operating our vessels in the war-zone. They are working under an agreement between the ship-owners, the Departments of Commerce and Labor, the Shipping Board, and the International Seamen's Union.

There has been, with two relatively unimportant exceptions, no occasion for the country to regard the longshoremen who load all the vessels for Europe as anything but honest, hard workers, engaged, be it said in passing, in a heavy, dangerous, and very irregular employment. They too are working under a contract — between the Shipping Board and the International Longshoremen's Association.

But looking back over the work of a short ten months, perhaps the most notable achievement has been the shipyard agreement of August 25, 1917. This also has kept the peace in the shipyards to an unparalleled extent — especially when the unsettled character of this new industry is borne in mind. To this agreement the presidents of eight international unions were signatory; and they bound themselves to control the workers in yards where, at the time, they had few if any members.

And yet, despite this fundamental weakness in their position, the national labor leaders have been able to keep the rank and file in line to an extent little short of miraculous. The job that the Navy Department and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, the other parties to the agreement, put upon these leaders might have made bolder men hesitate. It was just because he saw no clear assurance that he could keep the carpenters in hand under such disorganized conditions that President Hutcheson of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters asked that the union shop be required as one term of the agreement. Logically he was right: he was being asked to assume responsibility for the conduct of men over whom he had control only to the extent that they were members of his organization. He therefore refused to sign; and the national organization of carpenters is not to-day officially a party to the contract. But that makes little practical difference, because the local organizations of carpenters have in each case agreed to abide by awards, and they have therefore been recognized and dealt with.

The Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board, in accordance with the terms of the agreement, has recently finished its initial task of deciding upon terms of employment in the several shipbuilding districts of the country. It has made five major awards; and in each a progressive clarifying of official labor-policy is to be noted. They indicate governmental sanction of policies upon

which governmental pronouncement is new. And this sanction is significant because so many representative crafts are involved and so many districts and workers are affected. There are now something over 230,000 workers operating under the awards, and before the summer ends there will probably be close to 500,000. In this situation the Adjustment Board is nominally determining shipyard labor standards; in reality it is profoundly influencing all labor standards on a nation-wide scale. This gives a national interest to its policies and awards.

The board has declared for a wage determined in relation to the cost of living — not a mere 'subsistence' minimum, but a 'comfort' minimum, an amount on which a man can bring up a family in wholesome decency. It discovers that the wide divergences, popularly supposed to exist between the cost of living in different parts of the country, do not exist. It has therefore promulgated only two different wage-scales for the entire country: one for the Southern, Northern, and Middle states, another for the Pacific states. The Pacific-coast scale is $5.775; the Atlantic scale $5.60, per day. There are indications that before long the Atlantic scale may be increased, and then there will be one rate of wages operative for shipyard workers the country over.

This national uniformity of rates of pay for each craft will have the value, at least for war purposes, of reducing the unnecessary movement of labor and of attracting first-grade mechanics to the yards. All the shipyard awards also grant a basic eight-hour day and a differential of five per cent for night-work. They require the creation in each yard of craft and joint-shop committees, to confer with the management on all differences that arise. They order the provision of adequate sanitary facilities. In short, an unprecedented degree of standardization and leveling-up of shipyard conditions has been attained.

In point of numbers and in the variety of trades affected, the only other group of workers that compares with the shipbuilders, is the railroad employees, of whom there are now under direct Federal control nearly 2,000,000. To achieve a standardization of rates in this great public service, so that wages will compare favorably with the rates in the shipyards, is manifestly necessary if men are not to leave the boiler-shops of the railroads, for example, and go into the boiler-shops under the Fleet Corporation. Yet after prolonged inquiry by the Railroad Wage Commission appointed to recommend to the Director-General wage-scales for the railroad workers of the country, Director MacAdoo has granted increases which still leave the war-time shop employees of the railroads less well paid, than the same trade in the shipyards. Since all increases under his order are on a percentage basis, all existing irregularities and inconsistencies of rates are maintained. A nationally effective uniform scale under which, for example, all machinists in all railroad shops get the same hourly rate, still remains to be achieved. Other no less important standards, however, of hours, overtime pay, equal pay to women for equal work, are established uniformly for the nation; and the appointment of a representative Board of Railroad Wages and Working Conditions, to consider 'inequalities as to wages and conditions arising from competition with employees in other industries,' has already made it possible for the railroad shop employees to ask for a reconsideration of their rates.

But the accomplished achievement of the new railroad administration is the selection of a strong Director of

Labor, chosen from among the presidents of the railroad brotherhoods, and an assistant director who has been president of one of the 'shop unions.' It is the function of these labor administrators to take up and advise with the Director General upon all labor matters which are not under direct controversy between management and men. For the settlement of such actual controversies, there is provision for three national adjustment boards, two of which have already been appointed. There remains to be selected a board for railroad office employees. To these boards will come for adjustment, subject to review by the Director General, difficulties which it is found impossible to settle through agencies created under existing collective agreements between railroads and the unions.

Like the railroad administration, the fuel administration is working through rather than against the organization of the workers. The former president of the United Mine Workers — a union of over 300,000 miners — is close to Mr. Garfield in the determination of labor policy in relation to fuel. The coal of the largest producing areas of the country is practically all mined under conditions determined by collective agreements. And the only complaint about mine output since the war commenced has been that it could not be removed from the pit-mouth fast enough to make room for the new production.

The labor conditions under which the work contracted for by the War Department has been done are, unfortunately, far from uniform. In the manufacture of all leather goods for the army the terms of employment are stipulated in a written agreement between the Department, the leather-goods employers and the United Leather-Workers' International Union. But aside from this, the Ordnance, Quartermaster-General's, Signal Corps, and Surgeon-General's divisions of the War Department, the critical production bodies for the army, pursue no uniform methods in relations with the workers employed on their contracts in private shops. The Ordnance, Signal Corps, and Quartermaster's branches have industrial-service sections in which administrative experts in employment management, housing, conciliation and adjustment, women's work, and the like, are fast being chosen and set at work. The Quartermaster's branch has also a special labor director in connection with the manufacture of army garments.

But these efforts are all made for, and not with, the workers. The methods of meeting labor disaffection in contract shops are distinctly opportunist. Officials of organized labor, while they are from time to time called in to prevent the interruption of work, have no formal status in the War Department in its important industrial relations' undertakings. There is no adjustment board representing workers, employers, and public, as there is for the shipyards. In consequence, the all but strikeless record in shipbuilding is not found in army contract factories; exhibitions of discontent have occurred, and have been occasioned by industrial conditions which the War Department has not adequately controlled.

II

Significant in the development of the new national attitude toward labor has been the report of the President's Mediation Commission. Its trip into the West in the late fall brought it face to face with less than a dozen impending controversies. Yet so critical were the issues involved in each of these, that the recommendations of the commission carry special weight. Its report

adds its support to the great tide of opinion favoring the eight-hour day; it declares unequivocally for the necessity of collective bargaining as the only means by which the power of workers and employers can be approximately equalized, and the suppressed and thwarted impulses in working-class life be given free and positive play. The commission left behind it, in each of the districts which it investigated, agencies for the joint control and determination of controverted issues. And it set in motion in Chicago the machinery which culminated in Judge Altschuler's far-reaching decision on working conditions in the packing industry. This award has brought to some thousands of workers a basic eight-hour day, increased wages, and the right to organize; and it has declared that minimum wages shall be based upon the actual cost of living.

There have, in short, emerged, in the numerous efforts to cope with the labor problem for war purposes, a variety of suggestions for a national labor policy. The demand for a formulated declaration upon many of these matters became more and more widespread, and in response to it President Wilson appointed the so-called Taft-Walsh Board, of five employers, five labor leaders, and Messrs. William Howard Taft and Frank P. Walsh, to frame a labor policy for the nation. Its unanimous recommendations have all been in the direction we are tracing. They declare for the right of labor to organize and to bargain collectively; for the basic eight-hour day; for the collating, through the unions and the United States employment service, of information about skilled workers available for the war industries; for the fixing of minimum wages which shall 'insure the subsistence of the worker and his family in health and reasonable comfort'; and for the appointment of a National War Labor Board, selected in the same manner as the policy-determining board. The function of this new body is to adjust all disputes for the settlement of which no other machinery exists or is created.

These recommendations were accepted in their entirety by the government, and the policy board was reappointed by the President, to act upon controversies which may hereafter arise and upon any further difficult matters of policy.

The President in further pursuit of uniformity in labor policy and of administrative coördination also placed in the hands of Secretary of Labor Wilson the Labor Administration of the war industries. And in order to facilitate the departmental reorganizations which the adoption of common methods of handling industrial relations requires, Secretary Wilson has secured the services of Professor Felix Frankfurter as assistant labor administrator. In the rearrangement of duties which this implies, the Taft-Walsh Board becomes in effect the supreme court of war industry; and Mr. Frankfurter's organization is devoted to the administration of the nation's labor policies through existing and prospective agencies of investigation and adjustment, and to the more complete clarifying of those policies, where necessary.

For no one believes that the country has come to a completely clear understanding of its labor policy. What, for example, is the national policy regarding the basic eight-hour day? The great steel plants working on war contracts do not have it. What is to be our policy respecting uniform rates for each craft on a country-wide basis? What is to be our policy about the way to secure for the essential trades the really skilled craftsmen? Are the unions to be asked to mobilize them by draining their own clientele from less essential

industries, or are we to set up training courses to give specialized instruction to the unskilled? Or should we do both, and if so, how are we to avoid flooding the labor-market after the war with an over-supply of skilled mechanics? These are vital questions of policy which we have not yet settled, and the ignoring of them still delays the maximum utilization of our energies.

On the whole, however, it is undeniable that America has gradually felt its way into a method of handling the industrial situation which, if not completely satisfactory or consistent, is surprisingly effective when considered in the light of our pre-war muddle in these matters. The problem has been one of temporary adjustment; and it is admittedly being dealt with only on that basis. We have 'fixed it up'; we are 'getting by'; we have a 'patched peace' — and the supplies are coming through.

What more can be asked?

Nothing more will be asked by those who are looking so intently at to-day that they forget to-morrow. For the emergency the nation is — with certain important exceptions — prepared. But for the emergence, for the turgid period of reconstruction, for the generation of democratic expansion that will follow the war — are we prepared for that? The question is raised, not to distract attention from immediate military issues, not to belittle the value of what has been done. It is raised because the facts of labor's present position, influence, and purposes point inevitably to a new dispensation. A new generation in the labor world, studying zealously the reconstruction lessons which British labor is teaching, is forcing us to find an answer. We shall win the war, is the claim of the younger labor leaders, not alone by invincible efforts on the 'frontier of freedom,' but by simultaneous assault — or at least reconnoitring parties — against anti-democratic forces at home.

Whether this be true or not, the fact is that the position and temper of the workers in America to-day is very different from what it was a year ago. Problems that had no place, except in the trade-union local or the college economics class, are fast becoming matters for national statesmanship. Labor after the war is certain to exert an influence in determining the direction of reconstruction which is not yet widely appreciated. The problem of industrial government will be forced upon public attention until a solution is at least attempted, if not assured. The only question is, to what extent the other progressive elements in the community will join with labor to clarify its purposes and give form and substance to its aspirations.

III

It is a national crisis which we now face. It is a national reconstruction which we must envisage. It will not be labor's rebirth alone; it will not be a regeneration in which either wealth or the middle class must do penance for the sins of the world. The reconstruction that we face cuts across class lines. It imposes universal obligations. With reconstruction will come a fundamental criticism of existing social arrangements; a fundamental revulsion against individual self-engrossments. Reconstruction will be the new application of intelligence, good-will, and faith in human nature as we know it, to the problem of supplying goods, creating freedom, and fostering personality for all the people.

But because reconstruction contemplates this inclusive desire, this universal purpose, the claims of labor and the obstacles in its way require special consideration. In the post-war period

of readjustment those claims will be met, 'those dead shall not have died in vain,' only if our country *begins now* to make provision for the future in the several departments of public activity. There is grave danger, for example, that in the shifting of industrial energies to peace-time pursuits, and in the process of demobilizing over two million men, serious unemployment and suffering will result. The provision of work or sustenance for those industrially displaced by the cessation of war is a public duty we cannot shirk. The right to a job, or, failing that, to the means of livelihood, is to-day established beyond all question.

No less imperative in a true social democracy is the securing of public control over the vital sources of well-being and prosperity. Transportation, fuel, water-power, minerals, land, foodstuffs — should not these continue to be administered on a national basis, in order adequately to assure the supplying of public needs? What part in such administration voluntary associations should play, and what part the State should assume, is not so easily answered. But during reconstruction the labor liberals will have in view the preserving and encouraging of individuality and personal capacity, of local initiative and responsibility. All liberal sympathizers will inevitably distrust and discourage plans that entail any extension of centralization and bureaucracy. Indeed, the era of reconstruction will doubtless witness a prolonged and profound struggle between the principles of state control and of voluntary functional control. And no end to the struggle will be in sight until the electorate reconstructs in clear terms its ideas as to the purpose which should govern the control of all social organizations. As a thoughtful English writer has phrased it, 'Reconstruction, if it is not to be a mere will-o'-the-wisp, must be a nice balancing of two factors — the creation of systems which shall not be too easily at the mercy of personality, and the building of personalities which shall bring life and spirit into the dry bones of system.'

IV

Another of the many far-reaching questions of economic and ethical reorganization is labor's relation to methods of international government and control. After the war the search for markets will go on; large-scale purchase between countries will go on; the export of capital and the sale of credit will continue; labor standards will vary enormously between the nations. And all these matters will continue, as they have done in the past, to occasion friction, jealousy, and enmity between nations — *unless* there is some popular attempt to make the parliament of a society of nations something more than a great debating organization. There must come organizations intrusted with the control of these delicate fiscal matters in the public interest, and qualified to assume their administration on a larger and larger international scale. That labor's interests and passionate desire for peace will be served only by such effective control of these critical problems has been attested by the workers themselves in the historic document setting forth the war aims of the labor groups of the allied countries.[1]

But no satisfactory control of affairs between nations is likely, until each country is able to bring its internal economic affairs to a head in such a way as to create responsible national agents with whom other nations can deal. One guaranty of successful negotiation and administration on a greater

[1] The Inter-Allied Labor War-Aims appeared in full in the supplement to the *New Republic*, March 23, 1918.

than national scale will be the existence within each country of an integrated (which does not necessarily mean centralized) industrial system. And no complete integration of economic forces and activities is possible until the place of labor in the scheme, and the purpose of the scheme, are made clear.

Labor's place in a better organized national system is being better understood as the war progresses. The government is increasingly assuring the workers a more adequate wage than ever before; hours are slowly but surely being reduced; working conditions are improving. And beyond these material matters of terms, the workers are now becoming interested in the control of industry itself, in the underlying questions of the amount of profit, the desirability of extending credits, the establishing of accurate and uniform cost-accounting systems. And in international affairs the workers are finding that they have a tremendous stake, and they are demanding a place at the peace conference for representatives of organized labor from all the warring countries.

But the purpose of superior organization has still to be established. For what is the country going to use its national economic machinery? Labor demands some assurances on this point; it has no disposition to foster a great productive organization which will be used for profiteering or imperialist ends. The workers have already foreseen this danger. In consequence they have themselves stated what they conceive to be an adequate animating purpose for an improved industrial organization. The Inter-Allied Labor Conference, in the statement of its war-aims, insists that 'Within each country the government must for some time to come maintain its control of the most indispensable commodities, in order to secure their appropriation . . . *to meet the most urgent needs of the whole community.*'

This declaration of a social purpose for industry is made in behalf of millions of workers in at least four European countries. Does it not give the clue we seek? Were the traditional humanitarian aims and purposes of the American democracy ever more explicitly stated? If this is reconstruction, it contains no essentially new elements. If this is labor's goal, it is hardly at variance with aims historically cherished in this country. Reconstruction becomes but the continuation of a national moral enterprise begun a century and a half ago. Yet there is this difference. We seek to-day the extension of representative government, not only into politics, but into industry. The workers are anxious that, consistently throughout the whole fabric of American life, our common efforts shall contribute to the rearing of a great community wherein shall dwell a happy people disciplined for the fullness of freedom.

EVERYDAY ADVENTURES

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

I

ALL that May day long I had been trying to break my record of birds seen and heard between dawn and dark. Toward the end of the gray afternoon an accommodating Canadian warbler, wearing a black necklace across his yellow breast, carried me past my last year's mark, and I started for home in great contentment. My path wound in and out among the bare white boles of a beech wood all feathery with new green-sanguine-colored leaves. Always as I enter that wood I have a sense of a sudden silence, and I walk softly, that I may catch perhaps a last word or so of what They are saying.

That day, as I moved without a sound among the trees, suddenly, not fifty feet away, loping wearily down the opposite slope, came a gaunt red fox and a cub. With her head down, she looked like the picture of the wolf in Red Riding-Hood. The little cub was all woolly, like a lamb. His back was reddish-brown, and he had long stripes of gray across his breast and round his small belly, and his little sly face was so comical that I laughed at the very first sight of it. What wind there was blew from them to me, and my khaki clothes blended with the coloring around me.

As I watched them, another larger cub trotted down the hill. The first cub suddenly yapped at him, with a snarling little bark quite different from that of a dog; but the other paid no attention, but stalked sullenly into a burrow which for the first time I noticed among the roots of a white-oak tree. Back of the burrow lay a large chestnut log which evidently served as a watch-tower for the fox family. To this the mother fox went, and climbing up on top of it, lay down, with her head on her paws and her magnificent brush dangling down beside the log, and went to sleep.

The little cub that was left trotted to the entrance of the burrow and for a while played by himself, like a puppy or a kitten. First he snapped at some blades of grass and chewed them up fiercely. Then, seeing a leaf that had stuck in the wool on his back, he whirled round and round, snapping at it with his little jaws. Failing to catch it, he rolled over and over in the dirt until he had brushed it off. Then he proceeded to stalk the battered carcass of an old black crow that lay in front of the burrow. Crouching and creeping up on it inch by inch, he suddenly sprang and caught that unsuspecting corpse and worried it ferociously, with fierce little snarls. All the time his wrinkled-up, funny little face was so comical that I nearly laughed aloud every time he moved. At last he curled up in a round ball, with his chin on his forepaws like his mother.

There before me, at the end of the quiet spring afternoon, two of the wildest and shyest of all of our native animals lay asleep. Never before had I seen a fox in all that country, or even suspected that one had a home within a scant mile of mine. As I watched

them sleeping, I felt somehow that the wildwood had taken me into her confidence and was trusting her children to my care; and I would no more have harmed them, than I would my own.

As I watched the cub curled up in a woolly ball, I wanted to creep up and stroke his soft fur. Leaving the hard path, I started to cover as silently as possible the fifty feet that lay between us. Before I had gone far, a leaf rustled underfoot, and in a second the cub was on his feet, wide awake, and staring down at me. With one foot in the air, I waited and waited until he settled down to sleep again. A minute later the same thing happened once more, only to be repeated at every step or so. It took me something like half an hour to reach a point within twenty feet of where he lay, and I looked straight into his eyes each time that he stood up.

No wild animal can tell a man from a tree by sight alone if only he stands still. Suddenly, as the cub sprang up, perhaps for the tenth time, there about six feet to one side of him stood the old mother fox. I had not heard a sound or seen a movement, but there she was. I was so close that I dared not move my head to look at the cub, but turned only my eyes. When I looked back the mother fox was gone. With no sudden movement that I could detect, there almost before my eyes she had melted into the landscape.

I stood like a stone until the cub had lain down once more. This time evidently he was watching me out of his wrinkled-up little eyes, for at my very first forward movement he got up, and with no appearance of haste turned round and disappeared down in the burrow. The watch-tower log was vacant, although I have no doubt that the mother fox was watching me from some unseen spot.

When I came to examine the den, I found that there were three burrows in a line, perhaps fifteen feet in length, with a hard-worn path leading from one to the other. The watch-log behind them was rubbed smooth and shiny, with reddish fox-hairs caught in every crevice. Near the three burrows was a tiny one, which I think was probably dug as an air-hole; while in front I found the feathers of a flicker, a purple grackle, and a chicken, besides the remains of the crow aforesaid. How any fox outside of the fable could beguile a crow is a puzzle to me. All of these burrows were in plain sight, and I hunted a long time to find the concealed one which is a part of the home of every well-regulated fox family. For a while I could find no trace of it. Finally I saw on the side of a stump one reddish hair that gave me a clue. Examining the stump carefully, I found that it was hollow and formed the entrance to the secret exit from the three main burrows.

A week later I went again to look at the home of that fox family; but it was deserted by them and was now tenanted by a fat woodchuck who would never have ventured near the den, if the owners had not left it. Mrs. Fox had evidently feared the worst from my visit, and in the night had moved her whole family to some better-hidden home. This was three years ago, and, although I visit the place every winter, no tell-tale tracks ever show that she has moved back.

II

It is not necessary to go to the forest for adventures: they lie in wait for us at our very doors. My home is in a built-up suburb of a large city, apparently hopelessly civilized. The other morning I was out early for some before-breakfast chopping, the best of all setting-up exercises. As I turned the

corner of the garage, I suddenly came face to face with a black-and-white animal with a pointed nose, a bushy tail, and an air of justified confidence. I realized that I was on the brink of a meeting which demanded courage but not rashness. 'Be brave, be brave, but not *too* brave,' should always be the motto of the man who meets the skunk. From my past experience, however, I knew that the skunk is a good sportsman. Unless rushed, he always gives three warnings before he proceeds to extremities.

As I came near, he stopped and shook his head sadly as if saying to himself, 'I'm afraid there 's going to be trouble, but it is n't my fault.' As I still came on, he gave me danger signal number one by suddenly stamping his forepaws rapidly on the hard ground. Upon my further approach followed signal number two, to wit, the hoisting aloft of his aforesaid long, bushy tail. As I came on more and more slowly, I received the third and last warning — the end of the erect tail moved quietly back and forth a few times.

It was enough. I stood stony still, for I knew that if, after that, I moved forward but by the fraction of an inch, I would meet an unerring barrage which would send a suit of clothes to an untimely grave. For perhaps half a minute we eyed each other. Like the man in the story, I made up my mind that one of us would have to run — and that I was that one. Without any false pride I backed slowly and cautiously out of range. Thereupon the threatening tail descended, and Mr. Skunk trotted away through a gap in the fence into the long grass of an unoccupied lot, probably seeking a breakfast of field-mice.

I felt a definite sense of relief, for it is usually more dangerous to meet a skunk than a bear. In fact, all the bears that I have ever come upon were disappearing with great rapidity across the landscape.

But there are times, when a meeting with either Mr. or Mrs. Bruin is apt to be an unhappy one. Several years ago I was camping out in Maine one March, in a lumberman's shack. A few days before I came, two boys in a village near by decided to go into the woods hunting, with a muzzle-loading shot-gun and a long stick between them. One boy was ten years old, while the other was a patriarch of twelve. On a hillside under a great bush they noticed a small hole which seemed to have melted through the snow, and which had a gamey savor that made them suspect a coon. The boy with the stick poked it in as far as possible until he felt something soft.

'I think there's something here,' he remarked, poking with all his might.

He was quite right. The next moment the whole bank of frozen snow suddenly caved out, and there stood a cross and hungry bear, prodded out of his winter sleep by that stick. The boys were up against a bad proposition. The snow was too deep for running, and when it came to climbing — that was Mr. Bear's pet specialty. So they did the only thing left for them to do: they waited. The little one with the stick got behind the big one with the gun, which weapon wavered unsteadily.

'Now, don't you miss,' he said, ''cause this stick ain't very sharp.'

Sometimes an attacking bear will run at a man like a biting dog. More often it rises on its haunches and depends on the smashing blows of its mighty arms and steel-shod paws. So it happened in this case. Just before the bear reached the boys, he lifted his head and started to rise. The first boy, not six feet away, aimed at the white spot which most black bears have under their chin, and pulled the

trigger. At that close range the heavy charge of number six shot crashed through the animal's throat, making a single round hole like a big bullet, cutting the jugular vein, and piercing the neck vertebræ beyond. The great beast fell forward with hardly a struggle, so close to the boys that its blood splashed on their rubber boots. They got ten dollars for the skin and ten dollars for the bounty, and about one million dollars' worth of glory.

Hasting homeward for more peaceful adventures, I find, near the road which leads to the railway station over which scores and hundreds of my friends and neighbors, including myself, pass every day, a little patch of marshland. In the fall it is covered with a thick growth of goldenrod, purple asters, joe-pye-weed, wild sunflowers, white boneset, tear-thumb, black bindweed, dodder, and a score or more of other common fall flowers.

One night, at nine o'clock, I noticed that an ice-blue sky shone from almost the very zenith of the heavens. Below her were two faint stars making a tiny triangle, the left-hand one showing as a beautiful double under an opera-glass. Below were a row of other dim points of light in the black sky. It was Vega of the Lyre, the great Harp Star. Then I knew that the time had come. We humans think, arrogantly, that we are the only ones for whom the stars shine, and forget that flowers also, and birds and all the wild folk are born each under its own special star.

The next morning I was up with the sun and visited that bit of unpromising marshland past which all of us had plodded year in and year out. In one corner, through the dim grass, I found flaming like deep-blue coals one of the most beautiful flowers in the world, the fringed gentian. The stalk and flower-stems looked like green candelabra, while the unopened blossoms showed sharp edges like beech-nuts. Above them glowed square fringed flowers of the richest, deepest blue that nature holds. It is bluer than the bluebird's back, and fades the violet, the aster, the great lobelia, and all the other blue flowers that grow. The four petals were fringed, and the flower seemed like a blue eye looking out of long lashes to the paler sky above. The calyx inside was of a veined purple or a silver-white, while four gold-tipped, light purple stamens clustered around a canary-yellow pistil. There is only this one clump, and every year I look forward to the day when it blooms. That morning after breakfast I wore on the train one of the two flowers which I allowed myself to pick. Every friend I met spoke of it admiringly. Some had heard of it, others had seen it for themselves in places far distant. None of them knew that every day until frost they would pass unheedingly within ten feet of nearly thirty of these flowers.

III

Sometimes the adventure, unlike good children, is to be heard, not seen. It was the end of a hot August day. I had been down for a late dip in the lake, and was coming back through the woods to the old farmhouse where I have spent so many of my summers. The path wound through a grove of slim birches, and the lights in the afterglow were all green and gold and white. From the nearby road a field sparrow, with a pink beak, sang his silver flute song, and I stopped to listen, and thought to myself, if he were only as rare as the nightingale, how people would crowd to hear him.

Suddenly from the depths of the twilight woods a thrush song began. At first I thought that it was the wood thrush, which, and the veery or Wilson thrush, were the only two that I had

supposed were to be found in that Connecticut township. It, however, had a more ethereal quality, and I listened in vain for the drop to the harsh bass notes which always blemish the strain of the wood thrush. Instead, after three arpeggio notes, the singer's voice went up and up, with a sweep that no human voice or instrument could compass, and I suddenly realized that I was in the presence of one of the great singers of the world. For years I had read of the song of the hermit thrush, but in all my wanderings I had never chanced to hear it before.

Lafcadio Hearn writes of a Japanese bird whose song has the power to change a man's whole life. So it was with me that midsummer evening. Something had been added to the joy of living that could never be taken from me. Since that twilight I have heard the hermit thrush sing many times. Through the rain in the dawn-dusk on the top of Mount Pocono, he sang for me once, while all around a choir of veerys accompanied him with their strange minor harp-chords. One Sunday morning, at the edge of a little Canadian river, I heard five singing together on the farther side. 'Ah-h-h, holy, holy, holy,' their voices chimed across the still water. In the woods, in migration, I have heard their whisper-song, which the hermit sings only when traveling; and once on a May morning in my back yard, near Philadelphia, one sang for me from the low limb of a bush as loudly as if he were in his mountain home. No thrush song, however, will ever equal that first one which I heard among the birch trees. Creeping softly along the path that evening, I finally saw the little singer on a branch against the darkening sky. Again and again he sang, until at last I noticed that, when the highest notes were reached and the song ceased to my ears, the singer sang on still. Quivering in an ecstasy, with open beak and half-fluttering wings, the thrush sang a strain that went beyond my range. Like the love-song of the bat, the best part of the song of the hermit thrush can never be heard by any human ear.

It was the morning of June twentieth. I stood at the gate of the farmhouse where three roads met, and the air was full of bird-songs. For a long time I stood there, and tried to note how many different songs I could hear. Nearby were the alto joy-notes of the Baltimore oriole. Up from the meadow where the trout brook flowed came the bubbling, gurgling notes of the bobolink. Robins, wood thrushes, song sparrows, chipping sparrows, bluebirds, vireos, goldfinches, chebecs, indigo birds, flickers, phoebes, scarlet tanagers, red-winged blackbirds, catbirds, house wrens — altogether, without moving from my place, I counted thirty-three different bird-songs and bird-notes.

Nearby I saw a robin's nest, curiously enough built directly on the ground on the side of the bank of one of the roads, and lined with white wool, evidently picked up in the neighboring sheep-pasture. This started me on another of the games of solitaire which I like to play out-of-doors, and I tried to see how many nests I could discover from the same vantage-point without moving. This is really a good way to find birds' nests, and the one who stands still and watches the birds will often find more than he who beats about. For a long time the robin's nest was the only one on my list. At last the flashing orange and black of a Baltimore oriole betrayed its gray, swinging pouch of a nest in a nearby spruce tree — the first time that I have ever seen an oriole's nest in an evergreen tree. In a lilac bush I saw the deep nest of the cat-bird, with its four vivid blue eggs and the inevitable grapevine-bark lining around its edge.

In a high fork in a great maple tree at the corner of the road the chebec, or least flycatcher, showed me her home. Sooner or later, if you watch any of the flycatchers long enough, they will generally show you their nests. This one was high up in a fork, and made of string and wool and down. Over in the adjoining orchard I saw a kingbird light on her nest in the very top of an apple tree, and I have no doubt that, if I had climbed up to it, I should have seen three beautiful cream-white eggs blotched with chocolate-brown.

The last nest of all was my treasure nest of the summer. I was about to give up the game and start off for a walk, when suddenly, right ahead of me, hanging on the limb of a sugar-maple, not five feet above the stone wall, I saw the swinging basket-nest of a vireo, with the woven white strips of birch-bark on the outside which all vireos use in that part of the country. It was as if a veil had suddenly dropped from my eyes, for I had been looking in that direction constantly, without seeing the nest directly in front of me. Probably, at last, I must have slightly turned my head and finally caught the light in a different direction. I supposed that the nest was that of the red-eyed vireo, the only one of the five vireos which would be likely to build in such a location. Climbing upon the wall to look at it, I saw that the mother bird was on the nest. Even when I took hold of the limb, she did not fly. Then I slowly pulled the limb down, and still the brave little bird stayed on her nest, although several times she started to her feet and, ruffling her feathers, made as if to fly. As the nest came nearer and nearer, I could see that she was quivering all over with fear, and that her heart was beating so rapidly as to shake her tiny body. Finally, as she came almost within reach of my outstretched hand, she gave me one long look and then suddenly cuddled down over her dearly loved eggs and hid her head inside of the nest. Reaching my hand out very carefully, I stroked her quivering little back. She raised her head and gave me another long look, as if to make sure whether I meant her any harm. Evidently I seemed friendly, for as I stroked her head she turned and gave my finger a little peck, and then snuggled her head up against it in the most confiding, engaging way. As she did so, I noticed that a white line ran from the beak to the eye, and that she had a white eye-ring and a bluish-gray head. As I looked at her, suddenly from a nearby branch the father bird sang, 'See-ee, see-me, you-you,' and I recognized the song of the solitary or blue-headed vireo, who belongs in the deep woods and whose rare nest is usually found in their depths. As the male came nearer, I could see his pure white throat which, with the white line from eye to bill and the greenish-yellow markings on either flank, make good field-marks. The four eggs, which I saw afterwards when the mother bird was off the nest, were white with reddish markings all over instead of being blotched at one end as are those of the red-eyed vireo. Every day for the rest of that week I visited my little friend; and before I left she grew to know me so well that she would not even ruffle up her feathers when I pulled the limb down.

IV

Children are of great help in the life adventurous. They have an inexhaustible fund of admiration for even the feeblest efforts of their parents in adventuring. Many a dull dog, who once heard nothing in all the world but the clank of business, has been changed into a confirmed adventurer by sheer appreciation. Moreover, children pos-

sess an energy and imagination which we grown-ups often lack. Only the other afternoon I started off for a walk with my four boys, to find myself suddenly dining in the New Forest with Robin Hood, Little John, Will Scarlet, and Allan a' Dale. Owing probably to a certain comfortable habit of person, I was elected to be Friar Tuck.

The forest itself is a wonderful wood of great trees hidden in a little valley between two round green hills. In its centre is a bubbling spring of clear water that never freezes in winter or dries up in summer. That afternoon we had explored the Haunted House at the edge of the wood, with its date-stone of 1809, ten-foot fireplace, and vast stone chimney, and had fearfully approached that door under which a dark stream of blood flowed a half-century ago, on the day when all humans stopped dwelling in that house forever.

Little John climbed puffingly up through two sets of floor-beams, to where a few warped hemlock boards still made a patch of flooring in the attic. Under a rafter he found a cunningly concealed hidey-hole, drilled like a flicker's nest into one of the soft mica-schist stones of the chimney. Inside were a battered home-made top, whittled out of a solid block, and two flint Indian arrow-heads, ghosts of some long-dead boyhood which still lingered in the little attic chamber.

In the spring twilight we stole out by a side door, so that we might not cross that stained threshold. A lilac bush, which in a century of growth had become a thicket of purple, scented bloom, surrounded the whole side of the house; while beside a squat buttonwood tree of monstrous girth was the dome of a Dutch oven. We followed a dim path fringed with white-thorn and sprays of sweet viburnum blossoms.

From the distance, beyond the farther hill, came the crooning of the toads on their annual pilgrimage back to the marsh where they were born. In time we reached a bank all blue and white with enameled innocents. In front of this the camp-fire was always kindled. The Band scattered for firewood — although not far. There were too many lurking shadows among those tree-trunks. At last the fire was laid and lighted. Five minutes later all powers of darkness fled for their lives before the steady roaring column of smokeless flame that surged up in front of the Band. Followed wassail and feasting galore. Haunches of venison, tasting much like mutton-chops, broiled hissingly at the end of green beechwood spits. Flagons of Adam's ale were quaffed, and the loving-cup — it was of the folding variety — passed from hand to hand.

All at once the substantial Tuck heaved himself up to his feet beside the dying fire. There was not a sound in the sleeping forest. Night-folk, wood-folk, water-folk, all were still. Then from the pursed lips of the Friar sounded a long, wavering, mournful call. Again and again it shuddered away across the hills. Suddenly, so far away that at first it seemed an echo, it was answered. Once and twice more the call sounded, and each time the answer was nearer and louder. Something was coming. As the Band listened aghast, around the circle made by the firelight glided a dark shape with fiery eyes. It realized their worst fears, and with one accord they threw themselves on the Friar who rocked under the impact.

'Send it back, fathie, send it back!' they shouted in chorus.

The good Friar unpuckered his lips.

'I am surprised, comrades,' he said severely. 'You are n't afraid of an old screech-owl, are you?'

'N-n-n-ooo,' quavered little Will Scarlet, 'if you 're *sure* it 's a nowl.'

'Certain sure,' asserted the Friar reassuringly, and gave the call again.

On muffled, silent wings the dark form drifted round and round the light, but never across it, and then alighted on a nearby tree and gave an indescribable little crooning note which the Friar could only approximate. At last, disgusted with the clumsy attempts to continue a conversation so well begun, the owl melted away into the darkness and was gone.

After that, the Band decided that home was the one place for them. Water was poured on the blaze, and earth heaped over the hissing embers. Under the sullen flare of Arcturus and the glow of Algieba, Spica, and all the stars of spring, they started back by dim wood roads and flower-scented lanes. Will Scarlet, Little John, and Allan a' Dale frankly shared the hands of the Friar, and in the darkest places even the redoubtable Robin himself casually took possession of an unoccupied thumb.

MOONLIGHT

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

I

THE evening air exhales a spicy scent;
The robin warbles, and the thrush replies,
And on the terrace a tall regiment
Of lilies and of larkspur seems to rise
In the last glow of the transparent skies,
And shed a radiance hitherto unseen.
Distant, and yet distinct, come joyous cries,
And twilight echoes, few and far between, —
Children at play, — dogs barking, — fairies on the green.

II

The shadows deepen; in the bushy lanes
The fireflies brighten and the crickets cheep;
And hark, an owl! how dolorous the strains,
At which the field-mouse to his bed doth creep.

The birds, the trees, the flowers have dropped to sleep;
The noises from the village float no more;
Night doth enwrap the world in slumber deep.
And while upon reposeful gloom we pore,
Behold, a ghostly glow that was not there before!

III

Slowly, with laboring steps doth she emerge;
Like a stout shallop in the foaming seas,
She holds her prow against the fleecy surge,
And steers between the cliffs of giant trees,
Rounding the headlands, winning by degrees,
Till she outpours the fulness of her beam,
Unrolling all her silver treasuries
On hamlet, plain, and mountain, farm and stream,
With inky shadows that make light more glorious seem.

IV

Reason dissolves in moonlight; for the moon,
Passing the porch of man's dilated eyes,
Doth cast him straight into a kind of swoon:
She, while the wretch in a delirium lies,
Unveils her passions, longings, rhapsodies;
Shows him a crystal sea that floods the space
Between the darkling earth and liquid skies;
And bids him enter her cool resting-place
That clasps the whole of nature in one bright embrace.

V

She would persuade him it is everywhere,
Disguised beneath the blaze of Phoebus' ray, —
Alive in the illuminated air, —
Imprisoned in the glamour of the day;

Which by her art she weaves and shreds away,
Using such magic that each blade of grass,
Bush, mead, and brake her potency betray;
Yea, stand like sentinels to watch her pass,
And toward her naked truth hold up earth's looking-glass.

VI

Alas, in vain she reasons; men reply
That Phoebus gave her all the wealth she had,
And clepe her sacred wisdom sorcery:
Those who believe her are accounted mad.
And therefore is her visage ever sad;
And as she climbs she suffers, for she feels
The arrows of the over-weening lad
Falling in deadly showers at her heels.
She fears the lightning of those ever-burning wheels.

VII

Yet in her flight she leaves her realm behind
To poets and to lovers, whose wide eyes,
Dilated by the moonlight of the mind,
See every object in a mad disguise —
Within a tide between the earth and skies;
And every common bank or brook or flower
To their ecstatic questioning replies,
Glows, throbs, and moves with a mysterious power —
As in a moonlit garden at the trysting hour.

REFLECTIONS OF A DRAFT-BOARD MAN

BY GORDON SNOW

I

For ten months it has been my lot to serve on a selective service draft board here in a western city. For ten months I have watched, and aided in a tiny way, the working of that great machine with which the American democracy has sought to galvanize its clumsy, stoop-shouldered self into quick-stepping martial attitude — to pick itself up by the nape of its own neck, as it were.

I am one of the army of fifteen thousand men as to whom the Provost-Marshal General at Washington issues occasional encomiums of rather elaborate appreciation — encomiums which almost always sugar-coat a new undertaking of the selective draft, and are as surely followed by polite but none the less severe admonitions against blunder and mistake. But we cherish those bulletins. They are all we have as yet, to paste in the family scrapbook against the day when our grandchildren shall inquire our parts in the great war. Yes, we hug them close, as balm against the sorry wounds we bear from cruel and constant contact with the barbed wire of red tape.

The press takes an occasional careless glance at us, and passes to the more colorful pageants thronging the stage of events. We are merged into the drab back-drop. The lights are all up front, where the finished product of our toil goes marching by to gallant music, marching by to France and to glory and beyond.

The literature of the draft thus far is but a chronicle of creaking machinery, a listing of error and delinquencies, a posting of the rules — and the blessed bulletins from General Crowder. I have no desire to add to that scanty shelf, or to bemoan that printers' ink has passed us by. I would only tell in passing what we draft men have seen in this huge, new American institution. I would voice — clumsily, no doubt — the fine certitudes that have come to us out of this rich experience. I speak in the plural, for I have seen that which all draft men have seen.

These men hold in a sense the most unique position of history. They have become literally the father confessors of millions of their fellows. The very threads of fate have been intrusted to their keeping. Momentous power is theirs, and terrible responsibilities sit upon them.

Their eyes have beheld, as from the wings of a huge stage, that glorious metamorphosis of a dormant people aroused at last to exaltation. To them has fallen the lot of intimate assistance at the rebirth of a nation. They have become the high priests of that great event, seared in the very flare and heat of the quickening fire that goes surging through the veins of America to-day.

They were the first to be drafted, these men of the draft boards. They themselves constituted the first quota of the National Army. They awaited no call of numbers, no lottery of fate. They were sent to no training-camps.

From the first day of their call they saw action — a kind of action which as surely tries men's mettle, as surely tests men's souls, I sometimes think, as the red hurricanes of Flanders' fields.

I recall a gray day in February — a busy afternoon in the draft office of which I am secretary. The overcast sky fitted well our mood. The morning papers had carried the big headlines: 'American Troopship Sunk; Heavy Loss of Life.' I searched that sickening news with dread, for I had reason to believe that boys from our board, boys we had sent away a few months before, were on the ship. Later dispatches confirmed the fear. One of our boys — his sunny smiles and freckles are before me now — died there in the black waters.

'What's the quickest way to France?' asked a cool, quiet voice.

I looked up from the litter of papers before me into the level blue eyes of a stocky, self-possessed young man, whose query had cut so incisively through the clatter of typewriters. I felt that the usual explanations were out of order.

'The —— Infantry, Camp B——,' I answered, speaking from knowledge that several boys who had been inducted into that particular branch had already gone abroad.

'That'll do for me; how soon can I go?'

'To-morrow?' I suggested.

'Why not to-day?' parried the grim young man.

'The last train east leaves within an hour. Have you had your physical examination?'

'Just came from the Medical Advisory Board'; and he shoved across the table his papers, testifying to an entirely normal physique.

He sat down to wait while I unreeled the inevitable red tape. He wore a heavy jacket with sheepskin collar, such as ranchers wear in winter, and his blowsy complexion bespoke the high and wind-swept hills.

Presently he observed, 'Pretty slick, these Dutchmen, huh? slick like a coyote; I know 'em.'

Half an hour later he was hurrying to catch the eastern train, hurrying to the great adventure.

Before night six other boys came to the office, and were inducted into the service voluntarily and ahead of their order.

If a chart had been kept of the voluntary inductions through the selective draft on the day following the sinking of the Tuscania, it would have shown an upward trend worth wirelessing to Potsdam. Thousands joined the colors that day.

There was no display of pyrotechnics about it, no avowals of revenge. They just joined, their mouths set, their eyes a bit preoccupied. It was a normal reaction to that tragic episode off the coast of Ireland, and it was not unexpected; but to the men who run the selective-draft offices it became a significant, gratifying thing. It marked the end of a period of epochal transition.

II

One cannot deny that the selective draft began existence under a cloud. It was the thing by which men were made to take up the duty which was theirs, but which their bewildered eyes had not yet recognized. That time is past. To-day the selective draft is the institution through which Americans assume their duty gladly, intelligently, and even eagerly. It has become the forge where men find ready to their hands the weapons best suited to their abilities, the means whereby the patriotic urge is translated into effective action.

Americans know now clearly what

they are fighting for. Slogans and shibboleths are needed no longer to serve as torches to faltering feet. The confused and nebulous forces of right and wrong, which, for most of us, hung impalpable over the battlefields in the early days of Armageddon, have shaped themselves unmistakably now. They issue flames across the world, like a pillar of fire by night, pointing the broad and terrible way we must go. No man need ask for light.

This is the thing Democracy has done. This is its dearest victory. It has defined itself and its purposes. It has won to a fine clarity of vision. The days of doubt are gone. America can go on now to the mighty task ahead, secure in her own convictions, largely immune from the danger of propaganda. It is true that the German spy will be with us always, and the power of many lies told over and over will continue to be felt; but the time is past when these things can impair seriously the nation's morale.

And of the forces that have shaped the purposes of the nation none has been more potent than that of the selective draft. Like a huge lens, it has focused the vision of the nation. We might prate of ideals and of righteous causes without end, but without a concrete translation of our faith, without such a weapon as the sword of the selective draft, welded, we draft men know, with what a heat, liberty might have perished, and the lights have gone out in this poor old world, while yet we talked.

I wonder if the story will ever be told adequately. It defies the attempt. Huge, complex, funny, tragic, sublime, burdened with the fate of a whole people, and, in a sense, of the whole world, it permits of no verbal harnessing.

Like the sparks that fly upward from the forge, struck to a brief moment of incandescence by the force of the blow, are the individuals whose troubles and fates furnish the daily business of a draft office. Poignant faces, anxious eyes, frank and honest expression of the dominating emotions, they pass before us. To each is given what it is possible to give: a brief, sympathetic consideration of the circumstances, a brief, swift decision. These decisions they accept for the most part without murmur, and the men, and those whose fates are intertwined with theirs, pass on to face the formidable paths that lie ahead. Human nature functions before us as in a test-tube. Oh, the fineness of it that we have found!

Pictures of the draft crowd my memory, many of them too fine and intimate to betray in print, some of them laughable, but most of the lump-in-the-throat variety. One I will not forego, for the paint is hardly dry on it and I feel the keen stir of it now as I write.

It concerned the going to war of Joe Lewis. A frail little chap he was, so young and boyish for all his one-and-twenty years. There was that about him which spoke of knickerbockers and romping childhood laid aside but yesterday. I did not know Joe. He had passed through the mill of the draft as one of many; but we met for a brief sixty seconds one fine spring night at the station, just as the train was taking him away; and while memory lives, I shall remember Joe.

He looked down at me from a car-window, and as he said good-bye there was a twinkle in his eye as if he was amused that I did not know him.

'Say good-bye to Mary Jane for me,' he called as the train moved out.

'Who are you?' I cried, sprinting alongside the moving car.

'Ha!' he laughed; 'I'm the grocer's boy. Every day I came to your back door. Mary Jane knows me and so does

the missus. Say good-bye to both of them for me.'

The train clicked away into the night. I turned back, swallowing a lump. It so befalls that the light of my household is a little two-year-old, and her name is Mary Jane.

O little girl, playing there with your blocks, will you remember Joe, the grocer's boy — little Joe, grown so suddenly to brave manhood and gone away to fight for you, Mary Jane — gone away to make and keep the world a fair and lovely place for little children to be born in? You must. Your little heart must find a niche for Joe to live in, though he 'carry on' beyond the stars, and come never again to our back door.

Were I their master, words would build a monument to Joe and his kind. For do they not, in a sense, typify the times? Careless youngsters, caught upon the great tide! Glorious youth, knowing no call so high that it cannot answer?

Always when they go, light-heartedness and merry words prevail. These boys refuse the cup of grief at parting, and what tears are shed are sweetened with much laughter.

Just the other day we sent away half a hundred of them — grocery boys and bank-clerks, boys from the mountains and the mines, and even a farmer lad whose calloused hands by now probably have strangely missed the plough-handles.

Every man had answered the call, and we had no apparent need for alternates, but we selected one as a matter of form. He took his responsibility lightly, and so was entirely unprepared at the station that night when sudden illness created the breach which he must fill. One fleeting frown of consternation crossed his face, and then he accepted the situation as a great lark. Before the train pulled out, he had borrowed an extra pair of socks from one boy, a shirt from another, a razor from a third. But he was disconsolate over one thing.

'Just one thing,' he said to me; 'and if I had that, I'd be happy.'

'Maybe I can help,' I suggested.

'Well,' he began, — and his face was all woe-begone but his eyes were dancing, — 'if I just had a chocolate cake. My mother promised to bake me one to take with me, but she did n't dream I was going to-night, and I just dote on chocolate cake.'

The crowd around the rear end of the train heard him, and before the laughter had died away there came the clink of small change as a hat was passed for subscriptions to a cake fund. The red lamps of that departing train-load of rollicking young men had scarcely lost their identity in the twinkling maze of the switch-lights, before an order was on the wire to have delivered on board that train the biggest chocolate cake that the next town along the route afforded.

And so they go, always with gay whimsicalities upon their lips, these beloved boys who were to us so commonplace in the humdrum days of peace. It is as if their youthful figures stood silhouetted now against the effulgence of the dawn, their common clay struck to glowing radiance. But they were ever thus, I think, guarding in their hearts the seeds of glorious days; and it was we who saw them only with earth-dimmed eyes from which the incrusted scales of many petty years were yet to fall.

III

A bare ten months have gone since June fifth; so short a time to span so vast a gulf. Until then the war in Europe was not an all-pervasive thing. It ran its course apart from our daily lives. The big guns awakened few

echoes here, and the cry of a stricken world sounded only faintly across the wall of our isolation. Particularly was this true of the Far West, with its thousands of miles of distance added to the barrier of the sea. Life ran smoothly, comfortably on.

With the breaking of relations we realized that a great step had been taken, but we were not deeply impressed. America was going in at the finish. We would administer the *coup-de-grâce* to Imperial Germany, and accept the plaudits of a grateful world. Haig was pounding in Flanders, the French were tearing savagely at the German line, and the curtain had not rung up on the dismal tragedy of Russia. It was as if the menacing pendulum of events had swung far out from us.

Then came the draft, and a tremor passed out over the country. An uneasy shadow settled upon the land. We began to stir, and to see dimly the red glare of a new and terrible dawn. But it was only dimly.

The weeks of preparation for the drawing of the fateful numbers, the marshaling and organization of the huge crop of information gathered pell-mell on registration day, are vague memories now. We groped blindly then for an adequate system. There were no precedents to build on. From its secure position of to-day the institution of the selective draft can look back upon the road it has come with a complacent pride. Its purposes and the path thereto are now clearly defined; but in the beginning all was confusion and babel and turmoil.

The great lottery at Washington set the machine in motion, and the draft began. Each man had now a number — a key to his fate: a number in lieu of a name! Individualism, the dominant note of the pre-war period in America, here suffered its first eclipse. Men's lives and fortunes, so grandly free and diverse before, now began to flow along a common and directed channel.

It was with some impatience, some fretting at the bit, that Young America accepted this sudden harnessing of its freedom. This was its first real contact with the grim, primal forces at work in the world. It was strange. Most of the men saw not yet the need of heroic steps, steps that would take them out over the brink of the maelstrom. They were willing enough and courageous enough once they understood; but that clarity of vision so general to-day had not been vouchsafed them then.

Letters such as these were not uncommon in the first days: —

'Since registering last Tuesday, I have been told by my mother that I was born in 1886 instead of 1887, so please destroy my card and oblige ——.'

Or, 'My son Harold should not have registered June 5 because he will not be 21 for several weeks yet, and, besides, he has not finished his schooling.'

Little they knew of the labyrinthine process involved in having one's name stricken from the fateful lists once it was there. The moving fingers of several thousand registrars, having writ, moved on, and much piety, in the shape of family bibles, and many tears, lured them back not at all. 'My son Harold' is in the trenches now; and his mother, as she proudly reads his letters to her Red Cross circle, has forgotten the guileless barricade she sought to interpose between her boy and the days of his glory. And his schooling, I fancy, is not being neglected.

Civilization and peace make to a certain degree for artificiality. They clothe and disguise the primal, fundamental things, the wild heart of things. War strips the disguise aside, and humanity goes plunging into the great, dizzy business of evolution, under the whip of an implacable force. Men become then but the guinea-pigs of fate,

yielding up from their agony the truths to light the future of the race.

God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world,

sang the poet, with an unwarranted bit of optimism, I think. I prefer the conception of God in his work-shop, cleaving and moulding and welding, his forge at a white heat, his tools the lightning and the earthquake.

The departure of the first five per cent of the first quota sent to camp is an old story now, but to me it will be always a vivid memory. They were only a handful. Hundreds more have gone from our town, perhaps thousands more will go before the big job is done; but though the streets shall shake to the tread of regiments, it is with these first few that my thoughts abide. Some of them even now are on the plains of Picardy, no doubt. Two, I know, are dead, and we shall see them no more here in our pleasant valley.

At the train that night there was endless confusion and frantic rushing about, as mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts sought out their loved ones — that bright flare-up of emotions which comes only on such occasions.

In one corner of the station we board members struggled with our mobilization papers, and our little squads of men, men whom we had come to regard with paternal eyes in the days we had dealt with them. One man was missing. His name was Tony Paglusio. In fact, Tony had been permanently and habitually missing. He had appeared for his physical examination weeks before, and, having passed, dropped from sight. The pink slip and the blue slip and all the fearful paraphernalia of paper forms which characterized the first draft-system, had been mailed to him, but never a word or sight did we get of him. An alternate had been selected in his place, and Tony had been reported as a deserter.

Five minutes before train-time a young giant with black, curly hair, brown eyes, and a heavy chin, patently clad in his Sunday best, strode bashfully into the station and set his suitcase down on my toes.

'I'm Tony Paglusio,' he announced. 'What do I do now?'

'Where in thunder have you been all these weeks?' I roared at him. 'Why did n't you answer the letters and notices we sent you?'

'I work in da mine,' he replied. 'I got 'em all here in my pockeet.'

He thrust a huge hand deep in a grimy hip-pocket, and brought forth a handful of soiled and frayed papers, passing them over with an air of being very, very glad to get rid of them. His manner was completely disarming. It was impossible to scold him. I sent the alternate home in sullen disappointment, and shoved the big Italian into the arms of his squad leader.

A few moments later, as the train pulled away from the platform amid an uproar of farewells, I saw Tony's eager young face, stretched far out from a car-window, and he was yelling like a wild Indian. There was no one there to wish him godspeed, no warm clasp from the hand of a friend, no last kiss to cherish. For one second I caught his eye and waved my hat to him. He stopped his yelling and — the crazy fellow threw a kiss to me.

Tony had no concern for non-essentials. Red tape was just red tape to him. God bless him! How often I have wished I dared emulate him! I see Tony now, there on the fields of France, a stalwart infantryman, — Tony and thousands of his kind, — Italians, French, Scots, Serbs, Belgians, all the noble breed, — gone back, like bread upon the waters, to fight for the lands that sent them forth in the easy times of peace.

IV

The rest of the first quota went off to camp at intervals, and then came the lull. There was time now for retrospection. We surveyed our work and our system, and found some of its faults. The Provost-Marshal General asked for suggestions. He got them with a vengeance. His mail in those days must have been interesting reading. From his superior standpoint he surveyed the whole situation. We of the draft boards looked out only upon our own domain. Out of the mass of data there came a new system. The system of the questionnaire. The quest of the questionnaire, we called it. That word! How many young Americans have stubbed their pronouncing toes upon it.

In the first draft we had dealt only with a small percentage of our registrants. Now the entire enrollment, with the exception of those already sent to camp, was to pass under our hands. Hearts of draft men quailed at the prospect, but there was no turning back. We realized that it was the best solution of the problem, and that once the huge job was done, the future of the draft would be secure and the work comparatively simple.

The first draft-system was unfair and defective in some respects. That was inevitable. But the saving grace of it has been that the men in charge have never hesitated to make radical changes, most of them for the better. Time and again the whole laborious structure was torn down and begun anew, because of the discovery of defects which stood in the way of ultimate perfection. The machine still has many faults, but they are minor and are being eliminated as rapidly as they become generally apparent. This quick perception of mistakes, and their elimination at any cost, have done more than any other one thing to convince the American people that the draft is fair and that it holds no menace to democratic institutions.

The first batch of questionnaires went forth so clean and neat, the pride of our little red-headed clerk, who had taken no end of pains with them. Days later they began to come back to us, burdened with fearful and wondrous data, soiled and blotted, torn and ragged. Oh, those questionnaires! What stories they tell! I cannot say whether I have cursed over them more than I have laughed over them — laughter that left a hot welling at the eyes. But draft men do not weep. God forbid! It is no weeping matter.

Then began the classification work, the biggest task the selective draft has imposed on its servants; a job which called for all we had of intelligence, of judgment, of understanding, of sympathy and fairness. How well that task was done, it is too early to say. But we did our best. I speak for our own board, but I like to think of it as a small cross-section of the whole system.

Upon the period of classification I look back as upon the deepest experiences of life. This probing into the intimate secrets and affairs of our fellows, many of them friends and acquaintances, weighing and passing judgment on what we found, was awkward to the point of painful embarrassment at times. We buckled on the armor of impersonality. We had to. It was our only defense. Why, I have looked into the eyes of a next-door neighbor and coolly asked him questions, the propounding of which over the back fence in the garden-spading season would elicit from him a prompt and picturesque invitation for me to seek a warmer clime forthwith. They were all so decent about it. I recall few cases of men resenting the prying inquisition of the draft. Frankness and honesty were the rule.

We passed through Solomon-like moments. As for instance, that occasion when we laid aside the book of rules and called in a lovely, gray old mother to decide for herself which of her two sons should go and which should stay. It was a cruel moment. She looked from one to the other and back again. Then, after a long, painful silence, she said, in a low tone, as if the words tore her heart a bit as they came,—

'I love them both — so take them both. I will get along somehow.'

She held her head very high and smiled proudly through her tears as she went out.

And occasionally we had exasperating moments, which moved my mild-mannered colleague on the board to impious, but delicious remarks; as when a young rascal, with many excuses but no reasons for staying at home, persisted in his pleas beyond the boiling-point. We had denied his claims, but on this morning he came again and sought to beguile us with many high-flown words about conscientious objections to killing his fellow men.

Friend colleague listened absently for a moment and then, —

'Yes, yes, boy, it's all very wonderful, but we are awfully busy this morning, and could n't you put it in writing and mail it to us — say, from the trenches?'

Presently by dint of unremitting toil, classifications drew to an end, and we crossed the divide of that great mountain of toil which had loomed ahead in December. We had passed the peak load. We felt something as the British must have felt when they carried Messines Ridge and took the dominating positions about Ypres.

Now came the physical examinations of all the men in Class One. Seven hundred of them passed nakedly before us in the next ten days. But the responsibilities of lay members of the board ceased here. It had become someone else's turn to drudge. We had only to look on, function a bit in a clerical capacity, and take the word of the examining physicians for everything, nodding our approval to their professional findings, like solemn jackasses. I came to enjoy physical-examination days — this looking on at the toiling, perspiring medical men, and amusing ourselves with speculations as to the infinite variety of the human form.

The medical men identified with the draft take their work very seriously and very keenly. They tell me it has been a wonderful opportunity for them, and for the drafted men as well. This thorough examination of the bodies of millions of young men will result in much good for them and for the country whose bulwark they are. Defects in the human mechanism have been found in thousands of cases, which, undetected, might have gone on until the health of the men was undermined. Corrective treatment has been given in many cases by the examining physicians, without cost to the men. More than one man in our jurisdiction is hale and whole to-day who owes his health to the incident of physical examination for the draft and the kindly interest of the examining physician.

V

We passed from the physical examinations to the final great task of the draft — the card-indexing of all the information that had been gleaned during the busy months of classification. The schoolteachers of the nation assumed this work and have done it well. These cards are the key to the future working of the draft machine. By means of them the army calls to its ranks trained men of every kind. For instance, not long ago General Pershing indicated the immediate need

of a number of men qualified as commissary storekeepers for service in France. Our board was requested to furnish three to that quota. The cards revealed at a glance those qualified. They were summoned and sent. No waste motion here, no round pegs in square holes. A rather effective system, even in these days of hyper-efficiency.

Coincident with the period of physical examination, the system of voluntary induction was inaugurated. Draft-board men saw then the proof of the thing they were certain of at heart — that the days of hesitance were gone and that the nation's fighting spirit was on tip-toe. Since December voluntary enlistments into the army had been closed. Men could enter the service only through the selective draft, and then only by individual competent orders. It was like damming a stream. Men had been classified and examined, and were ready to go. There was no holding them back. Once the bulletins arrived, opening certain branches for voluntary inductions, they overwhelmed us with applications. From then until voluntary inductions were closed late in March, never a day went by that we did not send one or more men to camp. In fact, nearly as many men have gone forward out of their order from our board as were sent under the entire first draft.

Of the fates dispensed by draft boards, the one that the men fear and despise most is to be classified for limited service because of some physical defect. Those who are found totally unqualified accept their fate philosophically and go on about other business; but the men who are not fit for general service and yet are held for call into non-combatant work become disgusted and rebellious.

One day last March a strapping young fireman from one of the railroads applied for voluntary induction into the infantry. He had been qualified for general service originally, but on an after-thought he had been referred to the medical advisory board. I had forgotten the incident, but he had not; and as he sat across the table watching me make out his papers, he became noticeably nervous, rubbing his hands together and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, although it was a cold, raw day. Desperately he strove for composure. I watched him furtively. He grew pale and distraught as the moment came for his departure.

'What is it?' I asked; 'are you ill?'

'Naw,' he protested, 'feeling fine; just a little excited about getting away.'

I could see the frantic pulsing of the great artery in his neck. I turned for another look at his examination-form, and found there the tell-tale notation, 'Tachycardia,' written in by the medical advisory board.

He rose from his chair with a savage oath when I told him that he could not go. To no purpose, I attempted to console him.

'You fellows are plumb crazy,' he flung back at me bitterly; 'I guess if I can shovel coal for the "Limited" over the summit and back three times a week, I can carry a gun for Uncle Sam without any trouble.'

He left in a towering rage.

I think of him and his poor, struggling heart whenever I am tempted to leniency with some whimpering slacker seeking to impress us with the dire import of a trivial ailment.

Our board has a scant half-dozen Africans on its lists, but they have furnished their full share of colorful incident. We had our merriest morning when Oscar William Davis, looking much like a well-groomed milk chocolate, appeared with his imposing wife, Amanda, to claim deferred classification. We were suspicious of Oscar, and we had evidence that the degree in

which he supported his wife was in inverse ratio to her own earnings.

Amanda wept convincingly, and argued with the startling verbiage of her race. Life simply would not be worth living for her if he was taken away.

'But,' it was put to her, 'isn't it true that you work as a maid at one of the hotels?'

'Yes, suh, ah does occupy myself occasionally with a little lucrative employment, but what ah makes ain't but just exactly enough to keep me clothed.'

'And don't you know that your husband will have to send you fifteen dollars a month of his pay as a soldier, and that the government will send another fifteen dollars? Won't that be sufficient, with your earnings?'

Amanda's eyes opened wide in unbelief. 'Do you mean to tell me, suh, that the gov'ment's gwine a send me thu'ty dollahs a month if dat nigger goes to war?'

Being assured that such was the prospect, she turned slowly to where Mr. Davis had shrunk, fearfully, into a far corner.

'Shame on you, Oscar!' she shouted, pointing an accusing finger at him. 'Youse agwine to serve you Uncle Sam from dis minute. You go on home and pack youh trunk.'

And in an aside to a dusky friend who had come with her she was heard to say, 'Why, dat fool man done cost me more 'n thu'ty dollahs a month.'

Voluntary inductions are closed now, but still the men come seeking entrance to the great game ahead of their turns, impatient of restraint, eager to go.

We have come far from the worrisome days of the beginning. We have tamed the juggernaut. We are no longer priests of Moloch. The draft knows itself now, and is strong with the strength of confidence. Not for trivial things did millions of Americans pass in and out of draft-board doors during the toiling weeks in which the nation sorted its man-power. Not for nothing did they bring to a common scale, for a common judging, all the intimate circumstance of their lives, pooling their precious liberties that all the world might partake.

And this is the strength and the triumph of the draft, that it has in the larger sense outlived the grim necessity that gave it birth; that it has led the young men of America to a realization of the task which confronts the nation and to a conception of their own inevitable duties. It has been a potent instrument of education, a huge university, whose graduates go out upon the paths of war with eyes wide open to the terrible glory of the day.

To the men of the draft boards, too, it will be always the great Alma Mater. We have been deep into the heart of America, and we are chastened, for there we found the gold that will redeem the world. Surely no appreciation is due us, for it has been a high privilege, a sacred trust, to serve.

This little sketch of the draft is at an end, for it treads close upon the heels of to-day. It began with something about the way to France, and the eagerness with which Young America seeks now that glorious road, in contrast with the first days of doubt. It was to be expected that America would require a little time to adjust itself; but once the spark of understanding began to glow, it developed rapidly and with increasing speed. To-day it burns a bright and steady flame, as all draft men know; and though the war go on and on through many weary years, the stream of America's man-power will flow steadily and freely, unforced, unurged, to the training-camps of Victory.

THE SUBJUGATION OF WILLIAM THE KAISER

BY VIRGINIA BAKER

At eight o'clock in the morning the new teacher sat at her desk, busily writing. It was the second day of the term, and she had arrived at the schoolhouse early to enter the names of her forty-four pupils in the Register.

Outside, in the boys' yard, a goodly number of youngsters had already assembled. Faint echoes of shouts and laughter reached her ears, and she smiled. The new teacher liked boys and was always pleased when they were happy.

Slowly and squeakingly the door of Room 2 swung outward a few inches, and in the narrow opening a head appeared. It was a very round head, crowned with a luxuriant growth of paprika-colored hair, tufts of which stood upright here and there like the feathers of an Indian war-bonnet. The face beneath the hair was also very round, lighted by a pair of glassy greenish eyes, and decorated by a small snub nose and as many freckles as Nature could conveniently crowd upon the limited surface of cheeks and forehead.

The new teacher greeted the head pleasantly.

'Good morning, Robbie. What can I do for you?'

The head advanced still farther into the room, and was followed by a rotund body and a pair of stumpy legs. Then the teacher noticed a flush beneath the freckles and a glint of excitement in the glassy eyes.

'Is anything the matter with you?' she inquired, pausing in her work with pen uplifted.

Robert Emmet Muldoon shook his rufous crest vigorously.

'Naw, Missis Melville,' he answered. 'They ain't nawthin' wrong about me. It's William the Kaiser I come ter youse about. He's scrappin' agin.'

Miss Melville bowed gravely.

'I'm sure it's very kind of you, Robbie,' she responded. 'I had no time to read the paper, myself, this morning. Was it an important battle? Did the Germans win or the Allies?'

For a moment the round face exhibited bewilderment. Then comprehension dawned in the vitreous orbs.

'Aw, I don't mean the old guy over there,' the boy rejoined. 'Naw, Missis Melville, not him. I mean your William the Kaiser.'

'My William the Kaiser?' the teacher exclaimed. '*My* William the Kaiser!' she repeated. 'Why, what do you mean, Robbie? Who is my William the Kaiser?'

Robert Emmet pointed a stubby forefinger at a diminutive chair and desk in the front row of seats.

'He's the kid what sits there,' he replied. 'Him that wears the green sweater and the tan rubber boots, and is soft on Morris Samuelson's big sister upstairs in the Second Grade.'

'Oh, you mean little Willie Hartwigg!' Miss Melville cried. 'But why do you call him William the Kaiser?'

''Cause he's a German an' thinks he can boss the earth,' Robert returned promptly.

'A German!' echoed the teacher. 'Are you certain of that? I imagine he

is Swiss. There are several Swiss children in this room, you know.'

'Sure I'm certain, Missis Melville.' Robert Emmet nodded the war-bonnet positively. 'He's got tree uncles an' two cousins, an' the bunch of 'em is Fritzies, fightin' in France. They ain't no Swiss about that kid, no, ma'am.'

'Well, but what has he done?' inquired the teacher. 'You say he has been scrapping, but I have heard no quarreling. You would better tell me the whole story.'

Robert straightened himself with modest pride.

'On'y fer me youse would heard somethin',' he answered. 'The Kaiser started in punchin' the littlest Ginney kid, young Tony, when he seen me makin' fer indoors an' caught on I was comin' in to put youse wise. So then he let up. He ain't no fool guy, the Kaiser ain't. He won't wrastle anny more till he's sized youse up.'

'Ah, indeed!' Miss Melville reflected a moment. 'Well, my boy, you may return to the yard,' she said at length, 'and I will investigate later.'

As Robert Emmet, with a farewell bob of the war-bonnet, withdrew, she laughed aloud.

'Bless the little innocents!' she murmured. 'They don't know what they are talking about. The idea of that Hartwigg baby being able to terrorize anyone!'

The new teacher was only nineteen, and her knowledge of children had been gained entirely by association with the model classes in the State Training School from which she had but recently been graduated.

At a quarter past nine, the preliminary morning exercises, consisting of songs and memory gems, having been disposed of, she formally opened her Court of Inquiry by summoning William Hartwigg to her desk.

Her austerely judicial expression involuntarily softened as the accused took his stand before the bar. He was a slender, graceful, neatly clad child of eight, with curling golden hair, peachy cheeks, and lips like the petals of a budding rose. He lifted to her face a pair of eyes, intensely blue and cloudless as the sky of a perfect day in June.

'You are the little boy whom your playmates call William the Kaiser, I believe?' she began.

'Yes, Missis Melville.'

The rose-leaf lips parted, displaying rows of tiny milk-white teeth beautiful as pearls.

'Why have they given you that name?'

'Please, teacher, I don't know.' The smile faded and the corners of the rose-petal lips drooped plaintively. 'It was Robert Emmet first called me that. He says I'm a German, but I ain't.'

'You are not a German? But Hartwigg is a German name. What are you, then? A Swiss boy?'

'No, please, teacher, I am a Yankee. I was born right here in Riverport. My mother is a Yankee, too. She was born in Boston.'

'And your father? Is he a German?'

For the fraction of a second the gold-fringed lids drooped and the peach-bloom tint of the cheeks deepened to carmine. Then the beautiful eyes again looked at the teacher squarely.

'I don't know what my father is, Missis Melville. I never ast him.'

From the third row of seats a small white hand shot suddenly upward. Wladyslawa Polka, conscious of possessing valuable information, sprang to her feet, quite forgetting, in her eagerness, that she had not awaited permission to speak.

'I know what his father is,' she piped, her pink-ribboned flaxen pig-tails vibrating with excitement. 'He ain't a Ger-man, at all. No, Missis Melville. He's a rag-man. I'm sure, 'cause my

Aunt Konstantina sold him twenty cents' worth of rags before breakfast, yistiddy.'

'Please, teacher, Mr. Hartwigg she is a German.' Narcisse Boisvert waved a grimy fist, frantically. 'An' de Kaiser she pitch into me an' a Wop an' a Jennybool, las' night, 'cause de French an' de Wops an' de Jennybools, dey is all fightin' de Heinies. An' de Kaiser knock from de Jennybool a front teet down her troat.'

The teacher's puzzled eyes swept the faces of the feminine portion of her flock.

'Jennie Boole?' she questioned. 'Is there a girl in this room by that name?'

'No, ma 'am, she is not a girl, she is a boy,' Narcisse explained. 'She is de Eenglish, de Jennybool boy, an' she sit in back of Robert Emmet. Her name it is Paircee Shatterton. You tell de teacher, Paircee, how de Kaiser make you eat a teet 'cause you is a Jennybool boy.'

'It was this way,' Percy Chatterton declared, nothing loath to add his mite to the general testimony. 'We was hall goin' 'ome tergether when the Kaiser said as 'ow one Fritzie could lick two Tommy Hatkins in a minute. Hand I said one Tommy Hatkins could lick three Fritzies in 'arf a minute. Then 'e got mad hand punched me in the mug, hand my loose tooth come hout sudden hand 'opped down my throat. Hit was the tooth that uster be 'ere.'

Percy opened a capacious mouth and exhibited a yawning gap in the upper jaw.

Miss Melville turned to the accused.

'What have you to say, Willie?' she demanded.

The beautiful eyes grew suddenly hard.

'I am a Yankee, but my father came from Germany,' was the answer.

'O Willie!' The teacher's voice was shocked. 'You have just said that you don't know whether your father is German or not.'

'I said I 'd never ast him what he is, and I never did. I know he was born in Germany, but he got some papers since he came from the Fatherland, and I don't know what he is now. He got the papers so that he could be a voter.'

'Oh, I understand. He is a naturalized citizen of the United States.' Miss Melville smiled kindly. 'Now I think, Willie, that you would better not talk about the war with the other little boys. You are too young to realize what you are quarreling about. You are an American, like all the rest of us, and I am sure that you love your own country better than any other. Besides, it is very naughty and unkind to ill-treat your playmates. I cannot permit wrangling and fighting among my children. Remember that. And now you may all take your boxes of letters and make at your desks the words that you see printed on the blackboard.'

Percy Chatterton drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and from behind its shelter breathed a question into Robert Emmet Muldoon's interested ear.

'Wot'll you bet 'e don't mind hanything she says?'

'Betcher my two biggest alleys and my shinny stick,' was the prompt reply. 'That kid ain't the fool baby that Missis Melville tinks he is. He ain't goin' ter mind nobuddy.'

But for three days it appeared that Robert Emmet would be forced to acknowledge himself a false prophet. Willie Hartwigg's deportment was all that the most exacting teacher could demand. On the fourth day, however, clouds began to darken the school horizon.

Manuel Silva, with tears in his eyes and a large bump upon his forehead, presented himself before Miss Melville at the opening of the morning session.

'Please, teacher, it was the Kaiser,' he sobbed. 'He pushed me down where the road is magatomized 'cause the Portigees is fightin' the Boches.'

'No, Missis Melville.' The accused was on his feet, his beautiful eyes beseeching justice. 'I just runned into him by mistake when I was chasin' my ball.'

He drew a small rubber ball from his pocket in mute testimony of the truth of his assertion.

'No, ma'am, teacher, it ain't so,' wailed Manuel. 'He bumped into me a purpose. You kin ask Morris Samuelson. He was with him.'

Morris Samuelson, on being questioned, proved to be rather an unsatisfactory witness.

'I was lookin' down the other way,' he proclaimed in reply to Miss Melville's interrogations. 'I did n't go to see how the tumble come on Manuel. Mebbe Willie did n't go to hit him. I told him already often he better not put a hurt on nobuddy. I said to him, "Your father has his rags, sometimes, off Ginneys and Kanucks and Johnny Bulls and Portigees. If they get a mad on you, mebbe they don't sell your father no more rags. They sell them, mebbe, to Pat Finnegan or Moses Abraham, and your father don't know where to get rags enough." No, ma'am, teacher, I did n't see Willie put a bump on Manuel's face.'

'He did, Missis Melville,' Manuel protested. 'But his big sister Rebeck give him some of the candy and peanuts and gum the Kaiser buy for her, and Morris give you the lie dope when he afraid he don't git any more off her if he tell truth. Morris don't buy no gum or candy or peanuts when the Kaiser give 'em to Rebeck. He put all his money in his bank.'

'But, Manuel, you are not able to prove that Willie intended to hurt you,' Miss Melville said gently. 'And I cannot punish him unless I know positively that he was to blame.'

'I ain't lyin', honest I ain't,' sobbed Manuel. ''Tis him that's jollyin' you. Him and the other Kaiser both is awful mean guys.'

Miss Melville delivered a five-minute lecture on the sinfulness of quarreling, untruthfulness, and backbiting, and the beauty of kindness and truth, and the incident closed. For the remainder of the week Peace held undisputed sway in Room 2. Willie Hartwigg took part in the patriotic exercises with a zest unrivalled by that of any other pupil. His clear sweet soprano led the singing of 'America.' He displayed the 'poetry of motion' when giving the flag-salute. Miss Melville, therefore, was quite unprepared for any further pro-German demonstrations on his part.

Yet, when Angelo Maccarone, Peter Petersen, and Karol Hop voluntarily remained after school on the following Monday afternoon, she knew, instinctively, that she had deceived herself.

'Please, if the Boches licks the Sammies, will we all have to change ourselves into Germans?' queried Angelo, gazing into her face with big brown anguished eyes.

'You cannot make a Heinie off me,' asserted Peter Petersen stoutly. 'I am from Sweden when I was two years old. It is only the Swede and the Yankee words that I can talk. I cannot know what to talk back when the Kaiser kid make German talk to me. And I will not never drink the logger. I am a temp'rence boy in the Baptis' church since I was very young.'

'My dear children, what are you talking about?' inquired the teacher.

'It is a big boy in Second Grade say what William the Kaiser tell him this morning,' explained Karol Hop. 'The Kaiser say, when the Boches have beat the world, all the Yankee mans and womens and boys and girls got to be

Germans or they will be killed with the poison gas.'

'Columbus find 'Merica when nobuddy not here but Indians,' quavered Angelo. 'An' he was Italian man. The Fritzies never find any place here. Indians is dark like Italians, an' I will go be one of them before the Fritzies come. An' then I will fight the Germans with a bownarrer.'

'I have a bank where a monkey puts the pennies in,' cried Peter. 'I will break the monkey with a hammer an' take my money out. Then I will go to Sweden and sail with my uncle Hans to Iceland. The Heinies cannot find me in Iceland. It is very far away.'

'I cannot go nowheres,' said Karol Hop with quivering lips. 'My father he take all money what I get any way to buy the beer. An' I got no place to hide in. I cannot help if the Boches make me German.'

Miss Melville, with soothing words, calmed the agitation of the unhappy trio and finally dismissed them hopeful and smiling.

On the following morning William Hartwigg did not appear at school, but she interviewed the 'big boy in Second Grade,' and learned that the reports of the Kaiser's pro-German activities had not been exaggerated. The big boy, himself, confessed to having suffered from a bad dream of gas and machine-guns during the previous night.

Robert Emmet Muldoon added his mite to the general testimony.

'Oh, but them Kaisers is the sassy guys!' he confided, as he collected pencils at the close of the session. 'An' the kid Kaiser is the sassiest of 'em. Las' teacher broke her rattan on him twicet an' could n't make him mind. When she licked him, he danced on her toes' cause he knew she had awful corns. He says he likes youse better than her 'cause he can fool youse easier. An' he says youse won't be here long annyway, fer, when the Boches gits America, all the teachers will be Germans. An' he says us kids'll have to kiss the German flag every day. An' git run in by the cops if we sing "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue." He kicked me shins 'cause I said I 'd sing it right in them Fritzie cops' faces.'

Miss Melville left the school at night, fully determined that Willie Hartwigg should obey her mandates in the future or suffer the full penalty of disobedience. Her resolve loomed large in her mind when she entered Room 2 on the following morning.

But Fate had decreed that it was not to be she who should accomplish the subjugation of William the Kaiser. Hardly had she unlocked her door, when the sweet face, wearing a meek and chastened expression, presented itself before her, and a small shapely hand deposited a letter upon her desk. The letter, which enclosed a dollar bill, read as follows: —

'DERE TEECHER, —

'Plese give Willie fore thrift Stamps. He Warnts to help the Sammys beet the kaiser

'and oblige His mother

'MRS. HANS HARTWIGG.'

Miss Melville, suppressing all outward signs of her inward astonishment, delivered the requested stamps and calmly continued to fold squares for a lesson in paper-cutting. Not until the session closed was the mystery made clear. Morris Samuelson lingered to escort her home, and volunteered an explanation.

'It is the last night yistiddy's paper that has fixed him,' he proclaimed. 'In the paper my father read that all the German mans must go to the shief of the cops' office an' tell if they are for the Yankees or the Boches. So, when I heard that, I went over to Willie's

house an' sat on his fence an' talked. An' Willie's father an' mother heard my talk, an' they came out an' ast me what I was sayin', for they had not bought no paper. An' when I told them what my father had read, Willie's father said a damn very loud. An' Willie's mother begin to cry an' said, "If you say you are for the Kaiser, the Yankees take your horse an' team, mebbe, an' put you some place far away." An' then him an' her went back to the house, an' Willie an' I talk some more.

'An' I said for Willie not to let his father tell the shief that he was for the Heinies. I say to him, "If your father lose his team an' go off from home your mother cannot get no rags to sell. An' you cannot wear no more all-wool clothing. You have to wear the shoddy, an' it is no good. It gets ragged soon already, an' it does not go to take the dye like the all-wool does. An' you cannot get to buy no velvet suits an' corduroy pants like your father buy for you now." An' I say, "My sister Rebecca like the class. She gets all classy clothing for her dolls. She cannot like a boy what wear the shoddy an', mebbe, the second-hand caps an' shoes. Rebecca would feel shame to be walking with you if you showed no all-wool an' class. She would turn her face from you an' smile at Isidore Silverstein. His looks are not as good as yours, but he has classy clothing an' his father has bought a new limousine that is not secondhand. If you want to be my sister's feller you will have your father tell the cop shief he thinks the Germans is no good."

'An' me an' Willie went in the house, an' he cried an' his mother cry some more, an' his father say another two damns. An' I say, "It will be hard to make the teacher think that Willie is for the Yankees 'cause he has talked much for the Boches already. But if he would buy the thrift stamps off her she would, mebbe, forget what he has said." So then his mother bust his bank an' give him the dollar for the pennies. An' his father put two nickels in the bank, an' soon he will buy another stamp. An' his father will tell the cop shief that he does not want to fight for the Boches, for he thinks his three brothers is enough Fritzies for one family. An' Willie will be a real Yankee, now, like the Ginneys, an' Portigees, an' Kanucks, an' Johnny Bulls. An' my sister will not feel shame to be his girl. It is all right, Missis Melville, ain't it already?'

'It is all right,' replied the teacher.

She smiled pleasantly. But, in the privacy of her room that night, she confided to the pages of her diary certain unspoken thoughts regarding the innocence of childhood.

CASTLES IN SPAIN

BY AMY LOWELL

I BUILD my poems with little strokes of ink
Drawn shining down white paper, line and line,
And there is nothing here which men call fine,
Nothing but hieroglyphs to make them think.
I have no broad and blowing plain to link
And loop with aqueducts, no golden mine
To crest my pillars, no bright twisted vine
Which I can train about a fountain's brink.

Those others laced their poems from sea to sea
And floated navies over fields of grain;
They fretted their full fancies in strong stone
And struck them on the sky. And yet I gain,
For bombs and bullets cannot menace me,
Who have no substance to be overthrown.
Cathedrals crash to rubbish, but my towers,
Carved in the whirling and enduring brain,
Fade, and persist, and rise again, like flowers.

THE REAL PARIS. I

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

It is unlikely that there will be many American students in the German universities after the war. A feeling of comradeship is as essential to university life as to camp or barrack life, and no American young man could hope to have it at Bonn or Jena any more than at the Potsdam Military Academy. Not that I deprecate careful study of Germany by men especially equipped for such investigations. Scientists, technicians, administrators, and soldiers, belonging to all the nations now at war with Germany, ought, the moment war is over, to devote months and, if necessary, years to a minute study of the miracles of organization which enabled our enemy to keep alive during the first three years of the war. Such a lesson cannot be wasted.

But an investigation of this kind ought to be made by men whose moral and intellectual training is complete, not by easily dazzled boys. A man of forty can pay a tribute of sincere admiration to a method, and yet feel no respect for its inventor if he is only ingenious and not moral. Organization, system, the careful husbanding of effort or material, these are, after all, mere recipes, and a sound judgment can regard recipes only in the light of utility; but the juvenile, as well as the semi-educated mind, seldom escapes the temptation to bow to them as if they were philosophies.

How many an intellect has been blinded to the inadequacy of German literary methods by their apparent thoroughness in minor details! This semblance of perfection acts upon the young and unthinking almost as inevitably as genius. I met a refugee from Amiens, a patriotic Frenchman, who seemed frequently to forget that his town had been robbed of two million francs by a German general in 1914, merely because, on two occasions, he had seen subordinates of this blackmailer inquire of shopkeepers whether they had not been cheated by German soldiers: integrity in a matter of a few francs melted his heart and caused him to overlook immorality on a large scale.

Many things in Germany used to have the same effect: erudition would conceal the lack of taste and insight, organization did duty for idealism, kindness of the most trivial description veiled unscrupulous policies, and with many people, music covered as many sins as charity is said to do. Let Germany be a field of research as much as it deserves to be, but it must not be a centre of upbringing again till it becomes evident that the German has grown capable of distinguishing between right and wrong in the dealings of his own country, and does not sell his soul for efficiency.

So the young Americans who used to flock to Heidelberg, Munich, or Berlin will seek other seats of learning, and a glance at the map is enough to convince us that they can hardly go elsewhere than to England or France, although Salamanca, or Rome, or Naples, or Padua, or, in some cases, the Swiss

universities, and in time, no doubt, Louvain, might prove not a little satisfactory. But where should the students go who will decide for France? To nineteen Americans in twenty, France is synonymous with Paris, and what American mother thinks of Paris without misgiving? Even the war will not change this feeling, for American soldiers are severely — and, on the whole, wisely — kept away from Paris.

Of course, there are eighteen state and two Catholic universities in France besides that of Paris, and before the war there used to be hundreds of foreign undergraduates in some of them, especially Nancy, which affords exceptional facilities for technical training, and, unexpectedly enough, far-away little Grenoble among her mountains. No doubt, imagination left to itself will always conjure up the cafés of the Latin Quarter, the glaring, alluring boulevards, and the disquieting Montmartre haunts, whenever Paris is mentioned; whereas the name of Grenoble will recall pure air and an innocent life under an Italian sky, and Nancy will be the embodiment of the Lorrainer's intelligence, thrift, and industry. Yet, all the time, there will be in the mind, thus occupied, the constantly recurring regret: what a pity that Paris should be so wicked!

I am surprised that American parents who had visited, not, of course, Heidelberg, but Munich or, above all, Berlin, could send their sons there without any anxiety. Music, no doubt. As a matter of fact, the intensity of night-life in the German towns, and the licentiousness of theatres under a pretense of artistic freedom, ought to have given food for a great deal of thought. Indeed, there was little difference between the doubtful attractions of Berlin and the dangers of Paris. In either place temptation was coarse and inelegant and entirely beneath the average son of decent people; but the name of Paris would confer a dashing irresistibility upon what in Berlin could only appear vulgar, so that, after all, Berlin looked the less dangerous place. There is a great deal in names.

My opinion is that American students who do not happen to have a special reason for selecting a provincial university ought to go to Paris, and my reason is that nowhere will they find so much indifference to dangerous amusements, and, if they are properly guided during the first months of their residence, so much that goes to make an atmosphere of unparalleled idealism in Parisian circles. This is no paradox, but the mere recognition of a fact; and this fact has struck every man who, like the present writer, has been enabled to watch the career of Frenchmen from their arrival in Paris till their maturity.

Only four years ago this statement would have been met in America with a skeptical and possibly a sarcastic smile. I remember reading American reviews of Mr. Barrett Wendell's book on France, which were certainly amusing, but were fair neither to Mr. Barrett Wendell nor to France. The average American had evidently a totally different impression of Paris from that of the distinguished professor. But they were wrong and the professor was right.

Most Americans came to Europe with a clear and distinct idea that they came there only to amuse themselves, to have a good time; and whatever good time they might have in London or in Germany, — which it had become fashionable in the last decade to visit regularly, — they most certainly approached Paris in the spirit in which the tired business man at home goes to a musical comedy. They spent their rather short mornings in shops, paying for what took their wives' fancy, or accumulating the presents which were the ransom of a trip to Europe; they lunched at the Café de Paris, and haunted the boule-

vards or the fashionable quarters till dinner-time. In the evening they did not go to the opera, because they had been once before and it was really too poor after New York, which, in many respects, was true; they did not go to the Théâtre-Français, or even to the Gymnase, because they did not know the language; they went to the Folies-Bergères, or to the queer Montmartre places; and the night before leaving, they went to the Café d'Harcourt in the Quartier Latin, because they had been told they must not miss that. They came home disappointed when they had not been shocked; ashamed, and pretending not to be, when the evening had been a bit too successful. This would last a fortnight or so, with the subconsciousness that, when they should see God's own country again, and the big buildings and the purifying doors of the office, it would not matter much. It was in this way that Paris got her bad name.

As a matter of fact, every Parisian knows that the Montmartre places are nothing else than what they appear in the vitriolic etchings of La Tour-Lautrec, namely, vulgar decoys for inexperienced foreigners or materialistic provincials, owned, arranged, and managed by people who have a clear knowledge of the exceeding simplicity of man's instincts, and who only hesitate between making their fortune through a shebeen or through a hair-dye. Even the professionally sensual would be afraid of passing for green apprentices, if they were seen there except on two or three dates famous on the *viveur's* calendar; and they give lustre to their lives by other methods equally simple and equally monotonous, which you will find described at great length in Lavedan's or Donnay's books.

I know that many well-wishers, or even admirers of France, who realize that Paris is not entirely comprised between the Moulin-Rouge and the rue de la Paix, are, however, worried by the notion that the French stage and French literature give much the same idea of French morality, as the pleasure haunts of Paris.

I am ready to admit anything concerning the French stage. I remember Matthew Arnold's famous — if decidedly overrated — essay on the appearance of Sarah Bernhardt in London forty years ago, and I agree with him that nine French plays in ten are written for the vulgar personage whom he cannot find words to describe in his own language and calls *l'homme sensuel moyen*. I detest the cheap cleverness and low appeal of many French plays; I hate the silly preëminence that most newspapers, and consequently their readers, give to the stage, to actresses, actors, managers, and, more remotely, to dramatic writers. I am convinced that the false emotionalism, the shallow sentimentalism, the taste for gaudy writing prevailing in the penny newspapers and frequently obscuring serious national issues, can be traced from the journal to the theatre.

But what of that? Does anybody who knows the real state of affairs imagine that the French stage is French? It has long ceased to be. All the prominent managers, actors, and actresses are Jews; and while I am aware that many Jews living in France have done remarkably well during the war, and while I think that a book which was written about them ought to have had more success, I cannot help feeling that the Jewish influence is not good. Greed and vanity are its mainsprings, materialism invariably goes with it, and the sentimentalism, attitudinizing, and meretriciousness generally, which I deplore, have been created by the unusual admiration of the Romanticist of low degree and the Jewish actress of whatever degree, including Rachel herself.

There was no trace of it in French literature before the nineteenth century; and any visitor who has a chance to meet enough specimens of undoubted origin becomes convinced that it is not indigenous.

As for French literature, it takes remarkable ignorance or remarkable impudence to condemn it wholesale as immoral. The literary history of the past twenty-five years in France shows a continuous ascent toward all noble ideals, whether purely artistic or ethical; the only writer of distinction whose influence must be admitted to be hurtful, is Anatole France, and how many people read him because of his charming style or because of the humanitarian spirit pervading *Crainquebille*, and look upon the writer's laxity only as a sort of literary artifice? The manliness of most contemporary works worth reading is especially striking in those of the younger generation, which has waived the declamation of the Romanticists, knows the value of words, and lets us see its moral principles without any of the unnatural shame that was once the fashion.

Foreign readers have been frequently deceived by the outspokenness of French writers into imagining that, having no restraint in their language, they and their readers must have no restraint in their lives. It is a mistake. Outspokenness belongs to certain people or to certain countries, as it has belonged to certain epochs. There is a lack of taste or refinement, no doubt, in people who shrink from no subject and purposely use coarse language. But the rather low habit does not necessarily entail low principles. Soldiers in barracks, — good honest souls, — or artists in *ateliers*, — many of them very near the simplicity of primitives, — use Rabelaisian language without having coarse natures. There are silences which cover more thought than effusive speech, and hypocrisy is not a mere word. I have often felt that the brutal way in which many Frenchmen allude to the relations between sexes is either a pose, or a cultivated habit, — so frequent among physicians and artists, — or a concealed effort to escape from imaginations which are not least tyrannical when they are apparently ignored.

Finally, it should be added that French literature, even the *École naturaliste*, always protested against the charge of moral laxity: I need only recall celebrated pages by Balzac, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and Zola. The latter lived the life of the most respectable bank-clerk, and his moral principles were rather unexpectedly extolled by the whole universe at the time of the Dreyfus Affair.

I know how easy it is to plead that a writer is not immoral the moment he makes up his mind to be true to life, as even the description of vice bears its own lesson, and there is no fundamental difference between Miss Edgeworth and Zola. But there is frequently more than that pagan teaching in French books. They are sincere enough not to conceal the disgust which inevitably goes along with an empty life. The gay volumes of 'Gyp,' Lavedan, or Donnay, and the files of *La Vie Parisienne* are full of this satiety. Jules Lemaître, the typical *dilettante*, who seemed to understand everything and condone everything, often concludes his smiling essays with words which, truly interpreted, are Pascal modernized. French literature at its worst never was hypocritical and never went out of its way to prove, in the German or Scandinavian manner, that we are living fully when we are only living loosely. It is always useful to express with all possible lucidity ideas which, at some time or other, have unfortunately been questioned.

But I know that most Americans had no need of the foregoing explanations.

One event took place since 1914 which has thrown dazzling light over France and her children, and will probably stay in the memory of the world as long as the perfection of the seventeenth century or the genius of Napoleon. A member of the French military mission to Russia tells us that, while waiting at some little station of the Trans-Siberian railway, he saw three soldiers stop in front of him and consult in whispers, after which one of them, coming forward, saluted, and, pointing at the officer, said the only French word he knew: 'Verdun!'

There never was a finer tribute, and poetry, history, and all the fine arts will never find anything more expressive than this homage of the ignorant and humble, represented by an almost speechless Siberian private.

II

It will be to the eternal credit of America that she did not wait until her declaration of war to be in the war. The hereditary longing to be of use, to do something for somebody, which is the characteristic of American men and women, even of the apparently thoughtless, drove thousands and thousands of them out of their homes, to hospitals, field-ambulances, camps, or railway canteens, hostels for refugees, food- or clothes-distributing offices, to places of all kinds, the unexpected names of which show the inventiveness of Christian charity when allied to American ingenuity. These battalions of helpers or comforters have all come to know France intimately, and in their minds an idea of the Frenchman has been formed, not one lineament of which recalls, however remotely, the Parisian *boulevardier* once regarded as typically French. Officers by the hundreds may live in these people's memories: gentlemen who lived and died more simply than their biographers generally write. But to the American who has lived the war with us, the typical Frenchman is the *poilu*.

And what is a *poilu*? A humble man, who, one July afternoon in 1914, left at two hours' notice his Parisian shop or workshop, or his ripe wheat-fields, or his ripening vines, for a military dépôt he had never liked and had managed to tolerate only because soldiering, and all things soldierly, are lovable to the Frenchman, and take on a halo in his imagination; was packed to the Belgian frontier; made the acquaintance of danger under all its forms; fought; hungered — hungered and thirsted — for days; knew the trenches when they were in their crudest novelty and worse than the badger's hole; got wounded, and lay for hours, sometimes days, where he had fallen, or crawled miles to a hurried surgeon, and to the torturing goods-trucks, pompously labeled sanitary trains; got well, and went back to the dépôt, and then back to the front and to fighting or being shelled; and so on during four years, with the ever-disappointed certainty that 'next winter must be the last,' or that the imminent coming in of this or that nation must bring the end.

Who has not seen in the vicinity of the Paris stations his solid figure, — the notion of short, delicate Frenchmen has died out with many others, — made to look balloon-like by an accumulation of round things, sacks, helmets, drinking flasks, or rolled-up blankets on his shoulders and hips, slowly balancing itself along the foot-path? Nobody shows him much sympathy now that his appearance has become familiar, and his face exhibits as much surprise as delight when the passer-by presents him with a trifle. Whether one sees him thus in the busy street, or in the trains, or in the hospitals, he strikes one by that very quality which foreigners

used to deny Frenchmen: patience, all-enduring patience, which never-ceasing grumbling saves from the reproach of German apathy. His stoicism expects nothing, — for unless he happens to be very poor, he has the national aversion to parting with money and understands it in others, — but thousands of American women who now know him well, know also how grateful he is for sympathy, and how expressive he can be in his recognition of it, without ever giving a woman the least fear that he might become unduly warm.

Who could believe that such a man, invariably true to himself in millions of specimens, can be the product of an effeminate or degenerate nation? How clearly it appears to anybody who really sees the inside of things that a country or a nation must not be judged by the froth of its civilization in big towns, by its histrions, any more than by its professional politicians! The truth is that poor families are trained to patience by the traditions of the soil, rich ones by the austerity of French schools, — often, too, by the old French notion that true religion lies in the capacity for silent suffering, — and what the soil only does for some, and the school for others, the army does for all. There is no French mother who would say, I did not rear my son to make him a soldier. Frenchwomen know too well what the regiment does for their sons, and how a few months of the military life makes men of them, and at the same time gives them a gentleness, nay, a childlikeness, which they did not show two years before, as if their souls were going back to innocence while their bodies display the robustness of manhood. How often the present writer has been delighted to find a charmingly sincere, almost naïve man in a young soldier, who acted the grown-up person in a sickening manner the last time he saw him!

American mothers will find many beautiful things in their boys which were not there when they kissed them good-bye. War is hateful, but the capacity for self-sacrifice, self-discipline, and self-simplifying, which it creates or develops, is a wonderful thing.

All those sides of the French temperament are now known to Americans, and one can write about French ideals and say that they frequently find their home in Paris, without conjuring up the unpleasant vision of raised eyebrows and a hardly suppressed smile.

It is remarkable that Paris is the only capital in the whole world that is and has been for centuries the chief seat of national education. London, New York or Boston, Berlin or Leipzig, Rome or Milan, Madrid or Barcelona, may be great literary or scientific centres. They are not, or have only recently become, university centres. The names traditionally attached to the notion of learning are those of Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale, Bonn and Jena, Padua and Salamanca.

In France, Poitiers and Orléans have long ceased to be, while Lille, Nancy, and Montpellier are still far from being, the rivals of Paris. Paris, from the thirteenth century, was what it still is known to be, even to people who are too busy elsewhere to visit the Sorbonne, the city of students *par excellence*. A whole quarter of the town, from the Montagne-Sainte-Geneviéve to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, is inhabited by book-devouring youths. The chief *lycées*, — Louis le Grand, Saint-Louis, Henri Quatre, — and the Collège Stanislas are there, yearly pouring out their best scholars into the Sorbonne, the École Normale, the Medical School, the Law School, the École des Hautes-Études, the École des Chartes, the renowned, exclusive, and well-nigh inaccessible École Polytechnique, the two Écoles des Mines, the Observa-

toire, the École des Sciences Politiques, the École des Beaux-Arts, or the École d'Architecture, all of which are also there. Many thousand young men live in that not very large district, and give it its physiognomy, filling its streets with their belief in life and in themselves, filling with clamor at certain hours the Place du Panthéon, so dignified and still, or adding a distinctive human element to the Luxembourg Garden, the Odéon bookstalls, and even, when some illustrious man departs for his long home in the Cimetière Montparnasse, to the stately double porch of Saint-Sulpice.

And what are these young men doing? It is difficult to know in what stage of life the French, who in some imaginations were the incarnation of naughtiness, were supposed to be. To look upon the very young as prematurely old and degenerate is a cruelty of which I do not think any American was ever capable. But it is a fact that the name of the Quartier Latin, which to the French means madcap merriment, with a rather austere background of libraries and lecturing halls, used to mean to many foreigners an untimely initiation into life. Henry Mürger's *Vie de Bohème*, which only professional historians of French literature now read, and which the cheapest reprints have not been able to revive, is still alive abroad, and has helped to spread many a false notion. Mürger's *étudiants* have long joined his *grisettes*, the very name of whom sounds as old-fashioned as a spinet, and bohemianism is quite as antiquated. Nine Paris students in ten have to work hard; and what with examinations, and the facilities for week ends at home, — Mürger's is a pre-railway book, — or unexpected visits from fathers, and the growing habit of early *fiançailles*, even the tenth man can hardly live a life of undisturbed dissipation.

Of course there is a defect in French methods, which results in obvious danger. The French *lycée*, conceived by Napoleon as a semi-military school, with the reveille at five o'clock in the morning, over ten hours' work and not quite two hours' recreation a day, and with the constant supervision of masters, cannot be said to prepare the boy for freedom as the English or American methods do. In his last July at school the French lad of seventeen or eighteen is not allowed to go out alone to buy tennis-balls; in November of the same year he is in lodgings in the Quartier Latin, comes home as early or as late as he pleases, dines where his fancy takes him, goes to lectures or shirks them — in short, is his own master.

How different the life at Oxford or Yale! There the undergraduate lives a full life, no doubt, one which he always looks back to with regret when it is over, and which the outsider, like myself, who has seen it hundreds of times in imagination and once or twice in reality, envies as if he had been deprived of something he was entitled to; but it is a school life all the same. Books and sport are its chief elements, and books and sport are not life. The Anglo-Saxon universities stand apart, away from the passions, excitement, and bitterness of the world, but also away from its teaching. It has always seemed to me that the natural continuation of an Oxford college is an Oxfordshire vicarage, with its unvarying routine, peaceful library, outdoor pursuits, and meditativeness bordering on reverie. The moral hygiene one learns there, as well as the beautiful mental culture which accompanies it, seems to demand solitude as its proper environment. Excitement and fermentation, on the contrary, do not belong to it. There a debating society is the nearest approach to the passionate impulse which in 1830 threw the École Poly-

technique cadets into the Revolution, to the wonderment and admiration of their West Point brethren; and this is a mild approach, unless one lives in beautifully organized countries, truly made for happiness, as England and America were before this war threw its shadow over the world.

On the other hand, who will deny that it is a terrible trial for a boy to have his choice between the two paths of Hercules before he has fully realized how much moral principles mean to his development, and just when his curiosity is the keenest? It would be absurd to shut one's eyes to the danger, but it would be unwise to exaggerate it. This is one of the many cases in which an ounce of experience is worth pounds of logic, and the testimony of witnesses is the only seasonable answer to a question.

The present writer has known and followed through their lives a great many young men. He remembers very few who were completely wrecked by the change from the incessant surveillance of French schools to the unlimited freedom of the Sorbonne. He also remembers very few who were not tried by it. Curiosity and the longing to assert their newly won independence takes the young men to every place where they are not desired to go, and the results are sometimes fatal. But with the average lad provided with sound principles — the son of a man about town is, of course, poorly equipped — the issue is generally less untoward.

It is the fashion nowadays to speak of a youth of eighteen as if he were a child, and of a man of thirty-five as if he were yet growing. The ancients had no such ideas, and it has taken the lack of seriousness of the past three or four generations to spread them as they are. I often remember with pleasure a reference of Guy Patin — the charming literary physician of the seventeenth century — to a Monsieur Lenglet, a man of twenty-six, professor of rhetoric at the Collège d'Harcourt, Rector of the Paris University. Guy Patin says a man of twenty-six, as he might have said a man of forty-six: there is not the least intention of contrasting this man's years with his high position. William Pitt was not supposed, either, to be a crude youth, and the French Revolutionists — most of them men between twenty-five and thirty-five — were never taxed with immaturity.

We think of all men who are not elderly as if they were young men, liable to the mistakes of young men, and this not infrequently leads them to act as if they really were very young men. But most lads of seventeen are clear about their ethical code, and who is there who has gathered some experience, and has not found that the possibility of foregoing the cleanliness of their souls is more unpleasant to them than to most of their seniors? As a matter of fact, we often find that these same Paris haunts which are so attractive to gray-haired leisure leave young Frenchmen remorseful or disgusted. I have never heard a student mention a Montmartre *revue*, except with the contempt which its stupidity and vulgar appeal deserve, and I have more than once seen a young man transformed into a man by his first contact with repulsive artificialities.

(*To be concluded*)

MR. HENDERSON AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

In the vast disquietudes that afflict England at this time, there are few more disturbing than the loss of confidence in leadership. In no sphere of activity have our resources in personality proved adequate. Whether we turn to the Army, to the Navy, or to politics, there is the same sense of impoverishment. There is abundant capacity, but it is diffused, conflicting, incoherent, lacking that individual force which can gather it into a single flame of purpose and give it motive and direction. The greatest force, unhappily, has made not for solidarity, but for disruption. The nation is beginning at last to understand the part which the Northcliffe press has had in impairing its strength; and in its judgment on that subject it includes both Mr. Asquith and Mr. George — the former for his failure to deal with the menace firmly when its character became apparent, and the latter for his association with it.

The wisest and most stable minds in the nation have been driven out of the direction of affairs by the appeal of an unbalanced mind to the momentary instincts and passions of the mob. The mere record of the names of the men who have been displaced, and of the men who have displaced them, supplies the key to many misfortunes alike in military policy and statesmanship. The large sanity and judgment of Mr. Asquith, the incomparable qualities of character of Viscount Grey, the knowledge of Lord Haldane, the genius of Lord Fisher, the unrivaled seamanship of Lord Jellicoe, the tenacity and fundamental wisdom of Sir William Robertson — these are among the grand assets of the nation which have been lost to it in the hour of its most desperate necessity.

In the general discredit that has fallen upon leadership, the Labor Party has not escaped. Its contribution to the intellectual and moral forces of the nation has been negligible, and its failure to present the country with a reasoned and coherent policy has been one of the most regrettable deficiencies from which we have suffered. When the war came, the superficial solidarity of the party vanished. It collapsed under the shock into fragments. The most intellectual section — the Independent Labor Party — became separated at once, not only from the general current of the nation, but from the overwhelming body of the working classes themselves. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Jowett adopted from the beginning a definitely hostile attitude to the war, and concentrating on the admitted evils of secret diplomacy and of cosmopolitan armament rings, cultivated the impression that the war was not so much a clean-cut issue between military despotism and democracy, as between rival capitalist designs.

At the other extreme, there was a breakaway of artless persons — like Mr. Hodge, Mr. Will Thorne, and Mr. O'Grady — into the primitive emotions

of the war and the jargon of 'Huns' and 'Knock-out-Blows,' and eternal ostracism. In these quarters, the war was just an old-fashioned racial dog-fight and was not seen to be a struggle between rival systems of human governance for the possession of the world.

Between these extremes there were many shades of difference. Mr. John Burns, who had left the government on the outbreak of the war, maintained an unbroken silence. Mr. W. C. Anderson, who had been Chairman of the I. L. P., assumed an attitude of his own, critical on details, but neither supporting the war, nor conveying the impression that he was definitely hostile to it. The Old Guard of labor, men like the miners, Mr. Thomas Burt and Mr. Fenwick, belonging to the pure trade-union tradition of the past, were indistinguishable from the normal type of Liberal, supporting the war, but supporting it without venom and in the spirit of the fine ideals and moral fervor of their school.

In the midst of all these sections into which labor was dissipated, there was a small group of men, affiliated with the modern industrial movement, who, while in full sympathy with British intervention, were sufficiently free from the tribal impulse to see the war in the larger perspective. The most representative figures of this group were Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. J. H. Thomas, and Mr. Clynes. Of these, the last-named was a member of the I. L. P., but he became detached in spirit from the general body of the party and even took office in Mr. Lloyd George's government. It is the highest tribute to his character that his reputation in the labor world has survived the fact. Alone among the Labor members of the goverr ment, he may be looked upon as a man with a future. Mr. Thomas, although invited more than once to join the government, declined to do so. Mr. Henderson, who took office in the Asquith Coalition, and went into the War Cabinet when Mr. Lloyd George's *coup* came off, resigned over the Russian policy. All three men have the gift of clear thought and lucid speech, are at once firm and moderate in opinion, and are of unquestioned probity and public spirit.

II

In this group, which undoubtedly represents the main current of industrial opinion in regard to the war, the most conspicuous figure is that of Mr. Henderson. It may be said that he was made great by his fall. No man in public life certainly ever grew more sensibly in stature as the result of resignation. The Russian episode converted him from a commonplace figure on the political stage into a man of capital significance.

His previous career had made no deep impression on the public mind. He had come to the front by a series of stages which, creditable enough in themselves, did not suggest outstanding potentialities. An iron-founder by trade, he had begun his political career as a Liberal, and his first connection with public affairs was in the capacity of agent to the Liberal Association of the Barnard Castle Division. When the modern labor movement began to take form, he joined it, and created some sensation in 1904 by becoming the Labor candidate at a bye-election in the constituency in which he had acted as Liberal agent. He was opposed by a Liberal, but won the seat, and became one of the first representatives of Labor in its organized divorce from the stream of Liberalism on which the earlier trade-unionists had been content to float. But though associated with the new movement, he retained his original character, with

little change. He did not join the left wing of the I. L. P., and manifested no inclination toward its doctrinairism. A man of plain, direct mind, little attracted by theories, bearing the impress of the moral restraints of a puritan tradition, with the gift of clear energetic speech acquired in his early association with the lay ministry of the Wesleyan body, frank and cordial in bearing and formidable in encounter with unruly gatherings, he made no appeal to extremism or to mob popularity. In the organization and development of the Parliamentary Labor Party, he at once assumed a definite authority between the theoretical left and the rather amorphous and nondescript right. He became the secretary of the party, and for one period was elected its chairman; and when Mr. Asquith formed his Coalition Ministry, his admission to office followed as a matter of course upon his representative character, his practical capacity, and his attitude toward the war.

But while he had won respect, and, in office, had proved his administrative capacity, it cannot be said that he had made any profound impression on the public mind. He had gone far with plain, everyday abilities, but there had been no evidence of exceptional qualities of leadership and courage in great affairs; and when, after the fall of the Coalition Ministry, he agreed to go into Mr. George's War Cabinet, there was a feeling that his hold over Labor was passing. There was no impropriety in the action, of course. He was wholly in favor of the prosecution of the war, and represented the feeling of the working classes as truly as anyone in public life. The government had to be carried on, and Mr. George's anxiety to secure the support of Labor enabled Mr. Henderson to insist on a much larger share in the administration for his party, and on an undertaking that the party should have an important rôle in the peace negotiations. But, in spite of all this, it is undeniable that he suffered in prestige from his association with a government generated from squalid intrigues against his old chief. The fact, no doubt, did injustice to his motives, to the sense of the superior demands of the national interest in competition with private sentiment; but the fact remained.

It was the Russian incident which revealed the mind and measure of the man. From the beginning, the Russian Revolution had been nervously and unfortunately handled. Lord Milner, who had been sent by the War Cabinet to Russia on the eve of the Revolution, did not understand the momentous development that was imminent, and created a bad impression in Liberal circles by his attitude to the government. It may be that in the circumstances that existed no other attitude was possible; but in the circumstances that existed Lord Milner was the last person who should have been sent; and, following his commendation of the autocracy at the moment when, an object of universal shame and execration, it was falling to the dust, the principal Liberal journal in Moscow expressed this view quite bluntly.

When the Revolution came, it found the Allies wholly unprepared to meet it with a considered and courageous policy. They were perplexed by its meaning and numbed by its vague possibilities. In Liberal circles there was a feeling that a great shadow had been lifted from the world, and gratitude that the cause of the Allies was no longer compromised by association with the most corrupt and detestable despotism in Europe. But when the first emotion of astonishment and satisfaction had passed, powerful countercurrents became visible. The *Morning*

Post, the organ of the high Tories,[1] adopted an attitude of definite hostility to the Revolution, and it was not long before it was publishing from its Petrograd correspondent messages declaring that the prayer of Russia was for an Ivan the Terrible. The Northcliffe press adopted a hardly less disastrous tone, and unhappily it was the utterances of this press which, in the critical early days, were chiefly sent back to Russia as representing the opinion of democratic England.

Almost alone among the English correspondents in Russia, Mr. Arthur Ransome, of the *Daily News*, supported the Revolution with unequivocal enthusiasm, and the representatives of the Russian papers in England did their best to counter the fatal impression of English opinion prevailing in Russia by emphasizing the attitude of the *Daily News*, *Manchester Guardian*, and *Westminster Gazette*. But the mischief was done, and the feeling that free England was out of sympathy with free Russia grew and did its fatal work.

Unhappily the policy of the government did nothing to remove this impression. Mr. Bonar Law's speech in the House of Commons on the Revolution was sympathetic enough in its general purport, but it contained a panegyric of the Tsardom, and it was this panegyric of the fallen despotism and not his sympathy with the Revolution that struck the mind of Russia as representing the official view. With the failure of the Prince Lvoff régime to control the current of the Revolution, and the passing of power to Kerensky and the Soviets, the divorce between England and Russia became more marked, and the reactionary forces in the English press openly supported the conspiracies in favor of a counter-revolution and a military dictatorship. They hoped, by destroying Kerensky, to make the Right masters of the situation, just as in Ireland they hoped, by destroying the Nationalists, to make the Unionists masters of the situation. And just as, in Ireland, the result of their policy was to substitute Sinn Fein for Nationalism, so the result of their manœuvres in regard to Russia was to help to substitute Lenine for Kerensky.

The key to the tragic failure was lack of faith in the Revolution and lack of understanding of the military condition of Russia. It was not realized that, as an instrument of war, the autocracy had left Russia bankrupt, and that the passionate appeals for a statement of war-aims, an Allied conference, and a movement toward a general peace issued, not from indifference to the Allied cause, but from the hard facts of the Russian position. It was necessary to Kerensky, if he was to keep the Bolsheviks at bay, to convince the Russian democracy that the war was not being prolonged owing to imperialist ambitions on the part of the Allies. That suspicion was propagated by the German agents, encouraged by the extremists, and apparently justified by the secret agreements. If it was to be dissipated, the secret agreements must be repudiated, the war-aims be put on a moral plane, and the democratic purpose of the Allies be demonstrated in some tangible way.

No more immediate means was at hand than the dispatch to Russia of British Labor representatives, whose opinions were known and whose presence would be a proof of the good faith of the Allies and an assurance that the British government was in sympathy with the Revolution. Two such delegates were sent, in the persons of Mr. O'Grady and Mr. Will Thorne — excellent men, undeniable workingmen,

[1] It is interesting to compare Colonel Repington's view of this same journal. See page 240 of this issue. — THE EDITOR.

but quite unhelpful for the purpose Kerensky had in view. As propagandists to Russia, they were comparable to the later selection of Sir F. E. Smith, Lord Northcliffe, and Mr. Appleton as the authentic voice of England in America. They did nothing, and could do nothing, to check the suspicion that prevailed in Russia in regard to the motives and outlook of the British people.

III

On the obvious failure of this mission, the government decided to send Mr. Henderson, as a member of the War Cabinet, to Petrograd, with large powers of initiative. Mr. Henderson had been opposed to the idea of the Stockholm Conference, and his record in the government had not suggested that he was the man to take a bold and independent line in such a novel and perplexing situation as that into which he was suddenly plunged. The result was a surprise to his friends and his critics alike. It led to his fall from the government, but it established him as a first-class personal force in English affairs. He went straight to the heart of the Russian situation, with the directness of a fearless mind in contact with obstinate facts. He saw that the situation was desperate and needed desperate remedies. If the current of the Revolution was to be kept within reasonable bounds, the Kerensky régime must have unequivocal backing against the Bolshevist attacks, and an assurance that the Allies were no longer bound by the secret arrangements made with the Tsardom. Russia had surrendered the imperialist claim to Constantinople, and looked for equivalent action by Russia's allies. Mr. Henderson determined to bring his government into line with the policy which was dictated by the necessities of the Russian situation. He saw that it was hopeless to expect Russia to fight for objects which it had passionately renounced, and which were never consistent with the ostensible policy of the Allies. He indorsed the programme of 'no annexations and no [punitive] indemnities,' and urged with all his force the acceptance of the Stockholm Conference, in which he saw the most convincing instrument for restoring Russian confidence in the democratic purpose of the Allies.

With admirable courage, too, he demanded that a second Labor mission, to include Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, should be dispatched to Russia. He knew that such a mission would be an invaluable demonstration of England's democratic sympathies, and that Mr. Macdonald's attitude to the war in the past would not prejudice his judgment in regard to the new non-imperialist basis which now seemed about to be established. His urgency in regard to Mr. Macdonald, supported by the British Ambassador in Petrograd, apparently prevailed with the government, but was defeated by the action of the Seamen's Union, which, under the inspiration of Mr. Havelock Wilson, refused to navigate any ship that carried Mr. Macdonald, and put the same embargo on the Stockholm proposal.

This unprecedented challenge by the syndicalist idea to the authority of government was permitted to prevail. For the first time in history, a trade-union had imposed its veto on governmental action in a matter of high policy. It is probable that the Cabinet were not unwilling that their decision should be overruled, for, as we now know, this was the period when the Emperor Karl's peace proposal was under consideration, and the French opposition to Stockholm is explained by the position taken by the French government in regard to the Austrian offer. The same fact sheds light on the whole at-

titude toward Kerensky. It shows why the secret treaties were not repudiated, and why the appeal for an Allied conference on war-aims was ignored.

But Mr. Henderson, far away in Petrograd, knew nothing of all this. He saw that his mission was ending in failure, that his proposals foundered on hidden rocks of which he knew nothing, and that his colleagues at home were apparently powerless to prevent their intentions being torpedoed by Mr. Havelock Wilson. Satisfied that he could do no more service in Russia, he returned to England to see if he could get the engine to work at that end. He found the atmosphere changed and obscure, and all sympathy with the Stockholm idea gone. But, convinced that the drift in Russia could be stayed only by some decisive demonstration, he set himself to revive the movement, and, as a preliminary, went on his own initiative to Paris, to secure agreement between the British Labor Party and the French Socialists on the subject.

This proceeding, and his subsequent speech on the matter to the Labor Conference in London, led to an open rupture between him and Mr. Lloyd George, who charged him with withholding from the Conference a message from Kerensky on the Stockholm idea, and with his characteristic swiftness for getting the first public hearing in a controversy, issued a letter to the press, attacking his colleague for failure to fulfil his obligation in this respect.

Mr. Henderson, of course, resigned his seat in the War Cabinet, and at the next sitting of the House made a formidable attack on Mr. George, whom he charged with manipulating the press against him and with gross discourtesy toward him since his return from Russia, alleging that he had kept him on the door-mat in his secretary's office while the War Cabinet, of which he was still a member, was considering what course should be taken in respect to matters on which he had been the plenipotentiary of the War Cabinet.

Into the merits of the controversy, and the causes of the significant change which had unquestionably taken place in regard to Russia between Mr. Henderson's departure for Petrograd and his return to London, it is not necessary to enter here; but the essential fact in regard to Mr. Henderson is that, in the estimate of the Labor world, his fall was his fortune. He had always been respected, but for the first time he appealed to the imagination of the industrial world with a new and indisputable authority. On a matter touching the deepest issues of democracy, he had shown that he could act with fearless, self-sacrificing courage, and that, having come to certain conclusions, he was made of the stuff that would not yield, no matter what the cost.

Mr. Henderson was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity which this confidence and approval had provided. The Labor movement had fallen into a confused and distracted condition. In Parliament it had never recovered from the shock of the war, and the Parliamentary Party had ceased to act with anything like corporate unity. Mr. Henderson saw that it was impossible to rebuild the movement within the House. If Labor was to be rehabilitated as a political force, it must receive a new form and a new spirit in the country. He decided to apply himself to this task. It was not an easy one, for the fissiparous tendencies visible in Parliament were reflected and aggravated in the country. The overwhelming body of the industrial classes was of course favorable to the war; but there was a formidable measure of hostility, chiefly among the engineers, and particularly among the engineers on the Clyde. The discontent was in some degree due to real

trade grievances, and in some degree to the mistaken methods adopted toward them by Mr. Lloyd George, who, essentially an agrarian agitator, has never understood or had any affection for trade-unionism. But it was due in a large degree also to the ferment of the spirit of syndicalism, which had begun to work in advanced Labor circles before the war. The disposition to look to the trade as a self-contained unit of political power, and to distrust the activities and good faith of Parliament, passed easily into suspicions of the origins of the war, and a conviction that it was the outcome of capitalist rivalries, secret diplomacy, and all the paraphernalia of a corrupt and outworn society.

With this attitude of mind Mr. Henderson had no sympathy. He had supported the war from the outset, and was one of the first British ministers to lose a son on the battlefield. But though he was remote from the temper and thought of the Clyde, he was no less separated from the mere jingo sentiment of the other extreme; and his mixture of firmness of purpose and moderation of view, together with the prestige of the Russian incident, gave him precisely the authority which was necessary to bring the scattered forces of Labor together.

There was another fact which added to the significance. No Labor minister before had filled anything like the same place in the machine of government that he had done. John Burns had been in the Cabinet before him, but that was in normal times and offered no parallel to the experience of Mr. Henderson. He had been in two cabinets in circumstances of unprecedented strain and danger; he had shared the burden of government when the ship of state was plunging through uncharted seas; he had taken his place in the inner Cabinet, which controlled the gravest issues of the war; and his separation from the government, so far from discrediting him, had enhanced his reputation more than any other incident in his career. Putting aside his duties in Parliament, he decided to apply the influence and freedom of which he found himself possessed to the reorganization of the Labor Party in the country.

IV

Broadly speaking, there are three great embodiments of industrial activity — the Labor Party, the Trade-Union Congress, and the Coöperative Movement. The functions of these organizations are entirely distinct, and their control unrelated. The Labor Party is exclusively concerned with the political and Parliamentary field, the Trade-Union Congress with the organization and interests of the worker in relation to his industry, the Coöperative Movement with the collective ownership and control of trade.

The Labor Party was the youngest of the three institutions. It had received its intellectual impetus from the Independent Labor Party and the Fabian Society, and was largely dominated by the advanced Socialistic doctrine of those energetic propagandists. Its strength as a political force, in regard both to voting power and to money, however, was due to the backing it had received from the trade-unions, most of which had, in the course of years, become affiliated with the political organization. There was for a time a good deal of opposition from the old school of trade-unionists to association with an exclusively political body; and the miners, who were the first industrial group to send trade-union representatives to Parliament, were the last to recognize the Labor Party as a distinct entity. But though in the end that party had come to represent politically the whole body of the in-

dustrial world, there was no real consolidation of the movement, and the war had found out all its weaknesses and had for practical parliamentary purposes completely scrapped it.

The key to the reorganization of the party in the country, as Mr. Henderson saw, was to define more precisely the functions of the Labor Party and the Trade-Union Congress, to strengthen their relationship, and at the same time to open the doors of the Labor Party to individual and unorganized workers, and especially to brain-workers. It is in carrying through this difficult and very complicated scheme that he has shown a high quality of statesmanship and a real gift for affairs. The conception of labor merely as an expression of the unions of organized manual workers gravely limited its intellectual resources and its political outlook. It meant that, apart from the I. L. P. element, there was little reflection in the movement of new ideas, like guild socialism, which were in some measure complementary to, and in some measures subversive of, traditional Socialist theory.

In making the Labor Party accessible to what, for lack of a better word, we may call the intellectuals, Mr. Henderson has given an extraordinary impetus to the movement. He has provided a political shelter for men of advanced views, who found themselves outside all the existing political systems at a time when a definite sphere of cooperative activity was urgently needed. Clergymen, journalists, social workers of all sorts, professional men, and business men who had found themselves aloof from the old political organizations, have flocked to the new standard.

The palsy that has befallen the Liberal Party as the result of the party truce during the war has added to the volume. For four years Liberalism has been paralyzed, and all the ideas for which it has stood in the past have been trodden under the iron heel of the war. Without an appeal to the electorate, a Liberal government returned in 1910 has been replaced, first by a Coalition government, and next by a government in which the Liberal element is only a shadow, the labor element little more, and all the power is in the hands of men of the Milner, Curzon, and Balfour school, with the incalculable empiricism of Mr. Lloyd George at the helm. The Old Guard of the Liberal Party, led by Mr. Asquith, muzzled by the war, chafes under the sense of restraint and futility, and in the country the inaction is breeding an impatience which is emphasizing the drift to the newly opened door of the Labor Party. A new alignment of forces is taking shape, with the interests on the one side, in possession of the machine of government and drawing to themselves all the predatory elements of society, and with the reconstructed Labor Party on the other, with a wider platform and a more comprehensive appeal, absorbing, not only the legions of the organized industrial army but all the scattered forces of democracy. Between the two the Liberal Party, condemned to a sterile inaction, is in danger of being gravely squeezed.

If Mr. Lloyd George's political strategy has been the principal cause of this new grouping, Mr. Henderson has been the engineer of the counter-offensive. The effects of his astute and far-sighted policy are becoming apparent in a multitude of ways. He has consolidated the movement and energized it, made it both more instructed and more intense, strengthened its brain at the centre and decentralized its activities in the country. He has brought the intellectuals of the Labor movement — such men as Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, and Mr.

G. D. H. Cole, under his spacious umbrella, and with some measure of common policy. Using these resources with skillful generalship, he has succeeded in giving the Labor Party an authoritative policy, in regard both to war-aims and to post-war reconstruction. He has formulated a great electoral campaign in the country on a basis which, while securing the dominant authority of the trade-unions in the selection of candidates, provides for a large infusion of detached social reformers, who will bring into the movement the breath of ideas and equip it with exact knowledge in all the spheres of government.

The third element in Mr. Henderson's calculation is one on which his influence can be exercised only indirectly and with great delicacy. The Coöperative Movement has hitherto been entirely outside the world of political activity. It is a movement of vast proportions and the most widespread extension. It has a turn-over of hundreds of millions of money, and conducts business on an imperial scale; but it has stood aloof from the field of public controversy. The experiences of the war, however, with the sweeping changes they have involved in the relationship of the state to trade, have stimulated tendencies which were latent before the war. They have enlarged the vision of the movement, and have endowed it with a new conception of its functions in the state. Its immediate interests, apart from any other consideration, have compelled its legislators to enter the political field. The control of the food-supply, for example, led the Coöperative Society, as the greatest producer and distributor of food, to find a new and very practical concern in the ownership and control of the source of food and of the means of distribution.

In his conception of the new political mobilization of the democratic forces, Mr. Henderson has not omitted this important development, but he has wisely refrained from any attempt at a formal alliance between the Coöperative Movement and Labor. If the former, as seems likely, decides that it must formally enter the political field, it must be left to enter it in its own way. It is not likely that it would succeed on independent lines, for the feeling of the electorate is against sectional representation; but if it decides that its interests are broadly represented by Labor, and that it can best serve those interests by acting with Labor, the initiative must come from itself. In the meantime, Mr. Henderson has stimulated a friendly coöperation with the movement on specific issues in regard to which immediate action has been necessary, and the interests of Labor and Coöperation have been clearly the same.

It would be useless to indulge in predictions in regard to Mr. Henderson's achievement. The result will depend on too many incalculable factors. But there are certain obvious and predicable considerations. The first is that Mr. Lloyd George's combination starts with the enormous advantage of the possession of office and of an appeal to interests which, formidable at any time, will be peculiarly formidable in the social disruption brought about by the war. It will be manipulated by the most agile political mind that has ever played a part in British politics — a mind of astonishing fertility of device, of unrivaled ingenuity in playing off this interest against that, of entire freedom from fixed principles, swift, impulsive, plastic, daring, subtle, and unscrupulous, with incomparable powers of appeal and of adaptation to the mood of the moment. He has laid his plans far ahead, is sure of the Tory following, has detached a considerable

Liberal element from Mr. Asquith, can rely on the more jingo section of the Labor Party, has a wonderfully drilled press, and the support of the moneyed interest. The defeat of the alternative vote removes a great obstacle from his path. It leaves the Liberal Party and the Labor Party with little hope of compromise, and with the immediate prospect of entering the same field and destroying each other, thus leaving the prize to the candidate of Mr. George's selection.

In normal circumstances, the electoral prophet would have no doubt as to the triumph of such a combination of forces. But the present circumstances are not normal. The course of the war may in a moment upset all the calculations of political strategy, and a change of government prior to the election would create an entirely new situation.

Moreover, there is the supremely incalculable factor of the soldier. No election is conceivable which does not register his vote; and in the trenches he has been passing through a school which is likely profoundly to affect his political judgment. So far as the evidence goes, there is reason to look for a landslide on the side of Labor. In a hospital ward the other day, a friend of mine discussed politics with twelve soldiers, five of whom in pre-war days had been Conservatives, five Liberals, and two Socialists. All twelve said that they would cast their votes for Labor. This may be exceptional, but it represents the present drift of thought, which seems disposed to cut the painter with the past, and to wish to find expression in some new embodiment of democratic action.

But whatever the result of the electoral conflict, it is safe to say that Mr. Henderson has given a new orientation to politics in England. It was perhaps an inevitable development of events, but it was he who saw how that development might be shaped, and with large statesmanship brought about an accommodation of diverse and conflicting forces, and provided the channel for them to flow in. He has yet to show whether he has the gift of using the machine he has done so much to fashion; whether, in the manipulation of a Parliamentary situation, he has the swiftness and elasticity that can adjust the mind to rapidly changing conditions. He has directness and force, a strong grip of essentials, and considerable capacity of bringing hostile minds into association. There are few men in the Labor world who can control a tumultuous assembly with a firmer hand, or bring it through the rapids of debate with a cooler head and a more dominating judgment than he. He has none of the bewildering agility of Mr. Lloyd George, but he has the plainer virtues in abundance, knows how to state a policy and stick to it, has the confidence of men if he has not the admiration of men, and is wise enough to regard himself as the instrument of a movement and not its autocrat, as the focus of ideas rather than their inspiration. It remains to be seen whether or not these robust and wholesome qualities are the efficient elements of leadership in the new political world that is coming to birth.

AUTHORS WHO 'GO OUT'

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

I WAS startled the other day by a remark which I overheard in a conversation about books. 'Oh,' said a voice filled with the earnest convictions of one quite up to date, 'Stevenson, you know, has gone out.' Happily the dictum did not cause me to lose my temper, because I had come to realize that in recent years a little of my own enthusiasm for the brave invalid of the Samoan Isles had ebbed away; but it did set me to pondering on those days when a somewhat undiscriminating ardor — what was called in the last century a 'craze' — for Stevenson was the indispensable mark of any aspirant to modernity of taste. Perhaps you can recall the first eager passion for the *Vailima Letters*, or the yearning, destined to remain unsatisfied, to read the author's *Autobiography*, offered to the world of collectors by Mr. Quaritch for a prince's ransom, and said to be unpublishable for some twenty-five years to come. That yearning was as the desire of the moth for the star. And now Stevenson has gone out! Well, even at forty, one must learn to make the best of his years, and exchange enthusiasm for wisdom.

What does it all mean, this rise and fall of reputations? Stevenson has gone, and Kipling, I suppose, has gone. Does any one now read Kipling? And Swinburne has gone, since his biographers refuse to keep his fame alive by revealing the piquant scandals of his life. And William Morris, with all his upholstery, has gone — to some shadowy Pre-Raphaelitic Elysium, let us hope. Indeed, we may well ask, are any of the Pre-Raphaelites left?

There is, for the perverse, a certain consolation in all this. *De mortuis recentibus nil nisi malum* is now the law in literary fashions. Apply it, and shock the conservative. It is really great fun. It is the way to set the modern styles. For example, I have always had a love of Browning — sane, I hope, and tempered, I am sure; but it is with malign pleasure that I say to some enthusiast of the old school, 'Oh, Browning, you know, has gone out. You might as well admire Whistler or G. B. S.' It is only when the tables are turned, and someone attacks my own love of Browning, — still sane and tempered, remember, — that I am annoyed; and if the critic happens to be Professor Cunliffe, who thinks that Meredith has left Browning as far in the rear as Browning left Tennyson, then I retort, with joyous rancor, that there is, indeed, no danger of Meredith (as a poet) going out, because he has never, in any sense, *come in*.

You may, if you wish, grow more audacious, and apply this principle of denunciation to authors nearer our own day. If I assert, with civil superiority, that Mr. Edgar Lee Masters has gone out, who shall say me nay? Some one who read the *Anthology* three years ago? I respectfully point out to him that this is not the year 1915. In the hope of annoying some admirer of Mr. Masters, whose eye may chance to fall upon these words, I think I will say that I hope, and believe, that he

has gone out, gone out like a farthing candle, leaving only a blue and malodorous fume.

It is perhaps more profitable, though certainly less amusing, to turn to the opposite aspect of this tendency of our times. These great men, who pass so rapidly into eclipse, do not always abide permanently in the shadows. There is something instructive in the very metaphor which we employ to describe the phenomenon, commonplace as it is. Eclipses, I believe, are seldom permanent. There is, I think, no more astonishing chapter in the literary history of the past twenty years than the resurrection from the dead of Anthony Trollope. So complete has been his resuscitation that it has become a platitude to announce that he is one of the great Victorian novelists. Several writers, with an ardor caught, surely, from some votary of modernism, have called him the greatest of the Victorians. I know men who have actually learned to love the personality of Anthony Trollope. I know men who have read all of Trollope, and who express the wish that there were more to read. Trollope is again one of the spring styles.

Those of us who felt so very sure twenty-five years ago of the permanence of the *Master of Ballantrae* and *Travels with a Donkey* and the *Ebb-Tide*, and felt that the last word in English lyric was, —

> Under the wide and starry sky,
> Dig the grave, and let me lie,—

we, I say, so sure of our new enthusiasms, had our own contempts. Our scorn in 1896, I remember, was meted out to Dickens. He had gone out. 'Poor old Dickens!' we said; 'he did very well for the crude taste of an era that has passed,' — it was not, I think, till the turn of the century that 'Victorian,' as an adjective of denunciation came into style, — 'an era that preferred caricature to character, and laughed itself into hysteria over puns and horse-play.' But now the denunciation of Dickens has itself gone out, and if you wish to be in vogue to-day, you must denounce, instead, George Eliot. 'Poor old Marian Evans!' you must say. 'Who now reads *Romola*, with its antiquarian study of Florence and its eternal moralizing? Who cares anything about the dogmas of Positivism?' — For we may be pardoned for forgetting that Positivism had no dogmas. — 'What was Positivism, anyhow?'

Yes, you can still get a hearing by scoffing at certain of the Victorians. I doubt whether there is anyone left to be annoyed by the denunciation of Ruskin; anyhow, you will be perilously commonplace if you attempt it, and that is not the way to be modern. It is doubtless a bit early to head a successful movement 'Back to Ruskin,' although with a judicious use of war-philosophy, which, unhappily, has not gone out, you might perhaps succeed in starting one.

The longer you dwell on this mad dance of death, this alternate rise and fall and resurrection of reputations, the more uncomfortable do you become. What, pray, is to be the state of affairs thirty years hence? Is the German doctrine of the eternal recurrence to be illustrated within the limits of our own lives? At sixty, must I rediscover Mr. Shaw, and hang, not without a certain pensive reminiscence, over the pages of *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession?* And at seventy, must we go back to Ibsen? Shall we, I wonder, find the cemeteries of Mr. Masters sweet-scented, if we return to them in 1950? Must critics of the *fin de siècle* write once more of Mr. Galsworthy, pleading with an indifferent public that, 'though he does seem a trifle old-fashioned, there is something in his

prim old pages that deserves to survive the withering oblivion of the years'?

Must we, in other words, be forever tossing on the changing waves of literary fashion, deluding ourselves with the thought that this is genuine critical 'movement'? Is there no solid ground on which we may place our feet? Can we be sure of nobody?

I remember that, when I was in college, a certain professor of French Literature, who had the critical sagacity that marks his race, said with rueful humor, in concluding a lecture on Sainte-Beuve, 'Mais maintenant on critique les critiques.' It is even so. Criticism has gone out. The democratic movement has disposed of it. Are we not all critics? Private judgment and free thought have done their perfect work, so that now no literary critic speaks with a voice of authority. No critic, or reviewer, speaking with such a voice, could for a moment get a hearing — not because what he stands for is consciously repudiated, but because nobody cares what he thinks, anyway. Criticism is an expression of what one likes, uttered with a due deference to public opinion.

It is not simple to discover the causes of this rather novel state of affairs. It may be due in part to the instinctive dislike of critics which has marked most English poets and novelists. From the dawn of literary criticism in England down to the close of the nineteenth century, scorn has been meted out to the critic. You find it in Fielding's masterly irony; you have it in Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;* you have it (quite deliciously) in Tennyson's lines to Christopher North, and in Browning's inability to forgive his critics for not loving him at sight; you have it in the general attitude to Matthew Arnold, who, by the way, has gone out. A critic has no friend.

All this contempt may, in truth, be due to the error and ineptitude of the critics themselves; and these faults it is well not to overlook. I can imagine some one asking in bewilderment, 'Well, what would you have us do? Accept as gospel any utterance of a man who chooses to set himself up as judge? Who can accept the *dicta* even of an Arnold? Do you consider Shelley to be a beautiful and ineffectual angel? Do you pine, with Pater, to burn with a hard and gemlike flame? Are we to trust a Macaulay when he transforms Samuel Johnson into a gargoyle? Are we to believe, with Coleridge, that Othello was not a jealous man? Surely the critics have something to answer for.'

I reply that they have, indeed. But may it not be well to remember that there is no branch of literary work free from such vital errors? There is, after all, nothing to be gained by remembering only Wordsworth's dullness, or Shakespeare's puns, or Milton's humor, or Shelley's hysteria. When we are inclined to cavil at English critics, it may be well to remind ourselves of Pater's delicate instincts, of Arnold's lofty attempt to see things in their permanent and universal relations; to recall with respect Johnson's common sense and Coleridge's subtle penetration. It may, moreover, be well to remember the one mark which distinguishes all the critics who have just been named, that simple yet effective bond which at once unites them and distinguishes them from the tired reviewer and the hasty proletariat. They were all learned men. Their knowledge was not limited to one era or to one language; they all respected the past, and they all looked beyond English literature to Continental and classical models. They brought to their critical task a respect for standards which is perhaps most clearly seen in their conviction that such things as standards

exist and are worthy of a continuous respect and study.

Now I do not of course care to be understood as implying that learning will make a critic. It has a positively destructive value unless it is mingled with originality of view, common sense, and catholicity of taste. I merely wish to inquire whether one has driven himself beyond the bounds of patience if he is inclined to demand that a critic should bring to his task a respect for the experiences and achievements of the past, and some consideration for the critical views of other nations than his own. A respect for such things might at least serve to rid us of a certain provinciality of taste, and might, perhaps, even help to deliver us from this bondage to literary styles in which we are at present somewhat ignominiously caught.

While learning has been ebbing like water from a broken cistern, literature has inevitably come to be regarded as conducted and criticized according to a sort of elective system. A reader is engaged in a search for what satisfies his personal tastes; the whole literary process is conceived as ending in this. The important question is whether the reader is pleased. Any notion of attempting to enter into the noble thoughts of a noble man by submitting one's self wholly to his influence has been forgotten. Even to call attention to the fact is now to court instant disapproval. It is regarded as unworthy of a freeman in the great democracy of letters — and the result is what we have been discussing, the fact that a modern reader does not know what he likes for three consecutive years.

It is hard to be obliged to add one more to the responsibilities which are being daily heaped upon the great war; but, at the risk of ending in a wholly conventional way, I must risk the remark that there is just a chance that our experience with militarism, particularly now that the need of a centralized authority in warfare has been generally recognized, may lead us back to a conception of the function of authority in the intellectual and spiritual spheres.

I do not know. It may be too much to hope that a people educated for generations in the theory of democracy will ever recover from an unregenerate love of having its own way. Authority is still an unpopular word with that great class of people who hasten, with honest pride, to assure the world that, though they may not know much about the subject, they know what they like. It is, after all, a comfortable view of things. But one must pay for comfort in these days. If we idealize it, we must be content with our servitude and wear our literary opinions as we wear our hats and our cravats, with a realization that they are things of the moment, which must presently give way to the creations of a new and probably more startling mode.

THE DIRECTION OF THE WAR

BY CHARLES A'COURT REPINGTON

[Readers will recall that Lieutenant-Colonel Repington is the most distinguished British representative of the so-called 'Western' school of war experts. In this paper he gives an outline of his very interesting theories, in reply to M. Chéradame, who represents the 'Eastern' point of view, and with special reference to M. Chéradame's article in the April *Atlantic*.—THE EDITOR.]

AMERICA was not involved in the first acts of this terrible world-war, and necessarily had no responsibility whatsoever for the conduct of the campaign on the Allied side until she took a hand in the fighting.

The good management of the higher direction of the war became a matter of supreme importance to all Americans only when their sons and brothers went out to fight in the just cause of the Allies; and therefore it is that a correct understanding of the reasons for the past successes and failures of America's new comrades-in-arms has for the past year and more become of the deepest interest to all citizens of the United States. We look to them to help and to advise in the direction which may be given hereafter to the grand lines of this greatest of all campaigns, for it is on the sane and far-seeing direction that all else depends. It is on this subject of the higher direction of the war that I propose to do a little thinking aloud, asking no reader to agree with me, unless he be convinced.

I. THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR

Opinions concerning the origin of the war and the responsibility attaching to various personages in various states for the outbreak of hostilities vary a good deal. My view is that the general staffs of the Central powers deliberately determined on what they called a preventive war, in order to forestall the moment when Russia's impending military reorganization was likely, if not certain, to prevent the accomplishment of those ambitious projects on which nearly all Germans of the ruling caste had set their hearts.

This view will, I think, be shared by those few who followed closely the game of military beggar-my-neighbor which was played in the war offices of Continental Europe in the years just preceding the fateful August of 1914. Military bill followed military bill in rapid succession. Germany, by her last effort in this sense before the war, had beaten everything that France could do; whereupon Russia, arriving late on the scene, outdid Germany by military projects so vast in their scope, and so far-reaching in their effects, had they been given time to mature, that the German General Staff held that it could not allow this event to happen, and determined upon a preventive war at some date in the neighborhood of January, 1913, when the nature of the Russian reforms became fully known. A pretext was soon found in the Austrian Archduke's murder at Serajevo; and from that moment until all Europe was aflame the Germans steadily blocked all practicable avenues to peace.

A preventive war is the most immoral of acts and the most detestable

of political crimes. To drench the world in blood because something may happen which has not happened, is both criminal and foolish; and so it was always considered by Bismarck, who left on record his abhorrence of a preventive war. When a power is in a position, or feels that it may be in a position, of military inferiority in relation to rivals, it can set its diplomacy at work; and there are many chances that some turn of fortune's wheel will bring about a change in the general situation. The friendships and enmities of states are not permanent, but evanescent. In our time we have seen the most kaleidoscopic changes in international relations, and history is full of them. Do not the episodes of this war suggest that, if Germany had left well alone, she would have accomplished more by peaceful intercourse than she has gained in arms? Is it not probable that her bugbear, Russia, would have been soon transformed into a democratic state, from which no military aggression was to be feared? Has the preventive war been worth while? Who can affirm it? It is a question only whether it was most criminal or most foolish.

It is not necessary at this time of day to defend England against the absurd charge of having caused or desired the war. The official papers are open to all, to show how conscientiously our diplomacy strove and labored for peace; and the Lichnowsky revelations have since disclosed to all seekers after truth how sincere was our desire to avoid hostilities. It was not until Belgium and the sanctity of treaties were violated that we took the field, as we were bound by a solemn engagement to do. Just as we had not desired war, so had we not prepared for it. We had no army in the modern Continental sense, and it took us long, very long, to form one. This was a proof of peaceful policy, at least, if not of statesmanship.

I ask Americans to follow through the war this silver thread of the German intention to destroy Russia, because it explains much and will hereafter explain more. The destruction of the military power of Russia, and the permanent removal of the German nightmare of a war on two fronts, was in my opinion the primary and the considered aim of the German General Staff, which meant to accomplish its purpose over the body of France because France was allied with Russia and was sure to be concentrated first. The German attack on France was only in one degree less criminal than the violation of Belgium. The Germans had no quarrel with France, or France with Germany. The French had withdrawn ten kilometres from the frontier, to avoid all risk of collisions, and at this distance from the border-line the first Frenchman was killed. The assault upon France was planned to be carried out by the great mass of the German troops, leaving few to contain Russia; and the plan was, after France had been struck down, to turn upon Russia and, in coöperation with Austria, to destroy the Russian military power.

The Germans simply ignored international law and justice, because they thought themselves strong enough to do so. Italy was Germany's ally, although not for purposes of aggression. England, in a military sense, was regarded with contempt. Turkey was in Germany's pocket; while America was far away and, at first, unconcerned. There was nothing to prevent Germany from acting as she pleased.

II. OUR INITIAL PLANS

Our British part of the Allied plan of campaign in this preliminary stage was to throw into France as rapidly as possible such military forces as we possessed, in order to meet the coming

storm and help France to the best of our ability. We had to prepare to defend Egypt if Turkey came in against us, and to protect the head of the Persian Gulf. We had to sweep the German flag from the sea, to blockade Germany as closely as respect for the interests of neutrals permitted, and to dispossess her of her colonies, which formed dangerously useful bases for her war against our maritime commerce. No differences among us occurred in working out these plans, which slowly matured and effected their purposes.

The French part of the German plan broke down on the Marne, as everybody knows; and a second attempt to carry matters to extremities in the West failed at Ypres, before the steady countenance of the Allied troops. The Russians were already in East Prussia, sacred soil to the Junkers; the Austrian army had proved a disappointment; and Germany was forced to relinquish her offensive strategy in the West until Russia had been tackled and beaten down. The campaign of 1915 nearly effected this object, and during that year the British new armies were not sufficiently matured, nor the French sufficiently recovered, to undertake anything very serious against the defensive troops and system which the Germans had established before they turned their faces to the East. But the back of the original German plan was broken at the Marne and at Ypres, and the problem of the war on two fronts had become even more difficult for Germany than she had anticipated.

III. THE DARDANELLES EXPEDITION

It was in this year of 1915 that the Western Allies began that series of political blunders which have had such a large share in the prolongation of the war and in the escape from our grasp of the laurels of victory.

America by now realizes our position in 1914 and 1915, from her own experiences in 1917 and 1918. It took us long to raise the men, long to train them, longer still to find the officers, *cadres*, guns, rifles, clothing, and equipments. All the vast preparations which Germany had been making over a period of forty years, we had to arrange in a hurry in the midst of war. Our little Expeditionary Force of six divisions had gone out, and had fought valiantly to beat back the first wave of invasion and the most dangerous of all. But it had suffered terribly, and many of our regular officers and N.C.O.'s, who would have been invaluable to us in forming the new armies, lay buried in the blood-stained soil of France. It was not till May, 1915, that the first division of our new armies reached France, and we had meanwhile started on a fresh campaign which was the first of our four great commitments in the East.

When Turkey entered the war, we desired, very naturally, to wipe her off the account as speedily as possible. The best means was to strike at her capital and the seat of her power, which was indeed a military position of exceptional strength but was open to the attack of maritime powers like England and France, whose fleets were strong enough to keep Germany and Austria quiet and have something to spare. A blow at Constantinople was the right strategy, and the fall of the historic city would have exercised a magical influence upon events. Not the least of the advantages would have been the opening up of a line of communication with Southern Russia by the Black Sea. All that was needed was that the attempt should be made after such sound and careful preparation, and with such strength, that failure would be, humanly speaking, impossible, and that the launching of this attack should not imperil success in the

principal theatre, where we were engaged with what were still the main German forces.

These limiting conditions were not fulfilled. The story of the conception and preparation of our expedition to Gallipoli is to be found in the first report of our Dardanelles Commission, the text of which should be read by every American. I do not propose to narrate all the faults, which were rather in design and preparation than in execution, or to gibbet the individuals principally concerned. They belong to history now. A sad history, if a glorious one. All that matters as a lesson for us all is, that we sent inadequate forces and could not even maintain those which we sent, for the excellent and sufficient reason that we did not then possess the forces necessary to secure victory. Sooner or later, in this as in other military operations, the respective armies had to meet and fight. We were never in a position to meet the massed Turkish forces within short call of Constantinople in open battle, and to accomplish our design; while in the meantime we remained too weak in France to accomplish anything serious. We had begun the fatal course of dividing our forces, with the result that in neither West nor East did we promote the success of the common cause.

Americans who read the diatribes of people like M. Chéradame against those who advocated concentration on the West must bear in mind certain facts which the Eastern school of strategy studiously neglects to mention. The first division of our new armies landed in France, as I have said, in May, 1915, and a few divisions were seriously engaged in September of that year. But the new armies as a whole were not fit to fight on a large scale until July, 1916; and all the reproaches of the Easterners, that we failed to do this, that, or the other, whether it be a march to the Danube or upon Vienna or Budapest, is seen in all its naked but unabashed folly when any reasonable being compares the plan with the forces available to execute it.

It was not only the men who were wanting for secondary operations in the spring and summer of 1915, but also the guns, munitions, and air-craft. We were still terribly short of guns in France in May, 1915, when we endeavored to attack in Artois in coöperation with the French. We were particularly short of high explosive shell, and some comments of mine, cabled from France, upon our failures and losses from this cause, led to the creation of our first Coalition Government and the establishment of a Ministry of Munitions. But it was not until a year later that a good flow of heavy guns and munitions began, as the result of these changes; and when the Easterners cover us with their maledictions for not recommending or approving eccentric expeditions during 1914, 1915, and 1916, the withers of us Westerners are unwrung; for we all know that never at that time did we possess the forces of all kinds necessary for the conduct of such expeditions, without risking the safety of our position in France.

IV. THE SALONIKI EXPEDITION

In spite of the failure at the Dardanelles, the Allied governments, at the instance of France, sent a fresh expedition to Saloniki in October, 1915, with the ostensible object of succoring Serbia. It was too late, when this expedition arrived, to save Serbia, as every strategist knew beforehand; and all the prognostications which we Westerners made before a man was landed at Saloniki were fulfilled to the letter. An Allied army, of perhaps half a million men in the aggregate at one time, has remained immured at Saloniki ever

since, wasted by fever, and contained by a few Bulgarian divisions strongly posted in the mountains. Our Saloniki expedition encouraged Roumania to come in, to her ruin, led to grave difficulties with Greece, accomplished nothing in a military sense, and deprived our Allied armies in France in 1915, 1916, 1917, and even to this day, of a reinforcement which, had it been present in France, might in any one of these years have turned victory to our side and have converted, in Napoleonic terms, a *bataille ordinaire* into a *bonne bataille*. The principle of concentration of effort at the decisive point had been neglected, and we paid the penalty.

V. OUR CAMPAIGNS OF 1916 AND 1917

Though the Allied plan of campaign for 1916 suffered grievously, owing to the Gallipoli failure and the absence from the decisive theatre of the Saloniki army, it was well and truly made. All the Allies were to attack together, or as nearly as might be, and Verdun held out gloriously for four months, until the other Allied armies were ready to intervene. The British, Russian, and Italian armies all fought well, and by the united efforts of all the Allies the Central powers were reduced, by the end of 1916, to such a serious condition that the Kaiser in December of that year offered to negotiate. We were then at the top of the market, and it was a good moment to sell out. Our reasons for not adopting this course belong to the political and diplomatic history of the time, with which I am not now dealing. The war went on.

The year 1917 was one of light and shade, but the sombre shades predominated. In March the Russian Revolution broke out, and there gradually ensued that crumbling of all authority and discipline which mortally wounded the Russian armies and ended by destroying them. But in April America stepped into the ring, and it became a primary interest to the Allies to hold on with all their strength until the American armies were in a situation to bring effective aid. From our own experience we could not reckon on such aid on a grand scale before the autumn of 1918 at the earliest, and our proper course was, after the full and disastrous consequences of the Russian collapse were realized in June, 1917, and still more after the Italian defeats in October of the same year, to hold on grimly and to sacrifice all secondary considerations in order to maintain our ground in the principal theatre, where America proposed to unite her forces with ours.

The story of our 1917 campaign in France and Flanders is told in Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's dispatch of December 23 last. When this campaign began, we still hoped for Russian support, which was promised at a given date. Russian leaders were as good as their word, but their armies, honeycombed by indiscipline, broke in their hands, and by June or July, 1917, it should have been obvious to everyone that the Russian collapse had altered the conditions of the contest to our serious disadvantage. Germany, less by the weight of her arms than thanks to the internal convulsions of Russia, had gained her object in the East.

The peace treaties with Bolshevist Russia, the Ukraine, and Roumania followed. But to confirm this success and exploit it, Germany needed the acceptance of the *fait accompli* by the Allies, and, as they were not prepared to tender it, a great German victory in the West became indispensable. We were liable to be attacked in 1918 by some 220 German divisions, and Italy to be assailed by the bulk of the Austrian forces. We were on the defensive in the West until America appeared in force, and it was obviously Germany's

game to crush us before she arrived.

In June, 1917, the duty of England, France, and Italy was, therefore, to place in the field in the West every man that they could raise and train to meet the threatening storm. France did all she could, but had suffered immense losses and could not do very much. Italy worked hard and reorganized her damaged armies. We failed to increase our armies in France, because of the belief which prevailed in certain exalted quarters in England that no decision could be reached in the West and that we were over-insured against the success of a German attack in France. Turning with natural aversion from the bitter and superficially unproductive fighting on the Western Front, our governors looked to the East and conceived the unfortunate project of prosecuting our campaign against the Turks, in the hope that we could win the war by a march upon Aleppo.

The successful campaign of Allenby in Palestine followed, in the winter of 1917–1918, while our expedition to Mesopotamia acted in concert with it, although separated from it by several hundred miles, mostly of desert. We won Jerusalem as we had won Bagdad, and our prestige in the East rose proportionately; but all this time we were sacrificing the substance for the shadow. By March, 1918, we had 1,300,000 men drawing rations in our three Eastern theatres of war, including white and Indian troops and labor units. The maintenance of such numbers, at the cost of the permanent diversion of some three tons gross of shipping a man, threw a tremendous strain on our tonnage; and as every ship passing along the Mediterranean was liable to submarine attack, we suffered heavy losses there. Most of our difficulties respecting food at home, and the transport of American troops to France, arose from our political infatuation for these Eastern triumphs. About one quarter of our total maritime losses is said to have been incurred on the Mediterranean route.

I did not think, and do not think, that we ever possessed the surplus of troops to justify our Eastern adventures. Our business was to make sure of victory in the West first of all, and only to roam in other fields when victory in the West was made absolutely safe. This result we had not, in my opinion, secured. The view of our most experienced soldiers was that we should stand on the defensive in Egypt and Mesopotamia, and concentrate all available men in France, which was regarded by all competent strategists, including those of Germany, as the principal theatre, where the main masses would meet and where victory would be decided. We thought, and think still, that victory in the principal theatre would give us all that we wanted elsewhere and decide the terms of peace in our favor, and that no victories in the secondary theatres, no matter how mirific and soul-stirring, could decide anything. All our best soldiers were unanimous on this subject, but our political chiefs were not converted to our view, and policy ruled and dictated operations.

Bad policy makes bad war, and so it has ever been. So convinced was I that we were pursuing a highly dangerous course, that I left the London *Times*, with which I had been associated for fifteen years, because I could not obtain the indispensable editorial support for my views; and in January, 1918, I took service with the *Morning Post*, which was an independent organ, with Mr. H. A. Gwynne for editor, whose views accorded with mine. Here I straightway began to inform the public of the dangers which we were running by our dispersion of force in the East

and by our failure to increase, or even maintain, our strength in the West; and I pointed out plainly the coming menace of attack by the united forces of the enemy. Our War Cabinet would not listen to me; but two months later the Germans fell upon us in overwhelming strength, and the crudity of our strategy stood revealed to the world. The German claim that they had disposed of 600,000 of our men by April, and had captured 1500 of our guns, was an absurd exaggeration, which Americans can safely divide by two; but our losses were heavier than we had ever experienced within the same limits of time, and the theory of our over-insurance in the West had been proved to be a complete fallacy.

VI. OUR POLICY REVERSED

The campaign which I made in favor of the war organization and the strategy which our soldiers advocated brought upon me the bitterest personal attacks; but anyone who concerns himself with public affairs is open to such attacks, and must be content to accept them with equanimity. All that mattered was that our War Cabinet, convinced, not by my pen but by the weight of the enemy's sword, immediately took steps to change their policy, and not only passed a new Military Service Act extending the service age to fifty, and to fifty-five in certain cases, but included Ireland within the act, called up by administrative order scores of thousands of youths previously in civil occupations, and filled our dépôts with recruits. They also totally revised their bankrupt policy of Eastern adventure, so dear to the heart of M. Chéradame and the dangerously influential body of amateur strategists who worked with him.

Whether these wholesome and necessary changes of policy will or will not have come in time will probably be known to America before these lines appear in print; and I shall say only that, since our War Cabinet changed their policy, they have done their level best to make amends for the past, and that no differences now divide us. We stand greatly beholden to America for allowing her troops, as a temporary measure, to fill up our depleted ranks in France. But whether success or failure may ensue, it remains true, terribly and disastrously true, that the change of policy came at least six months after the time when it should have been adopted; and the moral is that Americans should profit by our experience, look well ahead, and base their policy on sound strategic reasoning.

VII. EASTERN SCHOOL FALLACIES

All the schemes of our Easterners, so far as I have been privileged to study them, have been devoid of a military basis. They have been purely political in scope; and when policy neglects to take military conditions into account, history usually describes such policy as bad and is damning in its judgments.

Let Americans of intelligence study, for example, the proposed march to the Danube from Saloniki, and the march by Laibach on Vienna. In the first case, they will find few carriageable roads, one miserable railway of a mountain type and easily destroyed, a sea of mountains, few supplies, and every conceivable difficulty in the way of the march of a large army which, had it reached the Danube, would surely have found an Austro-German army of superior strength across its path.

The march by Laibach on Vienna would have had only two railways at its disposal in Northeastern Italy, and again, difficult country beyond, and inadequate railway facilities to support a large army, which would have been

met on the road to Vienna by superior forces of the Central powers. These latter had and have such good means of concentrating on the Danube or round Vienna, that we could not wisely have undertaken either adventure with less than a million men, and no administrative officer has yet been able to guarantee that such an army, in such country, could be either lodged, fed, or supplied on the lines of communication proposed.

All these schemes, which were inherently inept, fell to the ground in June, 1917, when the Russian armies refused any longer to fight. But the underlying idea of our Easterners, of surrounding the Central Empires, with their 115,000,000 inhabitants, was always preposterous. We can put hurdles round sheep, but to pen in wolves with hurdles is labor lost. The Easterners talked each other into folly after folly. They took our higher political councils of defense by storm. But military support for their dreamings there was none. The touch of the enemy's sword at St. Quentin caused the crazy façade of the Eastern school to collapse like a house of cards. It is now discredited, and as discredited people always rate others for their faults, I am not surprised that they should rate me, whose unpleasant but necessary duty it has been to expose their errors throughout the war.

VIII. THE CASE FOR THE WEST

The strategy which regarded the West as the principal front could not in my opinion be gainsaid. Germany was our chief enemy, and her fall would bring down her allies; while the converse was not true, and no disasters to Turkey would produce a decision. In the West the main armies of our chief enemy stand, and have always stood, even in 1915. If we won in the West, we won everywhere, and if we failed in the West, we lost everywhere, so far as the Continental phase of the war was concerned.

Concentration in the West, indispensable by reason of the fact that the chief German forces were, and still are, massed there, was also convenient, since France was close to us. We could protect the Channel crossing, and in France we found everything necessary for the prosecution of the war in the most vigorous manner. We were in a friendly and a civilized country, with the roads, railways, billets, and all other facilities for carrying on war on a formidable scale. We had the grand French army beside us, and the Belgians too. We could reach out a hand to Italy if she needed our help, and she could help us, transfers of troops taking place by rail and overland. All our losses of men and material could rapidly be made good from home, and our sick and wounded could quickly be evacuated. So long as we remained capable of offensive strategy in the West, the Germans were held there, and final victory was beyond their grasp. Our true object was, or should have been, continually to pile up force until the main armies of our chief enemy were broken down. We were spared in the West the tremendous drain on our tonnage inevitable in campaigns in Eastern theatres, particularly when the U-boat became dangerous; and so long as we dominated in the West, we dominated the whole war, and none of the German conquests in Russia could fructify.

Subject to the changes which may take place before these lines appear in print, this general statement of the supremacy of the Western Front remains true for America to-day. The British Isles and the British and American navies stand between the incoming American transports and the enemy, who is able to harm only a fraction of

the American forces by the sporadic raids of submarines, which are countered by the Allied naval offensive and by the convoy system.

France is the theatre of war nearest to America. With France America has indissoluble links of sentiment, and in France she finds only friends. All our British ports and resources are open to America, and in France, more profitably than anywhere else, can the new American armies be best deployed. I am surprised only that, at this late period of the war, it should be necessary to proclaim the supremacy of the Western Front, for the proposition has been demonstrated by every act of the war, and in a wholly unanswerable manner.

IX. AMERICA AND WAR DIRECTION

So much for the past, and now for the future. I do not doubt that America will vote for the war in the West being fought to a finish, and will realize that Italy is part of the Western Front and inseparable from it. In what precise situation a continued German and Austrian offensive, still delayed as I write, will find us Western Allies a few months hence, is not a subject upon which I propose to speculate. The essential matter is that we and America propose to go on, no matter what happens; and when all the English-speaking world is united in a great and glorious purpose, I reckon it invincible. If we can hold our own for the next few months, especially if the Allied armies hold together and are not separated by a German break-through at Amiens or elsewhere, I make no doubt that the arrival of the American armies, and the reinforcements which we now have in training at our dépôts, will redress the lost balance of advantage.

But even were the worst to befall, and the Continental phase of the war to close temporarily to our disadvantage, we should be no worse off against the German tyranny than we were in 1810 against the tyranny of Napoleon; and though the war would then change its aspect, we should still pursue our aims with implacable perseverance until they were achieved. It is in the manner of the English-speaking race never to make peace until after victory.

I wish to ask Americans, when they are here in great force, and necessarily are called upon to take a more prominent part in the strategic direction of the campaign, to examine every question that arises with open minds, and not to be misled by phrases and catchwords which are traps for the unwary. I beg them to ask why and how, in the case of every project put before them, and to accept nothing unless good and convincing reasons for it are furnished them. We think that we have a right to count upon the fresh minds, fresh ideas, and fresh vigor that a country like America can bring to the common stock; and the more prominent the place that American leaders take in our councils, the better shall we be pleased.

Such a phrase, for example, as that of 'the single army' is liable to be misconstrued. The single army can never exist. There will always be a French, American, Italian, and British army. Differences of language, customs, character, training, and armament will always exist between them. To have created a single army, we should have begun a quarter of a century ago. An international army is not a national army, and nothing will make it one. There is an Inter-Allied army, and that is all. Over this Inter-Allied army we have accepted, fully and unreservedly, the command of a great French general, and we are all determined to support him in a whole-hearted manner. The question of unity of command has been settled once and for all. But because this is so, we need not abandon

our sense of realities, or suppose that we can safely sink our individualities and become an amalgam. To descend lower than the divisional unit in breaking up our national forces would, in my opinion, be a serious danger, and I hope that we may never come to it. The national division at least must remain the tactical unit of execution, except for such temporary purpose as reinforcing the depleted ranks of an Ally; and we must see how things go on with armies formed of divisions of different nationalities, before we finally accept such form of armies as the best solution.

There are two great dangers which present themselves to our minds in France: one, that the hitherto excellent relations of staffs and troops of different nationalities may not survive defeats or misfortunes suffered when the various nationalities are mixed up on the battle-front; and secondly, that the administrative services may break down when national armies are scattered in divisions all over the Western Front. Both questions are independent of the question of the single command, which is now irrevocable.

I regard good relations between the several nations of the Allies to be the most priceless of all treasures. The loss of them I should regard as worse than the loss of a battle. I think that there is danger to good relations in the creation of armies, each of a dozen or more divisions, out of heterogeneous material; and if our national armies had all been held together, I should have preferred it. The new system only came into force in France early in April, after the initial German attack, which began on March 21, had been at least temporarily checked; and this new system has not yet, as I write, stood the test of serious battle. On the administrative side, England and America draw most of their supplies, stores, munitions, and equipments from their own territories. With their armies held together, and with good and regular communications, the functioning of supply is a comparatively simple matter; but when divisions are scattered far and wide, and mixed up with other nationalities, the business of the rearward services becomes gravely complicated, and subject to excessive difficulties which I would gratefully have seen our national armies spared. With every display of tact, goodwill, and ability, and, above all, with success in the field, these dangers may be averted; but to those acquainted with the practical handling of large forces in the field, the administrative complications appear serious; and for the two reasons which I have given, I think that it remains to be proved whether the breaking up of national armies is an advantage, or the reverse. I do not like it, and cannot dishonestly abandon my professional convictions and pretend that I like it, just to drift easily along with the prevailing current.

X. THE RECOVERY OF RUSSIA

The second great matter with which American leaders will have to deal, is the whole vast question of the conduct of the war outside the Western theatre. American leaders must study this gigantic problem and help in the solution of it. I am not now thinking about the Eastern campaigns, to which I have referred in the earlier part of this article, but to much larger aspects of the world-war, and above all to Russia and the questions which revolve around Russia. Russia, as we all know, went out of the war because she collapsed internally. Two parts of Russia signed treaties of peace on compulsion of events. These treaties were not the expression of Russia's will, but were exacted from her weakness. Torn with internal dissensions, Russia accepted a

truce with the external enemy, in order to make peace in the interior; but no Russian has yet said that this truce in itself was good, or that the dismemberment of Russia was acceptable. It was in fact wholly bad and inacceptable, and most of the better elements in Russia reject it with contumely and only wait for the hour when they can denounce it. The brutal and overbearing conduct of the Germans in the Ukraine and elsewhere has completed the disillusion, and though many towns and territories have called the Germans in, so that order may prevail, it is not from love of Germany but because it was necessary on any terms to find space to breathe in a mad Russian world.

The Germans are exploiting Russia and treating her as a vulture treats a carcass. They have cut off from her vast territories which they have openly annexed, and their columns are already far in the interior, and even on the Don. Every day their appetites grow as resistance diminishes, and there is almost no ambition in the wide realms of Asia that they do not now entertain. With time, and given the continued passivity of the Allies, there are no limits which can be set to these plans. The Germans are at the foot of the Caucasus. Soon they will be across it, and they already are intriguing with the republics, kingdoms, and khanates of Central Asia. They form their Austro-German prisoners in Russia into bands, and send them forward armed, often under Russian officers, to seize centres of communication farther East. There are no obstacles in their path, and no moderating word from home restrains them. Germany has set out upon the conquest of Asia as a preliminary to the domination of the world, and allows her unslaked thirst for aggression no limitations at all.

Our object must be to recover touch with Russia and to help her in her delivery from her invaders. I do not think that the absorption of Russia is a practicable policy, because it is against all measure and all reason. Poland, an incidental victim of the happening, will resist the final destruction of her nationality to the death. The Bolshevists hate the Germans and all that they stand for. Ukrainia now knows what German protection means. The Cossacks are, above all things, jealous of their ancient customs and their land. Though Russia is chaotic for the moment, there is a common bond in the hatred which Germany inspires among all, and it needs but the appearance of Allied forces to change the aspect of affairs.

There was danger at one time that we Allies, disgusted by our apparent desertion by Russia and by the horrors of the Revolution, might accept a peace at Russia's expense. The lassitude caused by a long and wearing war increased the danger. From making that great political error we were saved by the clarion note of President Wilson's warning that he meant to stand by Russia as by France; and as he is the protagonist in this new phase of the contest, I venture to suggest that Americans should take the lead in advocating ways and means for carrying their President's policy into effect. I do not think that the President's policy is only sentimental and idealistic. I believe that it can be translated into military action and carried into effect; but to enter deeply into this subject would involve a discussion on strategy which would be highly inexpedient.

There are certain principles on which all action must be based. First, all action implies Russian consent, and, if practicable, Russian invitation. Secondly, it can be undertaken only with the surplus of troops remaining over, after security in the West is assured. Thirdly, we should use all avenues of

approach to Russia in order to galvanize into life as many Russians as possible, and present Germany with as many centres of resistance as possible. Lastly, we can use now, and at once, all the Allied forces of Japan, China, and India, and the forces of our present expeditions in the East, for the accomplishment of our ends, without derogating from the cardinal principle of concentration, because the bulk of these forces, by their nature and present geographical distribution, are utilizable in the Middle and Far East and are not now utilizable on our Western Front, except after intolerable delays.

I doubt whether the political and military regeneration of Russia can be accomplished during the war, except with external military help. But if that help can be given, the war of partisans now being carried on by Russians will assume a different character. It was the presence of Wellington's army in Spain that rendered both possible and efficacious the Spanish rising against Napoleon, because the dispositions of armies to wage a guerilla war, and those needed to meet organized armies are wholly different and irreconcilable. When columns are broken up to fight partisans they become an easy prey to hostile armies; and when they are collected to fight these armies, the partisans become masters of all the country around, cut off stragglers and supplies, and render the life of the invader intolerable.

To the subject of ways and means for carrying into effect President Wilson's declared policy American soldiers and sailors will no doubt give their most earnest attention, and I can only say that time presses, seasons are fleeting, and that all we Allies in Europe desire nothing better than to see Russia restored to her rightful position among the nations.

XI. THE GREAT THINGS

I hope that Americans, looking across the ocean that unites rather than divides us, will see only the great things and take no notice of the little ones. The British Empire, after nearly four years of war, remains absolutely united and determined to prosecute the struggle till victory is achieved. We, looking across the water at you, see the same great things, a people united and resolute in effort to accomplish a great and unselfish purpose. We care nothing for the criticism which must fall on all administrations during the progress of such a war as this. We knew that you had to pass through all the difficulties that beset us. We welcome your sons and brothers as our own, trusting that they will learn, in the great comradeship of arms, to like us more as they know us better, and that mighty consequences, pregnant with good for the world, will come out of this terrible evil which has fallen upon humanity.

We appreciate with the deepest feelings of respect the high moral standard which your President has set up, his firm guidance in great affairs, and the grandeur of his conceptions. Far removed from the heat and dust of the conflict, he sees clearly the magnitude of the issues at stake, and with penetrating and unfailing clearness of vision points out to us all the path of honor and of safety. These things, the leadership of your President and the energy and patriotism of your people, are exceedingly helpful to us, and enable us to regard the future with confidence, in the firm belief that America, having set her hand to this giant's task of overthrowing the most dangerous despotism that has ever threatened the world's peace, will never turn back or faint by the way until her mission is accomplished.

THE DUTCH QUANDARY

BY MATTHUYS P. ROOSEBOOM

I

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

UNDER an outward appearance of prosperity and plenty, conditions are steadily growing worse in Holland, and great anxiety is beginning to be felt about the future. But it is not actual conditions alone that make certain people suffer: there is also — among practically all the small neutrals, dependent as they now are on the good-will or ill-will of the mighty belligerents — a tendency in some circles to suffer in anticipation. There are even some good Hollanders, who imagine that they have been suffering all along; whereas, after two years of fair prosperity, or, at least, of plenty, it is only a year since things took a decided turn for the worse; but they are now fast approaching a crisis.

Distress began with a shortage of fuel, which assumed alarming proportions last autumn. Besides its peat, Holland produces only a small quantity of soft coal, and in peace-times was amply supplied by England, Germany, and Belgium. Houses with central heating are still an exception here, stoves being used in all the different rooms; and the majority of houses still have gaslight, while in the country oil-lamps are generally used. Owing to the sudden lack of fuel, trains were greatly reduced, and heated only partly or not at all; factories had to work on half-time or stop altogether; streets were practically not lighted, and households were rationed to a minimum of both fuel and light. People grew ingenious accordingly: resorting to fireless cookers, thermos bottles, and similar devices, and having but one hot meal per day.

No country can possibly exist without coal; but for a country below the sea-level, where windmills to a large extent are replaced by steam-pumps, it is also a matter of 'pump or be swamped!' As has been the case all along the line, the government had to interfere, and try to meet the most urgent needs, which it succeeded fairly well in doing — but at terrific sacrifices when foreign arrangements were made. All Dutch, British, and German coal is now being sold at an average price. A certain minute minimum was allotted, much below cost, to all private householders, who later on could get a limited surplus at higher prices according to the number of chimneys for which they paid taxes. Railroad companies, steamship companies, factories, gas-plants, and the like, pay more.

Although in this way we managed to scramble through the past winter, it certainly has been a severe trial. The very poor people fared best, for the general minimum in some cases was more than they consumed in times of peace; the wealthy people could supply their needs to some extent by burning enormous quantities of expensive wood; but the average Holland household, forming the majority of the nation, throughout the winter was huddled together in a single poorly heated room, about a single lamp, in an otherwise dark and icy-cold house. Some of the

more simple households parted with their single servant, or even let her sit in their room of an evening.

Allotments of gas being much smaller than of electricity, owing to the difference in quality of the fuel used, a great many people had electricity put into their houses; but this is coming to a stop as the necessary material is fast running out. Using light above the allowed quantity not only is punished by a considerable extra charge, but the culprit is inexorably cut off from all light for a few days, thus preventing the rich from abusing their wealth. At first, candles were used, but these are now distributed only in the 'lightless' country-side at the rate of two per month. For some time the rural population was practically without light, owing to the complete lack of oil.

Before the war, firewood was used mostly as a fancy fuel in the comparatively few open grates of libraries, boudoirs, etc., in Dutch houses. The shortage of coal not only caused a considerable speculation in wood, but also brought about a cutting-down at random of trees, to such an extent that a law was passed to prevent, or regulate, this lawless deforestation of the country, while at the same time maximum prices were fixed for firewood. This again caused considerable discontent among some owners of timber, who felt injured in their particular interests, as they had hoped to profit hugely in this their 'golden' time.

Small quantities of coal were obtained in England, but the shortage of labor there, and the repeated torpedoing by the Germans of our vessels going to fetch it, made us practically dependent on Germany. Needless to say that the demands of that country were more than equal to the urgency of our serious want and our dependence on them. Though a good fight was put up, considerable concessions had to be made, both in supplies and in credits. For coal, iron, and steel Germany had to be given a credit of 11,250,000 guilders *per month*, of which 5,250,000 is carried by the big industrials, 2,000,000 by iron- and steel-works, and 4,000,000 by the Netherland Export Company.

Besides this so-called 'free' iron and steel, Germany allows us a little more, to which special conditions are attached. On March 31 the contract with Germany expired, and the alternative of 'freeze or pay up' had to be faced once more by those who watch over the country's needs and interests. The coal question certainly is a very 'threatening fist,' as it involves light, power, and heat in all their varied applications.

Gasolene is no more to be had, so that practically all automobiles have stopped running, causing widespread unemployment and distress among chauffeurs. The lack of gasolene and oil also hampers the motor-barge traffic on our numerous canals and rivers.

All this shortage of transport makes unusually heavy demands on the horses, whose condition, on account of the ever-decreasing supply of fodder, is really pitiful. Ocasionally horses drop dead in the street from mere exhaustion. Moved by pity for the suffering of these dumb animals, someone wrote to the President of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in the United States, asking whether that society could not help in this matter. The answer, while expressing sympathy, was to the effect that it was not considered desirable to use any influence whatever with the United States government as to its policy concerning exportation of fodder to neutrals. Our poultry stock had to be mostly killed off, for the same reason; while the larger dogs, even of good breeds, can be had for a song, as many owners find it impossible any longer to feed them properly.

Wherever one turns nowadays in Holland, it is the government, and again the government — in fact State Socialism all round, which may hereafter have very serious and unwished-for consequences! By the *Distributie-Wet* of September, 1916, all foodstuffs, and practically everything, has been taken up gradually by State commissions. The all-important question just now is the bread-supply. What with foreign-grown and home-grown crops there is just enough grain to last until early July (after deducting eleven per cent for wheat reserved for sowing) at the present rate of distribution.[1]

Now, the ordinary man in the street knows — and if he does not know, you may rest assured that the German propaganda will draw his attention to it, as it does to all war-measures of the Entente — that his government chartered ships, which left for America, where grain was bought and paid for, and loaded; and also, that these ships now, for months and months, have been kept by force, while the grain either was unloaded again, or is spoiling in the ships. As his diplomatic insight is located somewhere in or near his digestive organs, which clamor for more bread and better food, is it to be wondered at that he begins to speak about 'nasty Americans'; to believe that the United States 'hates' Holland; to look with increasing hope toward the East, whence help has been promised? His unsophisticated mind cannot perceive that the blows Holland gets are not meant for him, but for the man behind him, and therefore should be borne cheerfully!

Of course all blame, always and for everything, is put on the government. And sometimes it does seem as if the nation existed for the sake of the government, instead of the government for the nation. Of criticisms, no end! Perhaps there has been a lack of insight as regards the duration of the war, and accordingly too much was allowed to be exported, both to England and to Germany, during the first years. But trade had to go on somehow, imports had to be secured, and also huge profits could be made. Through mines, submarines, and ever-varying regulations, our former extensive exports to Great Britain became increasingly difficult, while trade with Germany could go on unhampered.

[1] In June, 1918, the bread ration was cut from 250 to 200 grammes per head a day, and all meats together are distributed at 200 grammes per head *per week*. — THE AUTHOR.

II

FINANCE AND COMMERCE

The prevailing idea in America, so far as we can gather from what we read or hear, is that Holland is waxing 'fat and rich' through the war. With the waxing fat the preceding section has dealt; as to waxing rich — we certainly are doing so; but rich, alas, in debts! No doubt enormous war-profits have been made by the major part of the commercial class, which in Holland is proportionately much smaller and more strictly limited than is the case, for instance, in the United States, where engaging in business is much more general. Also, people in the vast official and leisure classes holding the right shares have benefited hugely by war-profits. The war-losses of the nation as a whole, however, have far exceeded the profits; but the figures can be appreciated only when the smallness of the country and its population (nearly six and a half millions) are taken into consideration.

Until lately, Hollanders by preference invested their money in foreign securities; but this war has brought it home to them that national capital preferably must be used for national

and colonial purposes, and as a result, great emissions for Dutch concerns are being placed with unusual alacrity. The normal income tax of two per cent on the interest of most American securities, instituted already before the war, and the fear of more taxes that may have to be paid in the future, have not increased the popularity of American securities in our market; while anxiety is now being felt about the future of such American railway bonds and shares as Missouri Pacific, Rock Island, and others.

On the other hand, Germany tries with all her might and with all sorts of devices to introduce her securities, and she succeeds to a greater extent than is desirable for our future economic independence. Business with Germany can be transacted without difficulty or loss of time. Letters, although severely censored, pass quickly, and letters between Holland and Switzerland *via* Germany are not censored at all, while telegraphic replies from that country can be had in one day.

With the Entente, correspondence is much more difficult. Instead of the two night-services and the one day-service, between Holland and Great Britain, of peace-time, and the direct communications with the United States and with our colonies, one single mail-steamer, heavily convoyed, reaches us once a fortnight. Letters to England and to France take about a month, to America about two months, and to our colonies often three months or more, owing to transportation difficulties, and often also to unnecessary delays by the censor. Cabling, too, is considerably hampered.

In more purely business circles perhaps nothing has impaired pro-Allied sympathy more, and caused more bitter feeling, than the sudden and unexpected cutting off of all cable communication for several months with the United States, and with our colonies, by Great Britain, owing to the vexed 'sand and gravel' question. Though it was terrible and humiliating to be unable to communicate with our own colonies, and though it hurt trade with America to an unheard-of extent, our bankers and business people approved entirely of the attitude of the Netherlands Foreign Office. The farce of it is, that American quotations of the bond and share markets in America always reached us one or two days later, — via Wolff, Germany! — but no banker here could do any business with America, because there was no cable communication. The result was something extraordinary! When Atchison and Topeka shares were quoted at 92 at Amsterdam, Union Pacifics at 124, and Norfolk and Western Common at 115, the quotations at New York were, on the same day, respectively 82, 114, and 103. In fact, the difference between the two markets was even greater, as exchange on New York was quoted at a discount of about eight per cent.

Needless to say that the holding up of our ships in America, together with the censorship between Holland and her colonies, has greatly injured our colonial trade in sugar, tobacco, tea, coffee, rubber, etc., although a small part of the products is now being sold to the United States. Apart from the financial losses, it is hard for the home country to be forced to do without all that of right belongs to her; but possibly Providence is using the Entente to cure Holland of some of its *faiblesses;* for besides much drinking of strong tea, the excessive use of tobacco was one of the national characteristics. Hampered on every side, and ignored as regards their unquestionable rights, both, the Netherlands government and private business men, are trying to make the best of a bad job, and devise means to keep things going that will satisfy

all the belligerents, which certainly is not always an easy or a pleasant job.

The 'Netherlands Overseas Trust,' instituted since the war, is not exactly a financial institution, but rather a body of prominent merchants and bankers, who safeguard the destination of imported goods, and see to it that no goods are exported to Germany unless such exportation is permitted by the Allies. The true Holland merchant or banker does not look with kindly eyes on the N. O. T., and considers it as an infringement of his neutral rights, with which he simply has to put up for the time being. He has to put up with a lot nowadays, not only with regard to his own foreign and colonial relations, but also because the home government is forced to take over the distribution of almost everything imported or produced here, which in the long run is apt to kill private initiative. Heavy losses are now sustained by commissionnaires and middle-men, for whom there is no place in the present system of State-Socialism, and who accordingly have lost their source of income.

Another war creation is the 'Netherlands Export Company,' or 'Export Centrale,' with a capital of five million guilders furnished by corporations and official bodies. Its aim is to concentrate both exports and imports in such a way that goods exported from Holland shall, in the first place, be exchanged for goods most urgently needed here, so as to prevent the accumulation of gold and the giving of foreign credits to a considerable extent. That it does not succeed altogether was shown in the coal question. Contracts with Great Britain, Germany, and Austria have been made, and others, with America, are being made. Neither the N. O. T. nor the N. E. C. allows a higher profit than five per cent, the remaining profit going to the government in aid of the distribution. Thus in various ways Holland tries to get its necessary supplies without losing altogether its economic independence.

The very acute question of smuggling can suitably be mentioned here. There undoubtedly is a considerable amount of smuggling still going on, into Belgium, and especially into Germany; but to reassure those in the United States whose only interest in and knowledge of Holland are apparently comprised in the five words, 'Holland is feeding the Germans,' let it be told, that the Netherlands government is fighting this evil with unabated rigor.

Whole romances could be written about the endlessly varying devices used, and about the categories and nationalities going in for smuggling. Only a short time ago two well-known German countesses, homeward bound with a special recommendation from our Foreign Office, were caught at the frontier smuggling valuable quantities of rubber and various articles. They pretended to be highly indignant, said it was all a mistake, insisted that their luggage should be sent on at once to the Foreign Office at Berlin, where one of them actually did belong; yet — all was confiscated, and each of these 'noble' women was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

From such as these the practice descends, in marvelous variety, to the little boy who had hidden many tablets of chocolate in his drawers! Then there were Dutch day-laborers going across the border to work in Germany, returning at night practically stripped, till now all new underwear is being officially stamped by the customs officials. And last, but not least, there are the sordid, mean people, who run smugglers, but remain safely at home, pocketing the enormous profits and paying a pension to the family, if the smuggler gets into prison, or even if he is shot.

All these laws, all this fight against

smuggling, are enforced and carried on by our regular customs staff, aided by mounted police, and reinforced by four to five thousand military as extra customs officials. These men often risk their lives in catching or chasing smugglers in the darkness of night; several have been killed while doing their duty loyally. All goods seized are sold later on, the proceeds coming to the State. The officials get no percentage or premium; only, in cases of special daring or ingenuity, they get a small gratification. Yet the temptation put before these men is almost beyond human endurance. Several hundreds of guilders are offered to a soldier for just looking in a certain direction for a quarter of an hour. Only recently, a customs official, whose yearly salary is 1500 guilders, was offered not less than 12,000 per week, if he would connive; but the man withstood! Of course, not all men stand firm against temptation in this way. The small salaries, the high cost of living, the desire for money, and all that this means for them and their families; the argument of the smuggler that it is not a guilty but a charitable act to allow foodstuffs to pass, combine to make men give in. Cases of corruption do occur. It cannot be wondered at, but it is a curse; for before the war the Netherlands corps of customs officers used to be absolutely incorruptible, which cannot be said of those of all countries. The ethical loss caused by this evil of smuggling in all its varieties is in a way perhaps more serious than the financial losses the nation is now suffering.

III

THINGS ETHICAL AND INTERNATIONAL

Perhaps no nation can see more clearly the moral evils wrought by war than can a small neutral in the midst of it all, by looking objectively at what is happening both around it and within it. The loss in ethical value in both instances is so tremendous, that one can hardly fully realize it as yet. Moral standards have been lowered everywhere. It certainly is not the least of Germany's crimes that by her methods she almost *forces* her opponents to lower their standards so as not to be at too great a disadvantage. But apart from this, war seems to awaken in all countries both the noblest and the lowest sentiments.

Glorious, wonderful patriotism, side by side with the most narrow, selfish nationalism! Deeds of chivalry and of human compassion alongside of deeds born of intense international hatred and desire of vengeance. Wilful lying and blindness on all sides, causing a spiritual estrangement which it will take decades to heal. 'Necessity of war' as an all-round excuse for measures a government would not have dreamed of taking in peace-time. Yet, what acts of utmost devotion and self-sacrifice in all countries around us; what loyalty, what energy, what heroism, what renunciation of self in the common pursuit of an ideal, which each side honestly believes to be the right one! Should any people cease so to believe, that side would collapse, for moral factors ultimately count more than material ones. To be strong in war, each side must of necessity confine itself to implicit faith in its own ideal and policy, and to wholesale execration of the other side. Men will not sacrifice their lives, women cannot give up their husbands, sons, or lovers, unless they have a clear ideal before them, and a burning indignation, if not a hatred, in their hearts. To strengthen this ideal, to nourish this indignation beside the best and purest impulses, most degrading methods are used — to the moral detriment of all nations.

This tragic struggle between two dif-

ferent ideals, with varied motives and aspirations at the back of each, and this mutual hatred, Holland with sad and anxious eyes has been observing for nearly four years now. Of course, in Holland we see only the horrible side of it. War, though demanding the supreme sacrifice from a nation, both in precious human lives and in goods, undoubtedly has also its compensations in its very activity, its enthusiasm, in the going forth to battle for a national cause and ideal. It draws out both the highest and lowest qualities in men, and, even though exhausting a nation, may unify and steel it; whereas prolonged neutrality makes for deterioration. Here, enforced inactivity, constant humiliations on all sides, moral isolation, are apt to blunt one's feelings in the long run and make one selfish. The unity, the manliness, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the wonderful spirit of compassion and charity, so beautiful at first in Holland, are slowly giving place to a kind of despondency and pettiness of outlook, which those who love their country cannot but regret. But can it be wondered at? It is much harder to bear enforced privations, than to make willing sacrifices for a cause that thrills one; to toil for a living ideal is more elevating than the having to protest against being trampled upon, or simply to acquiesce. Neutrality is a negative ideal, against which part of the nation chafes, though all recognize its wisdom.

Another serious matter is the gradual change in the standard of morality. Holland no doubt had its many faults and shortcomings, but it certainly never was a corrupt country, either in administration, in politics, or in business. This war has fostered temptations and vices totally new to the country. As conditions grow worse, profiteering, hoarding, trying to circumvent regulations, lack of responsibility and of public feeling, selfishness, lust of undue profits — all these do increase. Then there are the spies of all nationalities having centres in our country, trying to bribe our folk into rendering them services for high rewards. Then there is the gradually growing unemployment, with its curse of idleness, making men prone to succumb to the temptations of profitable smuggling. Then there are the many undesirable foreign elements, the alarming growth of prostitution and its inherent evils, the increasing number of thefts, burglaries, and even murders. All this makes for ethical loss to the nation. Alas, for the nice, clean Holland of pre-war days!

Though strictly neutral in policy, sympathies are apt to diverge in Holland, and it is difficult to give a proper estimate of them. There is also a remarkable difference. The average Hollander with pro-Ally sympathies feels his attitude more or less as self-evident, and accordingly he is fairly quiet, quite frank, and most liberal-minded about it. He sees the manifold blunders made by the Entente countries; he often resents the way they treat Holland; but the cause they are fighting for has his warm sympathy, respect, and profound admiration. The average pro-German, on the contrary, perhaps from an unconscious feeling that his cause wants much defense, is ever at it, with a violence and a wholesale admiration for Germany, which makes one wonder whether his pro-German feelings do not sometimes outrun his loyalty to his own country — and yet he works to an amusing degree anonymously! The common people are decidedly anti-German. Is it a class instinct, which unconsciously feels where the danger lies? or have they heard too many tales of woe from Belgian refugees? In the upper classes, and more particularly among the aristocracy, there is more sympathy for the German

cause. Is it because in Germany they find their ideal materialized?

It is curious that the more orthodox Roman Catholics and Protestants alike are apt to be pro-German. The aged leader of the Calvinists, having a numerous following in the lower classes, openly avows that sentiment. On the whole, the church, not knowing how to combine religion and war, preaches a kind of effete and superior pacifism, which would make our ancestors, who for eighty long years in olden days fought for our freedom and independence, turn in their graves, if they could hear it. These good ministers, with their almost pharisaical pride in their neutrality, utterly fail to see that — as was so well pointed out in the *Outlook* of December 26 — 'what is commonly called peace is not peace at all; mere absence of fighting is not peace; on the contrary, if you want peace, you will have to fight for it.'

This is an experience which every high-minded man has in his daily life. A greater psychological problem confronts the old-fashioned pacifists, who in almost all countries are inclined to pro-Germanism. Without exaggeration, it surely can be said that, except for a few purely savage tribes, Prussia is the only civilized country where war as an institution was not only preached and glorified, but desired! The Central powers at present are Prussianized to an alarming and even surprising extent, for Prussia used not to be loved in Southern Germany, Austria, and Turkey. It certainly is curious that pacifists should feel in the least drawn to a group of nations, which now is the embodiment of the direct opposite of their sincere wishes. Besides, in their horror of war, and with their great longing for peace, — and what thinking human being does not long for an equitable peace? — these deluded persons fail to see that an untimely peace, or 'German peace,' such as Russia and Roumania were forced to sign, means, not only a victory for Germany, but at the same time the victory of the very principles they are fighting against. Then, too, a great many people cannot look at the war detachedly, and former influences and relations come into play. The musical world, for instance, taken as a whole, is out-and-out pro-German, whereas artists, architects, and people with a sense of color and proportion are, as a rule, pro-Ally. Quite an interesting study could thus be written about sentiments in Holland.

Yet foreigners make a tremendous mistake when they imagine, even for a moment, that either the Dutch government or the Dutch people are influenced by these sentiments instead of being guided by the deep-rooted, centuries-old *love* that we Hollanders have for our country. Above all sympathies or antipathies, we are good, loyal, patriotic Hollanders first and foremost. When sheer might forces us to make concessions to either of the belligerents abusing their power, our sympathies do not play any part in our action; and though having sometimes to give in, we scorn at all events the sophisticated explanations offered to us as pretexts for such oppression.

War, with its 'necessities,' seems to have a morality of its own. To us neutrals it certainly is most cheering to witness the affectionate compassion that the Allies show us when Germany ill-treats us, or the kindly sympathy we get from the Central powers — not to speak of their 'moral indignation' — when the Allies pinch us hard — so much kindness and democracy all round when it regards the other side! What a relief it will be when, once more, people in all countries shall be able to see things in their true light and proportions!

Just as war has its moral compen-

sations of increased efficiency, manliness, the spirit of sacrifice, even so neutrality has hers: besides the greater objectivity with which we can judge events, we *need* not hate, or make for what divides. In fact, we must try to keep together whatever there is left of internationalism.

IV

CONCLUSIONS

Little did we know, when these last words were written, what was in store for Holland. It undoubtedly is America's sovereign right to refuse to sell to us any of her coal or products for solid Dutch gold; but why a nation with such high aspirations prevented neutral Holland from getting the much-needed grain that she bought in a neutral South American country, or the products of her own colonies, on her own neutral ships, is a riddle to many. Trusting in America's strong sense of fair play, we did not doubt for a moment that things would soon be cleared up. In the meantime we paid terrific sums of money in demurrage for the ships which, in full trust and confidence, had sailed to America, and were kept there by sheer force, and certainly *not* out of fear of German submarines.

Then suddenly came what may be called the 'ultimatum'! The Netherlands government met it as far as was consistent with its principles of strict neutrality, though sacrificing, perhaps, much to the nation's disgust, part of the national honor, from fear of famine. But — it was not to be! Our neutral ships were wanted to strengthen the Allied fleet. Few people in the United States can have any idea of the burning indignation that the seizing of the Dutch ships caused in Holland, or of the bitter disappointment and utter surprise that of all nations the United States should be the first to wrest from us part of our so far strictly preserved neutrality — for that is what it practically comes to.

Much we have suffered in this war from all sides; but, apart from the intense humiliation, America's action has made Holland's international position infinitely worse. There is no saying what may next be extorted from us. Reading the American interpretation, the action looks almost plausible, and perhaps American citizens even imagine that it was lawful and humane — for are we not to receive most generous compensation, and are we not to be allowed to *buy* some food in return, or to get what of right belongs to us? Alas, for the infatuation of war! Even German citizens honestly believe their government's measures to be lawful and humane. It is all very bewildering, and how hard it becomes for the average Hollander to believe any longer in America's idealism! Then, how galling to witness Germany's joy and evident satisfaction, even her pity for us! She feels that she need not do much more, for the Entente is gradually pushing unwilling Holland into her arms; she can now also base her next action on American precedent. All along in this war she has tried thus to justify her cause and actions! And to think that it should be the great Republic across the ocean which inflicts this injustice upon us! Is the past to be altogether forgotten in the needs of the present?

When Germany was still a chaos of small principalities fighting each other; when the United States of America were not even dreamed of, the Netherlands fought themselves free, formed their Union of Provinces, and, in 1581, issued *their* Declaration of Independence. Here is not the place to recall the leading rôle the Netherlands played after that in European history, or the

ideals and principles which through centuries they have stood for, and still stand for. Yet it was these very ideals and principles which prompted the United Netherlands, two centuries later, to side with the American colonists, struggling for freedom and independence. Though allied at the time with England, the Dutch espoused the American cause by word and by deed. They refused to allow the 'Scotch Brigade,' then stationed in Holland, to be used against the American colonies; neither would they advance one single man or a single cent to help England in this cause; on the contrary, fourteen million dollars were furnished by the bankers of Amsterdam to help the colonists in their struggle. And when Baltimore was hard pressed through the British blockade, it was Claas Taan who broke that blockade, and relieved the town with Dutch grain-ships. The first foreign salute to the American flag was fired by Dutch guns from the Dutch vessel Andrea Doria.

Again, the United Netherlands were the first to welcome the new Republic as their equal, and, by concluding a treaty with it, established the value of the United States in the eyes of the world of that time. In 1782 the States-General recognized John Adams as 'Minister of the Congress of North America' to the Netherlands. It is only five years ago that a prominent American historical society placed a memorial tablet in his old home at The Hague, 'In token of more than three centuries of enduring friendship and of the manifold debt of the people of the United States of America to the Netherlands.'

Different tablets, commemorating other friendly relations with America, can be seen in Holland. How they make us smile, in these times of 'Might is Right,' when that same Republic, now grown mighty, imposes on a small friendly nation conditions the mere consideration of which it would count as incompatible with its own honor. We also remember the thrilling accounts of the Hudson Fulton festivals, and many others. Was it all words, words, mere words?

Though no longer a republic in the real sense of the word, Holland, like Great Britain, with her constitutional monarchy and ministerial responsibility, can still be considered a republic — only with a permanent president; and yet the ruling monarchs in these countries have less absolute power than the President of the United States has. Was it mere accident that history repeated itself, — though the rôles were now reversed, — and that it was with Holland, of all European nations, that the United States first concluded a general arbitration treaty in 1913? How the whole world was then filled with great hopes for a better future, and how these hopes have been dashed to the ground on all sides by this ghastly war! We did not ask for charity, but we had expected fair play on America's part. Great is the disappointment, deep the humiliation. In the first rage, even the odious word 'reprisals' was whispered by some; but far be it from us! Holland is an old country, with honorable traditions to keep up, and she still stands for the same old principles. We shall go on harboring the Belgian refugees and all the numerous foreigners within our tiny country, and we shall continue, as far as we can, to send help to poor starving Allied prisoners, because such is our privilege. When, later on, the history of this war comes to be written, will the Dutch histories teach future generations that the United States, having risen in arms to avenge a crime against civilization, were friends or oppressors of small neutral nations?

WINGED WORDS

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

On New Year's morning, as it was snowing hard and there was no flying, I sat by a cozy fire, in the house of some English people. Curious thing, running into them here. They are of the tribe of English who wander over the face of the earth, and make England what she is. The man of the house is an expert on ——, and has pursued his unusual vocation in Cuba, Jamaica, Honduras, Guiana, 'Portuguese East' and other parts of Africa, as well as in Ceylon and a few other places I forget. Here he is now, as expert for the French. His wife and seven children, who speak French, Portugese, Spanish, and Zulu, I think, follow him everywhere, and are everywhere equally at home. I have tea with them after work, and, needless to say, they are a Godsend in this desolate place. Let us all pray that next New Year's day we shall be thanking God for a victorious peace and returning to civilian life, never to put on uniforms again. The finest uniform of all is the old civilian suit — brass buttons and gold braid to the contrary.

For this winter air-work, which is the coldest known occupation, I think, this is the way we dress. First, heavy flannels and woolen socks. Over that, a flannel shirt with sleeveless sweater on top, and uniform breeches and tunic. Boots and spiral puttees (very warm things, if not put on too tightly) go on next, and over all we pull on a great combination, or fur-lined, 'teddy-bear' suit — waterproof canvas outside. Over our boots we pull fur-lined leather flying boots, reaching half-way up to our knees. For head-gear, a fur-lined leather cap, and around my neck, several turns of gray muffler. A variety of mask and a pair of 'triplex' goggles to protect one's face from the icy breeze. With all this, and heavy fur gloves, one can keep reasonably warm.

As the 16th of January was the first good flying day for some time, there was much activity. After lunch I went to the aerodrome just in time to see the combat patrol come swooping down. An excited crowd was gathered about the first machine in, and I learned that one of our best pilots had just been brought down by a German two-seater, and that H——, a nineteen-year-old American in our sister escadrille here, had promptly brought the Hun down. I was proud to think that an American had revenged our comrade. This makes H——'s second German within a week — a phenomenal record for a beginner. He is an unusual youngster, and handles a machine beautifully. He seems to have the mixture of dash, cold nerve, and caution which makes an 'ace.'

The German fell 10,000 feet directly over the trenches, but at the last moment managed to straighten out a bit and crashed 200 yards inside his lines. H—— followed him down, and gliding over the trenches at 100 feet, saw one German limp out of the wreck and wave a hand up at the victor.

Another American boy had quite an

exciting time lately when his motor went dead far inside the enemy lines. Luckily he was high at the time; so he flattened his glide to the danger-point, praying to be able to cross into friendly country. Down he came, his 'stick' dead, the wind whistling through the cables, until close ahead he saw a broad belt of shell-marked desolation, criss-crossed by a maze of meaningless trenches. The ground was close; automatically he straightened out, avoiding a pair of huge craters, touched, bumped, crashed into a thicket of wire, and turned over. A jab at the catch of his belt set him free; but the really important thing was whether or not he had succeeded in crossing the German lines. Wisely enough, he crawled to a shell-hole, and from its shelter began to reconnoitre warily. Muddy figures began to appear from various holes and ditches, and at length a soldier who, so far as appearances went, might have belonged to any army, leaned over the edge of the hole and said something in *French*. Young S—— at that began to breathe for the first time in at least a quarter of an hour. His discoverer led him to a spacious dug-out where two generals were at lunch — a wonderful lunch, washed down with beverages forbidden to any but generals. The great ones made the corporal welcome, laughed themselves ill over his voluble but wonderful French, plied him with food and good Scotch whiskey, and sent him home in one of their superb closed cars.

II

Now that so many young Americans are beginning to fly in France, I fancy that the people at home must wonder what sort of a time their sons or brothers are having — how they live, what their work is, and their play. Most people who have an immediate interest in the war must by now possess a very fair idea of the military aviation training; but of the pilot's life at the front I have seen little in print.

I can speak, of course, only of conditions in the French aviation service; but when our American squadrons take their places at the front, the life is bound to be very similar, because experience has taught all the armies that, to get the best results, pilots should be given a maximum of liberty and a minimum of routine, outside of their duty, which consists in but one thing—flying.

Let us suppose, for example, that an American boy — we will call him Wilkins, because I never heard of a man named Wilkins flying — has passed through the schools, done his acrobatics and combat-work, and is waiting at the great dépôt near Paris for his call to the front. Every day he scans the list as it is posted and at last, hurrah! his name is there, followed by mysterious letters and numbers — G.C. 17, or S.P.A. 501, or N. 358. He knows, of course, that he will have a single-seater scout, but the symbols above tell him whether it will be a Spad or a Nieuport and whether he is to be in a *groupe de combat* ('traveling circus,' the British call them) or in a permanent fighting unit.

Wilkins is overjoyed to find he has been given a Spad, and hastens to pack up, in readiness for his train, which leaves at six P.M. When his order of transport is given him, he finds that his escadrille is stationed at Robinet d'Essence, in a fairly quiet, though imaginary, sector. Before leaving the dépôt he has issued to him a fur-lined teddy-bear suit, fur boots, sweater, fur gloves, and a huge cork safety helmet, which Wisdom tells him to wear and Common Sense pronounces impossible. Common Sense wins; so Wilkins gives the thing to the keeper of the '*effets chauds pour pilotes*,' and retires.

His flying things stuffed into a duffle-bag, which he has checked directly

through to far-off Robinet, our hero boards the train with nothing but a light suitcase. He is delirious with joy, for it is long since he has been to Paris, and at the dépôt discipline has been severe and luxury scant. Every journey to the front is *via* Paris, and the authorities wink a wise and kindly eye at a few hours' stopover. Outside the station, an hour later, Wilkins is conscious of a sudden odd feeling of calm, almost of content, which puzzles him until he thinks a bit. Finally he has it — *this* is what he is going to fight for, what all the Allies are fighting for: this pleasant, crowded civilian life; the dainty Frenchwomen going by on the arms of their *permissionnaires*, the fine old buildings, the hum of peaceful pursuits. In the schools and at the waiting dépôt he had nearly lost sight of real issues; but now it all comes back.

At his hotel he calls up Captain X—— of the American Aviation, — an old friend, who is in Paris on duty, — and is lucky enough to catch him at his apartment. They dine at the Cercle des Alliés — the old Rothschild palace, now made into a great military club, where one can see many interesting men of all the Allied armies lunching and dining together. Dinner over, they drop in at the Olympia, watch the show a bit, and greet a multitude of friends who stroll about among the tables. A great deal of air-gossip goes on: A—— has just bagged another Boche; B——, poor chap, was shot down two days ago; C—— is a prisoner, badly wounded. At a table near-by, Wilkins, for the first time, sets eyes on Lufbery, the famous American 'ace,' his breast a mass of ribbons, his rather worn face lit up by a pleasant smile as he talks to a French officer beside him.

At eleven our young pilot says goodbye to his friend and walks through the darkened streets to his hotel. What a joy, to sleep in a real bed again! The train leaves at noon, which will give him time for a late breakfast and a little shopping in the morning. After the first real night's sleep in a month, and a light war-time breakfast of omelet, bacon, broiled kidneys, and coffee, he is on the boulevards again, searching for a really good pair of goggles, a fur-lined flying cap to replace the hopeless helmet, and a pair of heavy mittens. Old friends, in the uniforms of American subalterns, are everywhere; many wear the stiff-looking wings of the American Flying Corps on their breasts. All are filled with envy to hear that he is leaving for the front; their turn will come before long, but meanwhile the wait grows tiresome.

At length it is train time, and so, hailing a taxi and picking up his bag on the way, Wilkins heads (let us say) for the Gare de l'Est, getting there just in time to reserve a place and squeeze into the dining-car, which is crowded with officers on their way to the front. These are not the '*embusqué*' type of officers which he has been accustomed to in the schools, — clerkish disciplinarians, insistent on all the small points of military observance, — but real fighting men and leaders; grizzled veterans of the Champagne and the Somme, hawk-nosed, keen-eyed, covered with decorations.

Back in his compartment, our pilot dozes through the afternoon, until, just as it has become thoroughly dark, the train halts at Robinet. On the platform, half a dozen pilots of the escadrille, smart in their laced boots and black uniforms, are waiting to welcome the newcomer, and escort him promptly to the mess, where dinner is ready. Dinner over, he is shown to his room — an officer's billet, with a stove, bathtub, and other unheard-of luxuries.

Next morning, one of his new comrades calls for Wilkins, presents him to the captain, who proves very *chic*

and shows him his machine, which has just been brought out from the dépôt. The armorer is engaged in fitting a Vickers gun on it, so Wilkins spends the rest of the day at the hangar, sighting the gun, adjusting his belt, installing altimeter, tachometer, and clock.

An hour before sundown all is ready; so the American climbs into his seat for a spin, fully aware that many appraising eyes will watch his maiden performance. Off she goes with a roar, skimming low, over the field, until her full speed is attained, when the pilot pulls her up in a beautiful 'zoom,' banking at the same time to make her climb in a spiral. Up and up and up, her motor snarling almost musically — and suddenly she stops, quivers, and plunges downward, spinning. A hundred yards off the ground she straightens out magically, banks stiffly to the left, skims the hangars, and disappears. The mechanicians watching, hands on hips, below, nod to one another in the French way. '*Il marche pas mal, celui-là*,' they say — high praise from them.

Wilkins, meanwhile, has flown down the river, to where a target is anchored in a broad shallow. Over it he tilts up and dives until the cross hairs in his telescopic sight centre on the mark. 'Tut-tut-tut,' says the Vickers, and white dashes of foam spring out close to the canvas. He nods to himself as he turns back toward the aerodrome.

At dinner there is much talk, as the weather has been good. A—— and L—— had a stiff fight with a two-place Hun, who escaped miraculously, leaving their machines riddled with holes. M—— had a landing cable cut by a bullet; J—— had a *panne*, and was forced to land uncomfortably close to the lines. At eight o'clock an orderly comes in with the next day's schedule: 'Wilkins: protection patrol at 8 A.M.'

The French have not the English objection to 'talking shop,' and over the coffee the conversation turns to the difficulties of bringing down Huns and getting them officially counted — '*homologue*' the French call it. The great airmen, of course, — men like Bishop, Ball, Nungesser, and Guynemer, — get their thirty, forty, or fifty Boches; but nevertheless it is a very considerable feat to get even one, and growing harder every day. Nearly all the German hack-work — photography, *reglage* of artillery, observation, and so forth — is now done by their new two-seaters, very fast and handy machines and formidable to attack, as they carry four machine-guns and can shoot in almost any direction. Most of the fighting must be done in their lines; and far above, their squadrons of Albatross single-seaters watch ceaselessly for a chance to pounce unseen.

Add to this the fact that, to get an official count, the falling Hun must be checked by two independent observers, such as observation-balloon men, and you can see that it is no easy trick.

Just before bedtime, the leader of the morning's patrol explains the matter to Wilkins. The rendezvous is over a near-by village at 3,000 feet. Wilkins is to be last in line on the right wing of the V, a hundred yards behind the machine ahead of him. Signals are: a wriggle of the leader's tail means, 'Open throttles, we're off'; a sideways waving of his wings means, 'I'm going to attack; stand by'; or, 'Easy, I see a Boche.'

After a not entirely dreamless sleep and a cup of coffee, our hero is at the hangars at 7.30, helping his mechanic give the 'taxi' a final looking over. At 8 he takes the air and circles over the meeting-place till the V is formed. Just as he falls into his allotted station the leader, who has been flying in great circles, throttled down, wriggles his tail, opens the throttle wide, and heads for the lines, climbing at a hundred miles an hour.

Wilkins is so busy keeping his position that he has scarcely time to feel a thrill or to look about him. Suddenly, from below comes a vicious growling thud, another, and another: *Hrrrump, hrrrump, hrrrump.* He strains his head over the side of the *fuselage.* There below him, and horribly close, he thinks, dense black balls are springing out — little spurts of crimson at their hearts. The patrol leader begins to weave about to avoid the 'Archies,' banking almost vertically this way and that in hairpin turns, and poor Wilkins, at the tail end, is working frantically to keep his place. He has never seen such turns, and makes the common mistake of not pulling back hard enough when past 45 degrees. The result is that he loses height in a side-slip each time, and gets farther and farther behind his man.

Meanwhile, far up in the blue, their shark-like bodies and broad short wings glimmering faintly in the upper sunlight, a patrol of Albatross monoplanes is watching. Thousands of feet below, close to the trenches, they see the clumsy photographic biplanes puffing back and forth about their business. Above these, they see the V of Spads turning and twisting as they strive to stay above the photographers they are protecting. But wait, what is wrong with the Spad on the right end of the V — a beginner surely, for at this rate he will soon lose his patrol? As if a silent signal had been given, five Albatrosses detach themselves from the flock, and reducing their motors still more, point their sharp noses downward, and begin to drift insensibly nearer.

Wilkins has been having a tough time of it, and at last, in a 300-foot wing-slip, has lost his comrades altogether, and is flying erratically here and there, too intent and too new at the game to watch behind him. Suddenly, two sparks of fire like tiny shooting stars whizz by him, a long rip appears in the fabric of his lower wing, and next moment, clear and unmistakable, he hears, 'Tut, tut, tut, tut.' He nearly twists his head off, and perceives with horror that five sinister forms, gray, sharp-snouted, and iron-crossed, are hemming him in, above, below, behind. His thoughts, which occupy possibly a second and a half, may be set down roughly as follows: 'Five Boche single-seaters — too many — must beat it — how? Oh, yes — climb in zig-zags and circles, heading for our lines.'

Leaving Wilkins for a moment, I must tell you a curious thing which shows that men have much in common with dogs. You know how, in his own yard, a fox-terrier will often put a mastiff to flight — and a fox-terrier, at that, who fears for his life when he ventures on the street? The same thing applies to flying — over the German lines you have a sort of a small, insignificant feeling, look at things pessimistically, and are apt to let your imagination run too freely. The minute you are over friendly country, that changes: your chest immediately expands several inches, you become self-assertive, rude, and over-confident. Thus Wilkins.

In a wild series of zooms and half-spirals, to throw off his pursuers' aim, he reaches his own lines safely, and finds that all but one Albatross have given up the chase. One of them, possibly a beginner anxious for laurels, is not to be thrown off; so the American resolves to have a go at him.

They are at 12,000 feet. The German is behind and slightly below, manœuvring to come up under the Spad's tail. A second's thought, and Wilkins banks sharply to the left, circles, and dives before the Boche has realized that it is an air-attack. With the wind screaming through his struts, he sees the enemy's black-leather helmet fair on the cross-hairs of the telescope, and presses the catch of the gun. A burst of half a

dozen shots, a pull and a heave to avoid collison. As he rushes past the Albatross, he sees the pilot sink forward in his seat; the machine veers widly, begins to dive, to spin. Good God — he's done it — what luck — poor devil!

And that night at mess, Wilkins stands champagne for the crowd.

Young H—— has had another wild time. He ran across a very fast German two-seater ten miles behind our lines, fought him till they were twenty miles inside the Boche lines, followed him down to his own aerodrome, circled at fifty feet in a perfect hail of bullets, killed the Hun pilot as he walked (or ran) from machine to hangars, riddled the hangars, rose up, and flew home.

He shot away over 500 rounds — a remarkable amount from a single-seater bus, as the average burst is only five or six shots before one is forced to manœuvre for another aim.

III

On a raw foggy day, in the cozy living-room of our apartment, with a delicious fire glowing in the stove, and four of the fellows having a lively game of bridge, one is certainly comfortable — absurdly so. Talk about the hardships of life on the front!

The mess is the best I have seen, and very reasonable for these times — a dollar and a half per day each, including half a bottle of wine, beer, or mineral water at each meal. A typical dinner might be: excellent soup, entrée, beefsteak, mashed potatoes, dessert, nuts, figs, salad. While no man would appreciate an old-fashioned home-type American meal more than I, one is forced to admit that the French have made a deep study of cookery and rations designed to keep people in the best shape. There is a certain balance to their meals — never too much concentrated, starchy, or bulky food. The variety, considering the times, is really wonderful. Breakfasts my pal and I cook ourselves, occasionally breaking out some delicacy such as kidneys *en brochette.*

We have an amusing system of fines for various offenses: half a franc if late for a meal; a franc if over fifteen minutes late; half a franc for throwing bread at the table; half a franc for breaking a tail-skid (on a 'cuckoo'); a franc for a complete smash; a franc and a half if you hurt yourself to boot; and so on. A fellow hit a tree a while ago, had a frightful crash, and broke both his legs. When he leaves the hospital, the court will decide this precedent and probably impose on him a ruinous fine.

Of course no one ever pays a fine without passionate protests; so our meals are enlivened by much debate. As we have a very clever lawyer and a law student almost his equal, accuser and accused immediately engage counsel, and it is intensely entertaining to hear their impassioned arraignments and appeals to justice and humanity: deathless Gallic oratory, enriched with quotations, classical allusions, noble gestures; such stuff as brings the chamber to its feet, roaring itself hoarse; and all for a ten-penny fine!

A good bit of excitement lately, over uniforms. In aviation, one knows, there is no regulation uniform: each man is supposed to wear the color and cut of his previous arm. The result is that each airman designs for himself a creation which he fondly believes is suited to his style of soldierly beauty — and many of these confections have n't the slightest connection with any known French or Allied uniform. One may see dark-blue, light-blue, horizon-blue, black, and khaki; trousers turned up at the bottom; open-front tunics (like a British officer), and every variety of hat, footwear, and overcoat.

I, for instance (being in the Foreign

Legion), wear khaki, open-fronted tunic, a very unmilitary khaki stock necktie, Fox's puttees, and U. S. Army boots. Naturally, I have to duck for cover whenever I see the general loom up in the offing; for he is a rather particular, testy old gentleman, very military, and can't abide the 'fantasies' of the aviator tribe. Lately he has caught and severely reprimanded several of the boys; so I guess that I shall have to have the tailor make certain unfortunate changes in my garments.

The weather of late has been wretched for flying. A low, frosty mist hangs over the countryside; the trees, especially the pines, are exquisite in their lacy finery of frost. The few days we have of decent weather are usually interesting, as the Hun ventures over *chez nous* to take a few photographs, and with a little luck the boys are able to surprise him into a running fight. At night, when the tired war-birds buzz home to roost, a crowd of pilots and mechanics gathers before the hangars. All gaze anxiously into the northeastern sky. The captain paces up and down — though he has flown four hours, he will not eat or drink till he has news of his pilots. Jean is missing, and Charlot, and Marcel. Night is drawing on — the sky flushes and fades, and faces are growing just a trifle grave.

Suddenly a man shouts and points, — Jean's mechanician, — and high up in the darkening east we see three specks — the missing combat patrol. Next moment the hoarse drone of their motors reaches our ears; the sound ceases; in great curving glides they descend on the aerodrome. We hear the hollow whistling of their planes, see them, one after another, clear the trees at ninety miles an hour, dip, straighten, and rush toward us, a yard above the grass. A slight bumping jar, a half-stop, and each motor gives tongue again in short bursts, as the pilots taxi across to the hangars, snapping the spark on and off.

Then a grand scamper to crowd around our half-frozen comrades, who descend stiffly from their 'zincs,' and tell of their adventures, while mechanics pull off their fur boots and combinations. Other 'mecanos' are examining the machines for bullet- and shrapnel-holes — often a new wing is needed, or a new propeller; sometimes a cable is cut half through. Snatches of talk (unintelligible outside the 'fancy') reach one; we, of course, know only the French, but the R.F.C. stuff is equally cryptic.

'Spotted him at four thousand eight, "piqued" on him, got under his tail, did a *chaudelle*, got in a good *rafale*, did a *glissade*, went into a *vrille*, and lost so much height I could not catch him again.'

An R.F.C. man would say, 'Spotted him at forty-eight hundred, dove on him, got under his tail, did a zoom, got in a good burst, did a side-slip, went into a spin,' etc. I may say that 'chaudelle' or 'zoom' means a sudden, very steep leap upward (limited in length and steepness by the power and speed of the machine). Some of our latest machines will do the most extraordinary feats in this line — things that an old experienced pilot in America would have to see to believe. A 'glissade' is a wing-slip to the side, and down; a 'vrille' is a spinning nose-dive.

Among the younger pilots are several who entertain spectators with all sorts of acrobatic feats over the aerodrome. A fine exhibition of skill and courage, but foolish at times — especially after a fight, when vital parts may be dangerously weakened by bullet-holes. Too much acrobacy strains and weakens the strongest aeroplane. I believe in doing just enough to keep your hand in, as in fights you are forced to put enough unusual stresses on your bus.

I hope to know very soon whether or not we are to be transferred to the American army. The long delay has worked hardships on a good many of us, as of course no pilot could begin to live on the pay we get. The Franco-American Flying-Corps fund (for which, I believe, we must thank the splendid generosity of Mr. Vanderbilt) has helped immensely in the past, but some of the boys are in hard straits now. I hope we shall be transferred, because the pay will make us self-supporting, and any American would rather be in U. S. uniform nowadays, in spite of the bully way the French treat us, and our liking for our French comrades, with whom it will be a wrench to part.

The point regarding our present pay is this: all French aviators are volunteers, knowing conditions in the air-service beforehand. Before volunteering, therefore, they arrange for the necessary private funds; if not available, they keep out of flying. We get two and a half francs a day (as against five sous in the infantry), but on the other hand, we are lodged, and forced by tradition to live, like officers. It is fine for the chap who has a little something coming in privately, but tough for the one who is temporarily or permanently 'broke.'

Our boys are going to do splendid things over here. Everywhere one sees discipline, efficiency, and organization that make an American's chest go out. The first slackness (unavoidable at the start of a huge and unfamiliar job) has completely disappeared. People at home should know of all this as quickly and as much in detail as expedient: they are giving their money and their flesh and blood, and prompt and racy news helps wonderfully to hearten and stimulate those whose duty is at home.

For myself, there is nowhere and nobody I would rather be at present than here and a pilot. No man in his senses could say he enjoyed the war; but as it must be fought out, I would rather be in aviation than any other branch. A pleasant life, good food, good sleep, and two to four hours a day in the air. After four hours (in two spells) over the lines, constantly alert and craning to dodge scandalously accurate shells and suddenly appearing Boches, panting in the thin air at 20,000 feet, the boys are, I think, justified in calling it a day. I have noticed that the coolest men are a good bit let down after a dogged machine-gun fight far up in the rarefied air. It may seem soft to an infantryman — twenty hours of sleep, eating, and loafing; but in reality the airman should be given an easy time outside of flying.

I was unfortunate enough to smash a beautiful new machine yesterday. Not my fault; but it makes one feel rotten to see a bright splendid thing one has begun to love strewn about the landscape. Some wretched little wire, or bit of dirt where it was not wanted, made my engine stop dead, and a forced landing in rough country full of woods and ditches is no joke. I came whizzing down to the only available field, turned into the wind, only to see dead ahead a series of hopeless ditches which would have made a frightful end-over-end crash. Nothing to do but pull her up a few feet and sail over, risking a loss of speed. I did this, and 'pancaked' fairly gently, but had to hit ploughed ground across the furrow. The poor 'coucou' — my joy and pride — was wrecked, and I climbed, or rather dropped, out, with nothing worse than a sore head, where the old bean hit the *carlingue.* Now all the world looks gray, though our captain behaved like the splendid chap he is about it: not a word of the annoyance he must have felt.

The very finest motors, of course, do stop on occasions. Better luck, I hope, from now on.

CHEMISTRY AT THE FRONT

BY HENRY P. TALBOT

I

Soon after the opening of hostilities, this world-war was referred to by certain writers as 'a chemists' war.' While this phrase, like many of its kind, implies too much, it gives appropriate emphasis to the part which the chemists are playing in the great struggle.

Ever since the tension of the bowstring as a means of propelling projectiles was displaced by the expansive force of the highly heated gases generated by explosives, the chemist has had to assume a large responsibility for the successful supply of fighting materials and the outwitting of the enemy. With the progress of the centuries, this responsibility has grown in intensity and has become so ramified as to include the development, not only of explosives, but also of projectors and projectiles, the production of an endless variety of materials for use at the front, and the equally important task of providing for the maintenance of adequate food-supplies, and of necessary industrial activity at home.

And to all this has now been added a task which, in view of our general belief in an honorable regard for international conventions, had been looked upon as outside all bounds of probability, namely, that of pitting our best brains against those of the enemy, for the discovery of more and more insidious and cruelly poisonous gases, and of methods to protect our own brave fighters from each new and more vicious device of our opponents. However much we may condemn gas-warfare as unsportsmanlike, and deplore the expenditure of intellectual effort which it is demanding, we must play the game, and in this phase the war is preëminently 'a chemists' war.'

The importance of the chemist in our own military organization has been definitely recognized by the creation of a Chemical Service Section of the National Army, with a lieutenant-colonel as its ranking officer, and provision for a personnel of about 1300 officers and men. The important functions of this section are the correlation of information accumulated at home and at the front, and the induction into chemical service of drafted men with chemical training. The establishment of this section not only is a distinct step forward in the interests of military service, but affords a too-long delayed recognition of the parity in importance of chemical engineering with that of the other and older engineering professions.

Among our allies it is known to be true, and among our enemies it must be true, that chemists are almost to a man throwing their whole and best energies into the solution of war-problems. Plans are already maturing for the recruiting of the forces of our allies by sending men to their chemical laboratories, as well as to fight in the field.

If the chemist is concerned with the problem of feeding the guns of the expeditionary forces, he is no less concerned with a problem which has become equally serious, that of feeding the bodies of the fighting men, and of

those of the entire population of the allied nations. Conservation and the regulations of our food-administrators are topics of daily thought and conversation. With these affairs the chemist has much to do, through the improvement of the preparation of food-stuffs and by providing safeguards against frauds and against the general introduction of insufficient dietaries.

But, besides conservation, there must be stimulation in production of food-stuffs, notably through intensive agriculture. It has been stated that a reduction of the cost of soluble nitrogen compounds to a price comparable with that prevailing in Germany before the war, would add a billion dollars to the annual value of our crops. The significance of this statement to-day does not, of course, lie in the increase in monetary worth, but in what it would represent as a war-resource. This phase of the chemists' problem is, moreover, closely linked with that of the ammunition-supply. Nitric acid and ammonia are necessary for both ammunitions and fertilizers, and the failure to maintain an adequate supply of both would be fatal to the success of any of the warring nations.

II

An explosion is the result of the rapid generation of gases which are at the same time highly heated, causing them to expand with great force, in accordance with well-recognized principles of physics. If, for example, a flame is applied to a mixture of illuminating gas and air, the temperature of the gas-mixture at a point near the flame is raised to the so-called ignition point, chemical combination ensues, and new and highly heated gaseous products result. If the gas-mixture is confined, the confining walls are often disrupted.

The explosives in common use differ from the mixture just described, in that they are not gaseous at the start. They are sometimes liquids, but are generally solids, and are made up of bodies which, when they are subjected to heat, or to certain sorts of shock, promptly go to pieces, yielding mostly gaseous products and liberating large quantities of heat. Almost without exception these explosives are made by the action of nitric acid upon such materials as glycerine, cellulose (absorbent cotton is nearly pure cellulose), or certain materials, like toluene, derived from the heating of soft coals out of contact with the air, as in the production of illuminating gas. They are among the so-called 'intermediates' from coal tars.

While to the casual observer the breaking down of the various explosives would appear to proceed practically instantaneously in all cases, accurate measurements show that there are appreciable differences in the rates of decomposition, and these differences determine the type of usefulness of a particular explosive. For example, a mixture of gasolene vapor and air is an efficient mixture for the development of power as applied to the piston of the engine of an automobile; whereas a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen, while developing greater explosive force, does so with such rapidity that this energy cannot be effectively taken up by the mechanism of such an engine, and is wasted as a dangerous disruptive force on the walls of the cylinder. An explosive which is designed to produce a maximum of disruptive effect, as in shells, mines, or torpedoes, or in sapping or mining operations, must be of the rapid type known as a 'high explosive.' A propellant, on the other hand, must be of such a character that the decomposition goes on with progressively increasing rapidity, thus steadily increasing the pressure developed behind the projectile, until it acquires

its maximum velocity at the moment when it leaves the barrel of the gun.

To the chemist belongs the responsibility for the scientific development and improvement of these explosives. The problems are many-sided. It is not enough to produce materials which, in a qualitative sense, exhibit properties which would class them with one or the other of the types of explosives just outlined: their effects must be quantitatively measured, and must be capable of exact reproduction at will. This is rigidly true of the propellants, upon the performance of which the accurate placing of shells, when the range has been determined, absolutely depends. The limitations laid down in the specifications for such explosives permit but a very small percentage of variation in the pressure produced in the chamber of the gun. This uniformity, in turn, can be attained only by the most rigid scientific control of the manufacturing operations by the chemist, and the utmost care in guarding against subsequent deterioration during the interval between manufacture and use. Indeed, the latter phase of the problem is one of great significance. Explosives are, almost or quite without exception, composed of substances which are endothermic in character: that is, heat energy is absorbed when they are formed, and this heat is liberated when they decompose. Heat, moreover, accelerates all chemical changes. Hence, if any (even a very small) part of an explosive mass begins to break down from any cause, the heat liberated promotes the rapidity of the change, and this, in turn, is communicated to neighboring portions, until the entire mass may be involved and destroyed.

So far as it is humanly possible to do so, all exciting causes must be foreseen and forestalled; and the lack of stability during storage has necessitated the discarding of many materials otherwise of great promise. Moreover, apparently slight variations in conditions of manufacture, due to ignorance or carelessness, may result in an imperfect product, which will begin to undergo spontaneous decomposition in storage, with a final result like that outlined above. Conditions such as these have been the cause of many mysterious explosions.

As an instance of extreme instability, the behavior of a substance known as nitrogen iodide may be cited. This compound explodes with great violence if touched with a feather, — a literal instance of being 'tickled to death,' — and often it is exploded by the mere friction of the air when moved from one spot to another. Such sensitiveness as this obviously places a substance outside the bounds of practical usefulness; but all explosives are, in the very nature of the case, unstable, and their preservation involves the study of factors which differ from this case in degree rather than in kind.

To attain the extreme velocities and the enormous ranges concerning which we almost daily find our credulity taxed to its limit, it is obvious that the temperatures and pressures developed within the chambers and barrels of the heavy guns must be very high. As has already been pointed out, both must be known within small limits, and be producible at will. Stimulated by these great temperatures, the products of decomposition of the explosives exert an erosive action upon the interior of the chamber and barrel of the gun, and soon injure and ultimately destroy the rifling. It is this, with the effect of temperature on the steel itself, which limits the life of the guns; and it is, again, the chemist's task so to choose his materials, for both the fabric of the gun and the explosive charge, that there shall be a minimum of erosion with a maximum of ballistic efficiency.

Nitroglycerine is doubtless the most

generally known, by name at least, among the high explosives. It was first manufactured on a large scale by Alfred Nobel, of peace-prize fame. It soon proved to be a treacherous substance to transport in liquid form; but Nobel found that the risk could be greatly reduced if the liquid is absorbed in a silicious earth. Nowadays wood-pulp and other absorbent materials are employed, and constitute what is known as dynamite. But nitroglycerine, if used alone as a bursting-charge for shells, has not proved itself to be satisfactory, and has been displaced by such materials as picric acid, and, notably, trinitrotoluene, which is frequently designated as T.N.T. This substance is distinctly less unstable. It can be melted and poured into shells without danger. Picric acid also may be handled without great risk, when pure. It tends, however, to react upon metals, with the formation of derivatives of picric acid (picrates), which are treacherous, and this circumstance has led to serious explosions. While trinitrotoluene is somewhat less powerful than picric acid, its use is more general at present.

Recently it has been found possible to secure excellent results from an explosive called 'amatol,' which is made by mixing with T.N.T. a considerable amount (even as high as eighty-five per cent) of ammonium nitrate. This common and apparently innocent laboratory reagent becomes an effective disruptive agent when its decomposition is once started by the explosion of the admixed trinitrotoluene. Aluminum powder, which in burning generates an exceptionally large amount of heat, is also sometimes added, and this mixture is called 'ammonal.'

The raw materials from which picric acid and trinitrotoluene are made are phenol, or carbolic acid, and toluene. Both are constituents of the tar resulting from the heating of soft coals in retorts, to produce illuminating gas and coke. Great quantities of coke are used in the production of iron and steel; but, in the past, much of this has been made in what are known as 'bee-hive' ovens, from which the volatile products from the heating of the coal, including phenol and toluene, escaped into the air. At the present time, much progress has been made in the construction of closed retorts for the coking of these coals, thus making it possible to collect the volatile products. By this means the available supply of toluene is much increased. Under the best of conditions, however, some toluene, on account of its volatility, passes on with the illuminating gas, and auxiliary plants are now being installed in some of the larger cities to strip this toluene from the gas before it passes to the mains.

Picric acid is chemically known as trinitrophenol. Phenol is more commonly called carbolic acid. While phenol is found in coal tar, the amount is not sufficient to provide an adequate supply to meet the demand for picric acid; and to meet the deficiency, it is necessary to resort to the synthetic preparation of carbolic acid from benzene (benzol), which is a somewhat more abundant constituent of coal tar. The synthetic processes employed are akin to those which the chemist uses to transform the ill-smelling and unsightly coal tar into the varied dye-stuffs which add so much to the cheerfulness of life, or into the synthetic drugs upon which physicians rely for the alleviation of pain and for the maintenance of antiseptic conditions in home and hospital.

The handling of both picric acid and trinitrotoluene, while reasonably safe if intelligently done, so far as danger from explosion goes, has other disagreeable features. The operatives gradually absorb the material into the circulatory system, and in time it acts as a poison. The trinitrotoluene eventually affects

the liver, and jaundice ensues, with such intensity that the operators often turn a bright yellow. These cases are not infrequently fatal, and all are serious and of long duration, with doubtful final issue. In England thousands of women are engaged in the shell-filling plants, and they have shown great courage and loyalty in taking their share in this work, in the face of inevitable disfigurement, or permanent disablement.

III

But the problem of the explosive shell does not end with the mere selection of a material to fill it. If its mission is to shower the enemy with shrapnel, the chemist must so choose his exploding charge as to give efficiency in force and distribution; if the shell is to destroy barbed-wire entanglements, its fragments upon bursting must be relatively large and heavy, which means a different shell-design and bursting-charge. The gas-shells, referred to later, also present many peculiar problems, and there are doubtless many more, peculiar to torpedoes and mines.

Among the modern explosives, gunpowder has lost its former prestige. In its development of explosive force it lies between the high explosives, like nitroglycerine, on the one hand, and smokeless powders on the other. Gunpowder fell from its former high estate largely because it gives aid and comfort to the enemy by enabling him to locate the guns of his opponent by the smoke which it produces.

In the search for a smokeless powder, that is, for an explosive which on decomposition would yield only gaseous products, attention was first turned to gun-cotton, or nitrocellulose. Raw cotton may be chemically treated for the removal of nearly all materials except what is chemically known as cellulose. It is similar to starch and sugar in its chemical character, and explosives can be made also from these latter materials, although none are of much importance. The cotton, after such chemical treatment, is like the familiar absorbent cotton. If this is treated with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, it is converted into nitrocellulose, a material which is, incidentally, used in the manufacture of celluloid, in the dressing of patent leather, and in collodion.

Indeed, it has been made a reproach to the chemist, that he has allowed his art, which first brought carbolic acid to the surgeon's aid, and collodion (liquid court-plaster) to protect our wounds, to be turned to the production, from these same materials, of death-dealing explosives. But, as Dr. Baekeland has pointed out, it would be equally logical to condemn the art of printing, because it has been, and may be, used for the dissemination of lies and calumnies.

After washing and drying, which require great care, nitrocellulose is capable of use as an explosive. Curiously, the microscopic structure of the cotton is hardly altered by this treatment. It has the same open texture, and, if ignited, or detonated, the decomposition proceeds through the mass with such rapidity that nitrocellulose, thus prepared, proves to be a high explosive rather than a propellant, and is so used to-day in considerable quantities. But it has been found that, if nitrocellulose is dissolved in some solvent, or mixed with enough solvent to cause gelatinization, the resulting product, on drying, has the desired properties of a propellant: that is, it decomposes relatively slowly. Still later, it was found that admixtures of nitroglycerine with nitrocellulose gave desirable results, and the smokeless powders of to-day, known by various trade names, such as cordite, poudre B, etc., are blended mixtures, the composition of which is determined only after the most careful

laboratory and ballistic tests. Each type of gun, from the small arm to the largest cannon, requires exact and extensive study. In these investigations, again, the chemist is indispensable.

A smokeless powder, if ignited in the open air, burns relatively slowly. A stick of it may safely be held in the fingers until nearly consumed; but at the high pressure and temperatures within the guns, this combustion proceeds with relatively great velocity. The smokeless powders are usually ignited by a primer, which is frequently a small charge of black gunpowder. Most other explosives are fired by means of fulminates, the most common being mercury fulminate, which is made from mercury, nitric acid, and alcohol. These fulminates explode by friction, or a blow, and produce sufficient heat locally to detonate the explosive charge. The fulminates are sensitive rather than powerful. They demand the greatest caution in both manufacture and subsequent handling. They must explode with unerring accuracy when struck by the exploding mechanism, as is evident in the case of the machine-guns used on aeroplanes, the firing mechanism of which is so synchronized with the revolutions of the driving shaft, that the bullets pass between the blades of the propellers when the latter are revolving rapidly, and the slightest retardation in firing would be attended by fatal results.

IV

It is within the bounds of truth to assert that the changes in both munitions and ammunition which have taken place since the beginning of the war have equaled or exceeded those of preceding centuries. The rapidity of development, and the adaptation to these constantly changing conditions and demands, have been equally marvelous among all the warring nations; and these changes are still going on to an extent which makes assertions of to-day almost obsolete to-morrow. But in no particular has this been so true as in the gas-warfare which has assumed an importance scarcely secondary to the use of explosives and missiles.

The first gas-attack was of the so-called 'drift-gas' type. Chlorine gas was discharged in quantity from the enemy trenches, and was carried by a favoring wind over the allied trenches, with disastrous results. Chlorine is a heavy gas, green in color and exceedingly irritating to the membranes of the air-passages, even at great dilution. This gas may be liquefied under high pressure in steel cylinders; and great numbers of these cylinders were placed at intervals of a few feet along the front of the enemy trenches, and pipes laid outside, opening toward the trenches of the Allies. The gas was simultaneously discharged from these openings, and with a light wind it held close to the ground. The effect was nothing less than appalling. It is said that, had the enemy realized the full effect of this gas-attack and followed it up, they could have pushed completely through the Allied lines. It is probable that they were not themselves adequately protected against the gas, and were uncertain as to what they would find in the gassed area.

This attack, marking, as it did, a new and evil epoch in military affairs, produced first a feeling of incredulity, which, however, soon gave place to the utmost exertions to devise means of protection, and later to devise varied and more vicious materials for offensive use in this relentless form of warfare. Drift-gas attacks, while still employed, have largely given place to gas shells, which are fired from guns or mortars, or used as hand-grenades. The shells which have been used contain as much as six pounds of materials which

are themselves easily volatile, or are atomized by the bursting of the shell, and thus impregnate the atmosphere around the spots at which they explode. They can, of course, be placed with the same accuracy as a shrapnel or other explosive shell, and such gas-shells are now used in great numbers before an attack in force, and are also intermingled with the explosive shells during an attack. Because of the penetration of the gases into dug-outs and gun-shelters which are practically proof against missiles, positions may be captured and gun-crews put out of action after withstanding long periods of bombardment.

Nearly all the materials employed in gas-warfare will produce fatal results if inhaled in sufficient concentration, and the aim of the warring chemists is to devise new gases which will pass through the masks in use by the enemy before they can be detected and the troops safeguarded, when such safeguarding is possible. Certain gases have, however, for their more immediate object, the irritation of the eyes (the lachrymatory gases, one part in a million of air being effective), temporarily blinding the victim; others are designed for the irritation of the nose (the 'sneeze-gases'), making it almost impossible for the fighter to overcome the tendency to throw off his mask; and others again, for the production of burns when in contact with the flesh, which are of a most distressing character, and, even if they do not cause death, incapacitate the victim for service for a period of months. The last-named gases are likewise toxic and lachrymatory to a high degree. The so-called 'mustard-gas,' a compound somewhat similar in character to mustard-oil, but far more of an irritant, has proved particularly destructive, and doubtless accounts for many of the casualties in recent attacks. The mustard-gas is discharged in liquid form and penetrates ordinary clothing, even if the masks prevent its inhalation. It also saturates the ground, and troops taking shelter in shell-holes are often burned by contact with this ground.

It is often true that the harmful effect of the poison gases when inhaled is not immediate, but is the result of a slow interaction between the moisture of the lungs and the chemical employed. One, methyl sulphate, for example, yields wood-alcohol, a violent poison, and sulphuric acid. The men are frequently incapacitated hours after a gas-attack which at the time appeared to have been without serious result. The physiological effects are usually insidious and cruel. Smoke-shells containing 'sneeze-gas' are sometimes first used, and these are immediately followed by shells containing violently toxic gases. If the men are affected by the 'sneeze-gas' before the masks are put on, it is very difficult for them to keep them on, because of the continued paroxysms of sneezing.

Chlorine itself is now comparatively seldom used alone, but nearly all the poison gases are compounds containing chlorine, and the ability to supply adequate quantities of this gas, which is obtained by the electrolysis of a solution of table salt, is an important factor in the prosecution of the war. The processes for its production have been well worked out by the electrochemist. It is a question of installation of adequate large-scale apparatus.

The task of the chemist naturally resolves itself into the development of protective and preventive devices (the defensive side), and the devising of new toxic gases (the offensive side). At the time of the first gas-attack the Allied forces were without any means of protection, since, although some inkling of a possible use of poison gases had been obtained, it was not believed that those provisions of international agreements

which were intended to eliminate such practices would be violated.

Only the simplest expedients could be immediately employed. After a number of gas-attacks in April and May, 1915, there were few attacks until December, 1915, and in that interval, with incredible rapidity, comparatively efficient masks were devised and manufactured, and these are being constantly perfected. But even at best, they are a serious handicap to the activities of the men, and much of the efficiency of gas-warfare comes from the depressing effect of wearing the masks for long periods. This is known as 'neutralization' of the opposing infantry force; and even if it constituted only an annoyance, it would be remarkably effective. When, for example, ammunition and supplies have to be brought to the front, there are almost inevitably exposed points, or cross-roads, where great confusion of traffic occurs. These spots are frequently discovered by the enemy, and by planting a few gas-shells in the vicinity, the workers are obliged to don their masks, which, in these night operations makes confusion worse confounded, and may even cause serious embarrassment in the delivery of needed supplies.

The masks now used are nearly all of the canister type: that is, the inhaled air is drawn in through a canister containing certain materials which will react with, or absorb, the gases before they enter the mask itself. This mask consists of a close-fitting fabric, containing usually more or less rubber in its structure, and held in place by elastic straps over the head. The exhaled breath escapes from the mask through a rubber valve which opens only from pressure from the inside. The time allowed to put on the mask, when slung by a strap from the neck, is under ten seconds. It is carried in a canvas case, and when the forces are within two miles of the front, they are required to wear the outfit in the 'alert' position, ready for instant use, night and day.

An important feature which has been the occasion of much scientific study is the eye-piece of the masks, to avoid dimming from the moisture accumulating within. Anti-dimming preparations have been found, and lately, as the result of many experiments, materials devised which reduce this difficulty to a minimum, under ordinary conditions of use.

Great improvements have been made in the effectiveness of the absorbent material used in the canisters, and this, in turn, has increased several fold the general efficiency which it was possible to attain at the time when the manufacture of the masks was first undertaken, and hence to diminish the amount of material to be placed in the canisters. The significance of this will be understood when it is realized that there is a considerable friction to overcome when the inhaled air is drawn through the canister. This was so great in the earlier masks, that it made necessary a suction on the part of the wearer of the mask equal to that required to raise a column of water in a tube to a height of six inches; an effort not incomparable with that made by many asthmatic sufferers to draw air into the lungs. This frictional resistance has been materially lessened by the improvement in the protective materials, and every reduction, however slight, is a great boon to the troops.

The materials used in the canisters are selected to react with gases of an acid character, and with those capable of destruction by oxidation, a process like that generally known as combustion. Much reliance is, however, placed upon the absorptive power toward gases exhibited by many porous substances, notably, high grades of charcoal. The principle is the same as that utilized in

the 'charcoal filters' sometimes attached to our faucets to clarify water-supplies.

Of late a new problem has been presented, because of the use of gases in the form of 'smoke-clouds,' which easily pass through the protective materials contained in the canisters. This has necessitated the addition of another filtering medium, and has necessarily added somewhat to the resistance to be overcome.

How serious this 'neutralization' of troops through the continuous wearing of masks may be, is illustrated by the conditions which obtained before one of the recent violent attacks on the Western Front. It has been stated that the enemy fired gas-shells (mainly mustard-gas) at the rate of two hundred thousand shells per day for four days, each shell probably averaging about five pounds of material. While the gas-masks will protect the wearer from the inhalation of this gas, they must have required one or more renewals during this period. This attack was followed by a smoke-cloud attack which necessitated the use of the extension filters, thus subjecting the troops to added labor in breathing, after days of constant use of the mask. The physical strain under such conditions cannot fail to have been severe. It is not, however, to be supposed that the enemy was allowed to spend his time in full comfort.

As a means of detecting the approach of a toxic gas, canaries and white mice are placed in the trenches, as they are peculiarly sensitive to these chemicals and show signs of distress from dilutions which are unnoticed by man, especially when the gases are nearly odorless.

Of the offensive side of this gas-war it is obvious that little can properly be made public. There is reason to believe that our American chemists are making valuable contributions in this field.

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Another type of gas-problem is that presented by the necessity for protection against the gases resulting from the explosion of shells aboard our war-vessels, and from those gases which issue from the guns when the chambers are opened for recharging. To this must also be added the risk from poison-gas shells which may be so designed as to penetrate armor-plate before explosion. Carbon monoxide is a notable constituent of these gases. So long as the ventilating systems are intact, the men in the turrets (where the guns are situated) are protected; but in the event of damage to such systems, other protection, in the form of masks, is needed.

Again, the submarines present a series of problems. For example, the presence of hydrogen, which may escape from the storage-batteries and will easily form explosive mixtures with air, must be promptly detected. These are but two of many similar problems coming from the navy with which the chemist is busy and for which solutions have been found.

Much has been done in the production of efficient smoke-screens for use in the trenches, and notably as a protection against submarine attack. The chemists have perfected devices by which combinations of chemicals are used to produce clouds of remarkable density, some white, some black, which hang for a considerable period above land or water, and effectually obscure what is going on behind them.

To determine the accuracy of artillery fire, it is necessary for the aerial watchers to be able to trace the path of a portion of the shells by day or by night. This may be accomplished by attaching to some of the shells inflammable materials — phosphorus for example, which is ignited when the shell leaves the gun and leaves a trail of fire

at night, or of white smoke by day; or the point at which they land may be indicated by a similar phenomenon, taking place at the moment of impact. Aircraft of the type of the Zeppelins, or the observation balloons, are filled with hydrogen, and it is to this that their great vulnerability is largely due. Incendiary bullets, carrying inflammable materials, on piercing the envelopes of these craft, ignite the hydrogen, and destruction follows. Bullets and shells used in anti-aircraft guns must also be traced to determine the effectiveness of an attack, and this is accomplished in a similar way.

If the advent of a 'safe and sane Fourth' has served to restrict the activity of the pyrotechnic industries in this country, the war has called into service the knowledge and skill of their chemists and operators. Signals for night use, and those that develop colored smokes for day use, incendiary bombs for the ignition of buildings and of grain-fields, and stars for the illumination of battlefields, are among the many devices that must be produced in enormous quantities, and with the highest attainable degree of uniformity and reliability. Pyrotechnic research is today an important division of the work which is going on in various laboratories throughout the country. The educational institutions and many individuals and business organizations have placed their facilities at the command of the government, and in these laboratories, as well as in those of the government itself, a large corps of chemical investigators is busy with the study of the methods of safeguarding our forces against gas-attacks, and in perfecting procedures which will lead to the production of those toxic gases which have already proved effective, as well as of such new ones as may give promise of even more deadly effects.

It is a matter of common knowledge that we in the United States were confronted with a most serious situation with respect to dye-stuffs at the beginning of this war, on account of our dependence upon imported colors. This situation has been splendidly met by the chemists of the country. But the situation was serious in other countries also, for the demand for dyes for uniforms was made on an unprecedented scale. The chemists in the Allied countries rose to the occasion, and produced synthetic indigo for navy blue, using in part new processes, and also produced the necessary dyes for the khaki and olive-drab uniforms. This, although simple in the telling, involved extensive and intensive modifications of manufacturing processes and plants, and is fairly representative of many of the industrial crises which the chemist has been called upon to meet since the opening of the war.

Whether the rôle of the chemist in this war transcends in importance that of the members of other professions, to such an extent as to warrant the designation 'a chemists' war,' may reasonably be questioned; but, there can be no doubt that the contributions of the chemist to the prosecution of the war, of which a few typical instances only have been outlined, fairly substantiate a claim to a position of great responsibility for its successful conduct, at home and in the field. Much has been done, and much must still be done. Mind must be pitted against mind while the struggle lasts; and when it ends, and our country realizes, as it must if it expects to hold a dominating place in civilization and industry, that scientific methods alone afford a sound basis for federal and industrial development, the achievements of the chemist in the war should entitle him to increasing respect and to a highly responsible share in national life and in the councils of those who will direct our national policies.

PACIFISM AS AN AUXILIARY OF PANGERMANISM

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

I HAVE already shown in these pages that Pangermanism, and the concrete plan resulting from it, constitute the fundamental, deep-rooted, and remote cause of the war. I propose now to explain why Pacifism has powerfully served the most vital German ambitions, and why it is to-day an effective cause of the prolongation of the war.

Such a demonstration is most essential. From the Russian Revolution of March, 1917, down to the beginning of the German offensive against the Western Front in March, 1918, a current of pacifism, feeble and uncertain at the outset, has rushed with constantly increasing violence through the Entente countries. The pacifists who are conducting this movement are not really very numerous; but they make a great noise. They have considerable resources at their disposal, and are incontestably hard at work in influential circles among all the Allied nations.

They have already shown themselves to be so audacious, despite the many events which enjoin silence upon them, that we are justified in thinking that they will become active again if the slackening of the German offensive supplies them with an excuse. It is indispensable, therefore, at so critical and decisive a juncture, to take precautions against the tremendous danger that may result from their action, by making a more complete acquaintance with it.

While I now attack pacifism, it is impossible, I hope, for any one to attribute to me any hidden motive. For twenty years I did all that lay in my power to give warning of the danger, and thus to avoid war. If I take the pacifists to task now, it is because I am firmly convinced that, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, they are in reality, as I hope to prove, extremely dangerous enemies of Peace.

I. PACIFISM BEFORE THE WAR

The chief result secured by the pacifists before the original German aggression was to bring about in the countries now in alliance, a critical scrutiny of the foreign policy, characterized by unending concessions to the threatening demands of the governing powers at Berlin and Vienna, which had followed one another in quick succession, especially since 1890. Unquestionably, in the minds of those responsible for them, these concessions were made with the object of maintaining peace; but for the reasons set forth below, which are even now but little known, these concessions, despite the laudable intentions of those who urged them, were so unreasonable that they resulted in encouraging Austria and Germany to pursue the most immeasurably ambitious projects imaginable.

Let us observe first of all that, in the twenty-five years before the war, two apparently opposed currents of thought were rife in Europe. On the one hand, the government of Berlin, carrying to its extreme limit the application of the Prussian militaristic theory, completed all material preparations for the creation of Pan-Germany, and by means of

an energetic propaganda, made the whole German people morally ready to accept the various eventualities which should assure Prussianized Germany of universal domination. On the other hand, during precisely the same period, a powerful current of pacifism pressed the policy of disarmament in Great Britain, Russia, and France, with the result that the task of the Pangermanists was facilitated to an extraordinary degree.

We must note that pacifism broke loose irrespective of the political character of the states concerned; no less in constitutional monarchies like Great Britain, than in a republic like France and an autocratic empire like that of the Tsars. And we must note further, that in each of the present Allied countries in Europe, pacifism was not a monopoly of the party in opposition, for it infected in greater or less degree sections of all parties. Pacifists were numerous even among members of the governments of the Entente countries: Lord Lansdowne, for instance, and Sir Edward Grey, who through so many years were in control of the foreign affairs of Great Britain, were notorious pacifists. Tsar Nicholas II, also, was a very active pacifist. Indeed, it was he who was the persistent organizer of the Hague Conferences, the results of which have been far different from those anticipated by their founder.

Under the influence of pacifist ideas, the various acts which, in the view of the now Allied European governments, were concessions made to Germany with the object of assuring peace, but which in Berlin were regarded as moral surrenders inviting a progressive amplification of Pangermanist demands, became so numerous, that I can mention only the more important instances.

1. The facility with which the Russia of 1890 to 1904 allowed herself to be diverted by German diplomacy from her traditional policy in the Balkans, and to become involved, at the suggestion of Berlin, in the Far East and finally to be drawn into a disastrous war with Japan, so that in Eastern Europe the field was left open to Germany.

2. The Franco-German treaty of November 4, 1911, by virtue of which France ceded 275,000 square kilometres of the French Congo to Germany, whereas, for all practical purposes, this treaty confirmed so irrevocably the German economic mortgage upon Morocco, that on November 9, 1911, *the treaty being signed*, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg was able to announce, with perfect truth, in the Reichstag: —

'We have given up nothing in Morocco that we had not already given up, and we have secured an enlargement of our colonial domain.

The fact is that France was so fast bound by this treaty, that it needed nothing less than the world-war to enable her to construct in Morocco the telegraph lines and railways which the treaty forbade her to undertake, without the assent of Berlin, both to the actual construction of these works and even to the order of their construction.

3. The lack of comprehension, truly extraordinary in its persistence, manifested alike by France, Great Britain, and Russia, of the matter of the Bagdad Railway. And yet, as early as 1900, it was obvious that that railway was destined to become the keystone of the whole German scheme of universal domination.

Now, at the Potsdam interview in November, 1910, Nicholas II definitively assented to the construction of German railways in Turkey and their connection with those that Russia might build in Persia.

On the other hand, in his sensational memoirs Prince Lichnowsky has disclosed the fact that in 1912 and 1913 Sir E. Grey made the immense conces-

sion of consenting benevolently to allow the construction of German railway lines in the Ottoman Empire. By virtue of this Anglo-German agreement, the British economic zone of influence was defined on the shore of the Persian Gulf and in the district of the Smyrna–Aidin railway. The French zone of influence comprised Syria and Russian Armenia. But the whole of Mesopotamia as far as Bassorah, — that is, the choice morsel the possession of which assured the domination of the rest of the Ottoman Empire, — was recognized by Great Britain as the zone of German influence. Thus Sir E. Grey gratified to the full the Pangermanist ambition by consenting to the building of the Hamburg–Bagdad line.

It is plain, that, in acting thus, Sir E. Grey was guided by his insistent pacifism, and by the belief that, if the East were abandoned to Germany, she would leave the rest of the world at peace. Moreover, this conviction was widespread among the pacifist Socialists of the East, with whom, as Prince Lichnowsky says, Sir E. Grey was sympathetic. Now, these pacifist Socialists were generally of the opinion, with Sir E. Grey, that the best way to avoid war was to bow unresistingly to the will of Berlin. That is why many of them assented in advance, and quite explicitly, to the German scheme of laying violent hands upon Central Europe and to the Hamburg–Persian Gulf line.

Nothing could prove more conclusively the existence of this opinion than the following extract from a book published in 1913 by a prominent French Socialist, M. Marcel Sembat. This work, which has the curious title, *Make a King; if not, Make Peace*, deserves very special attention for two reasons. In the first place, M. Sembat discusses the gravest questions with a knowledge and perspicacity whose mediocre extent is sufficiently indicated by this epigram: 'A twentieth-century war is decided in a week!' Secondly, this book was in such entire accord with the wishes of the French pacifists, that, by August of the year of publication, it had reached its eighteenth edition — an unprecedented success for a work of this sort.

M. Sembat's wonderful scheme for avoiding war may be summarized as an anticipatory, complete, and graceful surrender to the demands of Germany on all essential points. He therefore advised the French to abandon definitively all claim to Alsace-Lorraine. Moreover, he declares, on page 145, —

> Bismarck left to Austria the famous watchword: 'Drang nach Osten! On to the East!' As a matter of elementary foresight, we should have congratulated ourselves on it. To the East? That will divert the German current from us. Would you prefer that it should flow toward the West? Bismarck points us to Tunis and Africa; he points the German people to the East; we are lucky not to come into collision with them. Are we satisfied? We are exasperated, mad with rage! For my part, I can imagine nothing more foolish than the frenzy that seizes us when Germany forms plans about Anatolia, or the road to Bagdad, or all Asia Minor. I would say to her with all my heart, 'Bon voyage!'

In his state of virgin ignorance, geographical, ethnographical, economic, and psychological, M. Sembat did not suspect, any more than Sir E. Grey, that to give the East to Germany was to furnish her with the means of enslaving the West as well. Nor did the idea that the German seizure of Central Europe and the Balkans might very well reduce to slavery democratic peoples entitled to be free, give M. Sembat pause. Speaking of Russian interests in the Balkans, he assured the Tsar's government beforehand that France 'refuses to draw the sword for Bosnia and Herzegovina, for the Serbian pig.'

Now, as we shall see, M. Sembat, in

1913, expressed opinions leading to practically the same results as those urged by M. Caillaux in 1916. In the speech for the prosecution made by the Military Governor of Paris on December 10, 1917, against the former President of the Council, the following language is attributed to M. Caillaux when he was in Italy, in December, 1916, striving to induce France and Italy to make peace.

> All the costs of the war [he said] should be paid by Russia and the Balkans. Serbia will disappear and will have only what she deserves. Roumania, too, will disappear; that is unfortunate, but it is better that she should pay for the crash, than we.

Thus, in 1916, in the midst of the war, M. Caillaux, to the intense indignation of France, recommended the same solution, to which the outgivings of M. Sembat, in 1913, in the midst of peace, actually pointed. Now at that precise time, in 1913, Sir E. Grey was working to gratify M. Sembat's aspirations, since he graciously abandoned to Germany Mesopotamia as an exclusive sphere of influence. Thus Socialists like M. Sembat, who represented truly the dominant opinions of their party, and governing statesmen like Sir E. Grey, were absolutely agreed as to the general line of conduct to be followed.

In view of the incontestable facts established by the Lichnowsky memoirs, we can form our conclusions without fear of going astray. Before the war, thinking thus to avoid it, and as a result of their profound ignorance of actualities and of the consequences of their concessions, the Allied Socialists and pacifists drew Pan-Germany's chestnuts out of the fire — unknowingly, no doubt, but most persistently.

II. PACIFISM DURING THE WAR

The German aggression broke forth in 1914, under conditions so manifestly execrable that one was justified in thinking that any offensive renewal of pacifism in the Allied countries would be impossible. Unhappily it has turned out otherwise.

The Kienthalians and the Zimmervaldians — I use these names to designate a large number of pacifists who were present at the meetings at Kienthal and Zimmervald in Switzerland — were, after August, 1914, the depositories of the theory of an immediate peace. During the first two years of the war they exerted only a very feeble influence among the Western Allies; but their action was abruptly encouraged by the Russian Revolution, in exploiting the various possibilities of which the German agents showed remarkable cleverness. These agents set to work first of all upon the Russians, who were overdone with the war. Next, the representatives of Boche propaganda cynically 'bought,' in order to enlist them on their side, a part of that intellectual crew which, in all countries, claims to have advanced ideas, but whose so-called social ideal is a readily purchasable subject of speculation. Lastly, the sincere pacifists, who had held their peace during the first two years of the war, were relieved to find themselves set free from a silence which was a heavy burden to them, when the Russian revolutionists declared before the world that pacifism of the Bolshevik brand, thanks to the effect it must have on the German workingman, would ensure peace very shortly, under conditions involving the downfall of Prussian militarism.

Under the concomitant influence of these various causes, after March, 1917, the pacifist current made such progress in Russia, Italy, France, and Great Britain, that, until the German offensive against the Western Front in March, 1918, there was actually far more discussion in the Allied newspa-

pers as to how peace could be brought about, than as to the surest methods of winning the war. The project of a conference at Stockholm, suggested by the Boches, was an especial subject of endless discussions, whereas that German trap was so clumsily constructed, that it should have been thrust aside with contempt and without explanations.

In 1917 and 1918 the pacifist aberration reached such a point that, while Germany had substantially fastened her grip upon all Central and Eastern Europe and was extending her hegemony over the vast spaces of European Russia, the pacifists declared freely that the war-map was of no importance. In a number of Allied newspapers they went so far as to ask, as did *Le Pays*, a paper of Socialist-pacifist tendencies, in an editorial in February, 1918, 'Does this mean that victory is to be sought by military action alone? That would be an extraordinary misconception.'

Now, by other than military action, *Le Pays* and the pacifists mean the negotiation of a compromise peace. Thus, at the very moment when the Austro-Germans were cynically violating the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, of which they themselves imposed the terms upon the Russian pseudo-negotiators; when the Turks were proceeding methodically to destroy the Armenians; when the Bulgarians were destroying the Serbians; when the Austro-Hungarian government was systematically causing famine in the Czech and Jugo-Slav districts, the pacifists of the Entente were guilty of the unpardonable aberration of recommending a peace by conciliation, the execution and observance of which would be dependent solely on the good faith of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey!

The pacifist infection has been propagated in the Entente countries during the war by men belonging to the most diverse classes. Early in 1916, when he was a member of the Asquith Cabinet, then declining to its fall, Lord Lansdowne, a peer of the United Kingdom, formerly Governor General of Canada and of India, and former Secretary for Foreign Affairs, put forth a memorandum in which he advised immediate peace. On November 19, 1917, just when the Austro-Germans were proceeding to parcel out Russia, he published a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* in which he publicly urged a peace by conciliation. Finally, on March 5, 1918, he returned to the charge, still in the *Daily Telegraph*, at a time when the General Staff at Berlin was concentrating on the Western Front all the forces at the disposal of Pan-Germany.

But there is no question that the pacifists were most numerous from March, 1917, to March, 1918, among the Socialist politicians of Russia, Italy, France, and Great Britain. These politicians have manifested an incomprehensible failure to grasp the situation. In proportion as the Germans enlarged their enormous war-map, which at the end of 1917 already extended considerably beyond the boundaries of Pan-Germany as conceived in the project of 1895–1911, the Allied pacifist-Socialist politicians considered that the reasons for 'conversing' with the German Socialists increased in force. The argument to which they have constantly resorted is that their influence over the Social Democrats of Germany would bring about an uprising on their part, from which there would result, at one and the same time, peace and the end of Prussian militarism.

As a matter of fact, this conviction was never justified in even the slightest degree. It has never been possible to harbor any illusion as to the real sentiments of the Social Democrats. It is not fair to say, as is so often done, that before the war the German Socialists tried to make the French and English

Socialists believe that they would revolt in case of war. The exact contrary is true. On various occasions, in fact, authorized representatives of the German Socialists have issued pronouncements entirely free from ambiguity. On July 29, 1911, Molkenbuhr, a Socialist member of the Reichstag, said to the newspaper *Le Matin*, 'I do not believe that the German Labor party can prevent war. . . . It must not be forgotten that the Socialist party in Germany has never yet succeeded in winning more than a third of the electoral seats in the Empire.' *L'Humanité* having published, late in January, 1912, an interview with Karl Liebknecht in which he was made to say that war would be warded off by the German Socialist party, Liebknecht formally disavowed this interview in the Prussian Chamber on February 1; and to make the disavowal as explicit as possible, another Socialist Deputy, Stroehl, said, 'We are patriots, and we do not propose to disarm the Fatherland when confronting the foreigner.'

In reality, then, if the Socialist politicians among the Western Allies were led astray, before the war and during the first three years of its continuance, as to the attitude of the Kaiser's Socialists, it was because they themselves had created the state of mind which predisposed them to go astray. As to the rôle of the German Socialists during the war, and the hopes which it has been possible to base on their pacifistic tendencies, there is a document of exceptional interest which summarizes their attitude with equal vigor and truth.

It is very interesting to follow the course of the leading French Socialist newspaper, *L'Humanité*. Side by side with articles crammed with wrong-headed theories, in which French pacifists declare that the war-map is of no importance, and that the only guaranty of peace that we need is Germany's promise not to begin again, *L'Humanité* occasionally prints articles, or documents, which, while conforming absolutely to Socialist principles and interests, are certainly sincere and of unquestionable value. These articles and documents are generally contributed by a Swiss correspondent who uses the pen-name Homo, — his real name is Grumbach, — and who has constantly proved himself to be exceedingly well informed concerning Germany.

Now, Homo caused to be reprinted, in *L'Humanité* of March 13, 1918, an article which appeared at Petrograd in the *Novaia Jizm*, Gorky's International organ, on January 11 (24), 1918. This article, from the pen of one of the rare Minority German Socialists who have eluded the grasp of Prussian militarism, was printed without signature, in order to safeguard its author against reprisals; but it is clear that it is the work of a man perfectly familiar with actual conditions. It contains observations which seem to come as near as possible to the truth concerning the procedure of the German Social Democrats, the state of mind of the German workingmen, and the projects of the most audacious of all pacifists, the Bolsheviks. I propose to quote certain passages from this article, which I regard as a very important document.

> In German military circles, the success of the negotiations with Russia is frankly explained by the fact that all those persons who were needed have been 'fixed.' No one in Germany can refuse to admit that the Bolsheviks are sincerely *convinced* of the logical revolutionary trend of their policy. . . . There is no hope that the German proletariat will follow the example of the Russian Revolution; and the one thing of which we are least of all justified in dreaming is that they will organize a revolution of the Bolshevist type. For three and a half years the German proletariat has been in a state of the most absolute intellectual atrophy and political degradation. The work-

ingmen babble of war-profits, of the shortage of food-crops, but this does not prevent their frittering their time away, passive in their exhaustion, stripped of every shred of idealism. If certain individuals think otherwise, aspire to something different, their number is always less than that of those proletarians who sympathize with nationalities and of the annexationists. . . .

The Bolsheviks are not so ignorant that they do not see quite clearly that, whatever masks the German diplomats assume, the military party, which is on top in Germany, can in no case seriously desire a democratic peace, or even resign themselves to the possibility of such a peace. They would sacrifice the last soldier rather than abandon the conquests with which the war began.

The writer proceeds to explain how the Brest-Litovsk negotiations were so handled as to pave the way for the great German offensive on the Western Front.

The article from which I quote was published at Petrograd in January, 1918. In view of the slowness of communication with Germany, it is practically certain that it was written, at the latest, in December, 1917, and probably in November. Now, inasmuch as the facts fully justify the following suggestions and forecasts, the value of the Minority Socialist author's sources of information and of his judgment is demonstrated. He continues thus: —

The German delegation gave to their pourparlers with our Bolshevist friends [at Brest-Litovsk] a tone of mocking cynicism which they scarcely took pains to disguise. It was not enough for them to be able, during the suspension of hostilities, to transfer troops, at their pleasure, to the Western Front: they also forced the inclusion in the terms of the armistice of a sentence which permitted them to carry through any transfer of troops that had already begun.

Thus the *first* object of the pourparlers on the Eastern Front was attained — the transfer *en masse* of troops to the Western Front; for these manœuvres aimed, not only at the conclusion of peace, but at reaching a military decision of the conflict.

In January, a great offensive will be begun on the West, by which they expect to forestall the aid which may be looked for from the United States, and to effect at the last moment of the war what was prevented in 1914 by the situation on the Marne — namely, the subjugation of France by a whirlwind assault.

No less serious is the fact that the Bolsheviks have agreed also to concur in Germany's *second* object. By the phrase relating to the immediate resumption of economic relations, Germany secures the means of renewing, thanks to the resources of Russia, her reserves of food-supplies and of raw materials, which are in danger of exhaustion. The food-supplies are not sufficient to outlast the spring. The danger was great. At this critical moment the Bolsheviks came to the rescue.

Lastly, the Bolsheviks have assisted in the *third* step of the German policy. These most uncompromising of all revolutionaries of history, who would fain realize the whole Socialist scheme at a single stroke, have the face to declare, — presuming with unheard-of audacity upon the stupidity of the people, — that the principles of their peace-programme and of the programme of the military authorities of the Central Empires so far coincide as to serve as a common basis for the conclusion of a general democratic peace. By this declaration alone they have lent their aid to the German intrigues which, through the instrumentality of the pacifist dodge and the skillful exploitation of the formula of a peace 'without annexations or indemnities,' aim not unsuccessfully at weakening the military morale of the Entente nations, who thirst for peace. On the other hand, the Bolsheviks have fostered the intrigues which seek to maintain and strengthen among the German peoples the determination to continue the war with the Entente, which is accused of spurning the so-called peace.

From the moment that the Bolsheviks not only sacrifice their principles, but also, point by point, — like their friend of late date, Scheidemann, — aggravate this sudden shift of position by pretending that, in obedience to their pressure, Prussian militarism has gone over to the side of revolutionary Social-Democratic doctrines; from

the moment that they act thus, — whether consciously or from stupidity makes no difference, — their role is identical with that of the German agents in foreign countries, upon whom millions are lavished without accounting, so that they may spread broadcast among the nations of the Entente and neutral peoples the theories of pacifism, of anti-militarism, of anti-capitalism, and of revolution.

By this policy the Bolsheviks are preparing the way, not for peace for Russia and for all mankind now crushed to earth by the war, but solely for the most savage triumph of Prussian militarism, which, alas! has no thought of being converted to the Bolshevist faith.

The opposition in Germany is doomed to be silent. The German masses are wearing themselves out at the front, or are being worked to death at home by excessive toil and insufficient nourishment. The venal press follows docilely the orders of the Military Press Bureau or of the managers of the metal industry. The Reichstag was prorogued before the pourparlers with Russia began. German militarism is omnipotent and marches onward unimpeded.

In reality, as everyone who really knew anything of the German spirit could have been certain beforehand, the Kaiser's Social Democrats are thoroughly content with the German victories. The *Vorwaerts* of March 3, 1918, did not shrink from saying, —

> To-day Germany has won a victory in the East which no one can deny, and in the West the condition of affairs is such that our previous belief in a successful defensive has come to seem downright modesty. These are wishes and hopes which extend very far: Germany absolutely triumphant over a world irreparably conquered, dictating terms of peace in the West as she has dictated them in the East. The German working class has not only desired for its fatherland its present military triumph, but has assisted materially in securing it.

Now, the overwhelming evidence of malign snares, like that of Stockholm, the Bolshevist treachery, and the formidable actualities of the war-map, have not put an end to the fantastic delusions of the Allied pacifistic Socialists. This is shown by the fact that, in the middle of March last, only a few days before the opening of the great German offensive, M. Camille Huysmans, who lives in England, a very important personage in Socialist circles by virtue of his office of Secretary of the International Socialist Bureau, had so mistaken a conception of the situation that he was actually making arrangements for the approaching international conference. In order to remove so far as possible every obstacle to this conference, M. Huysmans made it known publicly that he regarded as simple suggestions the terms of the Inter-Allied Socialist memorandum of February, 1918, which might possibly embarrass the German Socialists. According to *Le Pays* of March 20, he went so far as to say, 'The Inter-Allied memorandum does not suggest as a condition of peace the creation of an Austrian confederation.'

Thus we find ourselves confronted by this extraordinary situation: Huysmans regards it as admissible to leave the Slavs and Latins of Central Europe under the German-Magyar yoke; which, moreover, amounts practically to consenting to the definitive consolidation of Mittel-Europa, and hence of Pan-Germany.

What makes this willingness of the Allied pacifist Socialists to 'treat' with the Social Democrats even more incomprehensible is that certain German Socialists, of undeniable competence to speak for their fellows, have warned the pacifist Socialists of the absolute fruitlessness of their efforts. For example, the German Socialist Emile Bruck, the former friend of Bebel and Bernste, asserted, in an interview printed in the *Daily Chronicle* of London early in March, 1918: —

The British Labor Party desires to meet the organized German democracy in an international congress. What is the meaning of that term? Does it mean Majority Socialists? The leaders of the British Labor Party would have as little success in inducing Herren Scheidemann, David, and Ebert to accept the sort of peace proposed by Mr. Lloyd George as they would have in inducing the German Emperor to leave his throne. . . . As an old German Socialist, let me tell my English comrades that our democratic ideal cannot be realized until after the defeat of Germany on the battlefield. It is not through civilization that we shall set ourselves free from the domination of those who brought on this war.

But there is worse to come. The *Vorwaerts* itself did not hesitate to say, — also in the early days of March, and therefore previous to M. Huysmans's declarations quoted above, —

The German workingmen will not enter upon a general strike, nor will they rise in revolt — in the first place, because they are not ready, and secondly, because they know that by so doing they would make themselves accomplices of the imperialists of the Entente. Moreover, the latest events prove conclusively how deplorable the Maximalist methods are, from every point of view.

When we find that the warnings of the authoritative, pure-blooded German Socialists, that even the declarations of the Kaiser's German Socialists themselves that they will not revolt, and that three years of overwhelming evidence have not sufficed to convince the pacifist Socialists of the Entente of their error (that error consisting in their determination to set about peace-making with the Social Democrats), it is altogether useless to attempt to convince them.

But, after the incredible sacrifice made by the Allied nations, it is not possible for them to allow themselves to be inveigled into a conference with the Boches, which could result only in a Western treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which would reduce them to servitude. The Allied pacifists, therefore, as they are impervious to all the evidence, must be regarded as extremely dangerous lunatics, against whom we have the right, as well as the bounden duty, to protect ourselves.

CONCLUSIONS

The deep-seated cause of pacifism, generally speaking, is the very incomplete knowledge of external affairs, — and, hence, of Germany, — which unfortunately we are obliged to recognize in the countries now allied. The result of this ignorance is that those persons who are temperamentally inclined to idealism discuss war and peace through the medium of abstract principles and *a priori* theories, having no knowledge of definite facts, carefully scrutinized, to save them from errors. Thus they see foreign countries as they would fain have them and not as they are.

Now, it is from this category of minds, predisposed to theory, that the pacifists are recruited. Again, it is readily understood that, while they have very little familiarity with external *material* facts, they are even more ignorant of external *immaterial* facts — notably, the psychology of the German people. And each and every pacifist error has its definite basis in this ignorance. The acts of pacifist foreign policy from 1890 to 1914 — the endless concessions made to Germany or Austria — were generally regarded in Great Britain, Russia, and France as wise and prudent and calculated to ensure peace; this estimate could proceed from nothing else than utter failure to comprehend German psychology.

Those persons in the Allied countries who believed and still believe that to make a concession to the Germans is the surest means of inducing them to respond with reciprocal concessions are absolutely mistaken. Prussianized Ger-

many sees evidence of weakness in every voluntary concession, and is tempted thereby to demand more ere long. It is of vital importance that people in the Allied countries should become imbued with this fact, which is known to all those, who have watched Germany closely. The Germans, by reason of an ages-old atavism which cannot be suddenly changed, respect nothing save material force guided by an intellectual force which knows them through and through.

Thus the only way to persuade Germany to preserve the peace is to constrain her to do so by forcible methods more powerful than her own and always ready to be set in motion.

The facts prove clearly enough the danger of concessions to the Germans. Before the signing of the Franco-German treaty of November 4, 1911, relating to Morocco, — which at the present moment many good people in France, who know little about it, still regard as a step which contributed to the maintenance of peace, — M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu predicted, in the *Économiste Français* of September, 1911, that that treaty would encourage the Germans to make further claims.

> To offer [said the distinguished economist] vast tracts of territory to a nation which has risked neither a single soldier nor a single cent, and which is content to subject us to constant blackmail, is to encourage the indefinite repetition of the same thing.

Now, the Germans were by no means satisfied with the enormous concessions which M. Caillaux made to Germany; but they considered that, inasmuch as the threat of war had already had an important effect, the thing to do was to repeat it at the next opportunity.

Proof that any agreement with the Germans, as it is susceptible of being attributed to the fear that they will resort to force, is always interpreted by them as a surrender inviting renewed demands on their part, is supplied by the important revelation made to the *Temps* newspaper, in mid-September, 1917, by Mr. Iswolsky, former minister of the Tsar Nicholas II. Wilhelm II having stated in a conversation with Mr. Iswolsky that he wished to draw France into an alliance with Germany against England, the Russian statesman called the Emperor's attention to the fact that the question of Alsace-Lorraine stood between France and Germany. 'But that is settled,' replied Wilhelm. 'In the Morocco business I threw down the glove to France, and she declined to pick it up, that is, to fight, and consequently the Alsace-Lorraine question has ceased to exist.'

Thus, according to testimony, which cannot be questioned, it is the German Emperor himself who informs us that, whenever anyone does not choose to fight with Germany about a matter in dispute, this attitude is interpreted at Berlin as a surrender; and this manner of interpreting concessions is characteristic of practically all Germans, because of their peculiar psychological make-up, which clearly cannot be modified for a long time to come.

The actual truth is that, when one has the right on one's side and the power to enforce respect for it, every concession made to Germany is a grave error, psychologically speaking, which will have to be dearly paid for, as it inevitably leads to a conflict much more serious, than that which one has avoided. Certain known facts enable us to verify the accuracy of this point of view.

Common sense tells us that vigorous and effective opposition could have been made, about 1900, by Russia, France, and Great Britain, to the German project of a railway to Bagdad. It should have been possible for those three powers to act together at that

time, for it was perfectly evident to judicious minds that the three were threatened in equal degree in their vital interests by the Bagdad scheme. And, at that time, those powers had at their disposal forces before which Berlin would have had to withdraw, for German public opinion had not then been aroused by the Pangermanist plan.

With a comparatively feeble effort, therefore, a vastly important result might have been attained, if they had acted with steadfastness and determination. As the Pangermanist conceptions are all based on the carrying through of the Hamburg to Bagdad project, they would have been killed at the root by effective opposition to the German Bagdad Railway. The Pangermanist virus, which was then just beginning to spread, would have been destroyed before it had infected, as it has, substantially the whole German mass. The new German claims, which have been incessant since 1900, could not have been put forward in the face of such vigorous opposition to the first step in the creation of Pan-Germany, and the present catastrophe could not have occurred.

In reality, then, the endless concessions made to Germany by France, Russia, and Great Britain, with the best intentions, have simply tempted them to claim more and more. That is why it is just and reasonable to conclude that the concessions hitherto made by the present Allies, under the influence of the pacifists, have acted as a constant aggravation of German ambitions, from which the war has resulted. In the last analysis, pacifism created the peculiar atmosphere, indispensable to the growth and development of the poisonous plant, Pangermanism.

Lastly, the downfall of Russia is a convincing proof that the pacifists — of whom the Bolsheviks are the most perfect type — have done exactly the opposite of what should have been done to bring the war speedily to an end, and to ensure the triumph of democracy. At the beginning of 1917, Central Pan-Germany being already a fact, its destruction was the essential preliminary to ensuring for Russia an honorable and lasting peace, which alone would have made it possible for her to effect her great democratic reforms — elections, federal organization, and agrarian reform. On the other hand, in March, 1917, Russia was well supplied with munitions furnished by the Allies, and the Russian dépôts were full of trained troops. So that, if the Russians had chosen to continue the war with energy, Prussian militarism would have been destroyed ere this, and the triumph of democracy assured. It was manifestly the determination of the Bolsheviks to have peace at any price which brought about the downfall of Russia, her present state of servitude, and the great German offensive on the Western Front.

It can fairly be said that pacifism, in view of its manifestations taken as a whole, has brought about results diametrically opposed to those anticipated by its propagandists. Before the war, pacifism went far to encourage the development of the Pangermanist idea. Since the war began, the pacifist aberrations have unquestionably prolonged the struggle and largely increased the sacrifices that the Allies are called upon to make.

The undisputed facts prove, then, that, in order to win the war, pacifism — the propagandists of which are comparatively few in number, but as noisy as they are ill-informed — must be combatted in the Allied countries as vigorously as Pangermanism, of which it is the most potent auxiliary.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

LONG, LONG THOUGHTS

Metamorphosis

Somewhere on the Ocean is
The boy who brought our groceries
    Before the War began.
His name is Willie, and he took
The orders daily from the cook,
And wrote them in his little book,
    And carried off the can
In which we keep our kerosene.
He was n't very neat and clean.

But now so neat and clean he is,
The boy who brought our groceries,
    And stands so straight,
You'd never know him for the same
Stoop-shouldered, careless boy who
    came,
And often got a lot of blame
    For bringing things so late.
He was so shiftless, goodness knows
If he had ever brushed his clothes!

But now a soldier man he is,
The boy who brought our groceries,
    And gone to shoot a Hun.
Sunday he called on Cook, to say
Good-bye before he went away;
And Pop shook hands with him that day
    As proud as anyone.
He is so soldierly and trim,
We all are proud of knowing him.

The Transport

Upon the Bath-Tub Ocean,
With gunboats in advance,
I set my ships in motion
To bear my troops to France.
The largest was my Noah's Ark;
My soldiers made of wood
On that good ship I saw embark,
With cannon, guns, and food.

Aboard my sturdy sloop boat
I play with at the shore,
I let my oldest troop float,
Some twenty men or more.
In breeches blue and jackets red,
With knapsack and with gun,
My little veterans of lead
Took gangway on the run.

My paper soldiers boarded
My schooner boat. The day
Was misty. I out-sworded.
'Up anchor — and away!'
We headed out beside a cliff
Of snowy porcelain:
And every hero wondered if
He would come home again.

That night the wicked U-boats
That in the Bath-Tub lurk,
They tried to sink a few boats,
And made our gunner work.
Down went the Ark, while roundabout
Played searchlights white and slim.
But every soldier-man got out;
And all of them could swim.

The Ark and all the good things
To eat was quite a loss.
The soldiers, being wood things,
Kept on and swam across.
But from the sloop boat, sad to tell,
When shells were bursting round,
Two of my little veterans fell
And both — were — drowned!

The Worm

When the earth is turned in spring,
The worms are fat as anything.

And birds come flying all around
To eat the worms right off the ground.

They like worms just as much as I
Like bread and milk and apple-pie.

And once, when I was very young,
I put a worm right on my tongue.

I did n't like the taste a bit,
And so I did n't swallow it.

But oh, it makes my mother squirm,
Because she *thinks* I ate that worm!

RETRIEVING THE AIREDALE

'We are sending George a half-grown Airedale pup,' wrote my uncle. 'His registered name is Jasper III. Don't let him run by himself until you have shown him the country.'

If Jasper was a puppy, he was old for his age. He was approximately the size of a sheep, though more gaunt and rangy in build; and he had the easy gait of a zebra. His expression was worn and sapient. This aspect of advanced age was heightened by the brown wisps of beard that floated around his chin. He had an elderly mannerism of cocking one eyebrow and glancing about, sidelong, out of the corner of one cynical eye. He looked like an ancient wizard or dervish — shrewd and inscrutable.

But, however aged Jasper looked, his stride was agile. 'Don't let the dog out!' shouted the family in one breath if one of us went to the door. We developed an elaborate technique of stage-exit to get out of the house at all: first backing discreetly toward the door, squeezing hastily through, and finally stuffing back such portions of Jasper's leaping frame as had managed to emerge.

Twice daily, our pet walked out on a leash. Brother George had decided to show him the country. I was offered the privilege of acting occasionally as Burton Holmes myself, if I liked, but I always objected to going on a leash.

Our dog had therefore seen only such parts of the country as George had had time to show him, when, on New Year's Sunday, he escaped. I was to blame. Two friends had promised to call for me to go with them to four o'clock Vespers. As they came in, Jasper rushed out, prancing deliriously off across the snow.

'Catch him!' gasped my friends, as I plunged down the steps. I whistled busily as I ran. Surely he would come! He was still in sight against the skyline, dancing on his hind legs like some fairy-tale goblin in the snow. If only I could reach the top of the hill before he finished his barn-dance! Just at this point, the minister's bull-dog Mike came trotting happily down the west road, and with him Patrick, the belligerent Irish terrier owned by the High-School principal. Into this impeccable company sailed Jasper, a yelping lunatic, wild with joy. They greeted him with shouts, and all three rolled with laughter in the drifts.

My friends, breathless with remorse, came scrambling over the hill, and we charged three abreast toward the heap of dogs. Jasper saw us. With a kangaroo leap he cleared the fence, and, followed by Mike and the terrier, went skimming in great sweeping circles toward the square. Here, Admiral Sims, the grocer's young spaniel, joined the flying squadron. The dogs stopped to explain matters to the Admiral.

'Oh,' gasped one of my running-mates, 'if we only could creep up on 'em now!' Creeping up, one finds, is not the right method of pursuit for such as Jasper. We had barely gained the green when Judge Granger's white setter, Lady Montague, appeared around the corner by the church. Head over heels went Admiral Sims. Swifter than eagles flew Mike and the terrier. But more fleet than they all, went Jasper. Lady Montague met them serenely in the wide enclosure by the church. Once

more the circle of dogs stood motionless, noses together, tails all wagging amiably — plumed tail, bob-tail, willow tail, screw-tail, and the rag-tag tail of Jasper. People were still going into church. As my friends and I came pounding along, I thought feverishly of those quiet old days, when I used to go to Vespers myself.

I turned a heated countenance to my friends. 'Go into church,' said I solemnly. 'All I have to do is take Jasper home.'

They obeyed, protesting.

'Come, Jasper,' said I in disciplinary monotone, persuasive hand upon his collar. I stood aside politely to let Judge and Mrs. Granger pass in to divine worship, and then I set off across the lawn, dragging my lion couchant beside me over the frozen crust. At the gate he arose with a jerk, rampant — and his collar slid off in my hand.

Oh, dogs can laugh — wild mirth, an ecstasy of humor. Down the long hill they flew, hysterical with glee, Mike and the Admiral and Patrick in the rear, Lady Montague and Jasper far ahead.

I set my teeth. I was accountable to George for Jasper's safe convoy. I had vague, ascetic visions of following, following until I died. With the warm collar still in hand, I toiled on gloomily, now at a foot-pace, now at a moderate trot. The term 'dog-trot' took on a richness of significance new to me. In a sketchy, canine way, we mapped the township and all its rural routes, returning at last by early star-rise down the west road to the home neighborhood.

Here I had an inspiration. Going to the door of the High-School principal, I rang the bell.

'*Would* you be willing,' said I, 'to see if you can call Patrick? If all the rest of these dogs would go home, I might be able to call Jasper.'

A house-to-house canvass of all the dog-owners I made, with conscientious thoroughness. I roused them all, even Judge Granger's distinguished son. He greeted me with a peal of frivolous gayety, but he called Lady Montague.

'Shall I call Mike, too?' he inquired. 'The minister and my father are staying for a committee meeting after Vespers.'

Vespers! thought I.

'Yes, call him,' I said. 'Do.'

This left only Jasper. He flitted briskly up the embankment near our neighbor's house and dared me to come near. I glanced over at my own home. There was a light in George's room. With parched lips I whistled the family whistle. Up went the window.

'George,' said I mildly, 'Jasper got out. He won't come in.'

'Why don't you whistle to him?' suggested George placidly.

I walked stonily into the house, and met my brother in the hall.

'Here,' said I bitterly, 'here is Jasper's collar. *You* whistle.'

A moment later, George and Jasper came in, hand in hand, and sat down before the fire.

'George,' said I gently, after a thoughtful pause, 'when did Uncle Tyler say we could let Jasper run?'

'As soon as he's seen the country.'

I looked at Jasper, and Jasper, cocking one eyebrow, looked at me.

'Well,' said I, 'he has.'

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Vernon Kellogg, a distinguished American biologist, played an important part in the vital work of the American Relief Commission in Belgium and Northern France before we entered the war. He has since been actively engaged in the service of the United States Food Administration, still in close association with Herbert Hoover, his cordial and discriminating appreciation of whom, 'as Individual and Type,' in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*, our readers will recall. To all our newer readers we heartily recommend his *Headquarters Nights*, which we think the best interpretation yet published of the German military spirit. **Arthur Henderson,** the outstanding figure in the present Labor movement in Great Britain, and one of its authorized spokesmen, was himself the subject of an interesting paper by Mr. Gardiner of the *Daily News*, printed in our August number. **Professor Le Baron Russell Briggs,** now and for many years past Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard, is also President of Radcliffe College. The wise and beloved counselor of a generation of Harvard students, he is universally recognized as the truest and most judicious friend of Intercollegiate Athletics as they should be. **Miss V. H. Friedlander** is an English writer of stories of distinction. 'The Discoverer' and 'Three's Company' appeared in the *Atlantic* in 1916.

* * *

William Beebe is Curator of Ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park. 'The Convict Trail' will form part of a volume called *Jungle Peace*, to be published by Henry Holt and Co. in the early autumn. **Olive Cecilia Jacks** is the wife of Principal L. P. Jacks of Manchester College, Oxford, and a daughter of the late Reverend Stopford Brooke. **Professor Thomas Burr Osborne** is now connected with the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station. He is, to quote a famous living chemist, 'one of the first authorities in the world on the subject of proteins and their different effects upon the animal organism.' **Setsuko Koizumi** is the Japanese widow of that strange American genius who sought, in the Far East, refuge from the restrictions, and, as he thought, the brutality of Western civilization

* * *

A. Edward Newton, of Philadelphia, at various times in the past two or three years, has allowed our readers to share vicariously in the pure joys of the enthusiastic and well-informed collector of rare and interesting books. We are glad to announce the early publication of a volume containing these and other, hitherto unpublished, essays. We have heretofore recorded the regretted death of the **Reverend Arthur Russell Taylor,** of York, Pennsylvania, the creator of Mr. Squem. **Maurice Francis Egan** has recently resigned, because of ill health, the difficult post of United States Minister to the neutral government of Denmark, which he had filled to America's complete satisfaction ever since his appointment by President Roosevelt in 1907. **Amory Hare** is a poet of Philadelphia, who has contributed several poems to the *Atlantic*. The author of 'Thoughts of a Teacher of German' desires, not unnaturally, to remain anonymous.

* * *

William Ernest Hocking, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, has recently returned from a singularly instructive and valuable European trip. **Lewis R. Freeman** has had quite exceptional opportunities for gathering material relating to the work of the British Navy, as a correspondent with the Grand Fleet. 'As a Signalman Saw It' makes an interesting complement to his fascinating paper of two years ago, 'Mücke of the Emden.' **Lieutenant Paton MacGilvary** is a graduate of the electrical engineering course at the University of Wisconsin. After a course of ground-school training in this country, he was sent as one of the honor men for training abroad. He was shortly transferred to Italy, and received his flying-training at the Royal Italian School of Military Aviation near Foggia. He received a license as *pilota militare* and a commission in the Aviation Section of the U. S. Signal Officers' Reserve Corps, being commissioned later as a first lieutenant in the Regular Army. Since these letters were written, his ambition for more active service has been gratified. For obvious

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reasons it is impossible to disclose the identity of the author of 'Off the Dogger Bank,' a distinguished officer of the British Navy, now on active service. **Charles Bernard Nordhoff,** the young Californian aviator, continues to send us thrilling and vivid descriptions of his experiences on the front. He has recently been transferred to the American service. **Joseph Husband** is now the holder of a commission as ensign in the Navy, 'rating a salute from the enlisted men, and still feeling rather ill at ease in my high collar and creased trousers.'

* * *

The recent *Atlantic* tribute to Illustrious Illiterates still stirs chords of affection. A California friend writes: —

We adored the great Illiterates, for Wang, our celestial jewel, and Bailey, the outside man, give us keenest joy. They were lamenting over the anæmic appearance of our vegetables and laid it to the earth. 'There ain't *no* nature in it,' said the Briton. 'Need more *manula*,' appended Wang. [How that word does fertilize the language!] And Wang admonished me last winter: 'I nebber see no lady lun aloun' in lubber boots like you!'

* * *

Charles Louis Townsend, Ph.D., Department of Modern Languages, Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tennessee, writes on July 26: —

It may interest you, and possibly may interest M. Chéradame also, to know that, under the inspiration of *Pan-Germany, the Disease and Cure*, and of his other articles on the war, I was stimulated this summer to offer a course of fifteen lectures on the History of the War, a course given for the benefit of the local Army and Naval Comforts League.

This suggests a new element for an influence already very great.

* * *

This postscript seems to stir memories. A Japanese, a resident of this country who has, in times past, contributed to the *Atlantic*, sends it to us from Bar Harbor: —

A Mr. Hart while here took a $10.00 bill from me, and never returned it yet. I always trusted English people, but this Captain gave me an exceptional idea. Too bad he had to do such low things.

Yes; it is too bad. [See the Contributors' Column for June and July.]

The illuminating paper, 'German Corruption of the Foreign Press,' contributed to the June *Atlantic* by 'Lysis,' one of M. Georges Clemenceau's collaborators on *L'Homme Libre*, has aroused great interest in the advertising profession. A New York advertising agency which was the American representative of the Société Européenne de Publicité, and which is now represented in Europe by Mr. Jean H. Fulgeras, prominently mentioned in that article, writes us in his defense that the circular letter sent to this country by the Société announcing the visit of Mr. Fulgeras, and giving a list of 'some of the well-known American clients we are serving,' was actually written by the Vice-President of the said New York agency, and was sent by him to Mr. Fulgeras, 'to be used as promotion matter in advance of his going to the United States.' As it does not appear that the real authorship of this letter was ever previously divulged, 'Lysis' cannot be blamed for attributing it to the source from which it purported to come. As we have no desire or purpose to do Mr. Fulgeras an injustice, we make public here our New York correspondent's further statements that Mr. Fulgeras was in the employ of Mr. John F. Jones when his business was taken over by the Société Européenne, that he severed his connection with the latter as soon as it was declared under sequestration, and that 'he served France and Belgium for the first year of the war . . . and so aggressively that he was given the Croix de Guerre by France and the Order of Leopold the Second by Belgium.'

To avoid the possibility of any false or unjust impression being created by the publication of the list of 'some of the well-known American clients we are serving' in the circular sent from New York to Mr. Fulgeras as set forth above, we are very glad to give our modest publicity to the following communications from two of the concerns included in that list: —

New York, *July* 11, 1918.

The Atlantic Monthly,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: —

An article appeared in your June issue, entitled 'A Study in Advertising.' Within that article, there was reprinted a letter which had been sent out by an advertising agency which

A military victory is necessary but is it enough?

"*It is indispensable that there should be a defeat of Germany, but it is not sufficient. . . . . The common man is fighting for a world in which wars like the present cannot occur again. It is the right use of victory after it is attained that counts.* — THE DIAL, July 18, 1918."

RECENTLY THE DIAL has extended its editorial policy to include the discussion of reconstruction after the war, particularly as it applies to American conditions. Week by week those minds most alert to the forces making toward a new order, attack the problems of industrial, educational, and international readjustment.

AT the same time THE DIAL remains the only critical survey of the whole field of contemporary letters. It reviews as they come from the press those books which no informed person can ignore. For each book, it selects the critic best qualified by his special knowledge, his point of view and his readability.

Broadly, THE DIAL'S policy is one of free inquiry and liberal interpretation. It believes there is need for fresh examination of the texture of American life — as revealed in our art, our theatre, our books, our social institutions. It publishes articles on all these subjects, judging contemporary tendencies and old survivals in terms of our growing experience and our new insights. It is hard-hitting, yet tolerant; authoritative, yet without bias.

THE DIAL

Published weekly after October 3.
GEORGE DONLIN, *Editor*

$3 the year—$1 for four months
HAROLD STEARNS, *Managing Editor*

SPECIAL RECONSTRUCTION NUMBERS

Once a month a special Reconstruction Number, including discussions of specific problems of reconstruction, will be published under the editorial direction of John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, and Helen Marot.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR NEW READERS ONLY

H.G. Wells' "*Joan and Peter*" ($1.75) and The Dial for 4 months (18 issues) **$2.25**

Mr. Wells' new novel is a story of an education written in his most brilliant manner. It will intrigue the interest of every parent, of every teacher. Withal, it is the best story he has written since "Tono Bungay." To be published by Macmillan the middle of September.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON

Dial Publishing Co., Inc.,
152 West 13th Street, New York.

Enclosed is $2.25. Put my name on your subscription list for four months and send me a copy of Wells' JOAN AND PETER as soon as it is off the press.

Name .....

Address .....

The London Nation says of THE DIAL "*a flourishing journal of literary criticism and discussion— written and produced so well that it would not survive more than a month in London.*"

proved to be under German influence, soliciting business houses to become clients of that agency. A list was given of those business houses for which this enemy advertising agency claimed to be acting. In that list appeared the name of Colgate & Co. as a 'client.'

The agency's statement was untrue. In fact we received, as a solicitation to become a client, the very letter in which our name was already listed as one of the agency's clients. Our own prompt protest, and the investigation which resulted, proved of aid in discovering and exposing the enemy-character of the German-controlled advertising agency. We are not — nor have we ever been — a client of that agency. Our advertising in France for a number of years previous to 1914, and ever since, has been contracted for solely by T. B. Browne, Ltd., an English advertising agency having offices in London, Paris and New York.

A correction of the impression given in the reprinting of the agency's soliciting letter as a part of the article in the June *Atlantic Monthly*, is to be desired, not only because Colgate & Company's name was wrongly used by that agency, but because, from the standpoint of public welfare, publicity should be given to such attempts on the part of a German-controlled agency 'to fasten its tentacles on American advertising.' Yours very truly,

COLGATE & CO.

NEW YORK CITY, *July* 5th, 1918.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY CO.,
Boston, Mass.

GENTLEMEN: —

With reference to series of articles running in your publication under caption, 'German Corruption of the Foreign Press,' and the mention of our firm among others, who had placed advertising through an agency abroad, which was, *subsequent* thereto, decided by the French Government to be unworthy of support. We feel it might serve to clear any possible misunderstanding if we show the exact facts indicating the prompt action of The Société Française B. F. Goodrich, along lines of distinct loyalty and proper procedure.

The advertising agency was the *French* one, 'Ste Européenne de Publicité.' The French Goodrich Company, named above, placed a small contract with it *early* in 1917 for space in *ONE* publication named *L'Illustration*, expiring in *December, 1917*. In the same month of December, 1917, not before, rumor began to circulate in Paris that the 'Ste. Européenne de Publicité' was a branch of the Berlin Advertising Agency, Haasenstein & Vogler, and the case was brought before the French jurisdiction on January 14th, 1918, and the 'Ste Européenne de Publicité' was placed 'Under sequestration' as partially connected with the Berlin Agency. Later on, the 'Ste Européenne de Publicité' lodged a demand 'to remove sequestration,' but the judgment was sustained and maintained.

The December rumors were quite sufficient for our French Management, and it declined to renew contract and ceased to do business with the Advertising Agency. We appreciate that it is clearly intended and stated in your article, that no suspicion of taint attaches to firms mentioned, rather they were innocent victims of an undisclosed connection, showing the workings of a system. Their mere use of Goodrich, so unqualifiedly loyal, in any article devoted to such a subject, calls for above statement, which may not only prove interesting as a foreign incident, but illustrative of the strict care taken to remove business from any course likely to aid the enemy so soon as even rumor indicates a danger.

Very truly yours,

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY.

* * *

A soldier's wife sends us the following letter, written by a French woman at whose house the soldier himself was billeted for several weeks. It exemplifies so charmingly the spirit which brings the French very close to us in these days of doubt and hope, that we print it, apologizing for the injury which the translation does it.

Permit me, chère madame, to give you more real and detailed news of your husband than he himself can give you, subject as he is to the strict rules of the implacable military censor, who passes nothing. Do not worry, for at present he is still far from the battle-front; his days pass quietly in a peaceful little village of central France. M —— is a modest little place on the banks of the Cher, a charming little river flowing through a laughing and fertile valley. Life is not very gay, I fear, for your husband; this district is lacking in such things as theatres, movies, etc. But we try, my two children and I, to make your husband's stay here with us as agreeable as possible, by softening in a measure, wherever we can, the sadness of the separation from all his dear ones. Here it is the family that recalls to him a little (dare I hope it?) the beloved fireside that he has left behind. . . .

You are often the subject of our conversations in French, for I am ignorant of your language, and I must boast that your captain has made real progress in pronunciation and now speaks like a true Frenchman.

I also have the sadness of being separated from my husband for the last four years; he has been at the front, but have I the right to complain? I have a visit from him every four months during his ten days' leave. I enclose in this letter a little flower of France, picked for you by my little Françoise, who already loves you much without knowing you.

If I know when your husband leaves for the front, I will let you know at once. My letter will reach you more quickly than his, not having to go with the army mail.

Accept, chère madame, the assurances of the real and vital sympathy of a French family.

Affectionately,

These are Appleton Books

Stephane LAUZANNE

Soldier, scholar, brilliant editor of the powerful "Le Matin" of Paris, and now member of the French commission to this country, M. Lauzanne knows whereof he speaks when he tells in his new book, how France is fighting, what she has accomplished in a military, industrial and economic way in the past four years, and why she is far from being "bled white." A book full of inspiration and amazing revelations. $1.50 net. Every man and woman should read

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A Reporter at Armageddon

By WILL IRWIN

The famous correspondent, gives in this book, a picture of Spain, France, Switzerland and Italy under war conditions, with timely sidelights on the Royal Flying Corps, German intrigue, the American in France, etc. $1.50 net

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"The most entertaining novel of English life we have read in many a day. Mr. Snaith's portraits are a wonder of naturalness and charm."—*Brooklyn Eagle.* "One of the most noteworthy novels of the year."—*New York Tribune.*

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An absorbing account of travel and adventure, relating the personal experiences of the authors who conducted a scientific expedition through the remote Chinese province of Yunnan. Profusely illustrated with photographs by the authors. 8 vo., $3.00 net

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By BERTHA STOCKBRIDGE

Over 1,000 wartime recipes for preparing meats, fish, vegetables, soups, salads, breads, cakes, pies, ices, beverages, sandwiches, preserves, jellies, pickles and dried fruits and vegetables. 8 vo., $2.00

D. Appleton & Company - Publishers - 35 West 32nd Street, New York

The livelier contemporaries of the *Atlantic* prune themselves on their successful advice to readers in matters of peculiar delicacy. But as the wary counselor in affairs of the heart, the *Atlantic* prefers to recommend itself. To the hesitating, we quote a letter just received from a satisfied client:—

> You may draw some flattering deduction from the fact that last winter I had the *Atlantic Monthly* sent for a year to a beautiful young woman — and next month she is going to marry me.

* * *

The contrasted letters from the wives of soldiers which we have been printing in this column have brought a voluminous correspondence in their train. One or two of these comments our readers ought to see. A minister writes from a town in Michigan: —

> The letters from wives of soldiers appearing in the June and August numbers interested me greatly, furnishing, as you point out, such striking contrasts. I was reminded of a recent incident I witnessed at a railway depot in Michigan.
>
> The boys from there collected at the county seat. On the way to join the special train for Camp Custer they pass through our little town and have to make a stay of about an hour. We established a custom at the beginning of the war of entertaining the boys and giving them some little tokens of our good-will before the train leaves, the High School, business men, Red Cross, Home Guard and ministers coöperating. . . .
>
> The other day, when a large party were in the depot, I noticed a couple of young people well known to me, who had drawn aside from the crowd for a few minutes of tense and tender leave-taking. They have not been married long. They are poor enough, but were very happy and content with each other. She, a thin slip of a girl, hardly out of her teens; pretty and graceful as a gazelle, quiet and restrained; would adorn any drawing-room if she had fallen upon such a station in life.
>
> When the train started, he gave her one quick embrace and leaped on the rear outlook. Hanging over the rail, he waved and waved. She, all unconsciously, stood in the middle of the track, waving and smiling, smiling and waving, until the end of the car was lost round the curve and he could see her no longer. Then, without a sound, she turned aside, and the pent-up feelings burst forth in a deluge of tears.
>
> The sublimity of her conduct stirred me to deepest admiration and reverence. When she had gathered herself a little, I could not resist going to her — she knows me well — and taking her by the hand. I expressed my own feelings a little by the unconventional remark, 'You brave kid! God bless you!' She gave me a grateful glance and went on to join her women friends.

The following letter, from a lady in Oak Park, Illinois, speaks for itself:—

> Two letters from wives of soldiers, in your June and August numbers, have touched me greatly. I am a mother of a young soldier, and there must ne cessarily be some difference in the quality of emotion wives and mothers are experiencing. It is, however, neither necessary nor possible to analyze the difference. This war is the greatest tragedy and the greatest honor that has touched this generation, men and women.
>
> Admiring the spirit of the wife in the August letter, I find, nevertheless, much harm in it, perhaps more than in the frankly heartbroken tones of the June letter. Our morale must be kept up but it must be kept up, with a courage ready to accept any loss. . . .
>
> Faith in God should not mean his miraculous intervention in this war, but a faith that out of all this agony of soul and body; out of this supreme sacrifice rendered by the youth of this age, will come a world beautiful to live in — this generation's fight to the next.
>
> Also, experience teaches us that the psychology of the human mind is mysterious. Many a man, hesitant at the gate of sacrifice, plays a cool part when the battle is reached; while many a brave heart, only exultant before reaching the field, has found experience beyond the powers of endurance. Perhaps we wives and mothers will help morale more by a deep sympathy for all phases of emotion. Certainly we who find our spirit firm but our flesh weak find comfort in the companionship of the young wife who is not afraid to weep and give; a pride in the young soldier who dares acknowledge to his wife his sacrifice, but who goes to France with head up. We also find comfort in the wife who is strong enough to keep back that 'queer mist' which later 'veiled' the world,' until her soldier was gone. Let us win the war with deep sympathy in our hearts for all personalities, for it is all personalities which form and make wonderful that army 'Over There.'

* * *

We have had many letters from hasty inquirers, asking why we printed a foot-note to Dr. Jacks's article in the August *Atlantic*, stating that he is an Englishman. These correspondents seem to think that we do not concur in Dr. Jack's sentiments. Of course we do; but we printed the note because, late in the article, the author refers to himself as an 'Americanized Englishman,' and it seemed to us interesting to have this information at the outset. We had no ulterior motive. In fact, as we should like readers to remember, we are not apt to have such motives.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1918

THE CAPTURE OF CHARLEVILLE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

THE GERMANS seem to become worse as they go on. What they really do is to reveal themselves more. They were as bad before as they are now. Bombing hospitals is not much worse than the things done in Belgium in the first days of the war; but when it is *our* hospitals that are bombed, and *our* nurses and doctors and wounded men who are killed, we can all realize how bad it is. The Belgians have realized German possibilities from the beginning.

With time and stress the veneer wears thinner and cracks more widely. All of us have some bad in us, and some of us have much bad in us. But it takes time and special conditions to show just what our make-up is. Four years of war are very revealing. So that we of America know much more about German make-up now, than we did before. But, as I said, the Belgians got their understanding quickly; as also did the French. An incident will illustrate this. It will also show something of the method in the German madness.

This incident may be called the story of how Charleville was captured by one German soldier with a gun on his shoulder. That was the way Monsieur X——, who told it, always referred to it. He was the only witness of this interesting military operation. I had the story from him in the captured town itself, several months after the event. But it was all very clear in his mind, and it remains very clear in mine. To both of us the story has a significance which it may not have for you, but I think it will.

The town, Charleville, which was captured by the one German soldier with a gun on his shoulder, is in German-occupied France and on the Meuse, some distance up the river from Dinant. It was for a time the Great Headquarters, or seat of the General Staff, of the German armies. It was also the headquarters in occupied France of the American Relief Commission. As chief representative of the Commission, I had to live there for several months, in one of the Headquarters houses, in close companionship with my German escort officer and his staff-officer friends.

Monsieur X—— was one of the members of the French Relief Committee for Charleville district. The French Committee took care of the details of the allotment and distribution of the food and clothing brought in by the American Commission. So that the American representative and the French Committee members had to be much together, although presumably always

under the eyes and in the hearing of the American's escort officer. As a matter of fact, because the German and Frenchman and American had to be together so much, they came to know each other very well; and as the Frenchman and American were men of honor, and the German officer soon learned this, he sometimes tolerated conversations between the Frenchman and American beyond his hearing. In none of these was the tacit understanding broken that no military information should pass from one to the other; but certain brief stories were told by the Frenchman which would have had little interest for the German officer, or let us say, would have had a different interest for him from that which they had for the American.

Rather than try to keep these stories unknown to my escort officer, I made up my mind to have one of them, at least, told him by the Frenchman himself. Only I wanted the telling to be under special circumstances, and to have a larger audience than just my officer, who was not specially susceptible to the finer points and less apparent implications of stories. His own tales left nothing to be explained. They never suggested things; they just simply and very plainly told them.

Monsieur X—— was a very intelligent, quick-witted, and adaptable man. He had to be, to maintain successfully his delicate and important position as representative of the unfortunate imprisoned French at the local court of the conquerors, and to retain the confidence, and to such extent as was possible, the sympathy, of his German masters, and yet to surrender none of his position, either from his own point of view or that of his compatriots, as an enemy of Germany. When a visit of inspection was to be made to some local centre in the district, the American representative had to go with his escort officer in a German military motor. The Frenchman would go in his little pony-cart, the German authorities having allowed him to retain the animal for this necessary purpose. But that made difficulties, especially if the centre were far from Charleville. So we came finally to going all together in the officer's car, the German, the Frenchman, and the neutral American. It was not too easy a situation, but as I said before, Monsieur X—— is an adaptable man, and he was helping to keep his people alive. *C'est la guerre!*

Also, each morning he had to come to our house to go over the figures of incoming food quantities and their distribution, and there he occasionally met other German officers of Headquarters, who had business with the escort officer. Altogether Monsieur X—— had arrived at a footing that made it not impossible for me to get him invited for dinner one night in our house, when a number of higher staff officers were to be present, including one who had great authority in all matters concerning the relations of the occupying army and the civil population, and who was of high intelligence and — more to the point, considering what I had especially in mind — more capable of looking at things from a point of view less rigidly all-German, than most of the other Headquarters men.

I not only got Monsieur X—— invited, but got him to accept. I pointed out the advantage that might come from a better acquaintanceship between him and Major von Z——, the officer of larger understanding. Also I told Monsieur X—— that, if things were propitious, I should ask him, at what seemed to me a suitable moment, to tell the story of the capture of Charleville by the single German soldier with a gun over his shoulder.

Now, I should say right here, that there may be no false hopes raised of

an exciting or seizing tale, that it was really no story at all: just a bare statement of simple fact. But it had, as I have said, a burning significance to me, and I wanted to find out if it also had to any of the German officers, especially to Major von Z——. My intentions in the matter were not vicious, not even mischievous. They were indeed quite amiable. I thought it highly possible that some good, to both French and Germans, might come out of the evening — if things were propitious.

The dinner went off very well. Some of the officers stared a little as Monsieur X—— was presented to them; but the cue was given by those two or three who had especially to do with the relations of the Headquarters Staff with the civilian population. These exhibited a complaisant politeness toward the Frenchman.

As for Monsieur X——, he was simply perfect. He was there as invited guest of the house; there could, therefore, be no question of his welcome. That, at least, was his attitude. He was quiet and dignified, but easy. He answered questions simply and directly, avoiding complaint, but not hesitating to make plain statements about the difficulties of the people, especially as to the *ravitaillement*, which was, as all knew, his special interest and business. I admired him immensely. Ah, how the French do sense things!

When the chance came, which was when the dinner had reached the exclusively smoking and drinking stage, I asked him to tell us something of his experiences at the time of the invasion of the country — that is, at the time when Charleville was occupied by the Germans. My officer had just finished saying something, in a large way, about the general friendly attitude of the Germans toward the helpless civilians, and how this attitude gave the lie to the world-talk of German barbarism. He said that, if the people in the occupied regions could talk and be heard outside, they would be the first to refute the lying Paris and London governmental propaganda. It seemed a suitable moment for Monsieur X——'s little tale.

II

'*Alors*, those were exciting days,' said Monsieur X——, with a little smile. 'You gentlemen,' — and he waved his hand toward Major von Z——, 'were coming on pretty fast. Here in Charleville we had no real news, no reliable news. We had *much* news, of course, but it was, well, of all kinds. Finally we did begin to hear pretty definitely how things were going on the lower Meuse. We heard what seemed to be quite certain news of'— he hesitated ever so little — 'Dinant.'

My officer moved uneasily, and, turning his face from the Frenchman, he fixed me with his monocled eye. But Monsieur X—— went on smoothly.

'Some of our people got restless; a few went away. I urged them to stay. There were no French soldiers in our town; there would be no fighting here. Charleville could not be defended to any advantage, because it lay in a broad open space which could be easily dominated by guns from the wooded hills on the east which rose sharply from the river. The Germans, that is, you gentlemen, as you came on from the east would meet no resistance here, and hence' — he hesitated again for a moment — 'everything would be all right. I mean, you know, if you got this far, you could simply take the town without need of any fighting or bombardment, or, well, any shooting at all. You would simply occupy Charleville, and things would go on about as before. All the men of military age were away in the French army. We were all non-combatants

'But one day we heard the big guns. It was probably when you were bombarding Les Ayvelles,' — a small, old-fashioned fort lying between Sedan and Charleville, — 'and on that same day some refugees from down the river, from Hastières and Dinant' — he did not hesitate at all this time, but spoke on rapidly and evenly, — 'came into Charleville and told their stories. Well, everybody went away.'

Major von Z—— broke in sharply. 'What do you mean? You could n't all go away. How about the children? And there are always some sick and the very old and infirm. And your animals: you could n't let them starve. You could n't all go. How absurd!'

'Well, we did,' responded Monsieur X—— simply. 'We all went away. You see, the stories of the people from Hastières and Dinant, exaggerated, I suppose —'

'Of course,' broke in my officer, loudly, and almost threateningly.

Major von Z—— was leaning forward, staring at the Frenchman.

'My God!' he muttered. And again, 'My God!'

A young officer spoke up from the foot of the table. 'Where did you go?' he asked. 'How did you go?'

'We went to the west. Some of us got as far as various villages and towns west of here, and some just got back into the country. It was not easy to go. If we had horses and carts, we took them. Others had hand-carts and wheelbarrows. We put the sick and the babies and the very old into them. We took some bedding and food. Many of the people had to carry their things. We all started together but scattered as we went along. Some could go faster than others. Some had relatives or friends in various villages or farms. But we all went. Nobody was left in Charleville.'

He stopped speaking, with his eyes fixed on something far away. The table was silent.

He began again. 'Some of us did not go very far. It seemed hard to give up everything — our homes, our little factories and shops; all that we owned. So some of us camped in the low hills to the west, only a few miles away, where we could see the town dimly here in the valley. And we waited there, and watched. Nothing happened. We heard no bombardment; we saw no conflagration. We were too far away to see if there were soldiers in the town, but there were no signs of anything happening. Finally, I could n't stand it any longer, especially as there was much suffering among the people camping around me. It was cold, and we were getting hungry. So I came toward the town. I watched carefully. As I got nearer, I could see more distinctly. The town seemed absolutely empty. I came on, and finally entered the town. There was nobody there. Absolutely nobody. And then, as I was walking about, I saw coming along the road by the river a man. As he came closer I saw he was a German soldier. He had his gun over his shoulder. I waited and he came up to me. He could speak a little French.

"Where am I?" he asked. "I am lost. Are the French soldiers here? I will surrender to them."

'I told him there were no French soldiers in the town.

'"Well, are there any Germans?"

'I said, "No, there are no German soldiers. There is nobody at all in Charleville — except you and I."

'He stared at me curiously.

"Oh, this is Charleville, is it?" Then he smiled. "Well," he said, "I call on Charleville to surrender. I will take the town. I suppose our army will be along pretty soon. I am hungry. Can I have something to eat?"

'We went together to my house and

found some food and drink. I told him to sleep there that night. I tramped back to my family in camp. And the next day some of us came back. We could n't stand it any longer out there. And a few days after, more came back. And then your soldiers came marching in by the river. And you have been in Charleville ever since. About half the people who went away came back gradually. But the other half are still away. I don't know where they are.'

He stopped. An officer or two laughed shortly. My officer spoke up.

'Well, you see, nothing happened to Charleville. There is n't a pane of glass broken in the town.'

Major von Z—— looked hard at him. 'No,' he said slowly, 'nothing happened to Charleville.'

III

If one thinks about the matter, it is not difficult to list a number of probable practical advantages of military frightfulness. Undoubtedly the Germans have thought about the matter and have seen these probable advantages of doing what they did at Visé, Louvain, and Dinant. It is great military economy to be able to have a town of twenty thousand inhabitants captured by a single soldier with a gun over his shoulder. What was done at Dinant, however uncomfortable it may have been for any German officers and soldiers with squeamish stomachs,— you remember the massacred six hundred, — made possible this impressive military economy in the capture of Charleville. Any military policy that leads all the people of one town to 'go away' simply as a result of hearing what has happened in another town, has its apparent immediate advantage. It is this, of course, that determines the method in the German madness.

The method is not limited to effecting an economy in captures: it extends to ease and economy in occupation. Even though half the population of Charleville finally returned to the town and now lives in it, how much of a German garrison do you think is required to hold such a town in order? As my officer and I traveled in our gray military motor up and down and across and back over occupied France, it was very obvious to both of us how few soldiers were used to occupy all the territory back of the actual fighting zone. And these occupying soldiers were not real fighting men; they were elderly Landsturmers, long beyond front-line usefulness, although still able to wear uniforms and carry guns. Thus frightfulness had made for economy, not only in numbers, but in quality.

The example of Dinant was a rather early one, and it was an example of what would happen and did happen in case of alleged resistance to capture. But for the sake of economy in occupation, some examples of what would happen in cases of resistance to the occupation and control of the few elderly Landsturmers had to be arranged, and these had to come along at later times so as to keep things fresh in the minds of the conquered people. There was Orchies, for example, a town of 6000, perhaps, lying between Valenciennes and Lille. I say, 'There *was* Orchies,' advisedly. For after the Germans got through punishing that town for an alleged planned resistance to continued peaceful Landsturmer occupation, there was only a small fraction of it left; certainly more than three quarters of its buildings were burned down or blown up.

Just as Visé, the first impressive example in Belgium of the method in the German madness, was easily in sight of the much larger city, Liège, and the example Louvain was in sight of Brussels, so the example Orchies was where

it could be easily appreciated by Valenciennes and Lille, as well as by a score of smaller towns in the northern part of occupied France.

Judiciously scattered about over the rest of the occupied territory were other cases like Orchies. I remember having one day passed though a small farming village very badly burned and shattered, not by shells, but by explosions from inside the houses. I was just about to ask my officer why this village had been so punished, when, as we came outside, my attention was attracted to a conspicuous little flat-topped hill, with its level summit quite clear of the low woods that covered the hill's sides. The top had been cleared and smoothed so that it could be planted in grain, and it stood out a vivid and beautiful green, in contrast with the dark tree-covered slopes. I spoke of the hill and its conspicuous top to my officer.

'Yes,' he replied angrily, 'the last French spy to be landed from an airplane was put down right there on that flat top. We could not catch him. We think he hid in this village.'

My unuttered question about the village was already answered.

The punished farms, villages, and towns of Belgium and Northeast France make a long, long list. But of course the list of those that have not been punished is still longer, and all of them in this second lot were economically captured and are economically held. This is the justification, in the thoughtful and reasoning German mind, for the method in what has often been called the German madness. And if there are no disadvantages about this method which offset its apparent advantages, — looking at these advantages and disadvantages as strictly military ones, without allowing any consideration of the dictates of heart or soul or humanity to mix in, which is precisely the way the Germans do look at the matter, — then the German madness is not madness at all, but shrewd military method. Thus it is not simply that there is method in their madness, but that this madness is all method.

But, to my mind,—and two or three German officers at Headquarters and on Von Bissing's Staff shared this feeling, — there are also serious disadvantages in this method.

In striving for economy in the use of soldiers, not only must the element of numbers be taken into account, but also the element of time of their need. The terrible treatment given the civilian population of Belgium and occupied France has undoubtedly had the effect of making possible a present economical military occupation of the country. But it has also had the effect of producing such a feeling among the people that the only way any Germans can ever remain there, for a long time to come, is by rigid military occupation.

Germany does not know whether she is going to continue to occupy Belgium or not. She, once, as a government, thought she was, and many Germans still think she is. Now, it was, and still is, part of the duty and plan of the quasi-civil German government of Belgium to manage things so that the Belgians, or as many of them as possible, should be won over to a *rapprochement* with their German masters, and be willing, of their own accord, to unite their political and commercial and social destiny with that of Germany. When Belgium is incorporated as a German province, it is not to be another thorny Alsace-Lorraine. All Von Bissing's, and his successor Von Falkenhausen's, coddling of the Flemings is part of this plan.

Well, the German method making for immediate military economy has forever settled that possibility, or illusion of possibility. So long as Germans are

in Belgium, even if the war should come to an end with the Germans to remain in Belgium indefinitely, there will have to be German soldiers there; which is not good economy, for soldiers are never economical.

But the war is not going to end with the Germans indefinitely in Belgium. One of the most important reasons for this is the presence of America in the war, and one of the most important reasons why America is in the war is the existence of method in the German madness. It is not only that this method has achieved such horrible things in Belgium and France, but that it has revealed such a horrible state of mind and soul of the German nation, such a dangerous and world-threatening fundamental attitude and philosophy concerning international relations on the part of the whole German nation, the people as well as their rulers. For even if a distinction may sometimes be made between the ruler and the people in relation to this matter, just so long as the German people tolerate and support their rulers, the court and the military command, this distinction is of little validity and no practical importance.

My officer always carefully called my attention to the occasional old Landsturmer who might be seen walking along a village street in France, leading a little French child by the hand. My officer himself used to go to the front door of our house on the Place Condé in Charleville, with some bits of chocolate in his hand, and cluck to the urchins playing in the Place to come and cluster round his feet and scramble for the tidbits he tossed to them. But I knew too well the sentiments of my officer regarding the military advantage of another kind of treatment of children, to be much impressed by the chocolate performance; and I knew, and the world knows, that if that kindly elderly Landsturmer was told the next day to join his comrades in punishing the village he lived in, because some half-crazed woman or old man had thrown a pot of hot water on some other less kindly Landsturmer, he would join heartily in burning the house in which the child lived, and he might even outrage the child's mother and spear the child itself on his bayonet, and toss it into the flames. For such is the power and the glory of the German military method.

These are difficult things for me to write, for I, like so many others, have seen and known the kindly Landsturmer at home in the Bier-Tunnel or Volks-Restaurant of his town, enjoying with his family the simple but satisfactory pleasures of Wurst and Schwarzbrod with Münchener or Pilsener, to the orchestral accompaniment of 'Ein Fester Burg ist unser Gott.' And I have known the Conservatory-Abend and passionate Schwärmerei of the music students, and the all-night Kommers of the university students devoted to science, song, art, and Weiss-bier. I have sat at the tables of professorial Abend-Essen, with their interminable discussion of the higher criticism and the Kantian and Hegelian philosophies, and their interminable succession of Mosel and Rhine wines. I have tramped in the Harz and Thüringen hills, and spent nights in the simple little inns, with simple-minded hosts and families. It is amazing to see in these people the burning, torturing, and murdering animals of the invading hordes in Belgium and France. But they are the same students and professors and simple-minded Landsturmers.

The German is a double character: he is one thing as a part of German culture and home-life, another as part of German *Kultur* and military machine. It is this second thing which has meant martyrdom to the unfortunate people of Belgium and France, which

is an ever-menacing danger to England and America, and which means everything to the whole world. As for the first thing, even predatory animals have a pleasant way with their mates and children, and indulge in play and social relations of sorts at home.

It is because of the reality of this extraordinary atavistic attitude of the German nation as regards national and international morals, most clearly revealed in the behavior of its armies and in its rules in occupied Belgium and France, that America is in the war. And it is not good military economy for Germany to have America in the war. It will cost her, many times over, more soldiers than she has saved by being able to capture Charleville by means of a single soldier with a gun on his shoulder. The German method does, after all, seem to be madness.

There are Germans who know this now. Even at the time when America broke diplomatic relations with Germany and was obviously on the sure way to war, some less all-German-thinking Germans saw that this was not well. My officer talked about it with me in Brussels. His principal remark was just 'Stupid, stupid.' He would not say exactly who was stupid or what was stupid; but whenever the American-German situation was referred to, he would get red in the face, shoot the monocle out of his eye, and explode into 'Stupid, stupid.' And I knew very well from long experience with him, that he was not expressing his own feeling alone. He always got his attitude from certain higher staff officers. So that some of them must have had the same thought about America being at war with Germany.

But these men could find some relief for their vexation by imagining things. One type of these imaginings is illustrated by a remark made to me on the last afternoon I was in Brussels. It was in the course of a conversation on Relief Commission affairs with Governor General von Bissing's principal political adviser, the titular head of one of the most important departments in the German government of Belgium.

'What a great pity,' he said, 'that America and Germany are going to fight! For, of course, that is what it is coming to. It is a great mistake. We have been such good friends for so long a time. Somebody should have prevented this. But, anyway, I cannot believe that there will ever be — there really must not be — such feeling and such a warfare between America and Germany as between England and Germany. *We may hope, may we not, for a more platonic war?*'

With this official, who stands high in German diplomatic circles, the wish would be father to some endeavor and action. He saw that the German method of military economy was not proving as economical as could be wished.

As a matter of fact the 'politeness' of the young commander of one of the submarines that sank a dozen ships off our shores recently, may be a feeble attempt along the line of the pious wish. And it may be remembered that there was very little of the expected vigorous activity by the submarines against our passenger ships to Liverpool when there was still good opportunity for it.

However, even if some Germans are trying to make war between Germany and America of a 'platonic' character, there are others, too many others, who will do things in another way. Frightfulness as a German approved military method is too ingrained in the German military system. The recent threat to use reprisals against Americans in German hands if we do not send back the precious well-born scoundrel Von Rintelen is a perfect example of the old way. And there will be plenty of others as the war progresses.

There is a yellow streak in the German make-up that makes the argument of frightfulness, that is, of fear, the argument they best understand. And if it is good argument to them, it must be to all other peoples. That is the now all-too-familiar German psychology. There is only one kind of understandable human make-up — the one they understand by knowing themselves.

IV

Lille has been a difficult city ever since the beginning of the war: difficult for the Germans, difficult for the American relief workers, difficult for the Lillois themselves. It is, for one thing, the largest city in occupied France: a city of factory-workers, situated in a region given over to industry, not agriculture, and hence with no surrounding food-producing farms and gardens. It has had to live almost exclusively on the monotonous and meagre, and sometimes irregular, relief ration of concentrated dry foodstuffs, brought overseas to Rotterdam, and thence by canal-boats through Holland and Belgium.

For another thing, it is very close to the battle-line. Its people have heard each day the English cannon and seen each day the English scouting fliers. They have felt always close to freedom. These two things, the difficulty about food and the feeling of the nearness of rescue, have kept them in a more restless and perhaps intractable state than the inhabitants of other parts of the occupied territory.

Finally, for a third thing, Lille has been occupied by a particularly large and particularly brutal army, the Bavarians under Prince Rupprecht. There has long been a popular belief that the Bavarians are gentler Germans. They do not like Prussians; hence they must be unlike them. Well, whether the royal Bavarian commander is a particularly brutal man, or has a particularly brutal staff, or Bavarians as soldiers are particularly brutal, — whichever is true and is the explanation of the fact, — it is notorious that the French in the Lille district, including Roubaix, Tourcoing, and some other lesser neighboring factory-towns, have suffered a constantly and mercilessly cruel treatment at the hands of their masters. Perhaps these masters have all along been a little afraid of their slaves. If so, that would account for their maltreatment. It was necessary to put the fear of Germany's God into them.

The food situation was really very difficult. The American Relief Commission representative for Lille district was not permitted, by the army authorities, to live in Lille. He had to live fifty kilometres away, at Valenciennes, with his escort officer, and could visit his district with his officer but twice a week, sometimes but once. Yet his was the most populous and least well-supplied with local supplies of all the six French *ravitaillement* districts. Nor was the Commission's chief representative for occupied France allowed to get often to Lille on his general inspecting trips. It was only after much insistence, innumerable postponements, and long delay, that he ever got there at all.

I remember one trip, with my officer, that I insisted on making after hearing most alarming reports of the bread situation. The people were said to be dying, not because we had not been able to get flour in (or wheat, which was milled there), but because of the quality of the flour, or rather, of the bread made from it.

When the count (my officer) and I came into the room of the head of the local French Relief Committee, we were assailed by a penetrating odor of something evidently 'gone bad.' I sniffed a little, and the count sniffed, not to say snorted, a great deal, and

most vigorously and audibly. The sad-faced Frenchman looked hesitantly at us as we stood staring about the room for the source of the trouble, then moved slowly from his desk across the room, saying as he walked, 'Perhaps if we put the bread outside, we can talk about it with less discomfort.' And with his last word he lifted a window and placed on the ledge outside a flat black lump of something that had been on the broad inner sill. The trouble, I should hasten to say, was more with the bakers than with the flour. They had not yet learned how to make good bread out of the high-extraction gray flour with its included roughage, which, in order to 'stretch' the wheat, we had the mills turn out.

But at best the food situation was always more difficult in Lille than anywhere else in occupied France, and this finally led the Germans — at least they claimed this as the reason — to a bright thought, whose outcome was a further martyrdom of the people. I refer to the notorious 'Lille deportations.'

These should not be confused with the 'Belgian deportations,' or with the seizure and forcing to military labor of many French women and boys and old men — there are almost no French men of military age and fitness in all occupied France — at various times all along through the period of occupation. These 'Lille deportations' were a special atrocity meted out to the citizens of a restless and difficult city, for an alleged reason of paternal interest in the welfare of the people; just as the deportation of Belgian workmen into German war-factories — there to make the things which meant death to their brothers and sons on the West Front, and to release German workmen who could put on uniforms and go with these things to sow this death — was justified on the basis of a pious wish to prevent the moral degradation of idleness among these workmen, thrown out of work because their factories had been gutted of their raw materials and machines by the benevolent conquerors.

It was in Holy Week of 1916 that the Lille deportations were made: a peculiarly fitting time to impress a Catholic people with a sense of the intimate relation between the German All-Highest and his friendly God of Battle and Frightfulness.

There had been suggestive placards put up occasionally before this, announcing the need of additional labor in the regions of the occupied territory farther south, where the German army was trying to raise crops for its support, and offering inducements to volunteers. But no Lillois were inclined to accept these invitations. They were not getting enough food; why should they help the German soldiers to get enough?

So the placards were suddenly changed. New ones went up, which curtly announced that the people of Lille were to hold themselves in readiness to leave their homes on *one and a half hours*' notice. They were all to be in their houses between the hours of 9 P.M. and 8 A.M. The doors of the houses must be left open. When the officer who is to make the selections — that is, seizures — calls, all in the house must assemble in front of the house, or, in case of bad weather, in its front passage. The only persons who will not be subject to selection for deportation are children under fourteen and their mothers. No protest will be listened to. Each person must provide himself or herself with eating and drinking utensils and a blanket. Any person endeavoring to avoid transportation will be punished without mercy. These are quotations from the placard.

The seizures were made during the successive days and nights of Holy Week by officers accompanied by squads of soldiers. Mostly they came

to the houses at night, especially in the last hours before dawn. They did not take whole families. They did worse. They tore away the father alone, or the older sons and daughters, mothers, children of fifteen and up, girls as well as boys: one from this family, two from that, three from another, and so on. They tore families apart, they wrecked families. And with one and a half hours' notice, they carried off their selected slaves.

Twenty thousand were taken from families of all grades, piled into cattle-trains, and transported from their homes to flimsy barracks hastily flung up in the concentration camps and fields of the southern districts. There they were put at work, strong and frail, workingman and office-clerk, sturdy woman and frail girl, adolescent youth and child of fifteen, from dawn till dark, with spade and hoe and cart, in the fields of France — to make German crops; housed together at night promiscuously, like cattle, in long sheds; worked by day in groups under overseers, not with whips, but with loaded guns with fixed bayonets.

I saw many of these deportees from Lille in the fields about Charleville, and along the Meuse and its tributaries; beautiful fields of the Ardennes made ugly by German 'efficiency.' Bending women and girls in groups of twenty, each pathetic group with its armed slave-driver in the field-gray uniform that is to bring *Kultur* to all the world!

There were other groups, without slave-drivers, in the Ardennes fields. These were the native women and old men and children of the region, working in the little potato-plots assigned to them *out of their own fields*. These little patches they were allowed to work *on shares*, half of the crop to help keep them from starvation, half to help keep alive and strong the field-gray apostles of civilization who were killing their absent husbands and elder sons in the trench-lines a score or two of miles farther west and south.

This human slavery is — or was — believed by the Germans to make for military economy; I doubt if they are so convinced in their belief now. For it is because of this, also, that America is sending its hundreds of thousands of men in khaki to France to-day.

I have heard Ambassador Gerard criticized for speaking so 'viciously' of the Germans. Ambassador Gerard happened, by the necessities of his duty, to be at the Great Headquarters in Charleville in Holy Week of 1916, the week of the Lille deportations. Perhaps his 'viciousness' finds some explanation in the coincidence of his personal visit to the Kaiser at the time and on the spot where the Kaiser's missionaries were saving the Lillois from the dangers of too close crowding in their home city, and teaching them the simple joys of work on the land. Perhaps it was this method of military economy that has led him to help so vigorously in proving the madness of it. For Mr. Gerard's crusade has helped in sending those hundreds of thousands of khaki-clad Americans to France.

The capture of Charleville by the single German soldier with a gun over his shoulder was a triumph of military economy — for the moment. But, as with laughing, he triumphs best who triumphs last — and whose triumph lasts. Charleville will be returned to its citizens, its citizens of France. And although no German soldiers were lost in taking it, many will be lost in giving it up. Frightfulness and beastliness do not make for military economy: in that method lies madness. And so, what is called German madness is rightly so called. Some of Germany sees this already; more of Germany is learning it; and before the end comes, all of Germany will know it.

A LETTER TO AMERICAN WORKERS

BY ARTHUR HENDERSON

More than a year ago the American people, true to their faith in the great and enduring principles which govern human life, intervened in the world-conflict which has proved to be the Calvary of humanity. To-day the British and American working classes are united in a common task; and whatever may be the result of the war, I am convinced that the new spirit of comradeship and coöperation fostered under its dark shadow will survive in the happier days of peace that are to come. We have laid the foundations of a new fellowship of peoples that will not be dissolved when the treaty of peace is signed.

At no period in its history as a free people has the American nation occupied a more outstanding and influential position in world-politics than it occupies to-day. No people ever accepted the enormous burdens, the terrible sacrifices, of war with more purely disinterested motives. America seeks nothing for herself: her people are fighting for the birthright of all peoples —justice, freedom, and security. Her government cherishes no secret designs of aggression, annexation, or domination. Its aims are unselfish. The sanction of its military action is the common benefit of the whole race.

Herein lies the secret of President Wilson's preëminence in international affairs. He has the faculty of expressing, in language of classical simplicity, the thoughts and purposes of democracy. He is not simply the chief spokesman of the American people: he is the recognized diplomatic leader of the free democracies, and he commands the support of the Allied peoples, not merely because of his own remarkable personal qualities as a statesman, but because the policy which he advocates is more nearly the policy of the Allied working classes than is the official policy of any of the Allied governments.

A good deal of misapprehension exists in America with regard to the policy which the working-class parties in the Allied countries have formulated in the Memorandum on War-Aims adopted at the recent Inter-Allied Conference in London. I have no doubt that there are many American working people who do not fully comprehend the policy to which we are committed. It unfortunately happens only too often, when nations are at war, that a public man who uses the word 'peace' is willfully and unscrupulously misrepresented; and a party which speaks of its peace-aims rather than of war-aims is frequently accused of wanting peace at any price. Such an accusation, so far as the British Labor movement is concerned, is utterly devoid of truth. No section of the British people has been more loyal or patriotic throughout the war than the working classes. The value of their contributions in life and labor, in money and time, and in the sacrifice of dearly-bought liberties and rights, both political and industrial, cannot be overestimated. In war, the cumulative burden of sacrifice and loss which falls upon

the working classes far exceeds that which is borne by any other section of the community. British Labor has borne this enormous burden, not only without complaint, but with a degree of willingness which the nation's leaders have frankly and cordially recognized. Surely, then, Labor has a right to define its war-aims, and to state clearly what it is ready to fight for, without being libeled as a party that seeks peace at any price.

British Labor is fighting — to use President Wilson's own famous declaration — 'to make the world safe for democracy.' Its first condition of peace is the restoration of Belgium to unrestricted independence, with adequate compensation for the losses she has suffered as a consequence of Germany's military aggression. On this point there is no room for compromise. We claim for Belgium the same freedom, independence, and security which we desire for ourselves and which we demand for the other nations that have been destroyed by the invading armies. To all the territorial and political questions that the war has raised, British Labor seeks to apply the principle of national self-determination which underlies the policy of the Allied working classes as a whole. We desire neither forcible annexation of territory, economic dominion, nor political supremacy. We are opposed to the infliction of punitive indemnities and the inauguration of a policy of commercial and economic boycott after the war. We seek to destroy the spirit of militarist imperialism, not only in Germany, but in all other countries; and we want to put an end to the costly burden of competitive armaments and the system of compulsory military service, which are in themselves a menace to peace.

Equally important are the constructive proposals put forward by organized Labor for the purpose of maintaining the peace of the world. We advocate the establishment of a league of nations as the only practicable suggestion which has been made which will guarantee the security of people and promote unity among them. We realize that the final guaranty of peace does not lie in the machinery of arbitration and conciliation, however cunningly devised, but in the spirit of international good-will of which the League of Nations will be the embodiment. Its establishment will be a dramatic declaration of the fact that the nations of the world have learned that they form one family, and that war is a family quarrel which humiliates every member of it and destroys the happiness and prosperity of the whole. It will keep before the eyes of all peoples the truth that peace is the greatest of human blessings, and that a government or a dynasty bent on war is the enemy of the human race and must be restrained by the common will.

Between the war-aims of the British Labor movement and those of the American workers there is little or no substantial difference; but there does appear to be a measure of difference between them regarding the methods by which these aims shall be attained. American Labor, in the first flush of enthusiasm, has apparently determined to concentrate all its efforts solely on the aim of securing a decisive military victory in the field. British Labor, on the other hand, is not prepared to forego the real conditions that may accrue from a wise and discriminating use of the political and diplomatic weapons to supplement the efforts of the armies in the field. We do not advocate a substitution of political activity for military operations, but we do say that no method of influencing popular opinion in the enemy countries ought to be neglected; and we be-

lieve that, if by direct appeal to the reason and conscience of the German people it is possible to shorten the war by a single day, the attempt is well worth making. We seek an opportunity to convince the German people that they are as much interested in the defeat and destruction of militarism and imperialism as the peoples of the Allied countries, and that the early establishment of an enduring peace, based upon the principles of international right and essential justice, is as much their concern as ours. Our aim is to prove to the German people, through the German Socialist leaders, that the Allies are fighting, not for selfish aims, but for the common rights and common interests of all the nations; that the grasping policy and lust for dominion of their government prolong the war; that the annexationist peace terms imposed on Russia have deepened the hostility of the Allied democracies and postponed the conclusion of peace; and that upon the vital principles of national self-determination and no annexation there can be no compromise. We seek an opportunity to show the German people that we are concerned, not merely with the rights and interests of the western democracies, but also with those of revolutionary Russia and the democracies of the Central Empires.

While the working classes in the Allied countries refuse to lend their countenance to any imperialist designs on the part of their governments, they are equally resolved to continue the struggle until Prussian militarism is destroyed, and will not sacrifice the rights of mankind to satisfy German imperialism. What we aim at is a new international system, in which all the nations can dwell together in freedom and peace, without fear of molestation or spoliation. We want to appeal to German social democracy to-day to do its part in the great work of reconstruction, the corner-stone of which is a righteous and enduring peace.

In pursuit of this policy, British Labor, in conjunction with the working-class parties of the Allied countries, advocates the holding, under proper conditions, of an international congress of Labor and Socialist organizations at the earliest possible moment. The purpose of this congress is to assist in removing misunderstandings which block the path to peace. It is an essential condition of such a congress that all the organizations to be represented therein shall put in precise form, by a published declaration, their peace terms, in conformity with the principles, 'no annexations or punitive indemnities, and the right of all peoples to self-determination'; and that they shall work with all their power to obtain from their governments the necessary guaranties to apply these principles, honestly and unreservedly, to all questions to be dealt with at any official peace conference.

These conditions are clearly laid down in the Inter-Allied Memorandum on War-Aims. They as clearly show that Allied Labor is not weakening in its determination to secure a just and lasting peace. It does not seek a peace based upon compromises and concessions on one side or the other. It does not advocate a policy of surrender. It stands for a policy of peace by conciliation. Labor believes that the cause to which it has dedicated itself in service and sacrifice can be advanced by political effort and discussion supplementing military operations. It remains true to its faith in the principles and ideals of democracy. It believes that the attainment of a speedy international peace is the common aim of all real democrats.

I therefore urge the American working-class movement to join with the

other Allied Labor and Socialist movements in supporting this policy of international conciliation. It is perfectly true that a barrier has been erected between the democracies of the Central Empires and those of the Allied countries. This barrier must be broken down. On both sides, efforts are being made to remove it. In Germany and in Austria a new political consciousness is slowly but surely finding definite expression. It is our duty to stimulate rather than to destroy the nascent peace-spirit in the German people.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS AND THE WAR

BY L. B. R. BRIGGS

When America declared war on Germany, nothing, not even our money, disappeared faster than our college athletic teams. This is a war of which students are quick to see the meaning; and while certain mechanics seize the opportunity for an increased pay that shall allow their comforts to remain undiminished and shall strengthen their hold on political power, thousands of young men, with everything that would seem to promise worldly comfort, stake instantly, and as a matter of course, their hopes and their lives at the first call of the 'voice without reply.' And this they do for a war in which the part played by romance — as the word is commonly understood — seems unprecedentedly small. An athlete would be expected to accept, out of hand, the sporting challenge of old-fashioned warfare — to lead mad cavalry charges, to match himself like a knight of old with every newcomer as man against man; but outside of certain naval activities and aviation, that supreme test of sportsmanship in life and death, the call of this war is a call, first to the unrelieved monotony of the camp, and next, to the unrelieved horror of the machine-gun and the gas-bomb. These pampered boys, who insisted on special training-tables, who craved special or limited trains, who had to be kept good-natured and happy before big games by automobile rides and musical comedies, and who, if victorious, would have felt slighted without complimentary dinners; boys coached by men who scorned street cars and scarcely used their legs except on the field; boys waited on by a series of stewards called managers, and supported by second teams who required eatable and drinkable rewards of a service which they struggled for the honor of performing — these boys gave proof unmistakable that they were not spoiled, that they still were men, or, rather, were men at last; that they could leave all and follow an ideal which some of us saw in only a few of them, which probably only a few of them saw in themselves. This war has come nearer justifying our methods in intercollegiate athletics than we had thought possible.

Nevertheless, our methods had tremendous faults of which we were aware, — some of us dimly, some of us

plainly, — and of which we seemed unable to rid them. Reforming athletics is about as hard as reforming society. A convulsion may reform either; and a convulsion has come. What seemed to coaches and players the biggest thing in life — so vital that every smallest part of it was of almost sacred import — is, for the time being, scarcely important enough for its own health. Coaches once moved heaven and earth to prove eligible a man whom nothing but the annihilation of four or five other candidates for the same position would tempt them to use in a big game. Now, — with every need of every man who can play at all, — eligibility has taken a back seat, where it belongs. Now, such undergraduates and coaches as remain may be conceived of as studying economy. Once, nobody was surprised if a manager contended that it was squabs and victory or chickens and crushing defeat. Now, a team is lucky if it gets the necessities of life, lucky in being a team at all, and is grateful for mere existence.

Fevers used to be treated by bleeding; if the patient survived, he had to be built up. Our patient is so reduced that he needs building up; it is for us, and for those whom we represent, to prescribe the nature and the amount of his nourishment. Some years ago, just as I was leaving Cambridge to discuss at New Haven the dates for certain games, a misguided enthusiast chased me into the street to say, 'We've licked 'em; and you can get any date you want.' Not we, but events, have 'licked' intercollegiate athletics. We, — that is to say, our colleges, — acting together, may do with them almost as we please.

'Acting together' I have said, not in every detail, but in spirit. If we fail to learn from the war, if the great moments of the great world paralyze us, and we do nothing with the opportunities, infinitely smaller yet great in their kind, of the college athletic world, we shall join the crowded ranks of those who, whether too inert to act or too blind to see, have 'lost their chance.'

What is our chance? Those of us — and this should mean all of us — who have not lost the interests of youth love sport for sport's sake, and victory as the crown of sport; we love also that personified ideal which is intensely real, the college which, either by tradition or by accident, has become our Alma Mater; and we love to see our Alma Mater upheld, not merely as an institution of learning where mature scholars may prosecute research, but as a school where boys become men through all things that fitly minister to their physical, mental, moral, and spiritual life.

Among these things is manly sport, which at college finds its supreme expression in upholding the supremacy of the Alma Mater. In the right kind of game between Yale and Harvard, for example, every player wears his college colors much as a knight in tourney wore the colors of his lady. This high and simple truth has been put out of sight, — and almost out of life, — by the parasites that have overgrown it. 'Our chance' is to keep it clear in the eyes and strong in the hearts of our students, to associate athletics with honor in the best sense of the word, with honor and not with notoriety. Against us are the quick transiency of college generations, the lopsidedness of a boy's growth to manhood, the more vulgar of human ambitions, the desire of the public for excitement, and what Matthew Arnold would call the 'ignobleness' of the American newspaper. All these hostile forces have united to some extent in our present coaching system, even when that system is intelligent, disciplinary, and in divers ways morally strong.

The important attacks on intercollegiate sport have come from earnest men who fail to see its meaning: rightly disgusted with its commercial aspects, feeling little sympathy with athletics except for health, they are naturally irritated by what seems to them a colossal substitution of sham for reality, prostituting what should be a means to health by making it an end in itself, and an end that defeats the end to which it should be a means, by endangering rather than insuring the health for which alone it exists. Meanwhile, they allege, it robs study, scamps the performance of daily duty, magnifies physical prowess, nurses luxury, and is at best only an intermittent check on vice, which between periods of training rides triumphant. The very thought of thousands who squander money for tickets to games, the very sight of thousands who find games of absorbing interest in a world 'so full of a number of things,' bears annoying witness to the mad folly of the American public and to the pusillanimous irresponsibility of American institutions of learning that cater to this folly. Such is the feeling of those to whom the inner light of intercollegiate athletics burns dim at best, and not at all when obscured by outward circumstances. Moreover, even if these persons are, as I believe them, in great part wrong, they speak some patent truths that every responsible lover of his college cannot but deplore.

Met one by one, the obstacles that I have named seem surmountable. Though by the time one set of students is half educated, it gives place to another, this is no more the law of the athletic field than of the classroom. In the classroom also we must adapt ourselves to the lopsidedness of a boy's development. There too we see, if we have eyes, the meaner and the more vulgar ambitions in their aggressive campaign for mastery. The only athletic difficulties not familiar to college teachers are what may be called the public difficulties, the difficulties that arise from the exploiting of skill and personal qualities until football stars have as little privacy as stars of musical comedy or the film, with whom publicity means money and position. Is it strange that the possibilities of publicity in money and position should penetrate the minds of football stars?

The chief evils of athletic publicity are, as everybody knows, extravagant expenditures, dishonest proselyting, the upsetting of relative values, and the kind of lionizing that turns the heads of boys, not to speak of those girls with whom football heroes are socially superior matinée idols. Some honorable means of abolishing or greatly decreasing these evils must be found if intercollegiate athletics are to be a thoroughly wholesome part of our academic life.

A pretty good case may be argued for publicity. In place of brawls between town and gown, we now have college feeling spread for miles about. Boys get interested in the college whose teams they see, and aspire to attend it. College games for college students only would be snobbish. College games are good recreation for any spectator; and spectators are harmless and lucrative. Privacy nobody expects in these days. Any girl who announces her engagement sees her photograph in the public prints; any society girl who sells cake at a fair for charity or bathes at Palm Beach, any young drummer who manages the floor at a lodge dance, may read all about it (with illustrations). Why should college athletes, who do skilfully what people love to see, be treated with a delicate consideration which few of them or of their friends would appreciate?

Moreover, if the corporation of a

university accepts a gift for a stadium that costs three times the amount of the gift, and expects the athletic association to pay two or three hundred thousand dollars for the completion of the sum, and interest on every dollar of the principal until it can pay the dollar, the athletic association is obliged to get money. It must get money also for keeping in condition fields, buildings, and boats, and for supporting crews that cost much and bring in nothing. Given a building like the Yale Bowl, — or even like the Harvard Stadium, — with nothing to take care of it, the athletic association cannot rise wholly superior to commercial standards. You may beg, you may tax the students, and blackmail the faculty, in support of your team; or you may charge for admission and sell a great many tickets.

The responsibilities of structures designed for from five to fifteen times as many spectators as there are men in the university, are varied and great. You cannot live a cottage life in a hotel. Once in pursuit of money, you are tempted by all the devices of business. It pays to advertise; it pays to pay enough for securing coaches who will turn out teams that people will pay to see. Then, as militarism makes nations outbid one another in armament, football makes colleges outbid one another in coaching, until the various positions on the gridiron are parceled out among specialists in football, much as the various organs of the body are parceled out among specialists in medicine.

Professor Corwin reminds us that it has cost two or three thousand dollars a boy to put an eleven on the field for a Yale-Harvard game. Even so, if seventy-five thousand tickets are sold at two dollars each, the game is good business; and at a Yale-Harvard game, the spectator sees more for two dollars than he usually sees at the theatre. But whoever is in New Haven on the eve of the game and attempts roughly to calculate the total amount of money spent in getting to the game and living near it, is appalled, if not temporarily sickened. I name New Haven because the Bowl is so big; obviously the responsibility is no more Yale's than Harvard's. All the evils of publicity feed one another. The crowd needs the Bowl, and the Bowl needs the crowd. Notoriety brings good gate-receipts, and gate-receipts bring notoriety. Notoriety also begets proselyting, open or disguised. Reputable alumni of colleges often half deceive themselves when, by free tuition and pleasant perquisites, they persuade a schoolboy to honor their Alma Mater among all the venerable suitors for his athletic hand; nor is it easy for a poor and ambitious boy to put Satan behind him, when Satan assumes the guise of a reputable alumnus paying tribute of flattery and of money to his skill.

Finally, some students get better discipline and more education from athletics than from any other academic experience, thus furnishing a new argument for our methods in football, baseball, and rowing. On this singular reversal of propriety, the coach's natural comment is, 'Brace up the Faculty, or I shall continue to do what it can't.' No doubt the Faculty needs bracing; but, as the late Professor Royce remarked, 'When the band is playing for a procession to the last open practice, it is difficult to interest Freshmen in the syllogism.' The fault is not wholly the Faculty's; still less is it the boys'. All of us — Faculty, alumni, and American public — had nourished a young giant until he made a grown giant's demands. Now he has suddenly shrunk; and nobody believes in overfeeding him again. Not merely the Faculty, but the great body of serious under-

graduates, — even the athletes themselves, with their new light on relative values, — do not hesitate to say that things should never again be as they have been.

Yet, if this war is ever over and reasonable peace is ours, relative values may soon be upset again. One false start in one large college may knock over our new and unsteady structure like a house of cards. No captain with money in the treasury likes to accept the danger of defeat; expert help is scarce and, according to the law of demand and supply, no coach of the first rank is paid too much. 'It is a crucial season. Can't we have X. Y. for just this year?' Here begins anew the coaching system. Or, 'The men cannot find room together at the big dining-halls; and some of them are irregular in their meals. Can't we have an eating-place where we can all meet?' Here revives the training-table.

It is easy to reduce income and thus to find a ready reply to such petitions. Whether we get an income from admission tickets or from solicited subscriptions, we can readily cut it down; but whether or not we cut down our income, we can and should cut down our expenses. We at Harvard, who have probably been among the worst offenders, have in late years checked the lavish and foolish multiplication of gift sweaters at the close of the season, and have been less unthrifty in certain other matters. Yet in preparing teams and crews we have spent money like water.

In reconstruction, the first obvious reform is the abolition of the training-table. In some colleges it was abolished years ago, with no obvious loss of success and with much saving of money. It used to be maintained, first as a means of furnishing suitable diet to men in training, next, as a stimulant to *esprit de corps*. Men play concertedly, it was argued, if they eat concertedly, if at table they become intimate with each other's ways of talking and thinking. The interpsychological communion thus established seems too carnal to amount to much. It is probably worth something; yet not thinking of the great ordeal every minute, not taking your shop to all your meals, is also worth something; and as for food, the evidence, I understand, is in favor of a more natural diet, a diet more like other men's than that of the old training-table.

I take the training-table as an example merely. The primary need of reform is in the cost and the character of coaching. Lest you think me personal, I wish to make clear that, so far as an inexpert lover of the game may judge, Harvard has had in Mr. Haughton a coach second to nobody in skill, wise in not exacting so much work of the players as to kill all their pleasure in the game, sound in teaching hard fierce play but never foul play, and generally wholesome in his discipline. 'Is he not a little sulphurous in his talk to you now and then?' said a professor to a hard-working member of the squad. And the boy's answer would have warmed any coach's heart: with all the ardor of hero-worship he exclaimed, 'Never, unless it is good for your character!' It is not of Mr. Haughton that I speak; it is of the system which he ably, and in no way meanly, represents, and for which neither he nor any other coach is responsible.

After the manner of the proposed League to Enforce Peace, rival colleges must agree to limit the cost of coaching, must stick to the agreement, and must not annually suspect their rivals of not sticking to it. Reduction in cost would probably mean reduction to one coach for each of the major sports, perhaps to one coach for baseball and football. Some persons favor strictly amateur coaching. Theoreti-

cally we all favor it, just as, theoretically, we all favor peace; practically, you get better results with a coach who, being paid for certain work, performs it, and, being responsible to certain persons, is ultimately controlled by them. Few suitable amateurs have both the means and the time. There is no objection to a professional as such, if he is a clean professional and knows his profession; there are many objections to transient amateurs, who, doing the college a favor, feel responsible to nobody; who may be tempted under 'expenses paid' to all kinds of graft; who may entertain their friends, mentionable and unmentionable, at hotels, and send unanalyzable bills to the athletic association. Year in and year out, the amateur who has his expenses paid is more demoralizing than the professional responsible to his employers and to his job. The right kind of amateur with leisure is the best coach of all, and may from time to time be found in any one sport at any one college; but the right kind of amateur — the right kind of anything — is rarely a man of leisure; and careful direction of athletic sport takes time.

It is a sort of purple dream with some enthusiasts that a director of athletics belongs in the Faculty. I am one of these purple dreamers. In the West we should not be dreamers at all; for the dream has become a reality. So it has here and there in the East; but elsewhere in the East the suggestion of it is derided. No first-rate man, we are told, would go into such a business as coaching for an indefinite period; nobody in the Faculty would regard a coach as belonging there. Getting used to the idea may take time; but there are men, potential coaches, who might expedite the process; and there are other men, potential Faculties, to whom the doctrine that mind and body should be trained together, each helping the other, is neither startling nor novel. These men understand that no minister and no dean begins to have the opportunity of the coach in the higher education for life, if not for learning; and they can at least conceive of an educated man, preferably with medical training, whose interest in youth and in those things to which spirited youth responds most eagerly will never die till he himself shall die; of a man who sees in the position of athletic director an opportunity, constant and far-reaching, a career of absorbing responsibility and fascinating hard work.

Such a conceivable man in such a conceivable Faculty will be a professional in the sense in which other professors are professional. He will be an educated man, working for money and for something better than money, at an institution of enlightened learning. He will not pit athletics against study or students against Faculty. For some detailed work he will hire subordinates, responsible to him and through him to the Faculty. If he is regarded as socially inferior, he will bide his time until all sensible persons see that he is not, and that there is no sufficient reason why he should be.

This idea, as I have said, is not original or even new; it is newer in the East than in the West. Eventually something like it will come to stay. A position of incomparable influence, a position that it is a high honor to fill, will not remain inferior in everything but salary. It waits only for the right man and for that recognition from the higher powers which is the first step toward getting him.

Again, this war should teach us to stop petty bickerings and to treat each other as honest gentlemen. Colleges whose boys fight side by side for the mightiest cause that ever shook the world, can we live again in constant fear that some one will take advantage

of us in a game unless we take advantage of him first? When we play again, can we afford to begin except as friend and friend, as host and guest?

As to students — let us not forget that, after two or three years of a certain policy, they will gravely tell their elders that 'it has always been so.' Alumni are harder to convince, some even objecting to pleasant social relations between rival teams before a game as what never would have been tolerated in their day, in the golden era of bad feeling. Newspapers may be incorrigible; but reporters are human, and nearly always respond to frankness and courtesy. College teams will not play so finished a game as they played once; admission fees may be reduced for the public, possibly abolished for the students; but, with the world at peace, the time will never come when a game between such rivals as Yale and Princeton, or Yale and Harvard, or Princeton and Harvard, will not warm the blood of any graduate who has not quite forgotten what it was to be young.

Intercollegiate athletics are brought face to face with the problem that confronts America, and by the same tremendous force, the war for the mastery or the liberation of the world. Like America, they will stand or fall according as they choose between luxury and simplicity, trickery and integrity, the senses and the spirit.

THE MIRACLE

BY V. H. FRIEDLANDER

I

From the first they were always tinglingly, electrically aware of each other; yet from the first he knew that he must never speak to her, and she knew that he knew it. To strike up (on any excuse whatever) an informal acquaintanceship in the train, or on the platform where they met daily, would be to put themselves on the level of those other daily travelers — those girls, for instance, who giggled and nudged each other and glanced over their shoulders at young men; those young men who set their hats at dashing angles, and looked conscious, and got into conversation with the girls who glanced. Whereas it was just their difference from these others that formed the wordless, magic link between them; to sever it would be to brush the bloom off romance — that romance which, owing to the cruel prohibitions of their joint social law, was such an unconscionable time beginning.

All this they knew without the exchange of a single word, because they had the subtle freemasonry of youth to help them, as well as a dozen visible signs — the clothes they wore, the books and papers they read, the way that neither would join in the jostling scramble for seats in the train, the way that both held aloof from the casual, platitudinous observations of fellow travelers.

In the country, indeed, they might

have weakened — might have contrived to evade the social law in some manner not too vulgarian; but on crowded platforms and in suburban trains, each sickened and shrank from the thought of doing any one of the things that Toms, Dicks, and Harrys did daily before their eyes, in order to achieve acquaintance with dreadfully over-willing Mordies Violets, or Gerts. And so it happened that they were immutably stranded, for lack of the one social necessity — a common acquaintance to effect an introduction between them.

It added to the cruelty of their fate that they not only entered but left the train together, morning and evening, and that they were nevertheless prevented, by this same code which they had to hold high above the heads of contaminating hordes, from discovering or seeking to discover each other's place of residence or work.

The situation, to minds more mellowed by maturity, might have had its humor, but they were both suffering the first violent assaults of desperately serious youth, and saw no mitigating circumstance to their dilemma. Six months of secret dreams and disappointments, hopes and despairs, passed over their heads. The most that he could achieve on any day was an opportunity to offer her his seat; then, standing above her, it was possible to watch her bent head and thrill over the flowerlike way in which her white neck thrust slenderly upward out of the soft sheath of her collar. And sometimes (crowning thrill!) a flame would run along that whiteness, flushing it for a minute, as she felt above her the gaze that she could not — and would not — meet. Because of that touchingly tender effect of her youth, and because he did not know her name, he thought of her at first as 'the Greuze girl'; yet he realized joyfully, too, that the Greuze in her was only skin-deep, that she had character as well as that soft, dewy beauty.

And the most that *she* could hope for on any day was even less: a glimpse of him before he saw her, an opportunity to study the generous lines of his face, the frank carriage of his dark head, the something indefinable of breeding and distinction that was to her like water in the desert of her humdrum days. Nothing more was possible; for as soon as he caught sight of her, she had to become unaware of his existence.

That was the standard she set; the standard in which, ruefully yet proudly, he acquiesced. For was she not right? What protection had either of them against being engulfed in this maelstrom of commonness, this welter of crowded, third-class carriages and Cockney accents, and general ugliness of spirit, except the standard of conduct that they brought with them out of the shining past of a gentle upbringing? Their abstention from haphazard acquaintanceship became to them as the 'dressing-for-dinner' rite to which in outposts of empire exiles cling for protection against the call of the slovenly wild.

But because he was a man (or almost), and therefore a romantic dreamer, he said to himself hopefully day by day, 'There will be a miracle.'

And because she was a woman (or almost), and therefore soberly practical, she told herself firmly, 'There will be no miracle.'

Yet it was he who was right.

The miracle occurred on a spring evening. He was standing, as he often did to look out for her, at the top of one of the flights of stairs in the station, a point of vantage from which he could not miss her, whether she went toward their train by way of a staircase, or slipped through the crowd on the level below.

On this evening she came along the

high wooden gallery on which he was standing, but for once she did not go straight down the nearest stairs without appearing to notice him. Instead, she stopped when she was about ten yards away, glanced uncertainly, first at him, then at a letter she held open in her hand, and finally — with more confidence — at him again. After that, she walked steadily toward him, and their eyes held each other.

Yet even then he did not grasp that she was going to *speak*. So that, when she halted within two paces of him, and said nervously, but at the same time without any doubt, 'You *are* Mr. Kenley, aren't you?' he did not deny it, simply because at that moment he could neither have denied nor affirmed anything whatever — for joy.

But she did not wait for his answer; she was too nervous for that, and went on at once, 'I am so sorry to have kept you waiting. I was early, really, but there are two tea-rooms, and I could n't be sure from your letter which one it would be, and whether you would be outside or inside. Perhaps it was stupid of me — I 'm sorry —'

Her voice gave a frightened catch and failed her; in place of it, she made a tentative movement of the letter toward him.

And then he understood what had happened: this was the miracle in which he had hoped and trusted. She was speaking to him because she mistook him for someone else, someone with whom she had an appointment. And as soon as he understood that, he was passionately resolved to miss no scrap of advantage that the miracle might put in his way. He saw in a flash that, if he told her his name was not Kenley, he would lose her at once; whereas if he let her think it was, there was at any rate a sporting chance for him. Instead, therefore, of a young man tongue-tied with astonishment and overwhelmed with happiness, he became in an instant a cool, wary soldier of fortune, playing for time and taking every inch of cover that offered.

The first and obvious cover was, of course, the letter. 'Not at all,' he replied, with vague courtesy, and took the open, typewritten sheet out of her hand. There immediately he found more cover in the printed heading, 'Kenley and Hutton, Publishers,' so that he could add easily and almost without a hiatus, 'No doubt the mistake was ours'; and at the same time tear a sort of telegraphic heart out of the typewritten lines that followed.

'Madam — obliged — letter — 20th inst. — answer — advertisement — secretary — possible — come — some arrangement. Note — you are engaged — daytime — interview — this office — impracticable. Suggest — meet Mr. Kenley, Jr. — Wednesday, 5.30 P.M. — station tea-room — recognize Mr. Kenley — dispatch-case marked "K".' And then, correctly and formally, at the foot of the page, 'Miss Gisela Mornington,' and some address that swam meaninglessly before his eyes because of the ecstatic fitness of that name. 'Gisela! Gisela!'— He had her now, the very essence of her, in those flowing, melting syllables of her name. And the words that clamored absurdly (and quite inaccurately) to be said were,

'*I have caught you fast for ever in a tangle of sweet rhymes.*'

What, however, he did say, with a very decent impersonation of some credible Mr. Kenley, Jr., was, 'Yes — our fault, I see. The directions are not clear, and I must apologize for the misunderstanding, Miss — er —' (he pretended to consult the letter again) 'Mornington.'

At the same time he unobtrusively turned his dispatch-case 'K' side inward, lest the authentic Mr. Kenley, Jr., should arrive. For there was really

nothing, he found, with which the soldier of fortune whom he had so surprisingly become was incapable of dealing.

The next step was even simpler, if possible, than the first: the letter itself fairly shrieked it at him.

'Well, we can hardly talk here, of course,' he said, with what he hoped was just enough authority for 'Kenley' and just enough friendliness for the 'Junior,' who might set her at her ease. 'Our idea was that, if you would join me over a cup of tea, it would give us an opportunity to go into the business. Thank you!'

She had made a murmur that might have been construed as dissent, but he ignored it and settled the matter high-handedly by swinging open the tea-room door and motioning her to enter.

It answered: with bent head she preceded him submissively. So far, then, she had not the least suspicion, he reflected; already she was yielding him the obedience due to an employer. He felt the exultation of success.

II

In the tea-room there was a pleasant, soothing buzz of talk, and they had a little green-tiled table to themselves in a quiet corner; yet he found that he had not succeeded in setting her at her ease; her nervousness had actually increased, and he saw that she was afraid to lift her cup because of the trembling of her hands.

At once in a rush of tenderness, he decided to drop the least suggestion of the 'Junior' whom he was longing to be, if only it would charm away her preposterous, adorable terror.

'You must n't be frightened, you know, Miss Mornington,' he assured her on a note of quite elderly encouragement. 'I expect you are new to applying for posts and so on, but really there 's nothing to be afraid of. I only want to ask you a few questions.'

'But that 's just it,' she answered, with a sort of desperate, hunted misery. 'You 'll be angry; you 've a right to be angry. I 'm wasting your time. I ought to have t-told you at once that I sh-shan't suit you. I —' She pushed back her chair, evidently intending precipitate flight.

'Sit down, please!' he said, with a sharp return to authority; and once more she yielded delicious obedience. 'Now,' he ordered slowly and impressively, 'tell me what you mean.'

'Yes. I 'm sorry. Of course I must. I won't keep you long.' She twisted her fingers in her lap and spoke in a low voice, not looking at him. 'I saw your advertisement and applied for the post because it is just what I should like, and I wanted to see what chance I had of getting it. But I had no right to do it. I 'm a teacher; I teach in an elementary school — and hate it. So I 'm having lessons in typewriting and shorthand, and as soon as I know enough, I shall take a post as secretary. Only, I don't know enough, yet. My typing is all right, but my shorthand can't possibly be good enough for another two or three months. So you see —

'Yes, I see,' he agreed gravely. 'Your application for a post has been a little premature.' Then — lest they should never get further — he ventured on a bold stroke. 'Why do you hate teaching?' he demanded.

As he had hoped, the unexpectedness — the very irrelevance of the question brought her eyes up to meet his. And when once it had done that, he put his whole soul into making her remember that, whereas to-day he was Mr. Kenley, Jr., to her, and her prospective employer, for six months he had been the nameless fellow traveler who had established a secret kinship with her.

And he succeeded; she did remember. He saw the misery and the fright recede from her eyes and a glint of laughter take their place; he saw the flame he loved sweep over her face and neck, like a brief sunset flush on snow. She leaned forward the confidential fraction of an inch.

'It 's not so much the teaching I hate,' she answered, and treated him for the first time as an equal, 'as the taught — *and the teachers!*'

'The teachers?'

'Yes. Don't you know?' She seemed to despair, if he did n't know, of telling him,but suddenly decided that illustration would do. 'The head mistress,' she explained, still with those dancing eyes, 'says "inter*est*ing" and "muni*cip*al". And the other teachers — oh, well, for instance, they never say "Good-bye," you know; they say "Bye-bye," or "ta-ta," or "So long."'

He did know, and laughed; and they hung together over the moment of lovely sympathy that that gave them. Then she took fright again.

'But I 'm keeping you,' she stammered. 'I shall make you miss your train. And of course I know I ought n't to have dreamed you could wait till my shorthand'— Again there came that nervous catch that engulfed her voice.

So that had been her hope — that she might be waited for by Kenley and Hutton. It threw a ray of light for him on the next of his precarious steps as Mr. Kenley, Jr. And then that unguarded admission that she knew which *was* his train! Surely he could also reap some advantage from that?

He glanced out of the tea-room window at the great station-clock. 'Five minutes more before — *our* train,' he informed her with a little gesture of apology. 'You will forgive my knowing that we catch the same one?' He smiled. 'And now, if we had any gift of tongues, one or both of us would remark, "It 's a small world, is n't it?"'

This daring allusion, not only to their previous dumb understanding, but also to one of the causes of it,— the wearisome parrot-talk of their fellow passengers, — swept the last of her composure away on the flood of a flush. It was the effect for which he had hoped, so that, before she was able to think again with any clearness, he might propound and carry his next point.

'As to the possibility of the firm waiting for your services, Miss Mornington, it would obviously be inconvenient; but, after seeing you, I won't say offhand that it is entirely out of the question. I should need, however, to explain this point to you a little more in detail. And, as you remind me' ('Oh, base advantage, Mr. Kenley, Jr!' his heart cried out on him, even as he took it), 'our train will not wait. It is fortunate, therefore, that we can continue our talk on the journey. If you have finished — ?'

He had her now, bewildered and snared; she went with him docilely out of the tea-room, down the stairs, on to the platform. There his original project — to secure by bribery a first-class carriage for the two of them — gave place to an inspiration far more cunning: they would travel third, as usual. He perceived anew, with critical detachment, that under this spur of love and danger he was easily outrivaling the serpent in subtlety.

And again the result was just what he had anticipated. Having a matter — however businesslike — to discuss in private, and being wedged in among a dozen people, all of a kind to be unblushingly agape with curiosity about any private matter whatsoever, they were driven to speak practically in whispers. And thereupon they became subject to that law of nature whereby any two persons conducting a conver-

sation in whispers are at once involved in an element of quite astonishing intimacy, with or without their knowledge and consent.

'Perhaps I ought to make rather clearer my own standing in the firm,' was his first murmur; for he was anxious to secure himself against any suspicious reflections on her part later, over the fact that he habitually traveled in third-class carriages. 'The fact is, I am not yet in a position of authority at all.' He smiled modestly, and she made an answering murmur of surprise. 'I am my father's son, of course,' he elucidated further, 'but Mr. Hutton wishes to be assured of my qualifications before I am given a junior partnership or anything of that sort. So I am undergoing a year's trial — rather severe trial — at the office, you know, just like any clerk, and am not really in a position to treat with you or anyone except as my father's mouthpiece and Mr. Hutton's — very much Mr. Hutton's. My father, you see, Miss Mornington, is the literary partner in the firm, and Mr. Hutton the business one, and literature is apt to be a trifle — bullied by business, is n't it? Perhaps you think it strange that I refer to things of this sort; but it is necessary because it affects this rather delicate question of the secretaryship.'

'Yes, of course — I see,' she rejoined gratefully. 'Thank you for telling me.'

He might look at her now, and did. How serious she was over it all, and with what a repressed, delicious excitement shining through the seriousness. She was really keen on Kenley and Hutton, then? — wanted the job tremendously? And all he had done had been to deprive her of her chance of getting it. But his twinge of remorse was swiftly forgotten in the anxiety of a new thought: Kenley and Hutton might *write* to her, of course, as she had missed her appointment; and then where would he be? Not even the subtlety of serpents would avail then to save him from exposure.

The thought made him desperate. If he had only the present moment, at any rate he would make the most of it. She wanted more about Kenley and Hutton? — She should have it! Heaven knew, it had suddenly become easy enough to supply. Why, he could positively *see* the pair of them, and so should she.

'Our present secretary,' he went on, still with that smoothness that he found a continuous incitement to new departures in lying, 'who does the more confidential work both for my father and Mr. Hutton, is leaving us in a month, because she is getting married this summer. She is an excellent secretary, and Mr. Hutton will mourn her wholeheartedly; but my father — well, Miss Mornington, *will* you forgive my being perfectly frank with you? Thank you! — Then I will say that she has certain little mannerisms which do not affect Mr. Hutton, but which harass my father, and sometimes distract his attention to the detriment of his work. I should like to secure for him in future the services of someone free from such mannerisms — someone, may I put it, who is less violently a lady than most secretaries, and more securely a gentlewoman? So you will, I hope, forgive my saying that I recognized you at once as *personally* the right secretary for my father, whatever you may, so far, be professionally. Which brings us, does n't it, to the professional point you have mentioned. You require three months longer, I understand —'

'No, I would make two do — I *would!*' she broke in with a sort of anguished eagerness.

'Very well, let us say two, then. And, deducting the time for the present secretary's notice to expire, the gap is,

in fact, reduced to *one* month, is n't it?'

She hung on his words with an effect of breathlessness. 'One month — yes.'

'So that if I could induce our present secretary to stay that one month longer, you would be ready to take her place?'

'Yes — oh, yes!'

'Well, Miss Mornington, I don't say I can do it, but I do say I will try. I know my father's character, and I am sure he would like to have you, so I shall do my best to keep the post open for you. And I shall hope to tell you the result in a day or two.'

He might, he reflected, have opened the gates of paradise rather than of a publisher's office to her, judging by her dazzled expression. She thanked him in an awed way, and then they were at their destination. Lest he should rouse her suspicions, he forced himself to let her go home, as usual, alone; for he would be lucky, he realized, if after such a yarn he escaped detection even until the shattering communication from Kenley and Hutton reached her.

The next morning on the platform he felt himself rewarded for his restraint. She acknowledged his salutation with a smile, so that he knew the seismic letter had not yet arrived. But, in view of the desperate fact that it might so soon arrive, he permitted his promised 'day or two' to elapse no later than that evening.

'Well, I'm glad to be able to tell you,' he said, as he joined her on the platform as a matter of course, 'that our little difficulty is overcome. My father has had a talk with the secretary, and she has agreed to stay on until June instead of May. Mr. Hutton, of course, knows nothing except that she finds she can be with us for another month, and is pleased to hear it, while my father is looking forward to your coming to us at the end of it. May we take it, therefore, that the matter is settled?'

'Yes, please!' she responded; and her moment of delight and thanks tided him neatly over the delicate process of establishing himself for the second time beside her in the train.

After the second time the process somehow lost its delicacy (though not its glory), for it had developed safely into a habit. Each day he saw, with growing confidence in his luck, that Kenley and Hutton had not written; each day he had only to begin by making some inquiry about her shorthand, and then they could both slip happily from everyday moorings and down enchanted streams of youth. For two months they did it; for two months he (knowing that there were only two) battled successfully with the demon that would have seduced him from his one remaining principle — a determination not to ask her to marry him until she knew the truth; for two months she was content to wait, as if they had all eternity for drifting together down those streams. Twice every day they met; on Saturday afternoons and Sundays they walked together in woods, or climbed together to hilltops, or drifted together down actual as well as metaphorical streams.

It was on a Saturday afternoon in a wood that she told him she had passed her final tests and was ready for Kenley and Hutton; and after a moment's pause, he asked her to be at the office on Tuesday morning. That gave him his last week-end with her, and Monday for telling her the truth.

III

He told it. With a youthfully dramatic sense of fitness, he expiated his crime on the spot where it had been committed. Once more he waited for her at the top of the station stairs, and once more they went into the tea-room together.

At the first words of his confession she gave him a strange, wistful look; after that, she dropped her eyes and twisted the fingers on her lap, as once before.

He did not spare himself. He had a feeling that to make any excuses would only harden her righteous judgment. Once or twice, when she made a low sound, as of pain, it strung him up afresh to self-flagellation. At the end they both sat for a while over their pretty tea-cups and their gay, green-tiled table as over the grave of the beloved.

She was the one to break the heavy silence. 'So it's over,' she said hopelessly, and lifted her eyes with an effort.

It was only what he had expected — what he had really known that her sentence would be; yet at that knell of finality, something blurred his eyes so that he could no longer see her.

'Ah, no, no!' she cried, and her voice suddenly sharpened to a note of passionate protection. 'Not because of what *you've* done! But — if you feel so badly about that, what will you think of me — of me? You only took advantage of an opportunity. I made it.'

'You — ?'

'Yes — *made* it — manufactured it carefully, deliberately, shamelessly,' she told him with the bitterness of intolerable misery. 'Oh, of course I knew you — *liked* me; and I knew all through those first months what you were thinking: that something would happen to bring us together — a miracle. And I knew it would n't — ever! In books there are miracles; in books heroines are rescued from fires by heroes; but in real life the hero gets hold of the housemaid — if anybody; in books heroes meet their mates and marry them; in real life they meet after they have each married someone else; in books heroes go to war and come back to be nursed well from nice tidy leg or arm wounds; in real life there is nothing to come back — or worse than nothing. It *is* so! — it *is* so! You can't deny it. And so I knew nothing would ever happen to help *us*. You would just go on hoping for a miracle, and I would just go on knowing there would n't be one. And then, one day, you would n't be there, and I should n't know even your name or where to look for you, and it would all be over before it was begun. Or else I would get ill — or even just have to catch a different train, or — Oh, it — it was driving me mad. And so at last I *did* it!'

'But what? What did you do?' he asked, conscious of a new and riotous hope.

'I had lunch one day with a friend who is at Kenley and Hutton's,' she said colorlessly. 'She had some of their printed note-paper in her case, and I managed to take a sheet. Then I typed the letter to myself that I showed to you. All the rest was true. I *am* an elementary schoolteacher, and I *do* hate it, and I *have* been learning shorthand and typewriting, and now I am ready to take a post. But there was never any advertisement; never any appointment to meet Mr. Kenley, Junior. I made it up to go with the "K" on your dispatch-case.'

She was not even going to ask his name! That, as an indication of how entirely she felt it all to be 'over,' was what struck him first. Then another of the manifold aspects of what she had said staggered him.

'Well, but then — if you knew there was no appointment — what on earth did you make of *me* — of my pretending to be Kenley Junior?'

'I know,' she acknowledged, and her eyes shrank away from him. 'It did nearly finish it. I almost gave myself away. Don't you remember how nervous I was? All I' d planned was just a start, something we could use in place

of an introduction. But then, when it *went on*, it — it was like having recited some ancient spell and finding it work. For a minute I even thought that by some wild chance your name really must *be* Kenley. Then — I saw.'

'What did you see?'

His eyes were alight now with his new hope. Hers were still shamed and desperate, but she forced herself bravely to tell him the truth — at last.

'I saw that, at any rate, we did — *both* care, or you would n't have done it; you would n't have jumped at the chance like that, or have found a way to carry it through. And that made me — happy. I could n't tell then. It was only for two months at the most — and I could n't. I did take off one month to punish myself. Do you remember?'

'Rather!' His relief bubbled over into a laugh. 'It's simply stupendous luck, is n't it? We're quits, don't you see, because we're both in it, and now we've both told. We're pot and kettle, and can never mention the word black. Why, it's simply the only thing that could put us right, our both having lied like — well, like each other!'

She shook her head. 'Not like each other. I — wish it were. But I was the worst. I did an awful thing, and I shall be ashamed all my life. And so I will never see you again, because you'd never be able to forget that I did it — that I began it — '

'*Darling!*' He stopped her boldly with the word that he had hitherto forbidden himself. 'What rot! Why, don't you see that I've got my miracle, in spite of both our lies, and in spite of your frightfully elderly cynicism about books and real life?'

'Got it? A miracle?'

'Well, is n't it? — that a girl — not any girl, but a girl gently born, educated, sensitive — a girl like *you* — should risk so much, dare so much — for *me?*'

'Oh!' she despaired, 'you're kind and chivalrous, but it's no good. It does bring me down to the dust. And besides, can't you see that we *must* part? It would spoil everything, vulgarize everything now. That's my punishment for doing it. I might have known! Of course one can't do a thing like that and not suffer for it.'

He weighed the new argument with sudden gravity. And before he spoke, that priceless gift of maturity — the sense of humor that can pillory not only other people but one's self — had descended upon him.

'No,' he agreed, with a kind of cheerful grimness, 'we've both got to suffer for it all right, I expect. But not in the way *you* mean.'

'Not — ? How, then?'

He leaned over the table, looking her steadily in the eyes — not lover to lover now, but comrade to comrade.

'We've both got *to get off our high horse,*' he said with crisp conviction. 'That's what's the matter with us, don't you see? We've been putting on the most sickening airs of superiority, and now Nature has — has just walloped us down a peg. We've been sticking our cultured noses in the air and despising the people we work with and travel with, all because we've got two-penn' orth more education than they. We've passed by, with our well-bred shudders, on the other side from all those poor young devils who want a spice of romance and adventure, and take the simplest way to get it. Well, now, look at us! What have *we* done? Why have we both lied and schemed and smothered our consciences for two months? For exactly the same reason that they giggle and glance and nudge: because we wanted each other so badly that we had to find a way. There's not a pin to choose between us and them, and we have got to be honest with ourselves and acknowledge it. It's

humiliating; it's almost incredible; but that's our particularly nasty medicine, I'm afraid: *that we're just ordinary.* We're being trounced into admitting that

> 'Soul and body are one,
> God alone knows which is which;
> The soul squats down in the flesh,
> Like a tinker drunk in a ditch.

'*Aren't* we?'

It was a hard saying and he knew it; yet he was unreasoningly disappointed because she did not immediately testify to its truth.

Instead, she glanced at the station-clock.

'We shall miss the train if we don't go now,' she observed in a cool voice.

He said nothing more, and they went. But in spite of their going together as usual, he could not find the enchanted stream of the last two months. He had offered her hard truth (as he had offered it to himself) and it had proved too hard for her. He tasted the anguish of loving and of having to stoop to the beloved.

In the train, for once, by an ironic chance, there were seats for both of them — seats side by side. Yet they were further apart than in the days before the sham miracle.

He looked drearily out of the window. Though it was June, rain was falling in a hopeless drizzle.

'Puts you in mind of the autumn, don't it? remarked a young woman next to Gisela, and he observed with astonishment that she was speaking *to* Gisela. 'And what I always sy,' pursued the young woman, with an air of being both profound and original, 'is that there's something *sad*-like about the autumn. Ever noticed it yerself?'

His lips curled in weariness and scorn. Then he saw with surprise that Gisela was looking at the speaker.

'Yes,' she answered, 'I have. I've often noticed how sad the autumn is.'

And her tone was gentle, sympathetic, even — his heart leaped — *humble.* As she finished speaking, she bent her head abruptly, and over the slim column of her neck swept a revealing flame —

So she had beaten him, after all! He, indeed, had stumbled upon a truth and communicated it to her, but she had done infinitely more: already she had put it into practice. And this, he realized, was her way of telling him that she acknowledged their hard truth; this — in a crowded, third-class railway-carriage — was her acceptance of the proposal of marriage that he had (or good heavens! *had n't* he?) made.

Well, if he had n't, it was evident that for the moment the omission could not be rectified. Yet something had to be done to mark the sudden glory of the world — to celebrate the fact that once again the morning stars sang together. For now he understood what her temporary coolness had meant: she had 'learned something. That always feels at first as if you had lost something.'

'I say,' he ventured; and could not speak below his breath because her head was turned away.

'Yes?' She looked at him.

But by then, of course, it was no good; half the carriage was comfortably listening.

For a moment he was confounded. Then he gave a gleeful young laugh: he had discovered the offspring of necessity. 'You've won,' he declared. 'You've pronounced it before I'd finished learning how to spell it.'

She was puzzled. 'Pronounced what?'

'Muni*cip*al.'

Then she saw — not only his meaning, but the baffled blankness to which he had successfully reduced their audience. Her eyes danced.

'Oh, but it was you,' she returned demurely, 'who made it so inter*est*ing.'

THE CONVICT TRAIL

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

AFTER creeping through slime-filled holes beneath the shrieking of swift metal; after splashing one's plane through companionable clouds three miles above the little jagged, hero-filled ditches, and dodging other sudden-born clouds of nauseous fumes and blasting heart of steel; after these, one craves thoughts of comfortable hens, sweet-apple orchards, or ineffable themes of opera. And when nerves have cried for a time, 'Enough,' and an unsteady hand threatens to turn a joy-stick into a sign-post to Charon, the mind seeks amelioration, — some symbol of worthy content and peace, — and, for my part, I turn with all desire to the jungles of the tropics.

If one looks the jungle straight in the face and transcribes what is seen, there is evolved technical science; and until this can be done with accuracy and discretion, one can never feel worthy, now and then, of stealing quietly up a side aisle of the great green wonderland, looking obliquely at all things, observing them as actors and companions rather than as species and varieties; softening facts with quiet meditation, leavening science with thoughts of the sheer joy of existence. It should be possible occasionally to achieve this, and yet to return to science enriched and with enthusiasm, and again to play some little part in the great physical struggle — that wonderful strife which must give to future peace and contentment new appreciation, a worthier enjoyment.

It is possible to enter a jungle and become acutely aware of poison fang and rending claw, much as a pacifist considers the high adventure of righteous war. But it is infinitely more wonderful and altogether satisfying to slip quietly and receptively into the life of the jungle; to accept all things as worthy and reasonable; to feel the beauty, the joy, the majestic serenity of this age-old fraternity of nature, into whose sanctuary man's entrance is unnoticed, his absence unregretted. The peace of the jungle is beyond all telling.

I

I am thinking of a very wonderful thing and words come laggardly. For it is a thing which more easily rests quietly in the deep pool of memory than stirred up and crystallized into words and phrases. It is of the making of a new trail — of the need and the planning and the achievement, of the immediate effects and possible consequences. For the effects became manifest at once, myriad, unexpected, some sinister, others altogether thrilling and wholly delightful to the soul of a naturalist. And now, many months after, they are still spreading, like a forest fire which has passed beyond control. Only in this case the land was no worse and untold numbers of creatures were better off because of our new trail.

Of the still more distant consequences I cannot write, for the book of the future is tightly sealed. But we may recall that a trail once was cut through coarse, high grass and belts of cedar,

which in time became the Appian Way. And a herd of aurochs, breasting in single file dense shrubby oaks and heather toward a salt-lick, may well have foreshadowed Regent Street; the Place d'Étoile was perhaps first adumbrated by wild boars concentrating on a root-filled marsh. And why should not the Indian trail, which became a Dutch road and our Fifth Avenue, have had its first hint in a moose-track down the heart of a wooded island, leading to some hidden spring?

We left our boats stranded on the Mazaruni River bank and climbed the steep ascent to our new home in the heart of British Guiana. Our outfit was unpacked, and the laboratory and kitchen and bedrooms in the big Kalacoon house were at last more than names.

And now we surveyed our little kingdom. One path led down to our boats, another meandered eastward through the hills. But like the feathered end of the magnetic arrow, we drifted as with one will to the south. Here, at the edge of our cleared compound, we were confronted by a tangle. It was not very high, — twenty feet or so, — but dense and unbroken. Like newly trapped creatures we paced back and forth along it, looking for an opening. It was without a break. We examined it more closely, and saw a multitude of slender, graceful cane-stems hung with festoons of grass-like drapery. One of us seized a wisp of this climbing grass and pulled downward. When he dropped it, his hand dripped blood. He might as well have run a scroll-saw over his fingers. The jungle had shown its teeth.

We laughed and retreated to the upper floor for consultation. The sight we saw there decided us. In the distance, 'not too far,' to use the hopelessly indefinite Guiana vernacular, high over the tumbled lower growths, towered the real jungle — the high bush. This was the edge of that mighty tropical ocean of foliage, that sea of life with its surface one hundred, two hundred feet above the earth, stretching unbroken to the Andes; leagues of unknown wonderland. And here we were, after thousands of miles of voyaging to study the life of this great jungle, to find our last few yards blocked by a mass of vegetation! There was no dissenting voice. We must cut a trail, and at once, straight to the jungle.

Before we begin our trail, it will be wise to try to understand this twenty-foot tangle, stretching almost a mile back from Kalacoon. Three years before, it was pure jungle. Then man came, with axe and saw and fire, and one by one the great giants were felled, — mora, greenheart, crabwood, — each crashing its way to earth after centuries of upward growth. The underbrush in the dark, high jungle is comparatively scanty. Light-starved and fungus-plagued, the shrubs and saplings are stunted and weak. So, when only the great stumps were left standing, the erstwhile jungle showed as a mere shambles of raw wood and shriveled foliage. After a time fire was applied; and quickly, as in the case of resinous trees, or with long, slow smoulderings of half-rotted, hollow giants, the huge boles were consumed.

For a period, utter desolation reigned. Charcoal and gray ash covered everything. No life stirred. Birds had flown, reptiles and insects made their escape or succumbed. Only the saffron-faced vultures swung past, on the watch for some half-charred creature. Almost at once, however, the marvelous vitality of the tropical vegetation asserted itself. Phoenix-like, from the very heart of the ashes, appeared leaves of strange shape and color. Stumps whose tissues seemed wholly turned to charcoal sent forth adventitious shoots,

and splintered boughs blossomed from their wounds. Now was the lowest ebb of the jungle's life, when man, for the success of his commercial aims, should take instant advantage. But plans miscarried, and the ruin wrought was left to Nature.

The destruction of the jungle had been complete, and the searing flames had destroyed all forest seeds. In their place, by some magic, there sprang up at once a maze of weeds, vines, and woody shrubs, reeds, ferns, and grasses, all foreign to the dark jungle, their nearest congeners miles away. Yet here were their seeds and spores, baffling all attempts at tracing their migration or the time they had lain dormant.

When we had begun to penetrate this new-born tangle, we found it possible, by comparing various spots, to follow its growth in past time. The first things to appear in the burned jungle area were grasses or grass-like plants and prostrate vines. These latter climbed over the fallen tree-trunks, and covered the charred stumps with a glory of blossoms — white convolvulous gleaming everywhere, then pale yellow allamandas, and later, orchid-like, violet, butterfly peas, which at first flowered among the ashes, but climbed as soon as they found support. Little by little, a five-finger vine flung whole chains of bloom over stumps, logs, and bushes — a beautiful, blood-red passion flower, whose buds looked like strings of tiny Chinese lanterns.

Soon another type of plant appeared, with hollow and jointed stems, pushing out fans of fingered leaves, swiftly, wasting no time in branching, but content with a single spike piercing up through strata of grass and reeds, through shrubs and bushes, until it won to the open sky. This was the cecropia, or trumpet tree, falsely appearing firm and solid-stemmed, but quite dominant in the neglected tangle.

II

We started early one morning, with small axes and sharp machetes, and in single file began to cut and hew and tear a narrow trail southward. For some distance we found almost a pure culture of the cecropia trees, through which we made rapid progress which aroused entirely false hopes. It was a joy to crash obliquely through the crisp hollow stems at one blow from our great knives. The second man cut again at the base, and the rest took the severed stems and threw or pushed them to one side, cutting away any smaller growths. We soon learned to be careful in handling the stems, for they were sanctuary for scores of a small stinging ant, whose race had practised preparedness for many generations, and which rushed out when the stem was split by cutlass or axe.

As we went on, we learned that differences in soil, which were not apparent when the great jungle covered everything, had now become of much importance. On high sandy spots the cecropias did not get that flying start which they needed for their vertical straightaway dash. Here a community of hollow reeds or bamboo grass appeared from no one knows where. They had grown and multiplied until their stems fairly touched one another, forming a dense, impenetrable thicket of green, silicious tubes eight to twelve feet in length. These were smooth and hard as glass, and tapered beautifully, making wonderfully light and strong arrows, with which our Akawai Indians shot fish. Slow indeed was our progress through this. The silica dulled and chipped our blades, and the points of the cut stems lamed us at a touch.

But whatever the character of the vegetation, whether a tangle of various thorny nightshades, a grove of cecropias, or a serried phalanx of reeds, the

terrible razor-grass overran all. Gracefully it hung in emerald loops from branch to branch, festooning living foliage and dead stump alike, with masses of slender fronds. It appeared soft and loose-hung, as if one could brush it away with a sweep of the hand. But it was the most punishing of all living things, insidiously cutting to the bone as we grasped it, and binding all this new growth together with bands more efficient than steel.

The age-old jungle is kind to the intruder; its floor is smooth and open, one's footsteps fall upon soft moss, the air is cooled and shadowed by the foliage high overhead. Here, in this mushroom growth of only three years, our progress became slower and ever more difficult. Our hands bled and were cut until we could barely keep them gripped about the cutlass handles; our trail opened up a lane down which poured the seething heat of the sun's direct rays; thorns penetrated our moccasins, and ants dropped down our necks, and bit and stung simultaneously with opposite ends of their anatomy. Five minutes' chopping and hacking was all that the leader could stand, who would then give way to another. Fifty yards of a narrow lane represented our combined efforts the first day.

Direction was a constant source of trouble. Every three or four feet we had to consult a compass, so confusing was the tangle. Sudden gullies blocked us; a barren, half-open, sandy slope cheered us for a few yards. It was Nature's defense, and excelled any barbed-wire entanglement I have ever seen since at the battle-front.

Once I came to a steep concealed gully. The razor-grass had been particularly bad, giving like elastic to blows of the cutlass, and then flying back across my face. I was adrip with perspiration, panting in the heat, when I slid part way down the bank, and, chopping away a solid mass of huge elephant's ears, uncovered a tree-trunk bridging the swamp. It brought to mind the bridge from Bad to Worse in the terrible Dubious Land. Strange insects fled from the great leaves, lizards whisked past me, hummingbirds whirred close to my face — the very sound seeming to increase the heat. I slipped and fell off the log, splashing into the hot water and warm mud, and sat in it for a while, too fagged to move. Then the rest of the party came up, and we clambered slowly to the top of the next rise, and there caught sight of the jungle's edge; it seemed a trifle nearer, and we went on with renewed courage.

Shortly afterwards two of us were resting in a patch of reeds while the third worked some distance ahead, when there came a sudden low growl and rush. Instinctively we rose on the instant, just in time to see a jaguar swerve off to one side and disappear in a swish of swaying reed-stems. I have never known one of these animals to attack a man, and in this case he had undoubtedly heard but not scented us, and the attack ceased the moment we proved to be other than deer or similar prey. The incident came and passed too swiftly for thought: but now, when we realized that this was a bit of the real wild life of the jungle, our enthusiasm never flagged, and we kept steadily at the heartbreaking work, resting only now and then for our cuts to heal.

Then a government official, who was our guest, took pity on us, and for science' sake, obtained special dispensation. One morning we went out and found in our compound several huge, blue-uniformed policemen, who saluted, and with real black magic produced twenty convicts — negroes and coolies — armed with cutlasses. So began the second phase of what we now named the Convict Trail.

We had already fought our painful

way through a half mile of the terrible maze, and now we heartily welcomed this new aid, whether good-natured murderers and burglars, or, like Sippy, Slorg, and Slith, mere thieves. We watched them strip to their black skins and begin a real assault. On a front of ten to fifteen feet, the tangle fairly dissolved before our eyes, and their great tough palms and soles made little moment of the razor-grass and thorns.

With my friend Hope, an honest forger, I went on far ahead and laid the course for the jungle. In especially dense parts we climbed to the summit of great jungle-stumps and stretched a white sheet to guide the trail-cutters.

Day after day the score of convicts returned with their guards, and at last we saw the path unite with an old game and Indian trail in the cool shade of the jungle, and Kalacoon was in direct contact with the great tropical forest.

I have passed lightly over the really frightful pain and exhaustion which we experienced in the initial part of this work, and which emphasized the tremendous difference between the age-old jungle untouched by man, and the terrible tangle which springs after he has destroyed the primeval vegetation.

After this came our reward, and never a day passed but the trail yielded many wonderful facts. The wilderness creatures soon found this wide swath, and day and night used it, making it an exciting thing to peer around a corner, to see what strange beings were sitting or feeding in our little street.

Before the trail was quite completed, it yielded one of the most exciting hunts of our trip — the noosing of a giant bushmaster, the most deadly serpent of the Tropics. Nupee, my Akawai Indian hunter, two nestling trogons, and Easter eve — these things led to the capture of the Master of the Bush; for nothing in the Tropics is direct, premeditated.

My thoughts were far from poisonous serpents when Nupee came into our Kalacoon laboratory late on a Saturday afternoon. Outdoors he had deposited the coarser game intended for the mess, consisting, to-day, of a small deer, a tinamou or maam, and two agoutis. But now, with his quiet smile, he held out his lesser booty, which he always brought in to me, offering in his slender, effeminate hands his contribution to science. Usually this was a bird of brilliant plumage, or a nestful of maam's eggs, with shells like great spheres of burnished emeralds. These he would carry in a basket so cunningly woven from a single palm-frond, that it shared our interest in its contents. To-day he presented two nestling trogons, and this was against rules. For we desired only to know where such nests were, there to go and study and photograph.

'Nupee, listen! You sabe we no want bird here. Must go and show nest, eh?'

'Me sabe.'

Accompanied by one of us, off he started again, without a murmur. In the slanting rays of the sun he walked lightly down the trail from Kalacoon, as if he had not been hunting since early dawn. An hour passed, and the sun swung still lower, when a panting voice gasped out, —

'Huge labaria, yards long! Big as leg!'

The flight of queen bees and their swarms, the call to arms in a sleeping camp, create somewhat the commotion that the news of the bushmaster aroused with us. For he is really what his name implies. What the elephant is to the African jungles and the buffalo to Malaysia, this serpent is to the Guiana wilderness. He fears nothing, save one thing, hunting ants, before which all the world flees. And this was the first bushmaster of the rainy season.

Nupee had been left to mount guard over the serpent, which had been found

near the trogon tree. Already the light was failing; so we walked rapidly, with gun, snake-pole, and canvas bag. Parrakeets hurtled bamboowards to roost; doves scurried off, and small rails flew from our path and flopped into the reeds. Our route led from the open compound of Kalacoon, through the freshly cut Convict Trail, toward the edge of the high bush; and we did not slacken speed until we were in the dim light which filtered through the western branches.

At the top of the slope we heard a yell, — a veritable Red Indian yell, — and there our Akawai hunter was dancing excitedly about, shouting to us to come on. 'Snake, he move! Snake, he move!' We arrived, panting, and he tremblingly led me along a fallen tree and pointed to the dead leaves. I well knew the color and pattern of the bushmaster. I had had them brought to me dead, and had killed them myself, and I had seen them in their cage behind glass. But now, though I was thinking bushmaster and looking bushmaster, my eyes insisted on registering dead leaves. Eager as I was to begin operations before darkness closed down, it was a full three minutes before I could honestly say, 'This is leaf; that is snake.'

The pattern and pigment of the cunningly arranged coils were that of the jungle-floor, anywhere; a design of dead leaves, reddish-yellow, pinkish, dark-brown, etched with mould, fungus, and decay, and with all the shadows and high lights which the heaped-up plant tissues throw upon one another. In the centre of this dread plaque, this reptilian mirage, silent and motionless, rested the head. I knew it was triangular and flattened, because I had dissected such heads in times past; but now my senses revealed to me only an irregularity in the contour, a central focus in this jungle-mat the unraveling of which spelt death.

It was a big snake, seven or eight feet long, and heavy-bodied — by no means a one-man job. Again we carefully examined the screw-eyes on the pole, and each looked behind for a possible line of escape.

I quickly formed my method of attack. Nupee was sent to cut forked sticks; but his enthusiasm at having work to do away from the scene of immediate conflict was so sincere, that he vanished altogether and returned with the sticks only when our shouts announced the end of the struggle. An Indian will smilingly undergo any physical hardship, and he will face any creature in the jungle, except the bushmaster.

We approached from three sides, bringing snake-pole, free noose, and gun to bear. Slowly the noose on the pole pushed nearer and nearer. I had no idea how he would react to the attack — whether he would receive it quietly, or, as I have seen the king cobra in Burma, become enraged and attack in turn.

The cord touched his nose, and he drew back close to some bushy stems. Again it dangled against his head, and his tongue played like lightning. And now he sent forth the warning of his mastership, — a sharp *whirrrrr!* — and the tip of his tail became a blur, the rough scales rasping and vibrating against the dead leaves, and giving out a sound not less sharp and sinister than the instrumental rattling of his near relatives.

For a moment the head hung motionless, then the noose-man made a lunge and pulled his cord. The great serpent drew back like a flash, and turning, undulated slowly away toward the darker depths of the forest. There was no panic, no fear of pursuit in his movements. He had encountered something quite new to his experience, and the knowledge of his own power made it

easy for him to gauge that of an opponent. He feared neither deer nor tapir, yet at their approach he would sound his warning as a reciprocal precaution, poison against hoofs. And now, when his warning had no effect on this new disturbing thing, he chose dignifiedly to withdraw.

I crept quickly along on one side, and with the gun-barrel slightly deflected his course, so that he was headed toward an open space, free from brush and bush-ropes. Here the pole-man awaited him, the noose spread and swaying a few inches from the leaves. Steadily the snake held to his course, and without consciousness of danger, pushed his head cleanly into the circle of cord. A sudden snap of the line and pandemonium began. The snake lashed and curled and whipped up a whirlpool of débris, while one of us held grimly on to the noose and the rest tried to disentangle the whirling coils and make certain of a tight grip close behind the head, praying for the screw-eyes to hold fast. Even with the scant inch of neck ahead of the noose, the head had such play that I had to pin it down with the gun-barrel before we dared seize it. When our fingers gained their safe hold and pressed, the great mouth opened wide, a gaping expanse of snowy-white tissue, and the inch-long fangs appeared erect, each draped under the folds of its sheath like a rapier beneath a courtier's cloak.

When once the serpent felt himself conquered, he ceased to struggle; and this was fortunate, for in the dim light we stumbled more than once as we sidled and backed through the maze of lianas and over fallen logs.

Nupee now appeared, unashamed and wide-eyed with excitement. He followed and picked up the wreck of battle — gun, hats, and bags, which had been thrown aside or knocked off in the struggle. With locked step, so as not to wrench the long body, we marched back to Kalacoon. Now and then a great shudder would pass through the hanging loops, and a spasm of muscular stress that tested our strength. It was no easy matter to hold the snake, for the scales on his back were as rough and hard as a file, and a sudden twist fairly took the skin off one's hand.

I cleaned his mouth of all dirt and débris, and then we laid him on the ground, and, without stretching, found that he measured a good eight feet and a half. With no relaxing of care, we slid him into the wired box which would be his home until he was liberated in his roomier quarters in the Zoölogical Park in New York.

III

Close to the very entrance of the Convict Trail, behind Kalacoon, stood four sentinel trees. Every day we passed and repassed them on the way to and from the jungle. For many days we paid very little attention to them, except to be grateful for the shade cast by their dense foliage of glossy leaves. Their trunks were their most striking feature, the bark almost concealed by a maze of beautifully colored lichens, different forms overlapping one another in many places, forming a palimpsest of gray, white, pink, mauve, and lilac. One day a streaked flycatcher chose the tip of a branch for her nest, and this we watched and photographed and robbed for science' sake, and again we thought no more of the four trees.

Late in April, however, there came a change. The leaves had been shed some time in January, and the fallen foliage formed a dry mass on the ground which crackled under foot. Now each branch and twig began to send out clusters of small buds, and one day — a week after Easter — these burst into indescribable glory. Every lichened bough

and branch and twig was lined with a soft mass of bloom, clear, bright cérise, which reflected its brilliance on the foliage itself. After two days a rain of stamens began, and soon the ground beneath the trees was solid cérise, a carpet of tens of thousands of fallen stamens. This is no exaggeration, for in each blossom there were more than four hundred stamens, and within the length of a foot, on one small branch, were often a score of blooms.

This feast of color was wonderful enough, and it made us want to know more of these trees. But all the information we could glean was that they were called French cashew. Yet they had not nearly finished with the surprises they had in store. A hummingbird or two was not an uncommon sight along the trail at any time; but now we began to notice an increase in numbers. Then it was observed that the tiny birds seemed to focus their flight upon one part of the clearing, and this proved to be the four cashew trees.

The next few days made the trees ever memorable: they were the Mecca of all the hummingbirds in the jungle. In early morning the air for many yards resounded with a dull droning, as of a swarming of giant bees. Standing or sitting beneath, we could detect the units of this host, and then the individuals forced themselves on our notice. Back and forth the hummers swooped and swung, now poising in front of a mass of blossom and probing deeply among the stamens, now dashing off at a tangent, squeaking or chattering their loudest. The magnitude of the total sound made by these feathered atoms was astounding: piercing squeaks, shrill insect-like tones, and now and then a real song, diminutive trills and warbles, as if from a flock of song-birds a very long distance away. Combats and encounters were frequent — some mere sparring bouts, while, when two would go at it in earnest, their humming and squeaks and throb of wings were audible above the general noise.

This being an effect, I looked for the cause. The massed cérise bloom gave forth comparatively little perfume; but at the base of each flower, hidden and protected by the twenty-score densely ranked stamens, was a cup of honey; not a nectary, with one or two delicately distilled drops, but a good thimbleful, a veritable stein of liquor. No creature without a long proboscis or bill could penetrate the *chevaux-de-frise* of stamens, and to reach the honey the hummingbirds had to probe to their eyes. They came out with forehead well dusted with pollen, and carried it to the next blossom. The destiny of the flower was now fulfilled, the pot of honey might dry up, the stamens rain to the earth, and the glory of Tyrian rose pass into the dull hues of decay.

Day after day, as we watched this kaleidoscope of vegetable and avian hues, we came to know more intimately the units which formed the mass. There were at least fifteen species, and all had their peculiarities of flight and plumage so marked that they soon became recognizable at sight.

After our eyes had become accustomed to specific differences in these atoms of birds, we began to notice the eccentricities of individuals. This was made easy by the persistence with which certain birds usurped and clung to favorite perches. One tufted midget, clad in resplendent emerald armor, selected a bare twig on a nearby shrub, and from there challenged every hummer that came in sight, whether larger, smaller, or of his own kind. He considered the cashew trees as his own special property, and so far as his side of them went, he made good his claim. I have never seen such a concentration

of virile combative force in so condensed a form.

In some such way as vultures concentrate upon carrion, so news of the cashew sweets had passed through the jungle. Not by any altruistic agency we may be certain, as we watch the selfish, irritable little beings, but by subtle scent, or, as with the vultures, by the jealous watching of each other's actions. I observed closely for one hour, and counted one hundred and forty six hummingbirds coming to the tree. During the day at least one thousand must visit it.

They did not have a monopoly of the cashew manna, for now and then a honey-creeper or flower-pecker flew into the tree and took toll of the sweets. But these were scarcely noticeable. We had almost a pure culture of hummingbirds to watch and vainly to attempt to study, for more elusive creatures do not exist. The Convict Trail revealed no more beautiful sight than this concentration of the smallest, most active, and most gorgeous birds in the world.

Such treats — floral and avian — were all that might be expected of any tree, but the cashews had still more treasures in store. The weeks passed, and we had almost forgotten the flowers and hummingbirds, when a new odor greeted us — the sweet, intense smell of over-ripe fruit. We noticed a scattering of soft yellow cashews fallen here and there, and simultaneously there arrived the hosts of fruit-eating birds. From the most delicate of turquoise honey-creepers to great red and black grosbeaks, they thronged the trees. All day a perfect stream of tanagers — green, azure, and wine-colored — flew in and about the manna. And for a whole week we gloried in this new feast of color, before the last riddled cashew dropped, to be henceforth the prize of great wasps and gauze-winged flies, which guzzled its fermented juice and helped in the general redistribution of its flesh — back to the elements of the tropic mould, to await the swarms of fingering rootlets, a renewed synthesis — to rise again for a time high in air, again to become part of blossom and bird and insect.

IV

It was along this Convict Trail that I sank the series of pits which trapped unwary walkers of the night; and halfway out, at pit number 5, the army ants waged their wonderful warfare.[1]

In fact, it was while watching operations in another sector of this same battle-front, that I found myself all unintentionally in the sleeping chamber of the heliconias.

Tired from a long day's work in the laboratory, I wandered slowly along the Convict Trail, aimlessly, in that wholly relaxed state which always seems to invite small adventures. It is a mental condition wholly desirable, but not to be achieved consciously. One cannot say, 'Lo, I will now be relaxed, receptive.' It must come subconsciously, unnoticed, induced by a certain wearied content of body or mind; and then many secret doors stand ajar, any one of which may be opened and passed if the gods approve. My stroll was marked at first, however, by only one quaint happening. For several weeks the jolly little trail lizards had been carrying on most enthusiastic courtships, marked with much bowing and posing and a terrific amount of scrambling about. The previous day — that of the first rains — numbers of lizardlets appeared, and at the same time the brown tree-lizards initiated their season of love-making. I had often watched them battle with one another — combats wholly futile so far as any damage was concerned. But the

[1] See the *Atlantic* for April, 1917.

vanquished invariably gave up to his conquerer the last thing he had swallowed, the victor receiving it in a gluttonous rather than a gracious spirit, but allowing his captive to escape.

I surprised one of these dark brown chaps in the trail, and seized him well up toward the head, to preserve his tail intact. Hardly had I lifted him from the ground, when he turned his head, considered me calmly with his bright little eyes, and forthwith solemnly spat out a still living ant in my direction. The inquiring look he then gave me was exceedingly embarrassing. Who was I, not to be bound in chivalry by the quaint customs of his race!

With dignity and certainty of acceptance he had surrendered; calmly and without doubt he had proffered his little substitute of sword. It was, I felt, infinitely preferable to any guttural and cowardly 'Kamerad!' Feeling rather shamefaced, I accepted the weakly struggling ant, gently lowered the small saurian to the ground, and opened my fingers. He went as he had surrendered, with steadiness and without terror. From the summit of a fallen log he turned and watched me walk slowly out of sight, and I at least felt the better for the encounter.

Of all tropical butterflies heliconias seem the most casual and irresponsible. The background of the wings of many is jet-black, and on this sable canvas are splashed the boldest of yellow streaks and the most conspicuous of scarlet spots. Unquestionably protected by nauseous body-fluids, they flaunt their glaring colors in measured, impudent flight, weaving their way slowly through the jungle, in the face of lizard and bird. Warningly colored they assuredly are. One cannot think of them except as flitting aimlessly on their way, usually threading the densest part of the undergrowth. No butterflies are more conspicuous or easier to capture. They must feed, they must pay court and mate, and they must stop long enough in their aimless wanderings to deposit their eggs on particular plants, by an instinct which we have never fathomed. But these are consummations hidden from the casual observer.

Now, however, I am prepared for any unexpected meaningful trait, for I have surprised them in a habit which presupposes memory, sociability, and caution, manifested at least subconsciously.

The late afternoon had worn on, and after leaving my lizard, I had squatted at the edge of a small glade. This glade was my private property, and the way by which one reached it from the near-by Convict Trail was a pressure trail, not a cut one. One pushed one's way through the reeds, which flew back into place and revealed nothing. Lifting my strained eyes from the tragedies of a hastening column of army ants, I saw that an unusual number of heliconias was flitting about the glade — both species, the Reds and the Yellows. All were fluttering slowly about, and as I watched, one by one they alighted on the very tips of bare twigs, upside down with closed wings. In this position they were almost invisible, even a side-view showing only the subdued underwing pigments, which blended with the pastel colors of twilight in the glade, reflected from variegated leaves and from the opening blossoms of the scarlet passion-vine. Perhaps the most significant fact of this sleeping posture was the very evident protection it afforded to butterflies, which in motion during their waking hours are undoubtedly warningly colored and advertised to the world as inedible. Hanging perpendicularly beneath the twig, although they were almost in the open, with little or no foliage overhead, they presented no surface to the rain of the night, and all faced northeast — the

certain direction of both rain and wind.

The first one or two roosting butterflies I thought must be due to accidental association; but I soon saw my error. I counted twelve of the Red-spots and eight Yellows on two small bushes, and a few minutes' search revealed forty-three more. All were swung invariably from the tips of bare twigs, and there was very evident segregation of the two kinds, one on each side of the glade.

When I disturbed them, they flew up in a colorful flurry, flapped about for a minute or less, and returned, each to its particular perch. After two or three gentle waves of the wings and a momentary shifting of feet, they settled again to perfect rest. This persistent choice of position was invariably the case, as I observed in a number of butterflies which had recognizable tears in their wings. No matter how often they were disturbed, they never made a mistake in the number of their cabin. A certain section of a particular twig on a definite branch was the resting place of some one heliconia, and he always claimed it.

Several were bright and fresh, newly emerged, but the remainder were somewhat faded and chipped at the edges. The delicate little beings slept soundly. I waited until dusk began finally to settle down, and crept gently toward a Red-spot. I brought my face close and aroused no sign of life. Then I reached up and slowly detached the butterfly from its resting-place. It moved its feet slightly, but soon became quiet. Then, as gently, I replaced it, and at the touch of the twig, its feet took new hold. When I released its wings, it did not fly but sank back into the same position as before.

I wondered if I was the first scientist to pluck a sleeping butterfly from a jungle-tree and replace it unawakened. At the time I was more impressed by the romantic beauty of it all than by its psychological significance. I wondered if heliconias ever dreamed. I compared the peacefulness of this little company with the fierce ants which even now were just disappearing from view. These were my thoughts, rather than later meditations on whether this might not be a sort of atavistic social instinct, faintly reminiscent of the gregariousness of their caterpillar youth.

From any point of view I shall think better of all butterflies for this discovery: their desire for company, the instinctive wisdom of place and posture, the gentleness and silence of the little foregathering in the jungle. As I walked back along the trail, several latecomers passed me, vibrating softly through the twilight, headed for their glade of dreams.

Subsequent visits to this glade emphasized the strength of association of this little fraternity, by realization of its temporal brevity. Three weeks after I first discovered the glade, I returned in late afternoon, and waited silently. For a time I feared that the mariposal fellowship was a thing of the past. But a few minutes before five, the first Red-spot fluttered by, in and out among the twigs and leaves, as one slips an aeroplane through openings in drifting clouds. One by one, from all directions, the rest followed, until I counted twelve, twenty, thirty-four. Many of the twigs were now vacant, and most of the heliconias were tattered and forlorn, just able to keep at their fluttering level. There was something infinitely pathetic in this little company, which in less than a month had become so out-at-elbow, so aged, with death close ahead, yet with all their remaining strength making their way from north and from south, from dense and from open jungle, to keep tryst for this silent, somnolent communion.

I rose quietly and passed carefully

from the glade, disturbing none of the paper-thin silhouettes, so like the foliage in outward seeming, yet so individual, each perhaps with dim dreams of flowers and little meetings and wind-tossings; certainly with small adventures awaiting their awakening on the morrow, and a very certain kismet such a short way ahead.

Two weeks after this, only three butterflies came to the glade, one newly painted, freshly emerged, the other two old and tattered and very weary.

I loitered on my homeward way, and before I reached Kalacoon found myself in the Convict Trail in full moonlight. At one turn of the path a peculiar tinkling reached my ear. It was a veritable silver wire of sound—so high, so tenuous that one had to think as well as listen, to keep it in audible focus. I pushed through a growth of cecropias, and at once lost the sound, never to hear it again, but in its place there appeared a very wonderful thing — a good-sized tree standing alone and exposed, bathed in full moonlight, and yet gleaming as brightly as if silhouetted against complete darkness, by the greenish light of numberless fireflies. After the first marvel of the sudden sight, I approached and pulled down a branch, and counted twenty-six glowing insects, as close together as the blossoms on a Japanese cherry-stem. There were hundreds upon hundreds, all clustered together in candelabra'd glory, hidden from the view of all the world, at the farther side of this dense thicket. As I left, I remembered with gratitude the silver wire of sound which had guided me, and in a far corner of my mind I stored a new memory — one which I could draw upon at need in times of pain, or intolerance, or perhaps in some lull of battle; the thought of a tree all aglow with living flames, in the moonlight of the Convict Trail.

THE OFFERING

BY OLIVE CECILIA JACKS

How have we fallen from our high estate,
O Lord! plunged down from heaven!
In wanton pride, in lust for empires great,
For riches have we striven.
Are these not dust and ashes in thy sight,
Swept by thy wind and lost?
Have we not sinned against the Spirit's might,
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost?

What dost thou ask from all the sons of men?
Atonement for this wrong?
Behold, we lay upon thine altar, then,
A host twelve million strong:
Twelve million dead; they stand before thy face,
An offering for sin;
Their cry goes forth unto the bounds of space;
They crowd thy courts within.

Our dead are they, — friend, foe alike, — our dead;
On sodden battlefield
They laid them down; for us their blood was shed;
By their stripes were we healed:
For our transgressions were they smitten sore;
Slaughtered with shot and shell;
For us the chastisement of peace they bore,
Descending into hell.

Not theirs alone the atoning sacrifice:
Wives, mothers, at the call,
In unity of sorrow paid the price,
Gave of their best, their all:
One was the heartache, one the darkened home;
And one the company
Of living dead, who wait to see God come:
A mighty company.

WHAT AND HOW MUCH SHOULD WE EAT?

BY THOMAS B. OSBORNE

I

UNDER normal conditions of supply and normal conditions of health, little attention is given by the great mass of mankind to the question what or how much should be eaten. They simply eat what they want and as much as they want, and then stop and go about other business. They know nothing of the dietary elements which the nutrition expert tells them are so essential for their well-being, and even for their very existence.

How can they long survive in such ignorance? Why does the community allow them to endanger, not only their own lives, but those of posterity? The only possible answer is that they are endowed with instincts which guide them so well, that under normal conditions of life they escape the many dangers that until recently they were unconscious of.

In view of the successful part played by instinct in dealing with the problems of nutrition, — which modern science is beginning to show are among the most complex that the human mind has ever yet undertaken to investigate, — perhaps it might be well to pay a little more respect to instinct than has lately been the fashion, and at the same time see if by observation some useful hint may be obtained which will help in interpreting the results of investigations in the laboratory.

Even the pig knows how to protect himself against dangers arising from indiscretions in eating, not only as to quantity, but as to the proportion of the various food-constituents. This is shown by Evvard's experiments. He allowed pigs to feed themselves *ad libitum* with corn, meat-meal, oil-meal, salts, and the like, from separate hoppers. During early growth, when new tissues were being made rapidly, these pigs ate much larger proportions of protein than when growth became slower. Later, when smaller amounts of corn were eaten, the protein deficiency thus caused was met by an increase in the amount of meat-meal eaten. Under these conditions of free-choice feeding the pigs grew faster than any previously recorded which had been fed on mixtures made for them by the combined talent of agricultural experts, trained both in the science of nutrition and in the practice of the art of feeding.

Similar experiments made in my laboratory with albino rats gave much the same results. These animals were given their choice between two food-mixtures, one adequate for growth, the other inadequate, owing to the deficiency, or absence, of some one factor essential for growth. Although these foods were alike in physical properties, and so nearly alike in their constituents that it was difficult to believe that the rats could distinguish between them by any of their senses, nevertheless, all but one of the several rats so chose their food as to make practically normal growth. How they did this is one of the wonders of nature.

Considered solely from the standpoint of a supply of energy, — that is, of fuel for the maintenance of the body

as a running machine, — the food-problem has long been the subject of very carefully and accurately controlled experiments. These have shown that, for the expenditure of a given amount of energy in the performance of physical work, a corresponding amount of potential energy in the form of food is required. In other words, the law of conservation of energy applies to the animal machine as strictly as it does to the machine in the factory.

The practical conclusion to be drawn from this is that the animal body must be supplied with enough energy, not only to keep it running, but to perform the work done by it. Recently we had an illustration of what happens to the machinery of our industries when the supply of energy in the form of coal runs short; and we may soon have an illustration of what will happen to the labor employed in these industries if the supply of energy in the form of food suffers similarly.

Let us first consider the question how much energy is really needed; or, to put it the other way, how little food can we get along on and still do the work necessary for the successful conduct of the war. As already stated, the relation of food eaten to the energy expended has been very carefully established by exact experiments which, under the conditions studied, are beyond criticism. How can these studies be applied to the needs of daily life? It is obviously impossible to determine the energy expended by a blacksmith working on a battleship, or an engineer running a locomotive, or a horse ploughing a field. None of these can be put to work in a calorimeter and the heat value of their work measured, nor can any imitation of such working conditions be reproduced whereby even an approximate estimate might be made. Nevertheless, authorities on nutrition furnish us with tables showing how much energy must be supplied in the form of food for those who are engaged in a very wide variety of occupations, and these tables are largely used in determining suitable rations under different conditions.

It may fairly be asked, if it is impossible to measure the energy expended, how have such tables been made? They have been made by carefully studying the amount of food actually eaten by large numbers of people engaged in all sorts of occupations, and determining the calorific value of these foods. The energy expended in the various occupations was not measured directly by scientific methods, but indirectly, on the assumption that it is the habit of people, as well as of animals, to eat according to their calorific requirements. If men and animals were not endowed with instincts that enable them to adjust their food-intake to the energy expended in maintaining their bodies, as well as in doing their work, they would be constantly suffering from the ills of overeating or of under-nutrition.

That nature provides protection against many misfortunes which may befall an individual in the course of life, has been pointed out most interestingly by Dr. Meltzer in a paper on 'The Factors of Safety in Animal Structure and Animal Economy.' From the numerous examples set forth by Meltzer it seems probable that the ills following over- or under-eating are, in some way, also provided against. It has long been recognized that under-feeding is temporarily guarded against by a conversion of sugar into a substance similar to starch, —glycogen, — and storage of this in the liver and muscles. The potential energy thus husbanded is readily drawn on or replenished according to the minor fluctuations in demands for more, or for less, energy, which may be made necessary by the daily variations in physical activity, or the daily

changes in external temperature. Larger demands, extending over longer times, are met by the reserve of fat and muscle-tissue, which in every normally nourished individual is sufficient to supply enough energy for a not inconsiderable time.

Are these the only means of dealing with inequalities in energy output, or food-supply? It is conceivable that, in addition, the speed at which chemical changes go on within the body may vary, to adjust consumption to requirements. Allen and DuBois state that the profound effect of confinement and under-nourishment on heat-production has never received the attention it deserves. If reducing the body weight, by lowering the food-intake below the amount which instinct prompts, reduces the rate of metabolism, — that is the sum of the chemical changes which are taking place within the body, — we should expect the converse to be true, and to find that increasing the food-intake above the amount that can be met by storing glycogen and fat is further met by an increase in the rate of metabolism. If it should turn out that a change in the rate of metabolism thus provides a hitherto unrecognized factor of safety, the whole question of over-eating will have to be considered from a new angle.

It has been generally held that over-eating, except within narrow bounds, is impossible, for the subject will either grow fat, which of course has its limits, or will feel badly and cease to eat in excess until a normal condition is reëstablished, or will dispose of the surplus food by exercise. According to this view, those who cannot live in comfort without a game of golf or some other agreeable form of activity are habitually over-eating, in so far as fuel needs are concerned. There are other factors, however, involved in the exercise problem, which we will consider later.

If surplus food above that needed for the daily tasks of life can be disposed of by an increased rate of metabolism, we ought to know more about it than we now do if we are to deal with the problem of the most efficient use of our food-supply. Can any important amount of food be wasted in this way? A certain rate of metabolism is required to support the body functions and temperature, and a corresponding quantity of food is necessary to continue that metabolism, if body tissues are to be maintained. If more than this amount of food is eaten, it is wasted, if it serves no other purpose than to produce useless heat which must be gotten rid of in some way.

In my own case it has seemed that an unaccustomed plethora of food has been followed by a continued sensation of heat, and efforts to dispose of this extra heat by reducing my clothing below that habitually worn. If subjective sensations of this kind are to be trusted, it would seem that under such conditions surplus heat is being eliminated by radiation in consequence of dilation of the capillary blood-vessels. This agency is provided to rid us of the excess of heat incident to physical work; and it would seem not improbable that it might be called on to dispose of surplus heat produced by increased metabolism caused by an excess of food.

The extra heat eliminated after eating protein, which Lusk properly regards as a result of stimulated metabolism, is an example of wasted energy of the same kind that may result from a plethora of other kinds of food. Another example is the increased rate of metabolism caused by caffein, which may explain the extensive use of coffee and tea. So long as carbohydrates or fats are assimilated only in amounts in excess of the maintenance and energy requirements which can be met by storage in the form of glycogen or fat,

no evolution of heat can be expected; but when the amount is greater than can be thus cared for, the plethora must be burned, if bodily health is to be maintained.

To what extent a surplus of food can be disposed of by such an increase in the rate of metabolism, or whether such a stimulation of the metabolism can be frequently endured without sensations of discomfort, are questions which have been so little studied that definite answers cannot be given to them. My own observations have led me to suspect that there may be a wider difference in the capacities of individuals thus to meet the dangers involved in occasional over-eating than has heretofore been supposed. Possibly those who are said to have 'good digestions' are those whose metabolism is easily stimulated, so that they are able to oxidize promptly whatever surplus food they may happen to eat. If such should prove to be the case, the ills commonly attributed to indigestion may in many cases not be due to a failure to digest food, but may, on the contrary, be the result of assimilating food which has been already digested in greater quantity than the body-cells are capable of oxidizing promptly.

Waste of food, if in fact there is any, from this source is doubtless small, and quite likely is fully compensated for, because a large proportion of the 'good feeders' are among the most efficient in every community. While many seem to think that high thinking and plain living are essential to good living, it does not by any means follow that a high plane of metabolism does not imply a high plane of both mental and bodily efficiency. Certainly, among cold-blooded animals the increased rate of metabolism which results from raising the temperature of their environment leads to marked evidences of increase in physical efficiency.

II

Leaving this question for future investigations to settle, let us consider whether we have at present any better means of determining how much food — how much energy — is needed under given conditions than our present one founded on observations of what people actually eat when guided solely by their instincts?

It is very generally assumed that those who are in a position to do so eat too much, probably because all of us are tempted to eat when confronted with an abundance of attractive food. Although many do yield to this temptation, few fail to eat less at subsequent meals, and soon reduce their consumption, even if enticing food is continually put before them. A millionaire could not possibly eat as much in a week as a coal-heaver, unless he engaged in exercise more severe than would be agreeable. How much more than is necessary can be eaten without discomfort? Does over-eating cause a waste of food sufficient to justify the efforts necessary to control it? Can a man over-eat habitually, without either growing very fat, or becoming a dyspeptic? Does not this evil usually cure itself? Here are questions which are difficult to answer positively. Plenty of people will answer them with assurance; but have they good reason for their answers?

It is difficult to fatten animals beyond a certain limited degree, and even then it takes a long time. If too much tempting food is supplied, they 'go off their feed.' Even pigs, as has already been stated, can successfully feed themselves from hoppers with concentrated foods. They apparently do not eat too much. Occasionally cattle or horses which by chance get access to the feed-bin will eat so much that they die; but such cases are probably nutritional accidents, where fermentations cause

decomposition of the food before it can be digested. During parts of the year almost all animals in a state of nature have the opportunity to eat too much, but we have no reason to believe that they do so. In a long experience, gained by feeding many hundreds of albino rats whose food-intake was limited only by their instincts, I have never suspected that any one of them ate too much. Successful stockmen make their animals eat all they will, in order to obtain maximum production and profit.

Excess of food results in accumulations of fat, but these form comparatively slowly. Chickens or Strasburg geese are fattened more rapidly by force-feeding than in the natural way, because thus they can be made to consume more food than their instincts will permit. Pigs can easily be made very fat; but these animals have been bred for generations with the purpose of developing a breed having a capacity for accumulating fat beyond the normal. Taking the country over, fat men are not very numerous, and most fat women have spent years in becoming so. There is probably far less over-eating, as measured by accumulations of fat above the normal, than is popularly supposed; but that there is some is evidenced by the not inconsiderable number of fat people, especially women, seen in our large cities.

Since the records of what people on the average actually do eat when left entirely to their instincts have been demonstrated to be on the average very nearly what they should eat for the proper maintenance of their bodies, it appears that in general there is not much, if any, over-eating. Such as may occur can be controlled by the scales; for if one is not obviously fat or gaining weight, he is presumably not over-eating. There is evidently little food saving to be expected from efforts directed to suppressing over-eating.

If the food-supply is to be conserved by reducing the amount of food below that now eaten under the direction of instinct, what will be the result? The first effect will obviously be a loss of weight and consequently a reduction in the amount of food needed to move the body, as in walking, getting out of bed, or rising from a chair — a very small fraction of the total needed for maintaining the bodily machine and performing the tasks of daily life. It will not reduce materially the amount of food needed to do the work of daily life; for, as Anderson and Lusk have recently shown, the energy requirement for work done is exactly the same whether the animal is well fed or starved. All that is saved by reducing weight is merely the fuel needed to do the mechanical work involved in moving the smaller load imposed by body weight. Experiments to show the reduction of energy resulting from reduction in weight have been made chiefly on men or animals whose work consisted in lifting the body, as in walking, or hill-climbing. Under such conditions a diminution of energy expenditure is involved which is almost proportional to the reduction in body weight. Under the conditions of activity of the great mass of our population, no corresponding saving can be expected, for few are engaged in occupations where lifting the body comprises more than a very small part of the mechanical work which they do.

Loss of weight involves loss of the factor of safety which nature provides in the form of fat; for even those who are not commonly regarded as 'fat' have a very considerable amount of fat in the various tissues of their bodies. It may also involve a loss of substance from the muscle-tissues, if the reduction in weight is carried far, or if the subject was at the outset supplied with fat below the normal. Just what effect

it has on the easily mobilized supply of glycogen which is needed to maintain uniformity in daily metabolism, I do not know. It would seem as if this too might be reduced to a minimum inconsistent with efficiency. There is no doubt that a certain amount of reduction in weight can be endured by the vigorous for a considerable time, but not without serious loss in efficiency, if long continued. In every community there are many men below the normal weight, and these are always looked upon with suspicion by insurance companies and enlistment officers, even though no pathological cause can be found for their underweight.

Restriction of the food-intake means the loss of a factor of safety other than that furnished by body fat — one that is in the food itself. Food furnishes more than fuel for the body: it supplies, in addition, the materials needed to renew the wear and tear incident to life, and also those mysterious substances called vitamines, the absence of which in a food renders it incapable of supporting life. No one knows what vitamines really are, for as yet they have not been isolated. Their presence is revealed only by the effect they produce upon nutrition. They are not uniformly distributed in the various parts of the plants and animals we use as foods; and in rejecting a part of an animal, or by over-refinement in milling, we may throw away these indispensable substances. The germs of wheat, rice, and other seeds, the liver and kidney of animals, — all of which are composed of highly active cells, — and the cells of yeast, contain a far larger proportion of vitamines than do the endosperm or berry of wheat and rice, or the muscle-tissue of the animal. Addition of a very small quantity of the germ of the wheat-kernel to a vitamine-free but otherwise adequate mixture of nutrients, renders it capable of sustaining life; whereas a very large addition of white flour scarcely suffices.

Whenever the food-intake is cut down, the supply of vitamines is reduced, with how serious an effect no one as yet knows. That the need for vitamines is quantitative has been demonstrated within the last few months. The weight and health of animals fed on a diet free from vitamines, but otherwise fully adequate, can be maintained so long as they are supplied each day with a small but definite amount of yeast or wheat-germ or some other substance rich in vitamines. If the daily dosage is gradually reduced, a point is reached at which body weight begins to fall and the health of the animal is impaired. Further reductions in the amount of vitamines are followed more rapidly by these evidences of malnutrition. Body weight and health can be restored at once by increasing the daily supply. While in general, for the animals of a given species, the necessary amount of vitamine-containing material is nearly the same, there are individuals who require a larger or a smaller quantity. Vitamines seem to act as if they were stimulants to the metabolism, and individuals seem sensitive to this stimulus in different degrees. Do not vitamines play a part worthy of consideration in connection with restricted food-supplies?

An apparent example of the mysterious way in which instinct guides human beings to secure a supply of vitamines is shown by those tribes of Eskimos who eat the contents of reindeer stomachs as a delicacy. Doubtless the lack of this necessary element in the Eskimo dietary, which is largely made up of meat and fat, is the reason why the vegetable tissues gathered in their roamings by reindeer, and collected in their stomachs in an easily obtainable form, are regarded by the Eskimos as tidbits.

It is not at all improbable that many delicate people of sedentary habits, who eat but little, suffer chiefly from a deficient supply of vitamines, enough of which in the diet appears to impart physical vigor. Here we may have a clue to the reason for the benefit which exercise seems to confer upon people who otherwise lead physically inactive lives. The more these exercise, the more they eat; hence, the more vitamines they get, the better they feel. Those who never take exercise, but are always well, are perhaps persons so constituted that they react readily to a relatively small proportion of these life-giving substances.

III

How much protein should be included in the daily diet, is a question which has been the subject of contention among physiologists and nutrition experts for a long time, and as yet no agreement appears to be in sight. That those who can afford to buy the expensive foods which supply this element customarily eat more protein than they actually need to maintain their bodies in seemingly good condition, has been demonstrated by the well-known experiments of Chittenden, who showed that men can live for several months without apparent detriment on diets containing about one-half the amount of protein usually eaten. That similar low-protein diets can be used continuously, is shown by the fact that many eastern races habitually live on such.

The low-protein diets of the masses in Japan are unquestionably the result of necessity, for the more prosperous classes in that country provide themselves with foods very similar to those common in America. This change in habits is more likely to be the result of instinct than of a desire to imitate Europeans. It is a matter of common experience that dietary habits which satisfy the promptings of instinct are among the most difficult to change; whereas those which do not satisfy instinct are very easily changed. That more protein should instinctively be eaten than is absolutely necessary, is in accord with the plan of nature of averting danger by providing a factor of safety. Too little protein leads to inevitable disaster, too much (within reasonable limits) can be disposed of without apparent harm.

Physical well-being can be maintained within very wide limits of protein-intake. Just where the minimum, and where the maximum lies, is not certain, but that these limits are avoided by normal persons is certain. I have known a number of individuals who lived with enthusiasm for quite a time on low-protein diets, and who thought that their health was thus improved. All but one of these are now eating the normal amount.

There is no denying the fact that mankind in general instinctively eats more protein than the physiologist tells us is needed for actual maintenance. Why should this be so? One reason has been discovered since the experiments were made on which this dictum was founded, and this is, that all proteins do not have the same nutritive value. A quantity which fully suffices for all the bodily needs when one kind of protein is eaten, may be insufficient if another is eaten in its stead. To guard against this danger, we all instinctively eat a variety of foods, hence a variety of proteins; and it is curious how the selection thus made agrees with what our new knowledge shows to be desirable. Experiments have demonstrated that combinations of the cereal proteins with those of milk, meat, or eggs are much more efficient for promoting the growth of young animals, and for renewing the tissues of adults, than are

the cereal proteins alone; and these are the very combinations which mankind eats whenever opportunity makes it possible.

Protein is decomposed in the process of digestion into fragments called amino-acids. Nearly all proteins yield in varying proportion eighteen different amino-acids. In some proteins one or more of these may be absent. When new protein is required by the body, for the growth of the young or for the replacement of broken-down tissue in the adult, amino-acids derived from food are recombined into the protein of the new tissue. As the proteins of our food do not contain the same proportion or amount of the different amino-acids needed to construct the new-tissue proteins, there easily may be available too much or too little of any one of them. If any one amino-acid is furnished in too small quantity, then growth or repair will be retarded. The greater the quantity of protein eaten, and the greater the variety, the less danger there is of running short of the necessary quantity of any one essential amino-acid. Whatever surplus may remain is easily disposed of; so that the danger lies on the side of too little protein rather than too much. We must avoid too near an approach to the protein minimum in our diet until we know more about the chemistry of proteins and their true value in nutrition. Our instinct assures us of a margin of safety which is doubtless wider than is necessary, but how much wider, no one knows.

It is not at all improbable that another feature is involved in the question of the protein minimum, for it may well be that the greater efficiency of the meat-eating nations, which has often been used as an argument against a low-protein regimen, may be thus explained. It has long been known that an increase in the amount of protein consumed above that needed to protect the body-tissues from loss of nitrogen is accompanied by an increase in the amount of heat given off by the animal. This occurs only when the protein eaten is greater in quantity than can readily be stored in the body-cells. A similar increase in heat-output does not take place when carbohydrates or fats are eaten in quantities above those needed for maintenance. Rubner considered this extra production of heat to be peculiar to proteins, and called it their 'specific dynamic action.' He assumed that the activities of the body-cells as a whole were constant, and consequently required a constant supply of energy from the food to maintain their normal functions; and that any quantity of protein above what was needed for these normal functions was simply burned up with evolution of heat, but with no effect on the cellular metabolism.

Amino-acids resulting from the digestion of protein cause an extra evolution of heat when fed to animals. This has been interpreted by Lusk as due to a stimulation of metabolism, for the heat developed is greater than could be caused by combustion of the amino-acids supplied.

If protein stimulates metabolism, its effect on the well-being of an organism, especially of one so highly developed and sensitive as man, may well be very considerable. Under the influence of this stimulus the output of work, both physical and mental, may easily be increased. Certainly, the known relative efficiency of the meat-eating nations compared with the seed-eating nations of the Orient is not inconsistent with such a possibility. The efficiency frequently shown by men on experimental low-protein diets, which might be cited as evidence against this view, has often been attributed to psychological causes; for the enthusiasm of converts to new

cults often leads them to most remarkable accomplishments.

Whatever the truth may be, the instinct of the great majority leads them away from a low-protein diet; and, in view of the many wonderful ways in which instinct saves us from nutritional disasters of other kinds, attention certainly ought to be given to the amount of protein which man instinctively eats when not restricted by available supplies, or by poverty.

IV

Reviewing our recently gained knowledge from the standpoint of one seeking information by which to regulate his own dietary habits, we find that the chemical requirements of nutrition can be met only by the use of a variety of food-products, and that instinct, which impels man to crave this variety, saves him under normal conditions from the dangers involved in a too-restricted choice.

Those of us who habitually eat an unduly large or unduly small proportion of any particular kind of food will do well to alter our habits in this respect, and conform more nearly to the practice of the average American, whose daily ration consists of about three and a half ounces of sugar, four and a half ounces of fat, eight and a half ounces of flour, and three and a half ounces of protein.

The widely different sources that may be drawn on for the protein in this ration permit the needed variety. Protein is furnished by milk, eggs, meat (including poultry and all kinds of seafood), and, to a limited extent, by vegetables and fruits. Protein from these different sources does not have equal value in nutrition, but instinct leads the normal man to eat the very combinations which science proves to be the best. Young rats in my laboratory grew very slowly when wheat-flour furnished all the protein of their diet; but when meat, milk, or eggs supplied one third and flour two thirds of the protein, they grew rapidly. Bread and milk, bread and meat (sandwiches), and eggs on toast are combinations evolved by human instinct long before science discovered a chemical explanation of their efficiency. Man's natural desire for a varied diet thus takes account of even the fine points of the chemistry of the proteins.

Lusk has recently published a long list of foods, natural and manufactured, with their retail prices, calculated on the basis of the amount of fuel they furnish to the body for the performance of its daily work. It is curious to see how uniform these prices are for the foods which are eaten chiefly for their fuel-value. A higher, but fairly uniform, price is paid when protein is the chief factor furnished by the food. Far more costly than either of these are the vegetables and fruits which furnish very little that formerly was considered essential for nutrition. This is an impressive demonstration of the accuracy of man's instinctive judgment as to the relative values of the food-products he buys; and when we see how he has learned through instinct to combine the things he eats, and realize the underlying necessity that prompts his apparent extravagance, we cannot fail to be impressed by the very high price that he is willing to pay for vegetables and fruit.

Flour and meat contain relatively little, and sugar and fat contain none, of the vitamines which must be in every ration in sufficient amount, if life is to be sustained. The amount of vitamines contained in milk and eggs is too small to render it probable that they alone will supply enough when consumed in the amounts ordinarily eaten. That man does live and, in general,

flourish on the kind of food he instinctively eats, demonstrates beyond question that the supply of vitamines in his usual diet is sufficient for his needs. The only conclusion to be drawn from this is that vegetables or fruits, probably both, supply this most important food-factor, and that for this vital need man is ready to pay a good round price.

At the present moment science can add very little definite information on this most important aspect of our food-problem. Until investigations now in progress are completed, we can give only general advice. In the meantime, I believe that instinct is a safe guide, that it is prompting us to eat the kinds of food we should.

In general, we eat very nearly the amount of food that we really need. He who does hard physical work needs to eat more than does the sedentary brain-worker whose labor involves no expenditure of energy that must be supplied by extra food; and so he who works with his brain instinctively eats less than he who works with his muscles. The old belief that different foods were of widely different digestibility has yielded place to the knowledge that what was formerly called indigestion really arises from a failure to completely assimilate the full amount that has been digested. Some foods — sugar, for instance — are so concentrated and so readily digested that it is easy to overload our metabolic processes with the products of their digestion. The muscle-worker can more easily oxidize and dispose of a surplus of food than can the brain-worker. Both need, however, the same kind of food in differing proportions. The sedentary man needs proportionately less sugar, fat, and cereal products than does the muscle-worker.

We are now confronted by restricted supplies, and nearly all of us have been compelled to modify our dietary habits so that we are no longer protected by instinct. While the war lasts, we shall have to adjust our habits to conditions more and more. Already, what and how much we shall eat has become a very practical problem.

Science can help much in meeting this emergency; but, like every other agent which is being employed to win the war, it has its limitations. Unless dietitians fully realize the limits imposed by our present imperfect knowledge, and heed the lessons to be learned from instinct, we shall encounter, not only nutritional difficulties, but serious social discontent.

Fortunately the United States has a Food Administrator, surrounded by a body of expert advisers who are not only alive to all that science can do to aid them in dealing with their serious problems, but are also awake to the necessity of carefully considering the part played by instinct in the food-habits of the individual. Hard times are ahead of us, but we may be sure that such advice as the Food Administrator gives will be the best that any nation has had. No one will suffer in health or efficiency by following his directions. During the war, we must trust him. After the war, we must learn more about this important subject.

REMINISCENCES OF LAFCADIO HEARN

BY SETSUKO KOIZUMI (MRS. HEARN)[1]

I

HEARN came to Japan in the spring of the twenty-third year of Meiji (1891). He immediately discontinued his business relations with the publishing-house of Harper & Brothers. That is why he had great difficulty in earning a living after coming far away to a foreign land. He accepted a position in a school in Izumo, because Izumo was the oldest province, where many shadows of great historic events would remain. He did not mind the isolation or the inconveniences, and, as he was a bachelor, he did not care much about the salary. So he went there.

Passing through a succession of villages, the traveler suddenly comes to Matsué, which is a very clean city, and one that surprises and astonishes the visitor. By crossing the large bridge, it is possible to obtain, toward the east, a distant view of Mt. Oyama in Hoki province, called Izumo Fuji by the natives because its shape resembles the other Fuji. The Ohashi River slowly flows in that direction. On the western horizon, sky and lake meet and mingle; square white sails appear to hover above the tranquil waters. Near the shore is an islet bearing five or six pine trees, and on it is a shrine to the goddess Benten. It seemed to me that this was Hearn's favorite view.

When he first came to Matsué, he stopped for a while in a hotel in Zaimokucho, but soon hurried away to another place. There might have been other reasons, but the main cause of his departure was a little girl who suffered from a disease of the eyes. He thought of her with sorrow, and begged the little one's relatives to let her go to be treated at the hospital; but the landlord only said, 'Yes, yes,' and postponed doing so indefinitely. Hearn was angered, and left the hotel with the words, 'Strange and unsympathetic man, who is without a parent's heart!' Then he moved to another place, and hired a *hanarézashiki* (detached dwelling in a garden). 'However,' said Hearn, 'the girl is not in the least to blame, only I am sorry for her.' So he had the doctor treat her and cure her.

He himself had weak eyes, and he always paid a great deal of attention to them. When his first son was born, he made a wish with great anxiety, saying, 'Come into this world with good eyes!' He had always a deep sympathy for those with poor eyes. At home, when Hearn saw *shosei-san* (young students given homes in private families) reading a newspaper or a book on the floor, he would say to them at once, 'Hold up the book when you read!'

I married him a short time after he had moved to his new quarters from the hotel. Hearn had a peculiar temperament, and it caused me much trouble. A man moved into our neighborhood and called on him. This man had been in the same hotel in Zaimokucho, and was a friend of the hotelkeeper. He came to borrow a cork-

[1] Translated from the Japanese by Paul Kiyoshi Hisada and Frederick Johnson.

screw. After greeting him, Hearn asked, 'Is it you who stayed at that hotel in Zaimokucho, and were a friend of the hotel-keeper's?' The man answered, 'Yes, I am his friend.' Hearn replied, 'I dislike you because you are that strange and unsympathetic fellow's friend. *Sayonara.* Good-bye!' and left him and went inside the house. This man naturally did not understand what the trouble was, so I tried to explain, but I was very much embarrassed.

We began our married life there, but suffered from many inconveniences. Early in the summer of the twenty-fourth year of Meiji (1892), we moved over to a *samurai* estate and kept house.

We moved with a maid and a pussy-cat. One evening in the early spring of that year, while the air was yet chill and penetrating, I was standing on the veranda admiring the sunset on the lake, when I saw, directly below the veranda along the shore, four or five naughty children ducking pussy up and down in the water and cruelly teasing her. I begged pussy of the children, brought her back to the house, and told the story to Hearn. 'Oh, poor puss!' he exclaimed. 'What cruel children they were!' And he held the shivering pussy right in his bosom to warm her. That time I felt a great admiration for him.

After we moved to our estate, Kitabori, we missed the view of the lake, but we had left the noise of the city. At the back were a hill and the garden, and this garden was a favorite spot where we enjoyed walking about in our *yukata* (light kimono for lounging), wearing garden clogs. The mountain pigeon coos, '*Te-te-pop, ka-ka-po-po!*' When he heard the mountain pigeon coo, Hearn used to call me to come to him. 'Do you hear that? Is n't that delightful?' And he himself would imitate the sound, — '*Te-te-pop, ka-ka-po-po!*' — and ask, 'Did I do it right?'

There was a lotus-pond in the garden, and we saw a snake in it. 'Snakes never harm you unless you hurt them,' Hearn said; and he shared his food from the table with the snake. 'I am giving you this food so that you will not eat the frogs,' he told the snake. Then he related some of the incidents in his life. 'When I was in the West Indies, studying, the snakes would often crawl up my left arm, over my shoulders, and down my right arm. But I paid no attention to them and kept on studying. Snakes are not harmful; they are not bad.'

We once took a trip in the province of Hoki, to a place called Lake Togo. We wished to stay there for a week, but the inn was crowded with people having a gay time, drinking and making a great deal of noise. Hearn saw them, and at once pulled my sleeve. 'We cannot stay. This is *jigoku* (hell). It is no place for me, even for a second.' In spite of the innkeeper's protests, and his greeting, '*Yoku irashaimash 'ta!* (Welcome!) This way, please!' as he tried to lead the way, Hearn said, 'I do not like it!' and left at once.

Both the innkeeper and the *kuru-maya* were surprised. It was a noisy and common inn, and, naturally, I loathed the place, but Hearn called it *jigoku.* He never had the least patience with anything he disliked. I was still young then, and not used to the world, so this peculiarity of Hearn's caused me embarrassment many times. This was Hearn's innate temperament, and I thought it good.

As I remember, it was about this same time that we visited the Kugurido near Kaga-no-ura, in the province of Izumo. This place was a grotto on an island in the sea, about two miles from the land. Hearn was extremely fond of swimming, and he swam all the way, ahead of or behind the boat. He took great delight in giving me an exhibition of the different strokes used in swim-

ming. When the boat reached the cave, the noise of the waves washing against the rocks made a fearful sound, and the drops of water fell down — '*potari! potari!*' The rowers knocked against the side of the boat with a stone — '*kong! kong!*' This was to notify the demon that the boat was coming in. After the noise of the rock — '*kong! kong!*' — we heard a sound, '*chabong! chabong!*' as if something had jumped into the water. The rowers began to tell many horrid stories, pathetic and tragic, about the spot.

Hearn was going to take off his clothes, which he had put on a little while before, but the rowers said, 'Master, do not do so! It is too dreadful to contemplate!' I also said, 'Do not go in swimming in such a place! There are so many horrid fables about it that something frightful may dwell here.'

But Hearn said, 'The water is so beautiful, so dark a blue! The depth is unknown. It may be several million fathoms! It would be great fun!' He was very anxious to go in swimming, but finally renounced the idea. He was very sulky, and, even on the following day, he did not speak because of this disappointment. Several days later he said to me, 'I once swam in a place where they said it was very dangerous, but I escaped without accident. Only I felt as if my body were melting away the minute I went in. I had a bad fever at once. Two of us went in at the same time. Suddenly my companion disappeared, and I noticed the tail of a big shark right in front of me.'

In 1892, when it came the time for the summer vacation, Hearn went to visit the holy shrine of Kizuki. The day after his arrival, he wrote to me and asked me to come, too. I went to the hotel, and found him absent; he was bathing in the sea. His money was in a stocking and scattered around — silver coins and bank-notes were falling out. Hearn was so very careless with his money that it was almost amusing. He was born that way, and had no mind for so common a thing. Only when his children were born, or when he noticed that his body was becoming weak, did he take note of the state of his finances and begin to worry about his family.

II

On August 27, 1897, we went to Tokyo from Kobé. We heard at first that there were houses assigned to professors of the university, but we wished to live far from the university, in the suburb, and, although we hunted for a house, we could not find a good one.

We received word that there was a good, spacious house in the district of Ushigomé, if I remember rightly. We went to see it, and found that it was one story in height, and built in the old style. I imagine that it had originally been erected for *hatamoto* (a commander of the *shogun's* camp) or *daimyo*. The gateway looked like the gateway to a temple, and, after entering, we found that the house looked more and more like a temple. It had a large garden, with a good-sized lotus-pond. But, once inside, we noticed something very ghostly about the place, and felt strange. Hearn liked it, and said, 'This is a very interesting house.' He thought of taking it, but I could not bear to live in such a place. I learned afterward that it was haunted, and that ogres had dwelt in it. On that account the rental grew less and less, and finally it was torn down. When I told this to Hearn, he said, 'Why did we not go there to live? I was sure that it was an interesting house!'

We moved to Tomihisa-cho. Here the garden was small, but the view was excellent. Hearn was particularly fond of this place. The neighboring

building was a Buddhist temple called Kobudera.

Hearn went about in a *kimono*, feeling proud and cheerful. When any of his intimate friends came to call, he took them to that interesting temple of Kobudera. And the children always thought that papa was at the temple, if he was not to be seen in the house.

Many times while out walking, he said, 'Mamma-san, is it hard to sit in a temple? Is n't there any way by which I could live in the temple?'

I replied, 'You are not a priest, so perhaps you cannot very well do so.'

'I should prefer to be a priest,' Hearn said; 'and how pleased I should be if I could be one.'

'If you should become a priest, how funny you would look with your large eyes and high nose — a fine priest!' I remarked.

'You could become a nun at the same time, and Kazuo [our eldest son] a novice. How cute he would look! Every day we should read the scriptures and take care of the graves. That would be true happiness!'

'Pray that you may be born a priest in the next world!'

'That is my wish,' replied Hearn.

One day, as usual, we took a walk to the neighboring temple. Suddenly Hearn exclaimed, 'Oh! oh!' I did not know what had happened, and was frightened. Then I saw that three large cedar trees had been cut down, and Hearn was gazing at them. 'Why did they cut down those trees?'

'This temple must be very poor, and they must need some money,' I replied.

'Why did n't they tell me about it? I can easily give a little money to help them. I should have been happier to have given them some money and saved the trees. Think how long a time was necessary for those trees to grow from little sprouting seeds!' He was very downcast. 'I begin to dislike that abbot. I am sorry for him because he has no money, but I am more sorry for those trees, Mamma-san!'

Hearn came out of the temple gate in a lifeless manner, as if some great event had taken place. He sat down in the chair in his study, and was very much depressed. 'It hurt my heart to see that sight,' he said. 'There will be no more joy to-day. Please beg the abbot not to cut down any more trees.' After that time he seldom visited the temple.

The old abbot soon went away, and a new young abbot succeeded him. Then all the trees were cut down. When we moved away, there were no trees to be seen, the graves were gone, new tenements had been built, and the whole place changed. What Hearn had called his world of tranquillity vanished in that manner. Those three fallen trees had been the beginning of the end.

I always desired a house of my own, even if a small one, in preference to a rented house, and I wished to build one. When I suggested this, Hearn said, 'Have you money?' and I answered, 'Yes, I have.' Then he said, 'Great fun! I will build a house in the island of Oki'; and when I opposed that, he added, 'We will build one in Izumo province.' We even went in search of land, but I did not like Izumo well enough to build there, and we finally decided to buy this estate and to build additions later.

Hearn always wished to live in the midst of purely Japanese surroundings, and he went to inspect the house himself. It was on the outskirts of the town and had a bamboo grove back of it, and it pleased him very much. In adding to the house, he wished to have a room where he could light a stove during the severe cold of the winter, and he also wished to have his desk face the west. He had no other request, but everything must be in Japanese style; excepting this, he made no suggestions.

If ever I happened to consult him, he would say, 'Well, you do as you please. I know how to write, that is all, and you, Mamma-san, know much better.' He would pay no more attention, and if I insisted, he would add, 'I have no time'; and he left the entire affair to me.

'When that house is all ready, you might say, "Papa-san, please come to our new house in Okubo to-day." Then I will say good-bye to this house, and will go to Okubo just as I would go to the university. That is all.' I actually did as he requested. He disliked to lose time. This house was larger than the one in Tomihisa-cho, and at that time Okubo was more rural than it is now; it was extremely quiet, and we heard the nightingales singing in the bamboo grove at the back of the house. Hearn continued, 'It hurts my heart.' I asked, 'Why?' He replied, 'It is too pleasant to last. I pray that we may live here a long time. But what do you think?'

I used to brush out the rooms about twice every day. It was a diversion for me, but Hearn said, 'You have a mania for cleaning.' He hated the noise of cleaning. I always cleaned the house while he was at the university, or, when he was at home, I cleaned it before he got up to breakfast. Otherwise, if I asked him to let me clean, he made me promise to do it in five or six minutes. During that time he walked around the *roka* (corridor) or in the garden.

Hearn avoided society and seemed eccentric because he valued so highly things of beauty and of interest and was fond of them. For that same reason I frequently observed that he wept when alone by himself, and he was irritated or elated in an abnormal degree. His greatest pleasure was to live and write in the world of his imagination. That is why he was a recluse and was chary of his time.

'Won't you do something else for pleasure besides writing in your own study?' I would ask him.

'You know very well that my only diversion is to think and to write. If I have anything to write, I never get tired. When I write, I forget everything. Please tell me some stories,' he would reply.

I would say, 'I have told you all; I have none to tell.'

'Therefore you should go out and see or hear something interesting, and come back and tell me all about it. It will never do for you just to stay at home.'

After we moved to Okubo, the house was much more spacious and the study was far from the front door and the children's room, so we made it a world of tranquillity without a single noise. Even then he complained that I broke his train of thought by opening the bureau drawers, so I made every effort to open the drawers more quietly. On such occasions I always remembered not to break his beautiful soap-bubble (not to destroy his day-dreams). That is how I thought about it, so I never felt provoked when he scolded me.

Hearn was extremely fond of ghost stories, and he used to say, 'Books of ghost stories are my treasures.' I hunted for them from one second-hand bookstore to another.

On quiet nights, after lowering the wick of the lamp, I would begin to tell ghost stories. Hearn would ask questions with bated breath, and would listen to my tales with a terrified air. I naturally emphasized the exciting parts of the stories when I saw him so moved. At those times our house seemed as if it were haunted. I often had horrid dreams and nightmares. Hearn would say, 'We will stop talking about such things for a while'; and we would do so. He was pleased when I told a story he liked.

When I told him the old tales, I al-

ways first gave the plot roughly; and wherever he found an interesting place, he made a note of it. Then he would ask me to give the details, and often to repeat them. If I told him the story by reading it from a book, he would say, 'There is no use of your reading it from the book. I prefer your own words and phrases — all from your own thought. Otherwise, it won't do.' So I had to assimilate the story before telling it.

That made me dream. He would become so eager when I reached an interesting point of a story! His facial expression would change and his eyes would burn intensely. This change was extraordinary. For example, take the story 'O Katsu San of Yurei-daké,' in the first part of the book, *Kotto*. As I was narrating that story, his face became extremely pale and his eyes fixed. That was not unusual, but this once I suddenly felt afraid. He sighed one long breath, and said, 'Very interesting!' when I finished it.

He asked me to say, 'Alas! blood!' and repeat it several times. He inquired how it had probably been said, and in what tone of voice; what k nd of night it was, and how the wooden clogs would sound. 'I think it was in this way,' he would say; 'how do you think yourself?' and so forth, — all of this was not at all in the book, — and he would consult with me about it. Had any one seen us from the outside, we must have appeared like two mad people.

The story of 'Yoshi-ichi' in the first part of *Kwaidan* pleased Hearn exceedingly. He made that story from a very short one, with great effort and determination. He wished to make one part of it sound stronger. He thought that '*Mon o ake*' (Open the door) was not an emphatic enough expression for a *samurai*, and he made it '*Kaimon.*' (This latter word means 'Open the door,' like the former, but would be more fitting in the speaker's mouth.) While we were working on this story of 'Miminashi Yoshi-ichi,' night fell, but we lighted no lamp. I went into the adjoining room, and called out in a small voice, 'Yoshi-ichi! Yoshi-ichi!'

'Yes,' Hearn answered, playing the part, 'I am blind. Who are you?' and remained silent. In this way he worked and became absorbed in it.

One day at that time, when I came home from a walk, I brought a *miyagé* (gift) of a little clay figure, a blind musician playing a *biwa* (a native four-stringed lute), and, without saying a word, I left it on his desk. Hearn, as soon as he noticed it, was delighted, and exclaimed, 'Oh! Yoshi-ichi!' as if he saw some one whom he was expecting to meet. And sometimes, when he heard during the night the swish of the bamboo leaves in the wind near his study, he would say, 'Ah, there goes a Heiké!' And when he heard the wind, he listened to it earnestly, and said, 'That is the waves of the Dan-no-ura!'

Perhaps I might ask him, 'Have you written that story?' He would reply, 'That story has no brother. I shall still wait for a while. Perhaps I may see a good brother coming. I might leave it in a drawer for seven years, and even then I might come across a good brother.' This is an example of how long it sometimes took him to write one story.

When the MS. — of *Ghostly Japan* — was finished, he was greatly pleased, and had it wrapped very tightly (he was very proud of doing up the MS. securely — sometimes he put in a piece of board, and made it as heavy as a stone). He wrote the address neatly, and sent the MS. by registered mail. He received a cablegram saying, 'Good,' and two or three days later he was dead. He looked forward eagerly to the publication of this book. A little while

before his death, he said, 'I can hear the noise of the tick-tack of setting the type for *Ghostly Japan*.' He was anxious to see it published, but he passed away without that gratification, and it makes me sad, even now, to think about it.

III

It was our custom for the three children to go upstairs and shout, 'Papa, come down; supper is ready!' Hearn always replied, 'All right, sweet boys!' and looked so delighted, sometimes almost dancing about. But there were occasions when he was working so hard that even the children's announcement would not bring any response, and they could get no answer, 'All right!' At such times we might wait and wait, but he would not appear in the dining-room. Then I would go up myself, and say, 'Papa-san, we have been waiting a long time, and all the things will taste bad. I wish you would hurry up. All the children are waiting.' Then Hearn would ask, 'What is it?' I would reply, 'What's the matter with you? This will never do; it is dinner-time. Won't you take some dinner?' 'I? Have n't I had dinner yet? I thought I had finished it. That's funny!'

That is the way it would be, and I would continue, 'You had better wake up from your dream! The tiny children will cry.' Hearn would reply, '*Gomen nasai!* Pardon me!' and follow me to the dining-room. On such occasions he was funny or absent-minded; he would forget to divide the bread with the children, and would say 'No,' and begin to eat fast. If the children asked for bread, he would come to himself and say, 'Pardon! Pardon! did n't I give you any?' and begin to cut the bread. While cutting it, he would lose himself again, and eat the piece himself.

Before meals he took a little whiskey, but later wine was suggested on account of his health. When absent-minded he often mistook the whiskey for the wine and poured it into a glass to drink, or put salt in his coffee; and when the children drew his attention to it he would say, 'Really! Is n't Papa stupid!' and become lost in thought again. Often I had to say to him, 'Papa-san, it is about time that I should ask you to wake up from your dream!'

Hearn's habitual voice was dainty, like a woman's, and his way of laughing was also very feminine; but sometimes he would become very energetic and excited in a dainty (*sic*) talk and would express himself very powerfully. He had two ways of laughing. One was dainty, and the other was uproarious, disregardful of everything. This laughter made the whole family laugh, and it was so amusing that even the maid could not help laughing.

There used to be a conch-shell on a table in the study. I brought it back as a *miyagé*, because it was so large, one time when I went to Enoshima with the children. Hearn blew into the shell, and it made a big noise. He was pleased, saying, 'It sounds so well because I have strong lungs. What a funny noise!' he added, puffing out his cheeks. We came to an agreement. Every time he wished a charcoal fire for lighting his pipe, he was to blow this conch-shell. When he found no fire, he would blow and make a big noise that would vibrate in sound-waves, like '*po-wo*.' Then it was heard even in the kitchen. We would keep the house so quiet, not making the least noise, and then would come the roar of the conch-shell. Particularly in the evening it sounded extraordinary. I took special care to have a charcoal fire always ready for him, but he wished to blow the shell; so the minute he saw that the charcoal was gone, he blew delightedly. It must have been fun for him. Often we were bringing the

fire, and were already near his study, when we heard him blowing. The maid used to say, laughing, 'There goes the shell!'

One summer Hearn and I went to a dry-goods store to buy two or three *yukata*. The salesman showed us a large variety. That pleased Hearn immensely. He bought this one and that one, while I kept protesting, saying, 'There is no need of buying so many.' Finally, he bought about thirty pieces, and astonished the clerks in the shop by saying, 'But, you see, these are only one and a half or two *yen*. I do so wish you to wear different kinds of *yukata*. Only to see them on you will give me great pleasure.' That is the way in which he would act when he liked anything.

While reading a local newspaper, I noticed an article about an aged peer who loathed Western fashions and liked everything Japanese. The maids in his house had the *obi* (girdle) tied in just such a way, the coiffure arranged in just such a way, and the *kimono* long and flowing in the most old-fashioned way, as at court. There were no modern lamps in the house, but old-fashioned paper lanterns; no soap and no Western innovations. Even the daily newspaper was excluded, and the old-fashioned customs were observed by the household servants. On that account no one cared to enter his employ, and would say, '*Mappira gomen*' (I beg to be entirely excused).

When I read that account to Hearn he said, 'How interesting it is!' and he was greatly delighted. 'I simply adore a person like that; he would be one of my best friends. I am consumed with desire to see that house. I have nothing Western about me.'

To this I replied, 'You may have nothing Western about you, but look at your nose!'

And he said, 'Oh! what can I do with my nose? Pity me because of this, for I, Koizumi Yakumo, truly love Japan more than any Japanese.'

He disliked superficial beauty, and paid no attention to what was in vogue; he hated anything modern, and loathed pretentious kindness. He did not believe in false teeth or artificial eyes. 'They are all false.' he would say; and disliked them all. He hated the Christian missionaries as he found many dishonest people among them; but he owned three Bibles, and told his eldest son that that was the book he must read a great deal.

I often recall memories of morning-glories. When the end of autumn drew near, and the green leaves were beginning to turn yellow, there was always the last morning-glory of the season blossoming so lonesomely by itself. When Hearn saw that lonely flower, he admired it. 'Will you please look at it? What beautiful courage and what honest sentiment! Please give it a word of praise. That dainty flower still blooms until the end. Just give it a word of praise!'

That morning the morning-glory ceased to bloom. My mother thoughtlessly pulled off the blossom and threw it away. The following morning Hearn went over to the fence and was greatly disappointed. He said, 'Grandma's a fine woman, but she performed a sorry deed to the morning-glory.'

One of the children made fingermarks on a new *fusuma* (sliding door) with his small, untidy hand. Hearn said, 'My child spoiled that beauty!' He always felt keenly against mutilating or damaging beauty of any kind. He used to teach the children that even a picture you could buy for half a penny would be valuable if it was kept a long time.

Hearn used to tell me to be suspicious of people. He was exceedingly honest, and was easily fooled; he knew this himself, and that is why he used to talk as he did. He was a very critical man.

For instance, when he was doing business with publishers in foreign countries, and because he was so far away, the publisher would take the liberty of deciding the arrangement of such things as book-covers and illustrations without consulting Hearn, who was very particular about all details. At such times Hearn was often made furiously angry. When he received a letter from the publishing-house, he would immediately write back a fierce (*sic*) answer in anger, and order it to be mailed at once; but then I would say, 'Yes,' and hold it over a mail. Two or three days afterward, when he had become calm, he would regret that he had written too severely, and would ask, 'Mamma-san, have you mailed that letter?' I would answer, 'Yes,' and watch to see whether he really regretted it. If so, I would give him the letter. He would be immensely pleased, and say, 'Mamma-san, you are the only one!' and would begin a new letter in a milder tone.

Hearn preferred women of quiet disposition to those of lively temperament. He liked bashful, downcast eyes better than those of Westerners. He liked the eyes of Kwannon and Jizo (Buddhist divinities). When we were having our pictures taken, he always told us to look downward, and he himself had his picture taken in that attitude.

Just before our eldest boy came, he thought that children were lovely, and borrowed one and kept it in our house.

At the time of our eldest son's birth he was very pleased, although extremely anxious. He hoped that my delivery would be easy, and felt sorry for my suffering. And he said, 'On such an occasion I ought to be studying,' and he went out to the *hanarézashiki* and worked.

When he heard the new-born baby's first cry, he was affected by a very queer feeling — a feeling that he had never experienced in all his life. When he saw the baby the first time, he could find no words, and later told me that he had had no breath, and he often spoke of it in retrospect. He loved the baby very much.

The following year he went to Yokohama alone (his only other trip by himself had been once to Nagasaki, where he had intended to stay for a week; but he came back after one night, saying, 'Never again!'), and returned with a great many toys. We were all surprised when we saw so many, and among them we found some for which he had paid five and ten *yen*.

When our daughter Suzuko came, he felt that, in his old age, he would be unable to foresee the girl's future, and he said, 'What pain is in my heart!' He worried over it with more sorrow than rejoicing.

During his latter years he spoke of poor health; he depended on me, was devoted to me like a baby to its mother, and would wait for my return. When he heard my footstep, he would say jokingly, but with great delight, 'Is that you, Mamma-san?' Should I be a bit late, he would worry, thinking that the *kuruma* had tipped over, or that some other misfortune had befallen me.

When he wished to hire a *kurumaya*, his first question was, 'Does he love his wife?' And if my answer were in the affirmative, he would say, 'That is all right!' There was one person whom Hearn held in high esteem, but was greatly worried because he had such a stern expression toward his wife.

Just before Hearn's death a famous personage asked for an interview. There was, however, a man of the same name in England who had the reputation of abusing women, and Hearn thought that this person might be the one, and intended to refuse the request. Then he discovered that it was some one else and decided to meet him, but

died before the interview. He became so angry with any one who abused the weak — women or children. I cannot mention them here individually, but there were many people who were once very intimate with Hearn and from whom he afterward became estranged because of these same reasons.

I may name again some things that Hearn liked extremely: the west, sunsets, summer, the sea, swimming, banana trees, cryptomerias (the *sugi*, the Japanese cedar), lonely cemeteries, insects, '*kwaidan*' (ghostly tales), Urashima, and *horai* (songs). The places he liked were: Martinique, Matsué, Miho-no-seki, Higosaki, and Yakizu. He was fond of beefsteak and plum-pudding, and enjoyed smoking. He disliked liars, abuse of the weak, Prince Albert coats, white shirts, the city of New York, and many other things. One of his pleasures was to wear the *yukata* in his study and listen quietly to the voice of the locust.

We often took walks together, crossing the bridge of Ochiai to the neighborhood of Arai-no-yakushi. Every time that Hearn saw the chimney of the Ochiai crematory, he would think, as he said, that he himself would soon come out as smoke from that chimney. He always liked quiet temple grounds. Had there been a temple, a very small and dilapidated building with walls overgrown with weeds, it would have been an ideal resting-place for Hearn's body. But such a place was hard to find quickly. His wish was to have a small tombstone invisible from the outside — he always spoke of that. But it was finally decided that the service should be held at the Kobudera temple, and he was buried in the cemetery of Zoshigaya.

He and I took a walk together to look at gates in the neighborhood of Zoshigaya, as we wished to alter our own front gate. It was about two weeks before his death, and it was the last walk that he and I were to take together. The work of altering our gate was begun two days before his death, and after his death we hurried to have it ready in time for the funeral.

A WORD IN MEMORY

A REMEMBRANCE OF HARRY ELKINS WIDENER

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

To have been born and lived all his life in Philadelphia, yet to be best known in London and New York; to have been the eldest son of a rich man and the eldest grandson of one of the richest men in America, yet of so quiet and retiring a disposition as to excite remark; to have been but a few years out of college, yet to have achieved distinction in a field which is commonly supposed to be the browsing-place of age; to have been relatively unknown in his life and to be immortal in his death — such are the briefest outlines

of the career of Harry Elkins Widener.

It is a curious commentary upon human nature that the death of one person well known to us affects us more than the deaths of hundreds or thousands not known to us at all. It is for this reason, perhaps, at a time when the papers bring us daily their record of human suffering and misery from the war in Europe, that I can forget the news of yesterday and live over again the anxious hours which followed the brief announcement that the Titanic, on her maiden voyage, the largest, finest, and fastest ship afloat, had struck an iceberg in mid-ocean, and that there were grave fears for the safety of her passengers and crew. There the first news ceased.

The accident had occurred at midnight; the sea was perfectly calm, the stars shone clearly; it was bitter cold. The ship was going at full speed. A slight jar was felt, but the extent of the injury was not realized, and few passengers were alarmed. When the order to lower the boats was given, there was little confusion. The order went round, 'Women and children first.' Harry and his father were lost; his mother and her maid were rescued.

In all that subsequently appeared in the press, — and for days the appalling disaster was the one subject of discussion, — the name of Harry Elkins Widener appeared simply as the eldest son of George D. Widener. Few knew that, altogether apart from the financial prominence of his father and the social distinction and charm of his mother, Harry had a reputation which was entirely of his own making. He was a born student of bibliography. Books were at once his work, his recreation, and his passion. To them he devoted all his time; but outside the circle of his intimate friends few understood the unique and lovable personality of the man to whom death came so suddenly on April 15, 1912, shortly after he had completed his twenty-seventh year.

His knowledge of books was truly remarkable. In the study of rare books, as in the study of an exact science, authority usually comes only with years. With Harry Widener it was different. He had been collecting only since he left college, but his intense enthusiasm, his painstaking care, his devotion to a single object, his wonderful memory, and, as he gracefully says in the introduction to the catalogue of some of the more important books in his library, 'The interest and kindness of my grandfather and my parents,' had enabled him in a few years to secure a number of treasures of which any collector might be proud.

Harry Elkins Widener was born in Philadelphia on January 3, 1885. He received his early education at the Hill School, from which he was graduated in 1903. He then entered Harvard University, where he remained four years, receiving his bachelor's degree in 1907. It was while a student at Harvard that he first began to show an interest in book-collecting; but it was not until his college days were over that, as the son of a rich man, he found, as many another man has done, that the way to be happy is to have an occupation.

He lived with his parents and his grandfather in their palatial residence, Lynnewood Hall, just outside Philadelphia. He was proud of the distinction of his relatives. 'We are a family of collectors,' he used to say. 'My grandfather collects paintings, my mother collects silver and porcelains, Uncle Joe collects everything,' — which indeed he does, — 'and I, books.'

Book-collecting soon became with him a very serious matter, a matter to which everything else was subordinated. He began, as all collectors do,

with unimportant things at first; but how rapidly his taste developed may be seen from glancing over the pages of the catalogue of his library, which, strictly speaking, is not a library at all — he would have been the last to call it so. It is but a collection of, perhaps, three thousand volumes; but they were selected by a man of almost unlimited means, with rare judgment and an instinct for discovering the best.

Money alone will not make a bibliophile, although, I confess, it develops one.

His first folio of Shakespeare was the Van Antwerp copy, formerly Locker Lampson's, one of the finest copies known; and he rejoiced in a copy of *Poems Written by Wil. Shakespeare, Gent*, 1640, in the original sheepskin binding. His *Pickwick*, if possibly inferior in interest to the Harry B. Smith copy, is nevertheless superb: indeed he had two: one 'in parts as published, with all the points,' another a presentation copy to Dickens's friend, William Harrison Ainsworth. In addition he had several original drawings by Seymour, including the one in which the shad-bellied Mr. Pickwick, having with some difficulty mounted a chair, proceeds to address the Club. The discovery and acquisition of this drawing, perhaps the most famous illustration ever made for a book, is indicative of Harry's taste as a collector.

One of his favorite books was the Countess of Pembroke's own copy of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and it is indeed a noble volume; but Harry's love for his mother, I think, invariably led him, when he was showing his treasures, to point out a sentence written in his copy of Cowper's *Task*. The book had once been Thackeray's, and the great novelist had written on the frontispiece, 'A great point in a great man, a great love for his mother. A very fine and true portrait. Could artist possibly choose a better position than the above? — W. M. Thackeray.' 'Is n't that a lovely sentiment?' Harry would say; 'and yet they say Thackeray was a cynic and a snob.' His *Esmond* was presented by Thackeray to Charlotte Brontë. His copy of the *Ingoldsby Legends* was unique. In the first edition, by some curious oversight on the part of the printer, page 236 had been left blank, and the error was not discovered until a few sheets had been printed. In a presentation copy to his friend, E. R. Moran, on this blank page Barham had written: —

By a blunder for which I have only myself to thank,
Here 's a page has been somehow left blank.
Aha! my friend Moran, I have you. You'll look
In vain for a fault in one page of my book!

signing the verse with his *nom de plume*, Thomas Ingoldsby.

Indeed, in all his books, the utmost care was taken to secure the copy which would have the greatest human interest: an ordinary presentation copy of the first issue of the first edition would serve his purpose only if he were sure that the dedication copy was unobtainable. His Boswell's *Life of Johnson* was the dedication copy to Sir Joshua Reynolds, with an inscription in the author's hand.

He was always on the lookout for rarities, and Dr. Rosenbach, in the brief memoir which serves as an introduction to the Catalogue of Harry's Stevenson collection, says of him: —

'I remember once seeing him on his hands and knees under a table in a bookstore. On the floor was a huge pile of books that had not been disturbed for years. He had just pulled out of the débris a first edition of Swinburne, a presentation copy, and it was good to behold the light in his face as he exclaimed, "This is better than working in a gold mine." To him it was one.'

His collection of Stevenson is a monument to his industry and patience, and is probably the finest collection in existence of that highly-esteemed author. He possessed holograph copies of the *Vailima Letters*, and many other priceless treasures, and he secured the manuscript of, and published privately for Stevenson lovers, in an edition of forty-five copies, an autobiography written by Stevenson in California in the early eighties. This item, under the title of *Memoirs of Himself*, has an inscription, 'Given to Isabel Stewart Strong . . . for future use, when the underwriter is dead. With love, Robert Louis Stevenson.' The catalogue of his Stevenson collection alone, the painstaking work of his friend and mentor, Dr. Rosenbach, makes an imposing volume, and is an invaluable work of reference for Stevenson collectors.

Harry once told me that he never traveled without a copy of *Treasure Island*, and knew it practically by heart. I, myself, am not averse to a good book as a traveling companion; but in my judgment, for constant reading, year in and year out, it should be a book which sets you thinking, rather than a narrative like *Treasure Island*, but — *chacun à son goût*.

But it were tedious to enumerate his treasures, nor is it necessary. They will ever remain, a monument to his taste and skill as a collector, in the keeping of Harvard University — his Alma Mater. It is, however, worth while to attempt to fix in some measure the individuality, the rare personality of the man. I cannot be mistaken in thinking that many, looking at the wonderful library erected in Cambridge by his mother in his memory, may wish to know something of the man himself.

There is, in truth, not much to tell. A few dates have already been given, and when to these is added the statement that he was of retiring and studious disposition, considerate and courteous, little more remains to be said. He lived with and for his books, and was never so happy as when he was saying, 'Now if you will put aside that cigar for a moment, I will show you something. Cigar ashes are not good for first editions'; and a moment later some precious volume would be on your knees. What collector does not enjoy showing his treasures to others as appreciative as himself? Many delightful hours his intimates have passed in his library, which was also his bedroom, — for he wanted his books about him, where he could play with them at night and where his eye might rest on them the first thing in the morning, — but this was a privilege extended only to true booklovers. To others he was unapproachable and almost shy. Of unfailing courtesy and an amiable and loving disposition, his friends were very dear to him. 'Bill,' or someone else, 'is the salt of the earth,' you would frequently hear him say.

'Are you a book-collector, too?' his grandfather once asked me across the dinner-table.

Laughingly I said, 'I thought I was, but I am not in Harry's class.'

To which the old gentleman replied, — and his eye beamed with pride the while, — 'I am afraid that Harry will impoverish the entire family.'

I answered that I should be sorry to hear that, and suggested that he and I, if we put our fortunes together, might prevent this calamity.

His memory was most retentive. Once let him get a fact or a date imbedded in his mind, and it was there forever. He knew the name of every actor he had ever seen, and the part he had taken in the play last year and the year before. He knew the name of every baseball player and had his batting and running average. When it came to the chief interest of his life, his thirst for

knowledge was insatiable. I remember one evening when we were in New York together, in Beverly Chew's library, Harry asked Mr. Chew some question about the eccentricities of the title-pages of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Chew began rolling off the bibliographical data, like the ripe scholar that he is, when I suggested to Harry that he had better make a note of what Mr. Chew was saying. He replied, 'I should only lose the paper; while if I get it in my head I will put it where it can't be lost; that is,' he added, 'as long as I keep my head.'

And his memory extended to other collections than his own. For him to see a book once was for him to remember it always. If I told him I had bought such and such a book, he would know from whom I bought it and all about it, and would ask me if I had noticed some especial point, which, in all probability, had escaped me.

He was a member of several clubs, including the Grolier, the most important club of its kind in the world. The late J. P. Morgan had sent word to the chairman of the membership committee that he would like Harry made a member. The question of a seconder was waived; it was understood that Mr. Morgan's indorsement of his protégé's qualifications was sufficient.

It was one night, when we were in New York together during the Hoe sale, that I had a conversation with Harry, to which, in the light of subsequent events, I have often recurred. We had dined together at my club and had gone to the sale; but there was nothing of special interest coming up, and after a half hour or so, he suggested that we go to the theatre. I reminded him that it was quite late, and that at such an hour a music-hall would be best. He agreed, and in a few moments we were witnessing a very different performance from the one we had left in the Anderson auction rooms.

But the performance was a poor one. Harry was restless, and finally suggested that we take a walk out Fifth Avenue. During his walk he confessed to me his longing to be identified and remembered in connection with some great library. He expanded this idea at length. He said, 'I do not wish to be remembered merely as a collector of a few books, however fine they may be. I want to be remembered in connection with a great library, and I do not see how it is going to be brought about. Mr. Huntington and Mr. Morgan are buying up all the books, and Mr. Bixby is getting the manuscripts. When my time comes, if it ever does, there will be nothing left for me — everything will be gone!'

We spent the night together, and after I had gone to bed, he came in my room again, and calling me by a nickname, said, 'I have got to do something in connection with books to make myself remembered. What shall it be?'

I laughingly suggested that he write one; but he said it was no jesting matter. Then it came out that he thought he would establish a chair at Harvard for the study of bibliography in all its branches. He was much disturbed by the lack of interest which great scholars frequently evince toward his favorite subject.

With this he returned to his own room, and I went to sleep; but I have often thought of this conversation since I, with the rest of the world, learned that his mother was prepared, in his memory, to erect the great building at Harvard which is his monument. His ambition has been achieved. Associated with books, his name will ever be. The great library at Harvard is his memorial. In its *sanctum sanctorum* his collection will find a fitting place.

We lunched together the day before he sailed for Europe, and I happened to remark at parting, 'This time next week you will be in London, probably lunching at the Ritz.'

'Yes,' he said, 'very likely with Quaritch.'

While in London Harry spent most of his time with that great bookseller, the second to bear the name of Quaritch, who knew all the great book-collectors the world over, and who once told me that he knew no man of his years who had the knowledge and taste of Harry Widener. 'So many of your great American collectors refer to books in terms of steel rails; with Harry it is a genuine and all-absorbing passion, and he is so entirely devoid of side and affectation.' In this he but echoed what a friend once said to me at Lynnewood Hall, where we were spending the day: 'The marvel is that Harry is so entirely unspoiled by his fortune.'

Harry was a constant attendant at the auction rooms at Sotheby's in London, at Anderson's in New York, or wherever else good books were going. He chanced to be in London when the first part of the Huth library was being disposed of, and he was anxious to get back to New York in time to attend the Hoe sale, where he hoped to secure some books, and bring to the many friends he would find there the latest gossip of the London auction rooms.

Alas, Harry had bought his last book. It was an excessively rare copy of Bacon's *Essaies*, the edition of 1598. Quaritch had secured it for him at the Huth sale, and as he dropped in to say good-bye and give his final instructions for the disposition of his purchases, he said, 'I think I'll take that little Bacon with me in my pocket, and if I am shipwrecked it will go with me.' And I know that it was so. In all the history of book-collecting this is the most touching story.

The death of Milton's friend, Edward King, by drowning, inspired the poet to write the immortal elegy, *Lycidas*.

> Who would not sing for Lycidas? —
> He must not float upon his watery bier
> Unwept.

When Shelley's body was cast up by the waves on the shore near Via Reggio, he had a volume of Keats's poems in his pocket, doubled back at 'The Eve of St. Agnes.' And in poor Harry Widener's pocket there was a Bacon, and in this Bacon we might have read, 'The same man that was envied while he lived shall be loved when he is gone.'

THE REAL PARIS. II

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

WHOEVER lives long enough in Paris will find that its real attraction is not the variety of its amusements, but the pervading feeling which he must experience there, that he is in the thickest of French life, whether literary or artistic, political or moral. Literature is the passion of French people, and whatever French education may be, it certainly trains the boys to rise above commonplace interests.

J. J. Weiss tells us in his fascinating volume, *Le Théâtre et les Mœurs*, how he heard John Lemoinne — then a famous political writer and member of the French Academy — recall how near a revolt his class at the Collège Stanislas was on the day after the first performance of *Hernani*, because the professor, who had seen the play, spoke slightingly of Hugo. These boys were only thirteen years old. Things have not changed. Read out a few stanzas with real harmony or true feeling in them to a class of French boys, or tell them about the inspiration of a Lamartine or a Musset, or about the methods of composition of some great writers, or contrast Racine, whom they worship, with Shakespeare, who has to be gradually revealed to them — you will see bright eyes and thrilled countenances. The very mention of artistic beauty will invariably awaken attention.

Now, the background of French literature is Paris, and to most provincial boys who are reading for the *baccalauréat*, Paris means the enchanting city where great men have flourished. I know of one who, the first time he visited Notre Dame, paid little attention to the monument, though he felt the thousand influences emanating from its beauty, but stood a long time on the threshold, looking at the pulpit from which Bossuet and Lacordaire had preached, and imagining in endless procession the great men who had crossed the very stone on which he stood. The distinction of intellectual superiority is more fascinating to the French than worldly success, wealth, or power may be to other nations; and it is a fact that, at the very moment when some people may imagine the newly-arrived student a prey to dissipation, he is spending his leisure seeking illustrious people, prowling round the theatres to see famous dramatic authors, or patiently standing under the drafty arches of the Institute on a Thursday afternoon, to see the last Academician walk in.

The Quartier Latin is still full of literary cafés, like the *Café de la Source* or *La Closerie des Lilas*, where the elements of poetic beauty are endlessly reconsidered, where the bases of new but final systems are laid, and where dozens of magazines to support them are started. The passionate devotion to beauty which caused the commotion incident on the production of *Hernani*, to which I referred above, is as alive to-day as ninety years ago. The present writer saw with his own eyes, a short time before the war, two or three hundred Racinians, with eggs and baked apples, — the time-honoured literary hand-

grenades, — awaiting the moment when a lecturer, who was known to speak disrespectfully of Racine and his adherents, should come out of the Odéon.

Art has seldom excited these violent feelings, but, as the number of painters and sculptors increases in the Montparnasse neighborhood, the expression of their opinions becomes more public and decided; and the many Americans who have studied at the École des Beaux-Arts, or in the Grande Chaumière *ateliers*, can testify to the impassioning nature of artistic conversations.

As for politics, students have reveled in them for five generations, and they are not likely to relax their interest. There were indeed in the last ten or twelve years small fractions which pretended to be as much above politics as most French people think they are above politicians, and declared Nick Carter or Jack Johnson and the happenings at the Velodrome of far greater consequence than the proceedings of the Chamber of Deputies; but this attitude was forced and did not convince everybody. Once or twice, particularly when a certain professor intimately connected with a political party publicly denied that Jeanne d'Arc was more than a name embellished later by a legend, the would-be sportsmen promptly dropped their impassibility and appeared in the streets with the caps and big sticks pertaining to solemn occasions.

Besides, politics, which had gradually come in the last decade, largely through the influence of the École des Sciences Politiques, to be the discussion, not of partisan theories, but of the relations of France with her friends or enemies, are sure to show this feature more and more markedly after the war, and will be little else than an aspect of patriotism.

Inclined as the French are, sometimes in an excessive degree, to theories and speculations, they are not merely intellectual, and only a superficial acquaintance with them can lead to the belief that they take little or no interest in moral issues. Remember that France was for many centuries a Catholic country, one might say *the* Catholic country; that the faith of the Middle Ages found its highest expression in the cathedrals and the crusades which are specifically French; that Jeanne d'Arc is representative of her nation as well as of her epoch, and that mysticism of the rarest description flourished on French soil. Religion does not easily perish when it has been planted so deep.

It is true that French politics have long been so clumsily anti-clerical (contrast Italy) as frequently to seem atheistical; and it is a fact that barely half the French population takes any practical account of religion. The religious waves which surprise the visitor to Anglo-Saxon countries so much, the American and English interest in all that relates to the invisible, even when it takes the form of an ephemeral curiosity or a fad, do not exist in France, because religion with French people invariably goes back to Catholicism, and Catholicism does not admit of novelties; so religion there frequently appears to the casual observer as a creed long since emptied of its living sense, or as a mechanical habit. This arises from the tendency, almost universal with non-Catholics, to regard the laity alone as the mirror of religious feeling in any country, and, except in rare and very noble exceptions, to look upon the clergy as mere professionals.

But it is not so in France. Thousands and thousands of young men who, in America or England, would go in for altruistic work and would give the impression that the spirit of the Gospel is wonderfully alive in those countries, are leading the lives of the recluse or of the unnoticed parish priest. It is the same with women. Parisian society,

certainly appears frivolous, but many thousands of young women belonging to it are seen there no more because they have vanished in convents. Visible or not, these exceptional Christians are the sons and daughters of France.

But religion does not appear only in people who give up everything for it. Religious movements of rare intensity have been seen among the laity. For the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, nominally under the influence of Chateaubriand and the Romanticists, but in reality owing to deeper and simpler causes, France shook off the incredulity of the preceding age, and went back to a mediæval devotion remarkably free from any ritualistic or reactionary admixture. The much more recent movement known as the *Sillon* movement was a return to the Gospel, with a passion for all that is legitimate in modern thought. And has not the present war shown that numberless officers and soldiers found the source of their capacity for sacrifice in faith? Indeed, I have never been able to hear the French flippantly mentioned as ungodly, without conjuring up in my mind the numberless homes where belief is the background of every action and the solid base of conjugal or filial love, and without wondering at the levity which denies or ignores it, simply because Voltaire, the naturalist writers, semi-educated atheists, and money-making theatrical managers have succeeded in achieving loud success.

In fact, aversion to religious practice is nearly always a misunderstanding: the idea of God is wrecked in the disaster of a philosophy from which it is perfectly independent, or the Church is made to suffer for prejudices she has long outgrown. Were it not for this confusion of issues, there would probably be in France a smaller amount of materialism than elsewhere; for idealism in some form or other is visible in most Frenchmen, and readers of this magazine, in which M. Barrès's paper on the spirituality of French soldiers first appeared, must be convinced of it. Tolstoism, Nietzscheism, the blend of Epicurism and Stoic fortitude in Maeterlinck's doctrines, and, finally, Americanism and Dilettantism, which successively took the fancy of the public before the vital contest between patriots and internationalists engrossed universal attention, did so only because they were explanations of the world intimately connected with a rule of life, and were, after all, substitutes for religion.

II

The idealistic tendency of the French is visible even in their conversation. Their gift as conversationalists is well known and has frequently been described. Madame de Staël analyzes it, with the fondness of an adept, in twenty passages of her works. To-day the longing for something more substantial than brilliance inclines us to see the other side of the medal and to point out the defects which accompany it. It is not denied that French people feel too much pleasure in talking, that they sometimes put off serious affairs for the enchantment of discussing them, and that 'Do it now' is frequently forgotten for 'Talk it out first.' Frenchmen will prolong a conversation long after everything has been said, in the more or less conscious hope that somebody will sum it up in an epigram, in one of those highly polished speeches which have the unexpectedness of the solution of a riddle, and at the same time delight the mind as a work of art might do; above all, it is only too true that the French — high or low, and the fault is glaring in their Parliaments — seldom take the trouble to carry into effect the resolutions which to other people would seem inevitably to follow the conclusions

drawn from the discussion. I have often heard admirable debates teeming with pregnant things, from which an American, with his national taste for betterment and reforms, would derive light enough and energy enough for years of social work; with the French who took part in them, they were only a mental exercise, with the underlying belief that truth always works its way, and somebody cannot but be found who will accomplish what seems so evidently reasonable.

But, in spite of this barrenness, it must be admitted that the conversation of the French gives a high idea of their mental and moral character. Englishmen who love humor are not witty; exceptions make you feel almost uncomfortable, until you discover that the person is an Irishman; they hate bookish topics too, and they are especially averse to showing their feelings or expressing themselves with undue eloquence. They love honest fun when they are lazy, and honest facts when they are energetic. They want to be sure about their data, mistrust words, and leave it to their common sense and their taste for fair play to steer them clear of wrong steps or wrong imaginings, so long as they see things with completeness and accuracy.

On the contrary, the Frenchman will show himself in the smoking-room what another man would appear only in his public speeches; he has a preference for the highest topics of philosophy, politics, or morals, and he approaches them by their noblest sides, warming up to his subject and not shrinking from rhetorical or poetic language. He deals with every question as if it were of vital interest to him to see all its aspects. Taine accuses him of being on the lookout for formulas rather than for the reality of things, and it is a fact that generalizations seem attractive to him; but here Taine, as we often do, saddles his own fault on his countrymen. The truth is, that the French handle and rehandle, turn inside out, scan and scrutinize questions, in the honest desire not to leave a corner of them unexplored, not to be deceived by appearances; and they often succeed in throwing pure light upon them. In fact, French conversation is what French literature frequently appears to be—a sometimes heartless, sometimes impassioned analysis, but tending constantly to clarity, and carried on in perfect sincerity and absolute disinterestedness.

The conclusion of all this must be that there is certainly enough in Paris that is good and of good repute, for American parents not to be afraid to see their sons go there. I feel sure that the young men will be happy, too. To begin with, a great many of them will have known France before, under circumstances which neither the French nor themselves can ever forget. Their week-end trips will be to quaint old towns which they will have learned to love while camping in their vicinity; or to tragic cities like Rheims, or Amiens, which they will have defended at the risk of their lives, and where their voice will have better claims to be heard than that of many natives. Then they will find Paris full of their own countrymen, thousands of whom lived there before the war and never dreamed of going back to America until they had done their bit, which often meant doing wonders; while thousands of others came over at various stages of the war, and filled every place with the renown of American intelligence and generosity.

But even if Paris should lose all these well-wishers, or if the student had never set foot on French soil before, he would not feel a stranger. In spite of deep differences in their way of seeing life and using it, the Americans and the French show curious similarities. Whatever the reason may be, probably from

the strong proportion of Celtic blood in the veins of Americans, the two peoples exhibit resemblances which strike all observers. A friend of mine recently asked a French soldier on leave how he liked the Americans whom he saw at the front. The man fumbled a while for adequate expression, but finally concluded with marked emphasis, '*C'est des hommes tout-à-fait comme nous!*'

On the other hand, French visitors to America invariably record their surprise at the features which American and French conversation have in common. Eloquence and pathos seem rather superfluous luxuries in a New York as well as in a London drawing-room, but emotion and the free expression of feeling are not banished from American conversation, wit is as frequent as humor, brightness is a requisite, freedom from prejudice, or even traditionalism, is a principle, satire does not offend, and a curiosity as to all kinds of intellectual issues is habitual even in women, perhaps chiefly in women.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that Americans in Paris should become so French that the adaptation is sometimes mystifying. A reviewer — who probably would not have regarded St. Gaudens as an American — once upbraided the present writer for including Griffin and Stuart Merrill in a list of French poets. Yet, what else are they? and who, meeting the former would dream that he was not born French until he was pleased to say so? This is not a mere question of appropriating the language, which most Americans find easy; neither is it the society man's or woman's delight in annexing the more showy sides of a civilization. This flexibility may be charming in men from whom it is not expected, but I have sometimes deplored it in the many American women who, having become French by marriage, wed even French prejudices; it is a way of looking at things from a thoroughly French point of view, or a capacity for seeing the subtlest French *nuances*, which people apparently nearer of kin, Italians for instance, never acquire.

American artists — there are hundreds in Paris, and the École des Beaux-Arts might easily be said to be an American institution — are hardly regarded as foreigners: the effort would be too great. Their very talent, invariably making for quiet distinction rather than for the display of force, is French. Was not Whistler a perfect Parisian? Many American artists speak French among themselves, because their mind is full of associations which make that medium a necessity. The same thing might be said of American literary men or women who have their homes in France. The author of *Ethan Frome* is also the author of *Sous la Neige*, which no translator could have written as well. Henry James would never have been so subtly analytical, had it not been for a French culture which he had the coquetry not to display, but which is felt in every page. And apart from artists or writers who may be supposed to be exceptionally receptive, I have already seen young American officers, nay, American privates, whom a few months at Fontainebleau or in the Foreign Legion, or in the ambulances at the front, had made delightfully French in smile, gesture, and intention, even when their tongue was still American.

I have no doubt that the Sorbonne Association of American Students will not appear much more foreign than the Provençal, Breton, or Alsatian associations. Nobody, of course, would advise young men from the United States not to be anxious to be a great deal together, or to preserve their national characteristics. Mr. Whitney Warren will have to build for them a Maison Américaine, as it will be called, which will be in the purest spirit of eighteenth-

century gracefulness, and will teach the Paris Municipal Council what is meant by a French style of architecture; it will be by far the best-equipped European sample of its kind, and the students will be proud of it and happy in it; it will be a headquarters of sports, a renowned altruistic centre, of course, with a glow of Christian feeling over it which will be worth many sermons.

But this home will only help the young American through his first trying weeks, and it will not prevent him from merging into the busy university, even the busy Paris life. He will find welcoming comrades, many of whom will have been his fellow soldiers, and homes which will have learned to receive a guest, or rather will have unlearned the old French belief that the essence of home-life is Spanish privacy; and he will find welcoming professors. The Sorbonne, which used to be all brain, has acquired a heart in the past fifteen years; there is a family feeling about it; and I was not a little surprised, a year or two ago, to find it alive and cherished in an English women's university. In short, Paris is ready for that give-and-take spirit which is the soul of social relations, and nobody will appreciate it more than the American undergraduate.

I was coming back from America in the autumn of 1908, when I made on the boat the acquaintance of two American students, one an architect, the other a painter, who had been in Paris a few years. It was my first visit to the United States, and I was wondering whether the sight of low-lying Cherbourg would make me feel the agony of joy which I had noticed in many passengers on my ship as we entered New York Bay. I must admit that it did not. The sound of my native language and the appearance of careless freedom about the harbor, and shortly afterwards the vision of a Normandy village in its plenteous orchards, did give me a pleasant sense of proprietorship, but no enthusiasm.

But it was not so with my two companions. The moment the train moved out of Cherbourg station, — a wretched train, with no dining-car, no drinking water, and no light until we got to an enterprising junction, — they took their station in the corridor, and began to love everything they saw flashing past, interlarding their English with a lot of excellent French which they had never let me hear till then; and, as we went on, looking more French from minute to minute. At Caen they had commented in artists' language and professional mimicry on the wonderful sky-line we could see, as if they knew the place by heart, which they probably did; and it was the same every time we passed a church or a château worth remark.

But when we approached Paris, — it was then dark, — and the Paris glow filled the heavens, and the Paris lights on Montmartre Hill lent a glamour to the Seine, these young men forgot my and the other passengers' presence and even existence; they waved their hats out of the window at mysterious presences, they shouted and sang, and they stamped with the excess of joy, crying in French to a tune of their own, '*Voilà Paris! Voilà Paris!*'

I have never forgotten that scene of mad delight. At the moment, it made me feel melancholy, for these young men seemed to get more out of beloved Paris than I did myself. But I remembered days when the sight of the Paris lights would have thrown me — did throw me — into the same excitement, and I found pleasure and a subject for hope in this astonishing appreciation of my native country by Americans. This pleasure and hope I have never felt more keenly than to-day.

'UP TO THE GOOD MAN'

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MR. SQUEM

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

PETER B. SQUEM, representative of Mercury tires, was on a trip with his car — an Ariel roadster, blindingly yellow save for the broad purple streak about its body, and with red-rimmed wheels. He enjoyed using this vehicle, which the Ariel people advertised as 'the uttermost expression of modernity,' and whose coloring was Mr. Squem's own idea. 'I guess it will make the yaps sit up,' the sales-agent had remarked on delivering the car; and he was right. It made everybody sit up, and the more after the purchaser had added a pink top, with the final happy touch of a portrait of himself looking out of the oval window at the back. 'They get me coming and going, you see,' said Mr. Squem. Below the portrait was a line or two apropos of the merits of Mercury tires.

At the hotel he had persuaded a breakfast-table acquaintance to ride with him to a town some twenty miles distant, instead of waiting an hour for a train; and the gentleman, after a startled look at the car, — it occurred to him that a camel would be considerably less conspicuous, — had tucked himself in and the two had got under way. The host had an agreeable sense of rhyming with his car. A Sunday paper had shown him illustrations of the very latest in automobile togs, and as a consequence his coat, goggles, and cap were all strictly contemporaneous — if not, indeed, a little more so.

He had a good deal of pleasure in 'letting her out.' It was not enough that the car should be a thing of unique — of almost piercing — beauty. It must be there with the goods. Mr. Squem had received from a 'lady friend' at Christmas, a gift of cigars — individually wrapped in silver paper and reposing in a mistletoe-emblemed box, with 'The Season's Greetings' in gold tracery on top. A dainty thing, yet those cigars when lighted — so Mr. Squem imparted to a friend — tasted like something long dead.

He was glad now, as always, to demonstrate the Ariel as being no such proposition. So he 'let her rip,' and they came, a yellow flash, doing a full mile a minute over the pike, and with the culverts through which they passed clashing like cymbals in their ears. And then — a sudden cave in a summer road down at the side, a swift whirl of the wheel, and the car desperately ploughing at right angles off into a field, shaking like a Newfoundland, rearing like a broncho, heavily smashing at last into a stump.

The two sat motionless for five seconds after the jar. Then Mr. Squem said with feeling, —

'You want to hump yourself and be damn sure to thank the Lord for this — same as you rap on wood. I always do.'

To which curious bidding to prayer, his companion, after a moment's pause, unsteadily rejoined, —

'A close — close — call! It might have been death.'

'Sure, just what I meant,' said Mr. Squem, 'Thank the Lord and get it over. Some crimp in the car, all right. Look at that radiator. We'll have to hoof it for help.'

There was two miles of the hoofing.

'I've got a hunch,' said Mr. Squem, as they began to step off, 'that I don't sell tires to-day. This siding we're coming to, well, they'll flag something they call a train at about eleven, and you can get out; but it's on the cards for me to telephone the Dutch town for some kind of a car-tink, and then roost here till he comes. Some picnic! You know those community mausoleums? They got the idea for 'em from this burg I'm going to be hung up in.'

He paused to light a stogy, then added, —

'Thank Pratt, I can do something besides fight flies.' And rummaging in the pockets of his billowing automobile coat, he produced, to the considerable surprise of his companion, a copy of the *Contemporary Review*. 'A fellow was telling me in Poughkeepsie last week,' he said, 'that this has some class. It sure ought to have. They want four bones a year for it, and it has n't got a smell of a picture in it — not a smell.'

'I want to take off my hat,' said the other, 'to your nerve, your wonderful spring back from the shock we've just had. You know I'm all shaken up. It's going to last a long while with me — that awful pitching down the field and the car on the edge of going over. And then that gully — did you see it? — showing just beyond that stump that saved us. We were mighty close to eternity. We were within an ace of death.'

'It was up to the Good Man,' said Mr. Squem with an air of dismissal, 'and we're here.'

'But it was death, you know,' persisted the other; 'death just as close as death comes to the trenches. *That* was what we were against. How can you pass it off as you do?'

'Same as I passed off the small-pox I skipped last year,' answered Mr. Squem, 'the time I got into the pest-house at Keokuk by mistake. What's the good of going around and thinking about it? What I'm thinking about is how to get out of this mess — that's the job, not thinking about death.'

'But heavens, man, we've had something to make us think about it! Just *make* us think about it! Lots of people think about it without anything at all to make them, and here you are with your nerves as steady as a clock.'

'Nothing doing,' interrupted Mr. Squem.

'Well, lots do,' said the other, apparently glad to talk. 'Anyway, don't you have to sometimes, if you think at all? It's only thin, surface living that doesn't sometimes. I remember a poem, whose writer, being full of thoughts of his own death, ends two of the verses, —

> 'I wonder what day of the month,
> I wonder what month of the year?'

Mr. Squem's reception of this was laconic. 'Some nut,' he said. Then, emitting a yell, he caught the other by the collar and violently dragged him to the middle of the road, pointing in explanation, a second later, to a rattlesnake, in coil and ready to strike, perilously close to the path.

'Good God!' exclaimed the guest. 'Can anything more happen to-day?'

Mr. Squem volunteered no opinion on this head, but with deliberation and coolness proceeded to dispatch the ugly reptile with stones, after which he evidently considered the incident entirely closed, and remarked, —

'I don't know if you're a preacher —'

'Lawyer,' said the other, his voice shaking.

'I was n't going to say anything if you *was* a preacher — people don't. We got to have men around to believe things the rest of us can't, and then bat 'em out to us, overdose us — see? — with things we ought to believe *some*. Yes, we just call them "Reverend" and let them talk. It's all tommy-rot, thinking about death, and it's the best horse-sense not to ever think about it, at least until it gets here — and then a quick deal. I was to see Mack Leonard before he died last week, — it was cancer, — and he says to me, "I've just shook hands with God, and I'm ready when He is." That's all right — just business, you understand. But until the time sure comes, I figure the job is my business, and nothing else — and the rest is up to the Good Man.'

'A new euthanasia,' said the lawyer.

'What's the name of a sleeping-car got to do with it?' queried Mr. Squem.

The guest, whose name was Robinson, very decently insisted upon waiting for Mr. Squem, so they did not flag the train. The two put in the morning smoking and playing cards in the office of the New Aldine Hotel — the most out-at-elbows of all the dingy buildings of the settlement. During the forenoon the entire population, save one sorely disappointed bedridden man, filtered in to see the visitors and speculate as to why in the world they were there, one native conjecturing to another that Mr. Squem might perhaps be Mr. Schwab, minded to buy the town. The dinner, when it came, was not exactly an orgy, the ham being quite salt, the potatoes quite hard, the coffee quite indefinite in flavor, and the pie quite popular with numerous energetic flies. This last circumstance woke an old memory in Mr. Squem.

'Makes you think,' he said, 'of that guy at the railroad eating-joint. "What kind of pie?" they says; and *he* says, "Blackberry." "Oh," they says, "that ain't blackberry," and blew on it. And, believe me, it wasn't. It was custard!'

With such table-talk and with pleasantries at the expense of the frowzled waitress, — Mr. Squem demanding chilled grape-fruit and other such delicacies, and making up for her perturbation with a dollar bill at the end, — the meal passed, and at two a car-tink arrived in a large automobile from the Dutch town. The distance to the invalid Ariel was soon covered, such of the population as could walk footing it in wake of the car — it was not every day that such things happened. The expert went over the roadster and said it could travel to the hospital on its own wheels, and a farmer's team dragged it slowly, and with many a bump, back to the road.

Seven dollars was the fee for this service. 'Dirt cheap,' the farmer had assured Mr. Squem, who, in answer, remarked, 'You got everything, every darned thing, but the bristles.'

Then the automobile man attached the roadster by chains to his own car and the start was made.

On the journey, pursued at something more than twenty miles an hour, but characterized by Mr. Squem as 'Some toad funeral,' Mr. Robinson did some thinking. He was still inwardly rocking from what had happened — the 'close-up' to death of the morning, and the weaving head of a rattlesnake, which insisted on getting into his field of view, had repeatedly made gooseflesh rise upon him through the day. He was much put out by the collapse of his philosophy before the situation. He remembered — and did not like to remember — a paper on 'The Cultivation of Self-Sufficingness,' which he had recently read before a group of cool and emancipated spirits like himself, its

upshot and burden being that, to the soul stripped of superstitious fancies and firmly grasping life, the soul reposing upon itself and its strength, nothing could really happen. He had drawn freely upon Emerson and the Upanishads in the representation of this view, which had immensely regaled all the cool and balanced spirits on the premises — elect samples of the poised who had regarded it as a tribute to themselves.

And now — it made him sick — he had been shaken and beaten down and pulled about. He had lost balance, and been afraid — was still afraid! It was rough on the self-sufficingness theory, and especially rough on Eustace Robinson. And it had all been so different with this Mr. Squem, an entirely unreflective, not to say absurd, being, of at most twelve mental years, who had been not the least thrown off balance, not the least afraid; who, using the most primitive materials, seemed somehow to have fashioned a weather-proof cosmos — one that met test by acting and working like a cosmos, and not like a bad umbrella.

Of course one might be amused — Mr. Robinson had been considerably amused — by the naïveté of the man and by the architecture of his shanty-town cosmos.

'The Good Man!' thought the lawyer. 'Ridiculous! The Good Man!' — and smiled. But the smile did not stay. Something told Mr. Robinson, suddenly jolting again toward death, suddenly seeing again something hideously weaving in his path, that Peter Squem was not ridiculous; that what was ridiculous was himself.

It may be that this nettled him.

'I've been thinking,' he said as they lurched along, 'of what you said this morning about some things being up to the Good Man.'

Mr. Squem took a look at the Ariel trailing along behind. 'Who the devil would they be up to?' he asked.

'That's just it — just it. Who? That's where the trouble comes in. Some of us think that it's really that that's behind the War.'

'All you got to do,' said Mr. Squem cheerfully, 'is to use the brains God gave you, and not be a quitter. Speaking of the War — '

'Wait a minute. You know, of course, that there can't be a forty-million-mile-high giant — a big good *man* — running things down here. We can't think that sort of thing — that sheer, childish anthropomorphism — any more.'

'I know a nigger barber in Paoli,' said Mr. Squem, 'who'd give you five dollars — five anyway — for that word! What's the reason you can't think that? The underpinning is sure a man — or something like a man. Everybody says, "He," don't they?'

Mr. Robinson suddenly reflected that Mr. H. G. Wells was doing just this very thing.

'Sure, it stands to reason,' continued Mr. Squem; then, 'Ease her up, George, here's a bridge.'

'Well, counting that out,' said Mr. Robinson, 'and letting the man part go, what is there to prove that He's good? Look at the world! (a bright woman said to me not a week ago that a cow could have arranged a better universe than this); think of the horrible snake you killed this morning!'

'*He's* up to the Good Man for fair,' said Mr. Squem with something like pity in his voice. 'Nobody else can take care of him.'

'Do you know,' queried Mr. Robinson, 'that Flammarion, the astronomer, said, not long ago, that this is a world not much worth fighting for any way — '

'Quitter!' interrupted Mr. Squem. 'Look here, let's get down to brass

tacks. I'm not living in a world that has n't got the best that's in *me* behind it — see? If that is n't so, everything's bug-house! I'm not letting anything smaller 'n *that* get back of things and run the works, understand? I'll ask some gent to kick me — and real hard — when I do, though honest I'd be too punk for anybody to kick. Things don't look good? What does that flim-flam man know about 'em? I know — come on the road a week with me, just one little week, and see. A quitter bets the boss is no good, — anybody can lay down and squeal, — I'm playing up — I've got to, to have any use for myself. Either the boss is all right or everything's bug-house. And I'm no quitter, and no fooling with the works for me! Think that and *you're* bug-house. I say He's all right — no, the boss of these works is no bonehead and I put every cent of my pile on the Good Man.'

Then the perfectly tragic thing happened. A mite of a child — she could not have been more than three — darted through the gate of a yard they were passing and out into the road. She was a winsome thing, dainty and fairylike — Titian's Virgin of the Presentation grown small. Her hair streamed behind her, her white frock fluttered in the breeze she was making, as she chased a scrap of a kitten. The kitten frolicked toward the centre of the road, and the child, with eyes for nothing else, headed suddenly full on the car. There was no time, — no way, — only the gleam of a tiny white object in front, and then a quiver of the heavy machine.

In another moment three horror-stricken men leaped from their seats, and, a few feet behind, Peter Squem gathered in his arms a most lovely but no longer living thing.

'Poor Lambie!' he said, with his face torn into depths whose wonder the lawyer felt in the thick of the horror. 'Poor Lambie!'

'Some one must take her in there,' said Robinson, pointing to the house behind the trees; 'take her in and *tell* them. God knows I can't — I can't!'

'I never could,' said the driver shaking like an aspen; 'I've got one her age. I'd die.'

Peter Squem bore the little burden through the gate and up the path. He did not knock at the door, but turned the knob and entered. A sweet-faced woman came down the hall.

'I've got the baby,' he said. 'She ran into the car. I wish it had been me — but it was her. You've got to take on, and you're going to ache to die — for a long, long time — just ache to die. But you want to remember,'— and the reeling mother, looking into his eyes, had the feel of arms beneath her in an overwhelming flood, — 'you want to remember that it's going to be all right somehow — all right someway. It's up to the Good Man.'

CANON SHEEHAN OF DONERAILE

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

A VERY unusual personage was Canon Sheehan of Doneraile, author of *My New Curate*, a novelist of clerical life, who was infinitely more than that. He was not of the type of Ferdinand Fabre, or of Anthony Trollope, or of Mrs. Oliphant, whose *Chronicles of Carlingford* ought to be read as pendants to *The Warden* or *The Last Chronicle of Barset*. He was more spiritual than any of these, though that was not difficult.

Irish of the Irish, though not Celtic of the Celts; thinking that he knew the United States because his countrymen helped to populate them, his only real bond with our country was his constantly deepening friendship for Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Unconsciously, — and all his letters about Holmes are not given in this Life,[1] — he found everything that was good in America symbolized in his friend, and everything evil in his fears for the workings of a disorderly democracy.

What Canon Sheehan dreaded most was disorder or lack of discipline. This, perhaps, accounts for his admiration of German methods of life and education, and his rather pessimistic comparison between them and the Irish 'ways.' In the eighties he writes, 'Germany is a huge barrack, where every adult must pass through the ordeal of a severe and rigid discipline, to form part of, eventually, a colossal and irresistible force that may crush the French on the one hand and the Slav on the other.'

[1] *Canon Sheehan of Doneraile.* By DR. HERMAN J. HEUSER. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

He was born in 1852, in the town of Mallow. He seems to have been born 'thinking' — a more thoughtful human creature never existed. For an imaginative child of his type, who found it easy to believe that the Irish fairies respected the Church, being only little kind creatures too much in love with nature, the priesthood seemed to be a foregone conclusion. The Church sanctified all beauty; the Church answered all questions.

A great tall student came on his vacation from the seminary of Maynooth. 'One summer night the seminarist took the sleepy boy on his shoulders and wrapped him round with the folds of his great Maynooth cloak that was clasped with brass chains running through lions' heads, carrying him out under the stars, as the warm summer air played around them.' — 'A bit of a dreamer,' he says he was; and then the fair-haired, delicate boy began to dream of the priesthood. He lived through the Fenian outbreak; he was an ardent patriot; the fighters for Irish freedom were his heroes in his boyhood, which seems to have been a pleasant one, even after the death of his parents, when he was nearly eleven years of age.

At St. Colman's College, preparatory to the Irish Ecclesiastical Seminary of Maynooth, the students were strong Fenians. It was in 1867 that a small rebel force was surrounded in the Kilcloony wood, within sight of the ice-glistening Galtee mountains. Peter Crowley, the hero of these boys, kept at bay an English regiment by dodging

from tree to tree and firing until his ammunition gave out. He was at last killed. 'We caught another glimpse of the funeral cortège as it passed the sergeant's lodge. Then we turned away with tears of sorrow and anger.'

It is curious enough to note that this youth, so full of sympathy with the movement of which the Church officially disapproved, could later see both sides of many Irish questions, admire the English character and methods of life, and rejoice to the day of his death in the fact that the intercourse between Protestants and Catholics was becoming more agreeable. Maynooth was in 1869 under the presidency of Dr. Russell, the man who had, Newman says, 'perhaps more to do with my conversion than anyone else.' But the point of view of education taken in this celebrated seminary, and the uncertainty of the discipline, chilled the mind of the enthusiastic young cleric, who was constantly discovering, and bravely bearing the discovery, that life was a very disappointing thing.

While there was at Maynooth no danger that dangerous books, such as Talleyrand read during his preparation at St. Sulpice, would affect the students, there was a danger, which the liberal-minded Madame de Sévigné considered greater, of his reading no books at all — that is, no books coming under the name of 'eclectic literature.' Many of the teachers at Maynooth were French, and at one time the use of the French language at table gave rise to a league among the other professors to speak 'Irish' only. Owing to the disabilities forced on the Catholics before emancipation, the older Irish priests had been sent to France for their ecclesiastical education. When one recalls memories of some of these gentlemen, — sometimes a little Jansenistic in their point of view, — the French touch in their manners, in their ideals of life, and in their sympathies was a gain; but the spirit of the younger clergy was against it, and the differences with the Vatican and the school of Bonetty, Rosmini, and others intensified the determination of the elders to make the course of study at Maynooth as drastic as possible.

'Far back in the sixties literature had to be studied surreptitiously and under the uncongenial shadow of Perrone or Receveur. It was a serious thing to be detected in such clandestine studies, and I dare say our superiors were quite right in insisting that we should rigidly adhere to the system of pure scholasticism, which was a college tradition.'

Young Sheehan, however, fastened on Carlyle, and this accounts for his leaning toward German literature, from which he singled out particularly Jean Paul Richter, whose formula, 'I love God and little children,' greatly appealed to him. Kant, Schelling, and Fichte interested him. A classmate afterwards described him as a man who scarcely uttered a word, but read the heavens and thought. His two sisters, whom he loved intensely, had died, after having entered religious congregations. Their loss seemed to add to his reticence; but, then, what he seemed to envy the English most was their 'reserve'; he contrasted it sharply with the habit of the Irish of wearing their hearts upon their sleeves. Indeed, the quality which he disliked in all Americans, excepting always his friend Justice Holmes, whom he found perfect in every respect, was 'effusiveness.'

On receiving holy orders, in 1875, he was sent to Plymouth — a part of the 'English mission.' This, and the fact that he had not taken a chance to study at Rome, were at first disappointments to him. The Plymouth parish meant hard work — there was little leisure for communing with his thoughts, for analyzing the 'too human qualities

of Shakespeare or the paganness of Goethe.' He had not then acquired the English accent which his admirers in Doneraile tolerated as a '*défaut de ses qualités*.' Dr. Heuser, who is such an admirable biographer that any discriminating man about to die might, saluting him, choose him in advance, insinuates that Canon Sheehan's brogue gave an additional charm to one of his first sermons against Calvinism. Parts of the novel *Luke Delmage* are undoubtedly autobiographical.

Dr. Heuser quotes a passage appropriate to a first sermon. One young lady declared that, when the young preacher overcame the roughness of his Irish education, he would be 'positively charming.'

One old apple-woman asked another, 'What was it all about, Mary?'

'Yerra, how could I know! Shure it was all Latin. But I caught "the grace of God" sometimes.'

'Well, the grace of God and a big loaf — shure, that's all we want in this world.'

A rough man in his factory dress concluded that it was 'a new hand they'd taken on at the works here.' An enthusiastic friend declared that the sermon knocked them all into 'a cocked hat'; but the Vicar-General maintained silence. At last he said, 'Have you any more of these sermons?'

'Yes, sir, I have a series in notes.'

'Burn them!'

Luke Delmage is indicative of Sheehan's manner of life in Exeter. His visit to Lourdes interested and repelled him; he liked piety, but he objected to the mixture of books of piety and the romances of George Sand and Dumas on the bookstalls; and an American tavern-keeper, of great religious fervor, declared that 'Paris was a hell on earth.' This made him sad — for France. Returning to Exeter, where he worked scrupulously, he began to study the difference between the Saxon and the Celtic temperaments; it puzzled him; he knew that his fellow countrymen did not seriously object to some cheerful lying in ordinary affairs; but, while the English were too contemptuous to stoop to lie in private life, in public, where a point was to be gained, 'they will lie like Satan.'

He returned to Ireland, however, filled with admiration of the 'straight, deliberate, and well-poised methods of the English.'

'Where did you get that imperial accent?' he was asked. He seemed 'so solemn and grand' that an anxious nun wondered whether the poor would like him. The poor did like him, as the annals of the parish of Doneraile will show. Socially, his political creed might be summed up in his own words: 'That injustice begets injustice; that fear has been the cause of the world's greatest crimes.' He was very frank as to the merits and demerits of his country; there is not space for the proofs of his insight; but to those — who is not among them? — puzzled by the complexities of the present Irish situation, *Canon Sheehan of Doneraile* offers some light. To hope to understand Ireland, we must see it from the inside; and, even then, one feels as Marion Crawford felt about the fair sex — one sees clearly for only five minutes at a time!

With the intention of drawing the attention of the Irish to their own faults, and, at the same time, showing their virtues to the world, he began to write *Geoffrey Austen;* and in 1895 he became parish priest of Doneraile, in Ireland. One must read some of the delightful passages in *My New Curate* to discover how the young priest felt when he was installed in Doneraile — 'the place,' in the opinion of a slightly cynical bishop, for 'a poet and a dreamer.'

In *Geoffrey Austen* Canon Sheehan's attempt to show the faults in Irish edu-

cation met with censure that almost frightened the young reformer. It might be summed up in the repartee to some of Sir Horace Plunkett's well-meant criticisms: 'They may be true, but it is n't for the like of you to say them!' However, Canon Sheehan's fright wore off, and the success of *My New Curate*, in spite of some further objections from super-sensitive Celts, gave him confidence. It was due to the discriminating and energetic encouragement of the author of *Canon Sheehan of Doneraile* that Father Dan, in *My New Curate*, was created. He who knows this book, *Geoffrey Austen*, *Luke Delmage*, and *The Triumph of Failure*, will find the clue to many difficult meanings and receive light from a singularly fine mind.

In a literary sense, Canon Sheehan's faults were in his lack of understanding of 'the upper classes' in the artificial social sense, and, when he wrote verse, in his inability to understand that poetry is not merely philosophy and theology loaded with rhymes.

This *Story of an Irish Parish Priest as Told Chiefly by Himself in Books, Personal Memoirs and Letters* is, to use the outworn phrase of the last century, a really precious 'human document.'

THE HOUR

BY AMORY HARE

By my window, on my knees,
I watched the planets turning;
I could feel the upward yearning
Of the little cedar trees.
In the silence of the dim
Twilight before dawn,
When the night was almost gone,
Like drowsy cherubim
Clouds floated up and sailed
The blushing sky, and smiled
All rosy like a child;
Then drew away, and paled.
So passed the holy hour
When dawn, by darkness wooed,
At heaven's portal stood,
And morning came to flower.

THOUGHTS OF A TEACHER OF GERMAN

FIVE years ago I was a man of acknowledged prestige in our small college campus. I am the same man, with the same principles, the same ideals, but my position is not the same, my attitude toward my work is not the same: the life of it has fallen away.

I am not a German by birth, not even by close descent. My father was a Methodist minister and had practically none of the German tongue at his command. It was not until my undergraduate years in a little Methodist college in the Middle West, that I became interested in languages. Later, I studied in France and Germany. The interest became a passion. It was the culmination of a long cherished ambition when I at last went through the sacred ceremony of receiving my doctor's degree in Munich, the rites representing years of toil and moil and persistent sacrifice.

Upon my return to my Alma Mater, however, it was Latin and not German that I began teaching. I liked Latin, but I loved German, the language and literature. So, when a position opened in the department of German, I went into that department, and in time became head of the work. It was a comparatively small department, where the professor did practically all of the instructional duties except with the beginning classes.

About this time I married a young woman of German parentage, who matched and mated my eagerness in my study; and, together, we wove a wonderful woof of romance and poetry and philosophy with which to hang about the sanctum of our work. Our student boys and girls, year after year, were to become imbued with what we believed to be German *Idealismus*, industry, simplicity, inspiration, lofty idealism. Our home would be the centre of their social activities; we should have current periodicals, old books, songs, music of the old composers, tales to be told, all these in the language whose *Klang* we so much reveled in; everywhere the German atmosphere, and now and then our German *Kaffee* and *Kuchen*. The more we planned and studied, the more we loved our work, the more we felt it a mission.

And this indeed became our work — a mission. We built up our department; it became popular. Our departmental library received an endowment which made it the best in the state. We opened our home informally to the German Club, formed of all students working in German. We patiently studied each individual, and once or twice, through each of the four years, we tried to get into confidential contact with each student in all of our courses, not in a slushy, sentimental sort of way, but by a personal interest in each, by some means entirely out of the pale of campus curricula. We often spent hours in devising some tactful and unobvious way. We did it purely out of love for our work.

Years passed. It took no great amount of bias or personal vanity to realize that the German Department had become the strongest in the school. It was openly acknowledged to be so. Our students studied with devotion and enthusiasm. Der Deutsche Bund was one of the leading social-educational clubs of the institution, and our Christ-

mas and Easter *Feste* were sparkling affairs, genuine and ardent. A spirit of comradeship and sympathy became traditional. And, considering that not more than three out of every hundred students coming to our campus were of German families, or had previously understood or spoken German, this influx of interest and coöperation spelled something significant of success for our years of aim and effort.

Then came the war. September, 1914, saw little change in enrollment. Classes were about the same in size as those of the semester preceding. Work opened propitiously. This year was to see the campaign for our long-dreamed German House, a consummation most devoutly to be wished for the complete atmosphere, the unified background of our ultra-Deutsch experience — a bit of romantic Germany, of Germany at her highest and best, set down in a German garden at the marge of the little old campus.

In 1912 I had spent my sabbatical leave of absence in Germany. To be quite frank, I had then been a little worried — a trouble subtle and intangible, an impalpable premonition of things not quite right in the country of the Rhine. As it had not done before, the *Erhebung* of everything German, the constant reiteration of German virtues, *Deutschtum*, rasped upon one's sense of what was right and proper. It was, as I had never felt before, an everlasting refrain of *Deutschland über Alles*.

Later, some very inconspicuous reports in the *Berliner Technische Welt* had surprised me — descriptions of some technical developments. It recalled the sharp contrast to our little Middle Western town, which I always felt at the sight of the ubiquitous soldier in Berlin. And yet, German student though I felt myself to be, I had no idea of war, absolutely none. Bernhardi was no secret. But many of us felt that Bernhardi was merely one of those Prussians who out-Prussianed Prussianism. Rohrbach and Von Bülow were not far removed. Otfried Nippold's collected evidences of 'irrefutable proof' of war-agitations were merely sporadic utterances characteristic of some visionary writers of the time. There have been in all countries alarmists. There were, to be sure, the dangerous philosophies of Nietzsche and Treitschke. But the age was seething with a variety of extreme — some even rabid — theories. Some readjustments were inevitable — economic, educational, social, religious. But any real menace to world-peace was unthinkable. So I calmed any subconscious perturbation. Nevertheless I was uneasy, subtly and intangibly uneasy.

I entered into the work that September of 1914 with less of spontaneity and elasticity. August for me had been a month of trial. Austria's declaration after the Sarajevo affair, and all the lightning-like sequence of portentous events that followed, left me stunned. Not that I then saw the full sweep of the menace; but just from the connotation of it all, my teaching found me stiff and unresponsive. In the following June, the spring of 1915, twenty-three of my seniors left school, with splendid training for teaching high-school German. At least four were full of vision, a-thrill with the joy of work to be done. They had been so deeply immersed in the *Idealen* of the masters of German literature; so engrossed with the history of the development of liberty and the progress of the earlier German states; so overwhelmed with the range and beauty of the writings of Schiller and Lessing and Goethe, that the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns somehow seemed remote. Occasionally we took up newspaper reports for discus-

sion in the classroom, but much of the opinion was then either neutral or very slightly biased.

By the next September there was a slight fall in the enrollment of the freshmen sections, though the upper classmen continued their work in about the same proportion as in preceding years. A few, however, shifted from a major to a minor in German, and wisely did their thesis work in a subject other than the Teutonic language and literature. I say wisely, for the developments of those months just passed and of the two years just to follow became an unfaltering finger, pointing the way toward an increasing loss in the popularity of German in the American schools. German lost then that which generations cannot replace. Consciously or unconsciously, the student for years and years, of years upon years, will remember the Germany of the second decade of the twentieth century, and turn to a language other than that of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. Indeed, it may take centuries to remove the stigma, to take away the stench of blood from the language of the Boche.

Except himself, no one can conceive of the poignancy of the feeling that the teacher of German now experiences. I have seen the ambitions, the hopes, the day-long, night-long efforts of twenty years sapped of life and vitality through the world-lust of the Prussian. I have known the bitterness of seeing so much of the beautiful in thought and expression spurted over with the life-blood of Democracy. And I am sick.

Imagine the futility of teaching German idealism, Goethe's *Mehr Licht*, or

> Ein Mann, der recht zu wirken denkt,
> Muss auf das beste Werkzeug halten.

Imagine trying to impress upon a class the idyllic beauty of *Hermann und Dorothea*, the lyric and spiritual qualities of the second part of *Faust*, the universal brotherhood of Lessing's *Nathan der Weise;* imagine these with the letters of FRIGHTFULNESS now world-written by the hand of the Hun! I am not choleric. I believe I can see sanely. But the exclamatory is all that expresses this irreparable injury.

I began bravely this difficult work of teaching German since 1914, by the hypothesis that the best in Teutonic literature is a revolt against this very militarism we are now fighting, and for a time I deluded myself with the great good that could be accomplished by emphasizing this in such men as Schiller, Lessing, and Goethe, as well as in some of the things from such moderns as Wildenbruch and Theodor Sturm. But the newspapers made current events too vital for one to spend his hours shoring up the tottering structure of German popularity. Eighteenth-century nobility was overcast by twentieth-century inhumanity.

The heart of me passed out of my work. It became a lifeless routine. Something of bitterness burned within me. I felt as if the Germans had cheated me, robbed me of something good and beautiful. At moments I was full of dumb incredulity. I recalled the kind and heartfelt cordiality of those people of my student days. And yet I knew only too well the ingrained system of the Gymnasium and the Cadet-Schulen, the implacable military training. That it is, through which Kultur and Schrechlichkeit have blotted out the Sprache of *Wilhelm Tell*, of those little prose-poems like *Immensee* and *Höher als die Kirche*, which students everywhere have read and loved. When Dr. Dwight Hillis tells us of the '*Zwei*' scrawled drunkenly above two little crucified Belgian babies, — a laconic and sardonic *Zwei*, — we begin to comprehend what Welt-lust is doing to the language of Luther and Leibnitz, of Heine and Herder, of Grillparzer and Grimm.

Shall German continue in the grade schools and in the high schools? Shall the German staff be maintained in colleges where there are not enough students to keep them employed? These are the questions that the foremost educators, the press, the people of the time persist in bringing forward. It is doubtless a problem that will be with us for a generation. After a generation the thing will largely solve itself. The most radical declare for a complete boycott. Others are represented by Theodore Roosevelt, who, declaring that 'America is a nation and not a polyglot boarding-house,' reiterates the prudence of eliminating German from all elementary schools, and reserving it solely for a purely utilitarian language in secondary institutions.

'We cannot trust Germany enough to neglect her language,' declared one of my colleagues recently. 'There must be many of us who keep close enough in touch with her tongue, to keep apace with her hands so efficient in diabolical designing.'

German as a language has not passed, is not passing. But German as a favorite study, as a foster-tongue which we affectionately cultivate, is no more. The Hun has seen to that. It takes but a composite study of the departments of German in the colleges and universities of this year to comprehend the astounding falling-off of students. We need merely to contrast the growth of courses in French language and literature, in history and drama and science, to realize that the 'language of the courts' has become the elected language of the time. In the state university of one of our commonwealths, known the country over as a state spotted with 'little Germanies,' the classes in German have dropped to a mere handful of lukewarm students, while the French classes have grown seventy-five per cent. And there is a rumor, not yet officially verified, that all of the instructional staff in German have been granted leave of absence for the year 1918–1919.

Be that as it may, we do not need to turn to campus gossip for substantiating the prevalent distaste for *Deutschtum*. I, this year, have seen pathos and tragedy in the careers of many of my fellow teachers in other schools. Young women are devoting day and night to replacing their German by a heroic turn to French. Three men who had gained renown and honor some time ago in research on German subjects, are now floundering in a series of economic lectures of which they but recently learned. One professor I know has been sacrificing for eight years, burning more than midnight oil and energy, preparing for the publishers a book, big in both content and extent: a study of the environmental and hereditary influences that shaped the peculiar characteristics of Uhland. He has given the work up. And he is like a man lost.

Another young associate professor and his wife, as much devoted to his work as he, came to our campus three years ago brimful of enthusiasm. They were as much rapt in the contemplation of the new long-dreamed-of home that they would soon build, as we had been in materializing our Deutsches Haus for the campus home of our boys and girls. They treasured everything that would help to realize their hopes more quickly. They were too happy to realize just how they were yielding up in every form to make possible the home they longed for. Now, while they are at last in position to have their own hearth, to revel in the joy of their own inglenook, they will not build. He has given up his German teaching and will leave for work with the Red Triangle.

I am still teaching German. I have

seen my department fall from the most popular to one regarded with uncertainty and even with distrust. There is no longer the zest in the *Lieder* or times of *Conversatione* at the meetings of Der Deutsche Bund. In reality the German Club no longer exists. We have held meetings to interpret Pangermanism, the doctrines of Hurrah and Hallelujah, the explanations of Von Jagow, Dernburg and Bethmann-Hollweg. That has been largely the gist of our work this year, — disclosures, divulgences, a campaign of anti-autocracy that verges now and then into a *Hasz*-programme, — not an ideal course for college students.

Theoretically, I ceased teaching German in 1915. What I am doing now is nondescript. I should leave the whole work, I am convinced; but it is not easy for a college professor who has spent the prime as well as the strength of his maturity in a subject, to enter into a new field of work. At times I feel that I would stake everything that has heretofore been my pleasure and my happiness to be able to go now into technical or scientific work. It may be that I shall soon find it impossible longer to remain in the chair of German. I have a small farm. I am learning, in an elderly, hazy sort of way, all I can get in scientific agriculture, and to this I may turn.

But the soul of me cries out against that system that has robbed me and thousands of others in my position of the joy and inspiration and the sense of a mission in teaching to aspiring college students the idealism of *Licht, Liebe, Leben.*

RELIGION IN WAR-TIME

WITH SIDE GLANCES AT MR. WELLS

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

I

THE decks of the new Cunarder on this particular evening were wet, blowy, and pitch dark. We were chancing it at full steam ahead; but to the lay sense there was no token of direction as the ship settled down to the steady churning of the night. Here in the drawing-room we could fancy ourselves ballooning about in the midst of space, the universe unrolling itself equably in all quarters from this genial focus.

'The trouble is,' remarked McGill, Canadian banker, 'the trouble is that church people are not enough in earnest about their own faith.'

'Out of touch,' muttered Waterman.

As a man of leisure, — rare object on shipboard in these days, — Waterman seldom took the trouble to interpret his oracles.

But Andrews, accredited to the British Embassy at Washington and wise at thirty, was manifestly impatient with these conservative expressions of

discontent. 'How much religion do you think there is at the front to-day? None at all. I mean it literally. The chaplain is the most useless and the most unhappy man in the service.'

'Out of touch.'

Waterman removed his pipe for the purpose of launching this comment with greater force, and then resumed his smoking and his silence. Andrews went on without swerving: —

'I have a friend, a chaplain, one of the head ones at the front, — could n't be a better, — been there three years. He tells me, confidentially, that there is no market for his goods. He is going to give it up, first chance, and try holding services in London, anniversaries of battles and that sort of thing.

'Religion! what is there in it for the Tommies? What they have got to go on is the simple principle of playing the game. That's it — that's their religion: to play the game! If they don't, some of their own comrades will have to pay, and they know it: that is what keeps them up to it. All the rest, creeds and prayers and so on — well, it has no application, that's all; they've no time for it, no appetite for it.'

I remarked that 'playing the game' might qualify as a code of ethics, but hardly as a religion. If this is all, we might better accept the first statement, that there is no religion at the front.

And to judge from what I had casually seen in a few sectors here and there, the statement might easily have been true. But religion seldom appears to the eye, particularly during business hours in the war-zone. The realistic observer runs a high risk of losing the only important facts; it is necessary to look behind behavior to the motives that are sustaining it. If, in spite of numerous good reasons for not playing the game, men still play it, the likelihood is that there are some deep-lying reasons at work.

'Which only shows,' interposed Andrews, 'that the idealistic observer runs the opposite risk — that of seeing what is not there.'

'You mean,' I said, 'that soldiers have no convictions, or, at least, make no heavy use of them?'

'I mean that it is simply poor psychology to talk of "deep-lying convictions," if you are thinking of what keeps a soldier in the game when every common impulse is prompting him to get out of it. What keeps him there is plain human nature — instinct: that's the word — instinct.'

Andrews warmed to his subject: —

'There's an unrelenting something that runs through the race and won't let a man give up; and the race that has most of it wins. You know, these Tommies of ours — something takes hold of them, they'll tell you: a curious mad glee at flinging themselves into the face of hell; they stop feeling things; they go on like possessed; maybe it *is* the race gets into them. At all odds, it is quite different from religion as the churches see it.'

Andrews seemed uneasily aware that in talking about 'the race' in that metaphysical tone, he had begun to wear the edge thin between his 'plain human nature' and religion. I ventured a doubt whether the churches would be willing to leave 'instinct' out of religion: they would probably want to add something to it. These blind impulses and capacities for devotion need something to tie up to. Religion supplies them with this when it supplies them with a creed. And an instinct plus a creed is a conviction — is n't it? I was inclined to stand by the word.

But Andrews was obdurate. 'Damn meagre creed, if you are going in for the actual state of mind of any representative fighting men, — take Tommy Atkins, — take your fellows, whatever

you call them, — something better than Yanks, I hope.'

'How much of a creed does it take to make a religion?' I pursued. 'Nothing very elaborate: say, a belief that the world we live in is itself alive and not dead; that the life in it is good and not bad — in short, a belief in a God; and a belief that our own personal lives with their meaning may go on after death.'

'That would hardly satisfy me,'—it was McGill who entered this caveat. But Waterman, presumably as a sportsman rather than as a theologian, roused himself to pronounce, 'Let it pass'; while Andrews uttered a tolerant, but defiant, 'Well?'

'Well,' I found myself echoing, 'if you accept this as a sort of common denominator of current convictions in our civilian world, why do you think the average soldier more destitute of such ideas than the average citizen he evolves from — or don't you think so?'

'Yes, rather. And why? Because war, especially this war, makes the men who are in it distinguish their dreams from their facts and their facts from their dreams.'

'Very likely,' I said; 'but which are the facts and which are the dreams?'

Andrews scrutinized me.

'If the creed we speak of is a dream,' I continued, 'I should certainly expect it to come off the worse for war; but if your hard-fact realism —'

'Bring on the evidence, then. What results *are* our men coming to?' Andrews pressed his point.

'Who knows?' I rejoined; 'who knows enough to make a sweeping statement? What one finds here and there is what one might well expect: men are driven both ways, some one way and some another. Neutrality is what disappears: spiritual neutrality goes the way of political neutrality. Taking men as they talk, there is plenty of sporadic evidence on any side you choose. We have all heard of the boy in training who walked up to his chaplain and said, "See here, I've been thinking this thing over; and I am going to chuck my religion for the duration of the war."

'In Paris I met an old friend who was just then on convalescent leave. I put to him this question point-blank: "Are you coming to think of human beings more as temporary aggregates of head-power and horse-power, or more as souls in the old sense?"

'"More as things," he said, after a pause, "things of nature." And he went on to tell of an event a few days old, which was evidently still much on his mind — a collision between two of his comrades in the escadrille, a straight head-on smash between a machine starting out and one just returning. Details don't matter. The wreckage had to be cleared away in haste, and fifteen minutes later they were carrying on as usual — or thought they were. My friend ended his story with an apparently disconnected remark: "I don't know that fighting is doing me any particular good."

'But here is a straw at another angle. You know Lieutenant Colonel Teak. During the July offensive he was in charge of a C.C.S. back of Messines.'

'Yes, but what is an army surgeon likely to know about this?'

'More than most, if he has his eyes open,' I replied. 'No one else sees as much as he does of the subconscious regions of the men's minds. It is the subconscious region in which a man keeps the thoughts he is not thinking of: most people keep their religion there a good part of the time, soldiers most of the time.

'Well, Colonel Teak handled thousands of wounded during that offensive. "Naturally," he said to me, "we have to tell a good many that we can't do

anything for them. And what surprises me is not that so few are anxious about it, but that most of them take it for granted, apparently, that death is simply a transition, important perhaps, but not terrible, and that they are to live on, elsewhere —"'

'Where?'

It was clear that Andrews regarded the question as equivalent to a refutation. At the same moment, Waterman made the comment, 'Early training,' — equally conclusive, — and McGill began a speech: —

'No matter what you say, gentlemen, I doubt whether there are any genuine skeptics at the front, or anywhere else at this moment. We all live and act on a faith which we may superficially question or forget; but it is there. It is Christianity.'

'Why Christianity? Why not something more simple and universal, something less partisan and less incredible to the mass of men? Here is H. G. Wells — I don't know what you may think of his philosophy, but his voice at this moment is certainly earnest and commands respect. Is n't there a good deal of sense in his plea for simplifying our ideas of religion?'

I was hoping to get all this said, not by way of stating my own views, but by way of bringing McGill into the current of contemporary criticism. But he went on through my words: —

'Behind all our efforts and aims, in war and elsewhere, there is a standard, a hero if you like. And there is one figure that none of us can escape. I make no bones about it, gentlemen, I am a simple man. I take Jesus of Nazareth; I take the scriptures; I find my religion there. I am a man of business — I want something definite. Where does Mr. Wells get to? Where does G. K. Chesterton get to? Where do all you philosophers get to? You land us in vague abstractions. They sound well; but when you come down to substance and meaning, what is it? You leave us to fall back on the concrete religion of the Gospels. And whether they confess it or not, it is in force — I am as sure of it as that I am sitting here — it is in force with our boys in the trenches. It is what they take hold of, or try to. And if religion falls down anywhere under strain, the trouble is that we — mark you, I do not say the church or the clergy: everybody tries to take a fall out of *them* — the trouble is that we are not enough in earnest about it.'

It was a fine avowal; and McGill, as if to signify that he regarded the matter settled, passed around the photographs of his family.

Andrews, who had been unable to decoy McGill into a discussion of just where he *was* sitting, assured him that he had not the slightest objection to Christianity, regarding it simply as a pictorial version of normal instincts — 'fraternity, humanity, and all that sort of thing.' But McGill's honest, clear-cut features indicated that he neither trusted nor understood the diplomat's method of making himself at home in Christendom, and that, as a man and a Scotchman, predestined to orthodoxy, he was resolved to accept his theological fate, as the best available proposition.

II

In discussing the religion of the soldier, Andrews and McGill had shed some light on their own, and on the general status of religion in war-time. No one now shuns ultimate questions, no one feigns indifference, few assume final knowledge. This alone is a gain. Surely there is an awakening in the fact of war, as there is in the fact of love; and at this moment the terrible awakening of the one is as universal as the gracious awakening of the other.

But there is no greater certainty in the one than in the other how durable the awakening will be, or what meaning it will bear. Here were Andrews and McGill, sufficiently representative men, stirred by the present shakings of the world just enough to — talk, and to summon themselves, not to openness of mind, but to a tighter, more 'loyal' grip upon their opposing prepossessions. And have not Andrews and McGill been confronting one another, mutually impervious, these fifty years, confirming one another in their contrasting fixities, helping the world's need of new vision not one jot? The war had begun to reach and mobilize their wills; it had not yet penetrated the fastnesses of their intellects. They were ready to make many sacrifices, only not the most difficult sacrifice, that of mutual understanding.

As for the men in the trenches, their image was still vivid with me, and I thought I knew how to estimate the report of widespread religious awakening among them. We have to face the fact that there is nearly nothing, either in the landscape of war or in the business of war, to sustain for long a religious attitude of mind.

There are undoubtedly moments in every soldier's career that stand out from the rest with an approach to religious significance. Enlistment. There is probably no one critical decision which men make in so great a variety of tempers; and yet I venture to say that almost always there is something that sets this particular act of dedication apart in the mind of the decider. It becomes a subconscious asset; it tends to put him on fundamental good terms with the invisible universe as with visible society. And it is likely to serve as an unuttered argument to the effect that God, if there be a God, will not be too hard on him, whatever happens.

There are men, and I believe not a few, in whom the doing of this one deed deflects the whole balance of existence into generous and devoted ways. An abrupt release from self-absorption has for most human beings the force of a discovery.

And then there are bound to be later moments, erratic, incalculable, when the simple starkness and incredibility of the whole affair sets the mind off on a flight of rebellious freedom, denying that *this* can be a complete or fair account of the realities of the world. Or when a touch of searching fear reminds one of the loneliness of every personal self in that vast impersonal mill of misery and death, and one achieves another denial — the denial that this apparent loneliness is real, because existence itself is a companionship with an unseen but inescapable will. These elementary denials are the first point in all religion.

But time is the enemy of all such moments — time and habit and the fact that the war-world, well fitted to raise ultimate questions, is incomparably poor in the stuff for their answer.

For what the soldier habitually faces has little of revelation in it: chiefly a unique proportion of the tedious and relentlessly wearing, and at times, of the menacing, sordid, ghastly, painful. The *cafard* which seizes in time the most adventurous spirits is not simply a homesickness due to the starvation of most appetites above the animal level: it is a type of mental dismay, inability to achieve a sense of footing and reality in a habitat immeasurably inauspicious. If one were looking for speculative questions, here is the ancient and lightly labeled 'problem of evil' in an aggravated form: but the soldier knows in advance what sort of thing is to be said about it. To endure *this* is the concrete filling of those soldierly virtues whose

names he has sufficiently heard: to go through with it is what is expected of him. His effort is less to think it through than to *see* it through. Deathly weariness, the intense concern for the physical routine, the prevalent type of passion, the value that accrues upon a temper of insouciance — everything predisposes to a lethargy of mind and a dulling of the speculative interest, without which there is no religious vitality.

To say that thought is baffled would be misleading. One might rather say that thought is shunned, that men commonly protect themselves against it by ingenious time-filling and head-filling devices. The soldier's one mental luxury is complete rest in regard to his presuppositions. His life is no more in his own hands. He adopts thoughtlessness and the crude but effective philosophy of 'Smile,' as he adopts a pioneering exterior: they fit the environment, or at least they offer the best impromptu prospect of survival.

The miracle of undepressible spirit (the same, with temperamental variations, in all our armies) has been called a Christian virtue. I venture to doubt whether it is anything of the sort. It is a necessity of life and an inevitable product of the experience which finds that two types of comrade are intolerable: the caver-in and the man who adopts a theoretical or consciously Christian optimism. A core of impenetrable cheerfulness beneath a coat of purely linguistic 'grousing' is a natural solution. No doubt there is instinct in it, as Andrews would insist. More than this, it is youth, plain unbreakable tenacity of grip on life. More still, it is a ready-made philosophy, furnished with an array of saws and jokes, sentinels against the intrusion of ideas. But in any case, it is no soil for reflection, and hence of no direct significance for religion.

And the negative effect of the landscape of war is ably seconded by that of the business of warring. It is false to say that war brutalizes men: war itself does neither one thing nor another. But it is true that fighting demands the overcoming of certain scruples which have stood as bulwarks against the primitive passions; and unless a noble severity enters in their place, some ground will be lost. Absolute disillusionment and a dead realism — no one can truly say that this is the soldier's philosophy. But no one can truly deny that it is a mood into which every soldier is likely now and then to fall. So far, Barbusse is a true witness. Religion is not out of touch with the fighter: the fighter may well be — for much of the time — psychologically out of touch with religion.

And he will at times stand appalled by the gamut of his own nature, dizzy with the clash of the creeds that fit his divergent characters, — the destroying fiend, the good Samaritan, the fatalist, the visionary, — half-persuaded that the sacrifice of his own soul is an integral part of the sacrifice required of him in this contest with public crime.

It is well that the representative of religion should be there, with his silent affirmation that, in spite of appearances, God is in his heaven; or with his concrete reminder, Christ met all this and kept his faith; or with his universally appreciated touch of decorum in the last rites. These are the staples of religion, and they may show which way the die tends to fall. But the occasion is not one for religious progress. For the moment the world must live on its religious capital as on its economic capital; and the outcome will be a test of the solvency of the past decade, not of the productivity of the present. The lost opportunities of the churches — so far as they have been lost — are chiefly those that

existed in the fifteen or twenty years preceding the war.

We shall not find the genuine elements of hope in the situation by glossing over its sobering traits. Nor yet by succumbing to the temptation to say that the soldier is subconsciously religious. Subconsciousness was regarded by Myers and by William James as a region of linkage with the divine; by the Freudians as a region of linkage with animality. It may be both; but one is tempted to conclude that the subconscious taken by itself is of no importance whatever. Certainly, a religion that a man does not know he has, is of no importance.

But it is of immense importance what things are working their way forward out of the soil of confused impressions, intuitions, crude hypotheses, into the form of ideas. If the soldier in general is not a thinker, he is far from having a typical and unchanging mentality. A man in full powers, confronted with a mass of data as strange as those that confront a child, he seems less to be making progress than to be set back at the beginning, to labor through the long racial journey of experience. Reduced by necessity to primitive habits, torn abruptly from the ruts of leisurely philosophizing which we commonly follow with dilatory hopefulness, his undeliberate thoughts take shapes which some wise heads are ready to call atavistic. There are occasional outcroppings of superstition, belief in omens, luck, visions, miracles, reversion here and there even to furtive magic practices. Psychologists of that melancholy breed that interprets the life of the army in terms of the life of the crowd are inclined to interpret the mind of the individual soldier in terms of the mind of aboriginal man.

But the word atavism as applied to the common soldier deserves all the resentment it would arouse in him if he heard it. It is just his involuntary return to the beginning, not to remain there, but to resume in an original, unsophisticated way the age-long journey of thought, that is most promising for the religion of the future. An idea is not necessarily false because it is primitive. To discover for one's self whatever truth there is in simpler phases of religion may be the best way to revitalize more adequate forms more conventionally held.

Of these simpler phases, there are two that seem fairly common at the front — the one, a sort of primitive mysticism, the other, a variety of religious experience that might be called safety-religion.

There is nothing more primitive in religion than mysticism, understood as the conscious merging of personal selfhood in a higher will. One touches the edge of it in that sense of tribal solidarity which Andrews signalized in speaking of the passion of combat. Such intense consciousness of identification with one's unit, or with the larger strand of history in which one takes part, is not necessarily religious. But it may become so; and if the soldier has any special way of access to God, it is probably as a Will shining through and continuous with the forces there at play, a Will of more than transient or human validity. There are many ways of breaking through the veil of the many to the One. And whoever finds for himself such a way recovers hold upon that thread of primitive mysticism which is the vital and fertile element in all religion.

With this perhaps sporadic and unvocal background of mysticism, I fancy that most men in service take a dip at some time or other into piety of a very different sort — that of personal safety-seeking. The mystic is

capable of a fanatical loyalty, because he seeks nothing but the object of his devotion and asks no questions: his prayer is a prayer of communion that has no further end. But prayer for most men in peril becomes an instinctive petition for personal deliverance; and there is a well-known form of piety in which this self-interested motive forges forward and absorbs all the rest. It fills the line of communicants before action, and leaves it empty afterward; it is consistent with profound moral slumps. It is the side of religion which to many of the sterner-tempered (or, rather, scornfuller-tempered) discredits the whole affair. But most men become aware of the instability of this kind of religion in themselves, make their own silent comments, and move on to a stage less expressive of mere perturbation.

Some, in a brave attempt to adopt the half-truths and false psychology of popular altruism, try to suppress the self that lifted its head in the safety-religion stage, resist the wish to understand or question the Fate in whose hands they are, reach a kind of Stoical rigor of self-control. There are more Stoics in the army than we commonly think. But this austerity of outlook, even if it were within the capacity of everybody, is wholly satisfying to nobody. And the same must be said of a resolute cult of natural beauty sustained by some of the more gifted and poetical minds (like Alan Seeger for example) with a certain greatness of will which still fails to conceal from others or from themselves the heart full of pain beneath, unreconciled and unconvinced.

For our soldiers have been bred in a noble individualism. It is right that they should be unable to satisfy their religious craving in draughts of Roman apathy or in Grecian selective emphasis. The impulse of the safety-religion was not wholly at fault; and the soldier who has outgrown this stage is likely to become a religious groper until he discovers something better than a negative attitude toward the fact of his own suffering and sacrifice. If he achieves that, he has found his way into the precinct of Christianity, as distinct from religion in general. But if he fails to achieve it, he has nevertheless made the basis for a future religious advance.

For if war itself has not supplied him with revelation in large measure, it may yet have endowed him with a great hunger, and a direct undeceivable eye, for judging the world of ideas to which he returns. Already one is aware of a keen wind astir, seeming to bring with it a demand for substance in place of husks, for contemporaneous insight instead of mere inheritance, which may well warn all doctors of religion of a time of reckoning at hand.

III

But does this mean, as Mr. Wells insists, that we must revise our creeds, and put away our rituals and our priests?

As to the creeds — yes. Creeds, of late, have been at a great discount; but the war has surely dispelled any dull doubts about the fatefulness of the ideas men live by. Yet I doubt whether the revision now needed is what has commonly been meant by that term — a trimming-off of superfluities, a weeding out of errors, a search for a final formula for the 'essence' of the faith — all in the interest of maximal agreement upon a minimal platform. There is no virtue in a minimum of faith. For three centuries it has been the creed of the attacker of creeds that believers have believed too much. We must repudiate this stupid programme of self-impoverishment. For religious

experience, like that of science or art, is cumulative, and mankind normally grows richer with time, not poorer. The revision now needed is rather in the interest of making as much as possible as intelligible as possible.

Organized religion has done itself much injustice by an over-indulgence of the antiquarian temper in regard to religious language. Religion is either of profound and immediate concern to men, because it affects their present relation to the ultimate facts of the world, or it is worthless. Hence, nothing can excuse a willing obscuration of possible literalities by figures of speech, or a veiling of actual issues in the haze of romantic distances. The Church has an infinite concern in metaphysics; and the only persons fit to act as teachers of religion are men who have metaphysical convictions and are capable of 'agonized consciences' over questions of truth and error.

If the Church were put to the awkward choice of excommunicating either its heretics or else those priests who are willing to take their creed in a sense primarily historical, psychological, figurative, pragmatic, or diplomatic, it would far better purge itself of those priests and keep the heretics. It would do well to dispense with the approval of persons who wish to flatter it by a Platonic adherence, for sentimental or æsthetic gratification — the religious philanderers of the day. If it begins its creed with an 'I believe in God,' it will so far define what it means by God as to correct the gentleman who interpreted the clause as meaning, 'I believe in the beneficence of the open-air life.'

The privilege of taking one's creed in a figurative sense has done yeoman service in the cause of churchly cohesion. Those who regard God as a name, solemn style, for the fortunate legality of events in nature, or for the upward trend of organic evolution, find themselves joined in apparent fellowship with those for whom God is still a personal will, and so forth. To call for literality would threaten the harmony of this alliance, and at a time when we want unity instead of further diversity: it would require the ultra-conservative to face the actual fewness of his numbers; it would require the ultra-radical to face the naked emptiness of a faith which he now decks out in the rich garb of inherited symbolism. I do not say that it would be pleasant; I believe that it would be salutary, and that a genuine rather than a fictitious unity would be reached as a final result. A peace that has to be purchased at the price of not knowing what we think or where we stand with regard to one another, which fosters a general intellectual flabbiness and an inability to persuade men or sway the councils of nations, is surely a deceitful peace and fit to be the mother of wars — as perhaps it has been.

Every true priest makes it his common business to expound the faith in the vernacular. Is it not the obligation of the Church as an organized body to do what these individual agents do, thus relieving the strain of interpretation that now rests so heavily upon them?

In accepting the interpreter's responsibility to be intelligible, the Church would accept the principle that the organ any man has for understanding a language is his own experience. And hardly anything, I believe, will be more fateful for the religious history of the next generation than the success of the Church in expressing its own knowledge of religion, or of Christianity in particular, so that the returning soldier, and others, can *recognize* it, as something of which their own experience has already spoken, whether or not it was known by that name.

Whatever Christianity may be, it is something which makes itself felt in human relationships; and it is just this side of experience in which the soldier's life is peculiarly rich. If warfare has any intrinsic attractiveness, it lies here. And it may well happen that, in that tortuous and grotesque home which war has made for millions of men, just because of the compact, intense, and violently open comradeships which it develops, the 'strongest thing in the world' may make itself felt, and, like a train of invisible powder, run a rapid course, flaring up in some minds with the force of an unforgettable vision.

What that thing is, is not adequately described by the current words, love, sacrifice, service. It will contain these things, but glorified by a spirit which is constantly rising out of and adding itself to the fraternity of the trenches, resembling the maternal more than any other common thing. It is different from gayety or hopefulness; it is a simple disposition to stand *in loco Dei* to whoever is at hand. In its presence, each man feels an unreasoned sense of safety, as of one being personally looked out for; and he likewise feels an unreasoned sense of desolation when the bearer of that spirit is gone. But he is likely to know it for what it is, as having its basis in the deepest nature of things, and as bearing with it a summons to carry it on, as if it were an unfinished strand in some super-earthly mesh threading through the confusion of present business.

For possibly the kingdom of heaven is a mesh of this sort, which 'saves' those who are caught in it, by making them bearers and transmitters of its miraculous power. At any rate, it is the thing for which everywhere the groping mind of to-day is seeking — the justification. In the world of labor, is there anything so startling as the conflict of motives, the inner hardness of class-warfare mixing and clashing with the finest spontaneity of self-giving, the profound and impeded desire to believe in something that will conquer envy and greed and suspicion. And when its eye falls on the glint of the true gold, it is ready, as by a touch of magic, — the only magic left in the world, — to drop all and give all. It is checked by the fact that, while no social problems can be solved without this spirit, yet by itself it can solve none of them.

But thus, for thousands, in various ways, Christianity is beginning to be a word of possible good omen, and even to have an original, tentative, perplexing, experimental meaning. And the creed which can gather this growing presentiment and experience to itself will establish the foundation of a new social order.

But what is to be the fate of ritual and of the professional priesthood that accompanies it?

As a language of the subconscious, ritual strikes a level of human community wider than the vocal expression of the creed, and hence fit, as the creed is not, to connect the present generation with the most ancient in its worship. Men want in religion what their own thought can use; this they may find in creed and discourse. But they also want that which binds them with humanity at large and at all times: this they find in the language of ritual, the unargumentative expression of feelings, decisions, enactments, the most durable and universal element of religion.

Ritual, moreover, is a compressed and rapid language, able to express much in a simple gesture. One need be no believer in magic to profit from the dedication implied in making the sign of the cross, or in having it made over him. A nurse in a base hospital,

who has had occasion to witness many deaths, contrasts the simplicity of the Catholic rites and their evident value for the men with the semi-embarrassment of the Protestant minister, who must, as person to person, find 'something to say.' The rite ought to bring to the dying man an authoritative gesture of the spiritual life of the race, declaring to him that he in the solitude of passing is accompanied by a divine solicitude.

Such an affirmation cannot be rightly made, it is true, except by a thinker: here Protestantism is right, as against any quasi-mechanical administration of sacraments. But neither can such an affirmation be competently made by any individual on his own authority: here the organization which to any man best represents our spiritual heritage is alone competent, for the reason that it alone can convey to him this meaning.

If religion were merely a concern of each man for himself, we might follow the suggestion of Mr. Wells and dispense with priests and rituals. But religion, as Mr. Wells himself exemplifies, is an affair of each man for every other, a continuous knitting process by which the race finds itself slowly wrought into a concord deeper than the understandings brought about by States, by economic interests, or by the arts and sciences. It necessarily takes the form of propaganda, education, book-writing, and the rest; of appeals to the will, of receiving and signalizing human decisions — all visible and aggressive efforts to spread a disposition which is best spread by contact, by a union of idea and example. The difference between the printed appeals of Mr. Wells and the work of foreign missionaries is only a difference of degree, if we overlook the more profound commitment and the more intelligent estimation of his wider bearings on the part of the missionary. If it were not for the responsibility of every man's religion for that of his neighbor, the sharpest of the demands for the revising of creeds and ideas of authority would be wanting. If we expect religion not alone to be true, but also to be a responsible activity bearing its part in every social transition, we cannot dispense with rites or with the priesthood that must administer and interpret them.

But the time has surely come when mankind can accept the principle that the rite is made for man and not man for the rite, and when, without melting differences of expression into a deadly uniformity, community of meaning can be acknowledged beneath much of our ritual diversity. We do not wish sects to disappear, so far as they are signs that men are taking their differences of opinion seriously. But we would gladly wipe out the cleavages between many of our numerous sects which no longer represent actual religious divergences. There is, for example, a rite of baptism, significant and ancient and extremely various in form: if one sect chooses to express its meaning by immersion and another by sprinkling, no good reason appears why they should not do so. But if a question of validity is raised, and if I am excluded from a communion because I have not been immersed, the excluder is making of a variation in language a *vera causa* in a way which has no place in the age that is upon us.

The whole case against the over-material conception of rite is gained when the Catholic churches acknowledge that a genuine Christianity can exist even though there is a discontinuity in the rite of transmission. This acknowledgment is at this moment becoming general; coöperation in fact is breaking the way for agreements in theory. The way to carry the good beginning

on is not the way of iconoclasm, as Mr. Wells would have it, nor yet the way of further demonstrating the possibility of formless and riteless religions of the spirit. The way lies in the direction of a wider appreciation of the meaning of ritual, and the growth of a demand for the freer administering of ritual, much as the unchurched public at present is inclined to regard it as one of its prerogatives to claim the functions of priest or clergyman in celebrating a wedding or a death. The public judgment of the validity of a ceremony not too particular whether its knot is tied by Presbyterian or by Episcopalian, may serve as a rough guide for the clerical judgment. It is a severer public than usual that will now require of our religious institutions, as a primary test of their good faith, that they discover and acknowledge in their organization the unities of faith that underlie the diversities of rite.

The alternative is a grave one. For the world that emerges from the ordeal will not stand at the same point: the wine in any case will be new, and if the bottles are old, the total result will be worse, not better. It is easier for organized religion than for any other institution to justify itself in declining to change; because it is religion that must serve as the region of calm and stability in the midst of general upheaval. But in truth the only change required of it is that it make itself fit to serve as the pivot of transition, furnishing our returning warriors with a tangible hold on realities deep enough to dignify the sober constructive efforts of peace as well as the lurid occasions of war.

But the consumers of religion, the public in and out of the churches, while holding them responsible for this result, are not in a position to hold over their heads the lofty threat of a destroyed religion, or of abandoned churches, if these things are not accomplished.

For whether they do their work well or ill, we have no other religion and no other church than our own. If they fail us, it is not alone they that fail: it is our civilization that fails, and we with it. It is always possible that there is not enough clear insight and steady resolution in the whole body, lay and cleric, to throw the confused counsels of the moment into proportion, and to lead bewildered and timid minds into effective grappling with the problem. History is the world's judgment seat; and if we deserve to go under, we shall not survive merely because we have conquered Germany. What we demand of the churches, then, we demand of ourselves; and in a wider sense, the word of McGill is the word for the hour. We are not yet enough in earnest about our own faith.

AS A SIGNALMAN SAW IT

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

It may be because, since the beginning of the war, the British sailor has constantly been riding the crest of the wave of great events, that he is so prone to regard even the most dramatic and historic actions in which he has chanced to figure, as little or not at all removed from the ordinary run of his existence, or as only a slightly different screening of the regular grist of the mill of his daily service. Thus, I once heard a young officer describing a night destroyer action in which he had played a notable part as having been 'like a hot game of Rugger, only not quite so dirty,' and another assert that his most vivid recollection of a day in which he had performed a deed of personal daring that had carried his name to the very end of the civilized world was, how 'jolly good' his dinner tasted that night.

It was this attitude which was largely responsible for the fact that, although there were upwards of three or four score officers and men who had taken part in the sinking of the Emden still in her, I spent several days in the Sydney before I found anyone who appeared to consider that stirring action as anything other than the mustiest of ancient history, and, as such, of no conceivable interest at a time when every thought was centred upon the vital present and the pregnant future rather than upon the irrevocably buried past. And, in the end, it was more by luck than by deliberate design that the two actors in the historic drama which I had set myself the task of learning something of, at first-hand, came to tell me of the parts they had played. The fact that they were the two men who had had what were perhaps more comprehensive opportunities for observation than any others was my sheer good fortune.

It was toward midnight of a day of light cruiser 'exercises' that I first stumbled upon the trail which I had hitherto sought vainly to uncover. With all hands at 'night-defense' stations, and steaming at half-speed through the almost impenetrable blackness, we were groping blindly for an uncertainly located target, in an endeavor to reproduce the conditions under which enemy destroyers might be expected to be encountered in the darkness. Suddenly the sharp bang of a small-calibre gun rang out, followed by the shriek of a speeding projectile; and presently the glare of a down-floating star-shell shed its golden-gray radiance over the misty surface of the sea. Instantly the unleashed search-light beams leaped to a distant little patch of rectangular canvas gliding along through the luminous fog on our port beam, and a fraction of a second later, — following the red flame-stabs and the thunderous crashes of a broadside, — it disappeared in the midst of ghostly green-white geysers of tossing spray.

It was while, flash-blinded and gun-deafened, I fumbled about on the deck of the signal-bridge for the 'ear-defender,' which the nervous jerk of my head had flirted loose, that I heard a

quiet voice speaking in the darkness beside me, as a hard hand brushed mine in the search.

'You'll find, sir, that cotton wool's a good sight better than one of them patent ear-protectors,' it said. 'I suppose it was one of them "Mallock-Armstrongs" that you plug in. I had a pair of that kind when we went after the Emden, and they kicked out just like yours did at the first salvo. You can bet I was deaf as a toad before we finished polishing her off.

'I was watching the whole of that show, sir, from just where you're standing now,' the voice went on after the lost 'defender' had been found and replaced, 'and it was just behind you that the shell that sheared off our range-finder and killed the range-taker passed on through the screen and into the sea. It was either that shell or else the fragment of another one (I could never quite make sure which) that cut off and carried away one half of a pair of prism glasses hanging there, leaving the other just as good as ever. We still have the remnant in our mess as a memento.'

Flash and roar and that spectral upheaving of foam-fountains in the converging rays of the searchlights crowded most other things out of the next hour or two, and it was only when the night-firing was over and we were headed back for our anchorage in the cold light of the early dawn that I discovered that it was a young signalman who had been standing watch beside me during the exercises. Keen and alert he looked, notwithstanding the sleepless night behind him; and it was easy enough to believe him, when he told me that his had been the honor of being the first man aboard the Sydney to sight the 'strange ship' which subsequently turned out to be the long-sought-for Emden.

'It was just the luck of my chancing to be on watch with a good pair of glasses,' he said modestly; 'but that was by no means the limit of my luck in connection with the Emden show. When we went to "action stations," I was ordered to come up here and do nothing but keep an eye on the collier which had been standing-by the Emden at first, but which got away under full steam just as soon as it was plain we were going to give her what for. I carried out orders all right as far as keeping an eye on the collier was concerned, but my other eye, and my mind, were on the Emden ring of the circus. I don't really suppose that there was another man aboard the Sydney who had as little to do, and therefore as much time to see what was going on, as I did.

'But that was n't the end of my luck, for I was one of the party that went ashore the next morning to round up the Huns who had landed on Direction Island; and then, after that, I was in the first boat that went to begin salvage operations on the Emden. So you see I had a fairly good all-round kind of a "look see." My training as a signalman made it natural for me to jot down things as I saw them, and I think that I still have a page of memorandum where I made notes during the fight, of what time some of the things happened. If you'd like to see it, sir —'

Then I knew that at last I had in prospect the sort of story I had been looking for; and before going below for my cup of ship's cocoa, as a preliminary to turning in, I had arranged for a yarn in the first dog watch that evening. It was, indeed, good luck to hear the account of the historic action from one who, besides having had such exceptional opportunities for seeing the various phases of it, also appeared to be well educated and to be a trained observer.

I

'I'm sorry I could n't find one of the Emden's cat-o-nine-tails,' were my visitor's first words, when he appeared at the door of the captain's sea-cabin where I awaited him after tea; 'but the fact is that the most of us have taken the best of our little remembrances of that show ashore for safe-keeping, and those "dusters" were the things we prized more than anything else as showing the Hun up for the bully he really is. What did they use them for? Well, if you'd believe their story, it was to dust their togs after coaling ship. We brought back about twenty of them, with the rest of the salvage, and at first we were rather inclined to take it for straight when they said they used them for dusters. Then one of our prisoners got hold of more than his share of our beer one night, and became drunk and truthful at the same time. He confessed that they had been used on the men time and time again, just in ordinary routine, to keep them up to the mark on discipline. He also said that they had been used freely during the fight with the Sydney, and that, when the lashes failed to give sufficient "encouragement," something more drastic was used. But I'll tell you about that in its place. But you see what real prizes those "cats" were, sir, in the way of holding the Hun up to the light so you could see through him, so to speak. *My* "cat" was a brand-new one, but the most of the lot were black and stiff with blood.

'We'd been rather playing at war up to the time we fought the Emden,' he went on, 'having spent most of the opening months purifying the Marshalls, Carolines, New Britain, and New Guinea, by cleaning the Huns out of them. There had been a few skirmishes ashore, but nothing at all at sea, nor did the prospects of anything of the kind seem any better in early November than they had been right along up to then. We missed our big fight when, with the Australia, Melbourne, and the French cruiser, Montcalm, we came within twenty-four hours of connecting with Von Spee's squadron when they swept through the South Pacific on their way to South American waters.

With that gone, there did n't seem much to look forward to until we were sent to the North Sea; and we were rather hoping, when we set out from Australia with a convoy in the first week of November, that we might keep going right on to Europe. We knew, of course, that the Emden was still in business, but we also knew that any one ship had about as much chance of finding her in the Indian Ocean as you have of finding the finger-ring you lose in the coal-bunkers. Certainly we did n't expect that going out in force with a convoy would be the means of bringing her to the end of her tether.

'The first and only word we had that a raider was in our vicinity was in the form of a broken message from the Cocos station, which never got further than "Strange cruiser is at entrance of harbor." At that point the "strange cruiser" managed to work an effective "jam," and it was not long before the Cocos call ceased entirely. Although we did not learn it till the next day, this was caused by the destruction of the station by a landing party from the Emden under Lieutenant Mücke.

'The convoying warships were the Sydney, her sister the Melbourne, and a Japanese cruiser, larger and with bigger guns, but slower than we. The Jap, without waiting for orders from the captain of the Melbourne, who was the senior officer of the convoy, dashed off at once, and was only recalled with difficulty. A message which the Japanese captain sent to account for his break, was most amusing. "We do not

trust the skipper ship Emden," it read; "he is one tricky fellow and must be watched." As the job was one for a fast light cruiser, the choice was between the Sydney and Melbourne; and it was because the skipper of the Melbourne did not feel that he had authority to leave the convoy that the Sydney had the call. We worked up to top speed quickly, and were soon tearing through the water, headed for Cocos Island, at over twenty-six knots an hour.

'I don't remember that there was any special excitement in the Sydney that morning. We had dashed off on too many wild-goose chases already, to feel that there was very much of a chance of finding our bird this time. In fact, I don't remember being as nervous at any stage of this Emden show, as in a night attack we made on Rabaul in New Britain, where never a shot was fired. There had been some "Telefunken" messages in the air during the night (undecipherable, of course), but that was only to be expected. Everyone seemed even more inclined to crack jokes than usual, and that is saying a good deal. I remember especially that some of the officers were making very merry over the fact that Lieutenant G —— prepared for action by going to the barber and having his hair cut, — something that he did n't do very often.

'It was about seven in the morning when the broken message was picked up, and at eight I was sent aloft to relieve the lookout. It was 9.15 when the ragged fringe of the cocoanut palms of Direction Island — the main one of the Cocos-Keeling group — began to poke up over the horizon, and perhaps ten minutes later that my glasses made out the dim but unmistakable outline of three funnel-tops. Although we had n't studied silhouettes at that stage of the game anything like as much as we've had a chance to since, that trio of smoke-stacks marked her for a Hun, and probably the Emden or Königsberg. Just which it was, we never knew for certain till after we'd put her out of action and picked up the crew of the collier that accompanied her.

'Just before I went aloft, I heard one of the officers make an offer of a pound to the boy that was first to sight the enemy. I did n't come under that rating myself, but it occurred to me instantly that it would never do to let all that money go unearned. So I leaned over, broke the news to a *pukka* boy who was aloft with me, and told him to sing it out. He got the quid all right, and, for a long time at least, he got all the credit and *kudos* of actually being the first to sight the Emden. When I finally told the captain about the way it really happened, he laughed and said it served me right for trying to dabble in "high finance." I never understood quite what he meant, but always fancied "high" had some reference to me being aloft, and "finance" referred to the quid.

'The first sign of life I saw on the Emden was when she started blowing her siren. This, although we did not know it at the time, was an attempt to call back the party she had sent ashore to destroy the wireless station. Luckily for that lot, there was no time for them to come off. The Emden did not, as I have read in several accounts of the action, attempt to close immediately, but rather headed off in what appeared to be an endeavor to clear the land and make a run of it to the south'ard. It was only when her skipper saw that the converging course we were steering was going to cut him off in that direction, that he took the bull by the horns and tried to shorten the range to one at which his four-point-ones would have the most effect.

'There is no use denying that we

were taken very much by surprise when the enemy fired his ranging shot at 10,500 yards, for we had hardly expected him to open at over seven or eight thousand. Still more surprising was the accuracy of that shot, for it fell short only by about a hundred yards, and went wobbling overhead in a wild ricochet. His next was a broadside salvo which straddled us, and his third — about ten minutes after his "opener" — was a hit. And a right smart hit it was, too, though its results were by no means so bad as they might have been. I had the finest kind of a chance to see everything that that first shell did to us. It began by cutting off a pair of signal-halyards on the engaged side, then tore a leg off the range-taker, then sheared off the stand supporting the range-finder itself, then through the hammocks lining the inside of the upper bridge, and finally down through the canvas screen of the signal-bridge (behind where you were standing last night), and on into the sea. If it had exploded, it could hardly have failed to kill the captain, navigator, and gunnery lieutenant, and probably pretty well all the rest of us on both bridges.

'You may well believe, sir, that we were rather in a mess for some minutes following that smash; but I remember that the officers — and especially the captain and navigator — were as cool as ice through it all. The captain went right on walking round the compass, taking his sights and giving his orders, while the "pilot" was squatting on top of the conning-tower and following the Emden through his glasses, just as though she had been a horse-race. I even remember him finding time to laugh at me when I ducked as one or two of the first shells screamed over. "No use trying to get under the screen, Seabrooke," he said; "that canvas won't stop 'em."

'It was almost immediately after this that the after-control — located about amidships — met with even a worse disaster through being hit squarely with two or three shells from a closely bunched salvo. I had a clear view in that direction from where I stood, and chanced to be looking that way when the crash came. I saw a lot of arms and legs mixed up in the flying wreckage, but the sight I shall never forget was a whole body turning slowly in the air, like a dummy in a cinema picture of an explosion. As the profile of the face showed sharp against the sky for an instant, I recognized it as that of a chap who had been rather a pal of mine, and so knew that poor old M —— had "got his" a couple of hours before I heard it from the surgeon.

'While I was edging along the deck with the stretcher party, I saw, out of the corner of my eye, what appeared to be a very funny sight — one of the gun-crew of S–2, which was not engaged at the time, dabbling his foot in a bucket of water. When I came back, I saw that it was anything but funny. Two of the crews of starboard guns had been badly knocked about by the explosion of shells striking the deck at the end of their long high-angle flight. Among these was the chap I had seen apparently cooling his foot in a water-bucket. As a matter of fact, it was no foot at all he was dabbling, but only a maimed stump. The foot had been carried away by a shell-fragment, and the brave chap, not wanting to be put on the shelf by going down to the surgeon, had — all on his own — scooped up a canvas bucket full of salt water and was soaking his stump in it in an endeavor to stop the flow of blood. He was biting through his lip with the smart of the brine on the raw flesh as I came up; but as I turned and looked back from the ladder leading up to the bridge, I saw him hobble painfully across the deck

and climb back into his sight-setter's seat behind his gun. I have forgotten now whether it was another wound, or further loss of blood from this one, which finally bowled him over and put him out of the fight he wanted so much to see through to a finish.

'These I have mentioned were the several shots from the Emden which were responsible for our total casualties of four killed and eleven wounded. Of other hits, one took a big bite out of the mainmast, but not quite enough to bring it down. Another scooped a neat hollow out of the shield of the foremost starboard gun and bounced off into the sea, leaving two or three of the crew, who had been in close contact with the shield, half paralyzed for a few moments from the sharp shock. Still another ploughed through a grating, two bulkheads, and the commander's cabin, and finally nipped into the sea, all without exploding.

'After the knocking out of the range-finders, perhaps our most troublesome injury was from a shellhole in the fo'c'stl' deck, through which the water, from the big bow wave the Sydney was throwing up, entered and flooded the boys' mess-deck. By means of the water-tight doors, we managed to confine the flooding to that flat only.

'There is no doubt that for the first fifteen or twenty minutes of the fight the Emden had the best of it. This was probably due mainly to her luck in putting both our range-finders out of action, in what were practically her opening shots. It took her three ranging shots to find us, though, and, once we started, we did the same with her. Our first salvo fell beyond her, the next both short and wide, but two or three shells from the third found their mark. And we were no less lucky than the Emden with our first hits; for where she knocked out our gunnery control by disabling our range-finders, we did the same to her by shooting away the voice-pipes of her conning tower, from which Captain von Muller directed the action.

'Just as soon as we started hitting the Emden, she stopped hitting us. In fact, I don't think from then on to the end she dropped another shell aboard us. Going aft to see if a small cordite fire had been put out, I noticed the crew of one of the port guns — P–3, I think it was, which was not in a position to train at that moment — amusing themselves by chalking messages on their shells. I don't remember all of them, as there was a good deal of a variety. One shell had "Emden" on it, to make sure it would go to the right "address," I suppose. Another had "Cheerio" and "Good Luck" on it, and another simply "Kaiser." They were a proper lot of "Don't-give-a-hangs," that crew.

'With the Emden's shell no longer bursting about our ears, I had a better chance to watch the effect of our fire upon her. I still have the page of memorandum on which I noted the time that a few things happened during the next hour. I will run through it so you can see just the way the show went. At ten o'clock the range was about 8,000 yards, a distance at which the captain evidently reckoned our guns would do the most harm to the Emden, and hers the least to us. She was trying to close this for some time, but the Sydney was using her superior speed to keep her right there, so that, in a way, she was chasing us at this stage of the game.

'The effect of our fire on the Emden first began to show just after ten, and at 10.04 I made a note that her fore funnel had disappeared. At 10.20 our lyddite caused a big explosion at the foot of her mainmast, making a fire which never was entirely got under control. At 10.34 her foremast, and with it the fore-control, collapsed under

a hard hit and disappeared over the far side. At 10.41 a heavy salvo struck her amidships, sending the second funnel after the first, and starting a fierce fire in the engine-room. At 11.08 the third funnel went the way of the other two; and when I looked up from writing that down, I saw that the fore-bridge had done the disappearing act. Almost immediately the Emden altered course and headed straight for the beach of North Keeling Island, which she had been rapidly nearing during the last hour. The Sydney fired her last salvo at 11.15, and then the captain, seeing that the enemy was securely aground, turned away and started in hot pursuit of the collier.

'This collier, as we learned presently, was a former British ship, the Buresk, which had been captured by the Emden some time before and put in charge of a German prize crew. If her skipper had not felt sure that the Emden was going to do for us, he could easily have steamed out of sight while the engagement was on. As it was, he lingered too long, and we had little difficulty in pulling up to a range from which we could put a warning shell across the runaway's bows. That brought her up, but the Hun naval ensign was kept flying until a signal was made for it to be struck. That brought the rag down on the run, but her skipper prevented it falling into our hands by burning it.

'No sooner was our boarding officer over her side, than a mob of Chinese stokers crowded about him, shouting in "pidgin" English that "puff-puff boat gottee biggee holee. No more top-side can walkee." Rushing below, our men found the sea-cocks open, with their spindles bent in a way to make closing impossible. As the ship was already getting a list on, there was nothing to do but take the prisoners off and let her go down. To make sure that there was no trick about the game, — that no concealed crew had been left behind to stop the leaks by some prearranged contrivances and steam away with her as soon as it was dark, — the Sydney pumped four shells into her at short range, and she was burning fiercely from fires started by these when the water closed over her. Then, at a somewhat more leisurely gait, we steamed back to see how it fared with the Emden.

'It was now about the middle of the afternoon, and the first thing we noticed — standing out sharp in the rays of the slanting sun — was the naval ensign flying at the still upright mainmast of the Emden. The instant he saw this, the captain made the signal, by flag, "Do you surrender?" To this Emden made back, by Morse flag, "Have no signal-books," which meant, of course (if it was true), that she could n't read our first signal. Then, using Morse flag, which they had already shown they understood, we repeated the signal, "Do you surrender?" There was no answer to this, and again we repeated it. As there was still no answer, and as there was no sign whatever of anything in the way of a white flag being shown anywhere, the captain had no alternative but to continue the action. I have always been glad that I heard the captain's orders to the gunnery lieutenant at this time, for the point is one on which the Hun survivors were even then ready to start lying.

'We were at fairly close range, and I heard Lieutenant R —— ask the captain what part of the ship he should direct his fire upon. The captain studied the Emden through his glass for a few moments, and then, remarking that most of the men appeared to be bunched at opposite ends of the ship, — on the fo'c'stl' and quarterdeck, — said he thought that there would be less chance of killing anyone if the fire was directed

somewhere between those two points. Then I heard him give the definite order, "Open fire, and aim for foot of mainmast," and that was the word that was passed on to the guns.

The port guns fired (if I remember right) three quick salvos, and we were just turning to give the starboard ones a chance, when a man was seen clambering up the solitary stick of the Emden, and the word was passed, "Don't fire without further orders." At the same time a white flag, which I later learned was a table-cloth, was displayed from the quarterdeck. A moment later the naval ensign fluttered down, and shortly I saw the smoke of a new fire on the quarterdeck. I surmised rightly that they were following the example of the Buresk in burning their flag to prevent its capture; but what else was going up in that fire I did not learn until I swarmed up to that deck the next day.

'It was an unfortunate fact that our guns, which there had been no time to overhaul, were suffering a good deal from the strain of their hard firing during the battle. As a consequence, their shooting was by no means as accurate as at the beginning of the action, and several of the shells went wide of the point at which it was endeavored to direct them. There is no doubt that they wrought sad havoc among the crowd on the fo'c'stl', and I don't think our prisoners were exaggerating much when they said that those three last salvos killed sixty and wounded a good many more, and also that a number of others were drowned by jumping into the surf in the panic that followed. One could feel a lot worse about it, though, if the whole thing had n't been due to the sheer pigheadedness of their skipper in trying to bluff us into letting him keep his flag up. He has the blood of every man that was killed by those last unnecessary shots on his hands, just as much as his brother Huns have those of the women and children they have murdered in France and Belgium. Von Muller was brave all right. There's nothing against him on that score. But it was nothing but his pride, and a selfish desire to keep his face with his superiors whenever he got back to Germany, that led him to force us to fire those entirely needless shots into his ship. He thought that he would cut a better figure at his court-martial if his colors were shot down rather than lowered in surrender.

'I've never had any patience, sir, with all that has been said and written about Von Muller's being a sportsman. That reputation was gained wholly through the sportsmanship of the Sydney's officers, who, because they had given the Emden a licking in a fair give-and-take fight, did n't think it was quite the proper thing to speak ill of her captain, even if it was the truth.

'And one other thing, sir, while I'm speaking of this incident. Every time I hear anyone talk about negotiating with the Huns, I tell them that story of Von Muller's bluff about his flag. He pretended not to understand our signals just because it served his purpose not to understand them. But when our guns began to talk, he had no difficulty translating *their* language. Well, sir, the Huns are all alike. They never will understand any language but that of guns, until their bully streak is knocked out of them with guns. It's a dirty job, sir, but that's the only way to finish it.'

II

The lad's fine blue eyes were flashing, and his face red with excitement, and he took out a handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his brow before resuming his narrative.

'It was getting too late in the day to start salvage work on the Emden,' he

went on more quietly, 'and so we did the best we could for her for the present by sending in a boat, manned by prisoners from the Buresk, with food and water and a message to the effect that we would return early in the morning for rescue operations. Then we put out to sea, for we thought we still had to reckon with the Königsberg turning up at any moment, and did n't want her to surprise us as we had surprised the Emden. Crossing the track of the battle, we sighted and picked up three Hun seamen who claimed to have been blown from the deck of the Emden by the explosion of one of our shells, none of them much the worse for their experience. Indeed, the fact that they were not in worse shape rather led us to suspect that they had jumped overboard to *avoid* the explosion of our shell rather than as a direct consequence of an explosion.

'I don't exactly remember whether it was one of these chaps, or one of the English-speaking prisoners from the Buresk, who, by blurting out something about how lucky his mates were who got ashore before the fight started, gave us our first inkling that the Emden had sent a landing-party to Direction Island to destroy the wireless station. There were three officers and forty men, he told us, and this we later learned to be the truth. What he did not tell us, — quite possibly because he did not know of it, — was the fact that, besides being armed with rifles, this party also carried three machine-guns. It was only by chance that our failure to reckon with this latter fact did not get us into serious trouble. Indeed, I think it is more than likely that I would not be here talking to you now but for the happy fact that the little schooner Ayesha, lying in Direction harbor, offered a chance of escape, too promising for the officer in command of the party to resist.

'The rounding up of this lot, of course, had the call over everything else, and at first the captain appeared to be considering putting back to Direction at once, and landing in the night. Lucky indeed it was for us that we did n't, for that — as we learned later from the wireless station people — was just what the Germans had expected and prepared for. Had we gone in there in the night, we would have found the only landing-place covered by machine-guns, and would probably have stepped off into an ambush that would have wiped the lot of us out in a minute or two. Landing at dawn, however, we found our birds flown, and I, for one, was jolly glad to hear it; for they had told us what a resolute fellow the German officer leading the party was, and how determined he had been to make a resistance. This chap, by the way, was Lieutenant Mücke, who later found his way back to Germany by way of Turkey. When I read, three or four months later, of how well he had used those same machine-guns, that he had mounted to receive us, against the Arabs in fighting his way up the coast of the Red Sea, I realized the extent to which we had been asking for trouble, in landing armed as we were. Not expecting any resistance, we had no machine-guns, and I think there were several others who, like myself, had been given only revolvers. Since the Sydney's lucky star was in the ascendant for the whole show, however, no harm came of it.

'You may be sure that the wireless station people were glad to see us, for they had never been sure until they had seen the last of Mücke and his men, just how the Huns might use them in case the latter determined to fight it out to the last ditch on Direction Island. One of them told me that he had visions of being used as a human shield against the Sydney's shells, as the Huns used

the women and children in Belgium. They were a proper devil-may-care lot, those fellows, and I can quite believe the story that they asked the Huns to come and play tennis with them, when they got tired of watching the one-sided fight between the Sydney and Emden.

'As we were in a hurry to get back to the Emden, we did not remain long ashore on Direction. Their doctor came off with us to help with the wounded, and with him came two or three other of the wireless people, to have a hurried "look-see" at the Sydney. These latter intended to return to shore at once in their own boat; but, by some mistake, the whaler was cast off, and the Sydney got under way while the inspector was still in conversation with the captain. They were about to ring down to stop the engines, when the chap, with a good-bye wave of his hand, ran to the port rail and disappeared in a header over the side. A moment later he reappeared, settled his helmet back on his head, and struck out in a leisurely way for the boat which was pulling back to meet him. It was quite the coolest thing of the kind I ever saw; but I did n't appreciate it fully until an hour or so later, when I saw the black triangular fins of countless "tiger" sharks converging from every direction to where the Emden had been casting her dead into the surf of North Keeling Island.

'Scarcely had we entered again the waters through which the battle had been fought, than we began to sight floating bodies. This was only to be expected; but what did surprise us was to come upon a wounded man, in a life-belt, being pushed slowly shoreward by an unwounded mate who had nothing whatever to keep him afloat. Although they had been in the water all of twenty-four hours, both were in fairly good shape when we picked them up, and the unwounded chap was quite his own Hunnish self again, after he had had a night's sleep and a couple of square meals. In fact, if I remember right, he was one of the worst of several of the prisoners who seemed to think it was their privilege to keep the stewards who were told off to look after them running day and night after "bier."

'As we neared the Emden, I saw that she was flying the International signal for "In want of immediate assistance." We lowered two boats, and in one of these under Lieutenant G —— I was sent along, in case there was any signaling to be done. It was a nasty job getting aboard her, for she was lying partly inside the surf, and the swells were running high, even under her stern. As she was at right angles to the seas, there was no lee side to get under, and so we had to do the best we could, boarding her as she was. Lieutenant G —— had a hard scramble for it, and only the hands extended him by a couple of the German officers saved him from a ducking. Watching our chances, the rest of us swarmed up between swells, but it was touch-and-go all the time and took a long while.

'Frightful as the wreck of the Emden looked from the sea, it was nothing to the sheer horror of it, as you saw it aboard her. The picture of it is still as clear in my memory as if photographed there. I will tell you first about the ship itself. The great and growing hole in her bows, where she was pounding the reef, could be seen by leaning over the side. Of the fore-bridge, only the deck remained. The chart-house was gone completely. The foremast, though more or less intact to the fore-top, had been shattered at the base by shells, and was lying over the port side, shrouded with wreckage. The fore-control top I could not find at all, and the fore-topmast had also disappeared completely.

From the foremast to the main, which was still standing, was one tangled mass of wreckage, and of this the wireless room, which looked like a curio shop struck by lightning, was the worst mess. Two of the funnels were knocked flat over the port battery, crushing several bodies under them, and a third — the foremost one — was leaning against the wreck of the bridge. All about the starboard battery the deck was torn with gaping holes, and through these one could see that the whole inside of her was no more than a blown-out and burned-out shell. There was one place where it was a straight drop from the quarterdeck to the inner skin of the bottom.

'But it was the men — the dead and wounded — who provided the real horror. In the first place, there had been something over 350 officers and men in the Emden. When we boarded her, 185 of these were alive, but something like half of them were wounded, most of them very badly. This number included a score or so who had jumped or been blown overboard, and had swum, waded, or been washed by the surf to the beach of the island. Even the unwounded were very cowed and apathetic, the only exceptions I remember being the captain and one or two other officers.

'By no means all of the dead had been thrown over in the twenty-four hours that had now passed since the battle, and not nearly as much had been done for the wounded as might have been, even considering the difficulties. Some of them had not even been dragged out of the sun, and it was the wounds of these (as I learned later from one of our sick-bay stewards) that were much the worst infested with the maggots, which the tropical heat had started breeding almost immediately, because no antiseptics had been applied. A considerable quantity of medical stores had been uninjured by the fighting, I was told, and the proper use of these would have made the greatest difference in saving the lives and preventing a lot of suffering. I could tell you just what swine it was who was responsible for this; but I'd rather you got the facts from one of the officers. I think our surgeon could tell you something of the way things were.

'Horrible as were some of the mutilations from shell-fragments, by far the most shocking injuries seemed to have been inflicted by our lyddite. The hair and clothes were entirely burned from some of the bodies. Most of the bodies that had been thrown or blown overboard were being washed in to the beach by the surf, and there was a fringe of them lying in rumpled heaps above high-water mark. This was only about a hundred yards from the bow of the Emden, and some of our men said that they saw the big land-crabs crawling and fighting over them, and also worrying some of the wounded who had crawled a little further inshore, under the coco palms. These men ashore had most of them jumped overboard when those three last salvos were pumped into her; and as it was not possible for us to reach and bring them off till the following day, their sufferings from thirst and from the attacks of the crabs must have been very terrible indeed.

'Most of the unwounded men who jumped overboard were probably washed ashore before the sharks had a chance to get to them; but the more helpless of the wounded, who went over outside of where the surf was breaking, must have been attacked almost at once. The sea tigers were still fighting over some of the fragments even after salvage work had commenced, and I still shudder when I think of the shock it gave me the first time I saw a floating body start to wriggle, as a shark nosed into

it from beneath. It was a seaman in a white suit and sun-helmet, floating face down; and as the monster seized it, the jerks made it give two or three quick overhead flops of the arms, for all the world like a man striking out to swim the "Australian crawl."

'But perhaps the thing that shocked me most of all, terrible as were the sights on every hand, was something one of the surviving lower officers (I think he was of warrant rank) said to me shortly after I came over the side. Although he was quite unwounded, he was lolling in the shade of a blanket thrown over some wreckage, and making no effort to help in the thousand and one things that might have been done to ease the sufferings of his mates. He spoke fairly good English, and I learned afterwards that he had been a steward on a Norddeutscher Lloyd liner on the Australian run. Raising himself on his elbow, but not leaving his comfortable retreat, he called out to me, "I say, my poy, vy vos it der Zydny every time turn to us stern on 'stead of bows on?" There was the Hun for you! That little point about the way the Sydney happened to turn once or twice had evidently puzzled him, and the question had been occupying his Hunnish mind at a moment when any other kind of a human being but a German would have been working his head off, to make life a little less of a hell for the men who had fought beside him and under him. Sickened by the shambles all round, and half-choked as I was by the horrible reek from the bodies of the dead and wounded, it took all the control I had to keep from putting my foot in the ruffian's face.

'I learned a good many things, in those few hours I spent on the Emden, of the way of the Hun officers with their men; and the cat-o'-nine-tails I have told you of were not the worst. A rather decent sort of chap, who said that he had learned his English working on a Scotchman's farm in Argentina, took me to a doorway leading to a flat, from which a ladder had descended to the engine-room and stokeholds. Across that doorway was lying the body of an officer, which nobody seemed to have taken the trouble to move. He was the gunnery lieutenant, the chap said, and had been driving up stokers at the point of his revolver, to serve a gun whose crew had been knocked out, when he was killed. The officer's body was somewhat scorched by lyddite, but from the line of the burns it looked as if they were made after he fell. What looked to me very much like a bullet-wound in the side of the head struck me at once as the likely cause of his death. "Did one of his own men shoot him?" I asked; but the chap — seeing a young officer, who I later learned was Prince Franz Josef Hohenzollern, a relative of the Kaiser, approaching — only shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows and walked away. I did n't like to ask about the incident after the men were prisoners on the Sydney; but just the same, there has never been any doubt in my mind as to what occurred.

'Most of my time on the Emden was put in standing by on the quarterdeck, in case there was any signaling to be done; and this gave me a good chance to get a line on a little ceremony which had been carried out there just after she sent her flag down. We had seen them burn that flag, but just what other things went into that fire, we never knew exactly. The nature of some of them, however, I began to surmise when I came upon charred fragments of Bank of England notes lying about among the wreckage and sticking in the cracks of the warped deck. Several coins which I picked up turned out to be English shillings and German marks. I noticed that some of

our lads were pushing the search with much energy whenever they had a chance, paying especial attention to the cracks between the charred planking and the deck. When fire-blackened gold sovereigns began to make their appearance in the Sydney, and kept appearing even after we had been for months in the West Indies and South Atlantic, I understood the reason for their energy.

'When the prisoners were searched on board the Sydney, several of them were found to be in possession of English sovereigns, — one of them gave the paymaster a bag containing over a hundred, for safe-keeping, — which they claimed to be their own. It was not until they had been disembarked at Colombo, that it turned out that one of them had confessed that, among other things thrown into that fire on the quarterdeck of the Emden, was all the treasure she had seized from the British merchant-ships she had sunk during her career as a raider. This included sixty thousand pounds in gold sovereigns and an unknown amount in bank-notes. The latter were consumed, and the gold, after the bags had been burned away from it, was swept into the sea. It was in this way that the few stray coins picked up, lingered behind in the gaping cracks opened up by shells bursting in the enclosed spaces under the quarterdeck.'

At this juncture a messenger came to summon my young friend to the signal-bridge; but he lingered at the door long enough to say that he had fully made up his mind to go back to North Keeling Island after the war, and have a try at raking up some of that scuttled treasure.

'There's no sand where she was lying, sir; only hard coral reef that ought to catch the coins in the holes and prevent them from being washed away. My only fear is that the coral may grow over and cover it up before I am free to get out there. Do you know how fast a coral island grows, sir?'

I replied that I was not sure about it, but that I seemed to have some kind of an impression that the coral insect could not erect much more than a thirty-second of an inch of island a year; adding that I did n't think that a few inches of coral could make much difference with a big heap of gold like that, in any case.

'Perhaps not, sir,' he assented; 'but all the same I'm hoping that it won't have had time to grow even *one* inch before the war's over. The stuff's no use to a chap unless he can have it while he's young.'

AN ITALIAN INTERLUDE

BY PATON MACGILVARY

February 18, 1918.

'BLOODY WAR' is the slogan of this camp. So say we all as we take another glazed fruit candy sent to the boys from one of the 'girls at home.' Bloody War! All the men live in brick barracks, with iron beds, springs, sheets, pillows, and pillow-cases. Bloody War! All the men eat off china plates, with silver knives, forks, and spoons, have white table-cloths, and kick because they are required to keep their napkins decently clean. They are fed coffee or chocolate, bread and stewed fruit for breakfast. They are fed a splendid soup of macaroni or beans; boiled or mashed potatoes with gravy, fresh meat of leg of lamb, roast beef, beefsteak, lamb chops, or the like; fruit for dessert, with a cup of after-dinner coffee — all this for lunch. They are fed perhaps rice-balls or rice soup, potatoes, boiled cabbage, cauliflower or greens, veal cutlets, fish-balls, meat-cakes or croquettes, with fruit and coffee — this for dinner. And Bloodier War! No two meals are alike, and they have a large variety.

Within a short time, they will all have in this new camp hot and cold running water, showers, tubs, — white enameled tubs! — and a steam laundry plant, with Italian labor to run it.

The poor officers suffer in the same way. They have only a double room each. Each compartment is only about eight feet square, and is electrically lighted, the War Department having cruelly declined to let us have oil lamps. They have only one Italian orderly for every two officers, who makes their beds, sweeps their rooms, shines their shoes, runs their errands, and tries to help them dress. The American officers in our camp have only one Fiat touring car and three Harley-Davidson motorcycles for their use — and there are fully five American officers.

Oh — Cruel — Bloody — War!

But I venture to say that there is not another camp in Europe or America as comfortable as this — and all because the Italians know how to get things done for little or nothing. The labor of the camp is done by little kids of ten or twelve years old, who do more work in a day than a day laborer in the States; and they are glad to work for five cents a day.

No complaints are ever heard: they are always stifled, with the feeling that this is time of war! Think of the poor fellows who are in worse straits than we! I hope that this tragic letter depicting the terrible conditions here will satisfy your parental feelings. We are living like kings, working like dogs, and getting ready to fight like devils.

March 3, 1918.

Who do you suppose has arrived here to be the new adjutant of the camp? None less than Albert Spaulding, the American violinist. He has brought along a 'cheap $1000 fiddle,' and such music as we have here is perfectly wonderful. Every other night or so he 'tunes up,' or 'practises,' and gives an informal concert for which he would receive a princely sum at home.

I am working hard under a man who

appreciates work done for him. Our commandant, Captain LaGuardia, Congressman from New York City, is the representative in Italy of the American Aircraft Committee, and therefore is naturally away from camp a good deal of the time. During his absence I act as commandant; when he is here, I am the American Chief Pilot. Although my work here will probably delay my going to the front for a month or so, it gives me such excellent experience and good training, not only in flying, but also along executive lines, that I am not altogether sorry to have this opportunity. You see, the flying I am getting is of such a nature that, when I do get to the front, I shall have had more training than ninety per cent of our men sent there; all of which counts in this enterprise. Even with this delay, if luck goes with me, I shall get to the front along with the first of our men.

It seemed at the outset that the first of us to finish would have to teach a while and then be sent back to the States as instructors, without first seeing the front. The undesirability of this, and the great disappointment, are apparent. I applied through our commanding officer for relief, but without avail. Then I applied for a transfer to France, to some French school, which I thought would send me to the front; but was refused. It looked as if I should not see the front at all. However before anything disastrous happened to my own personal plans, I succeeded in being transferred to our new camp. A terrible unavoidable accident in a fog, in which one of my best friends was killed, left me senior officer here, next to the commandant. I got a good start at camp work by taking up the study of our losses, arriving at an efficiency factor, making a long report, and suggesting changes, which, when adopted, raised our flying efficiency very materially. But this is merely stalling for time until I secure necessary orders to the front.

I pulled off a little exhibition here at camp the other day — turned out all right, luckily. After a hot argument with some Italian pilots, in which they claimed that the excess strains put on a plane for the half-loop, or wing-loop, prevented the Farman training plane from doing it without smashing up in the air, and in which I claimed, after figuring it out carefully, that there were no unusual strains if the loop was done in a certain way, I took a plane, went away out of sight, practised, came back to camp at fifteen thousand feet, and did ten half-loops in succession — first six and a rest, then four more, ending up at three thousand feet. A half-loop is like a full loop in the first motion, but because of the design of this plane, it is not possible to get up enough velocity to carry it over the top without breaking the machine by excessive speed. Therefore one starts with a little less speed, pulls up into a vertical position where the machine stalls, comes to a dead stop, then topples over sidewise into a large side-slip; the flight position is regained a little later by passing through a very restricted spiral. It is a beautiful manœuvre to watch — more so than the full loop, and much more thrilling; one of the regular acrobatic performances — it was with us only a question of doing it on the Farman.

I proved my point, but felt rather guilty the next day when another pilot tried to do the same, at eight hundred feet — he needed a thousand for regaining normal position after the fall. He crashed to the ground, absolutely wrecking his machine. But fortunately he did not hurt himself very seriously. He will be laid up for perhaps a month, but is getting along very well now. I shall not try any more of those things on this kind of plane, so you may rest at ease.

March 9, 1918.

My dear H——,

I had a chance to go up to Rome yesterday on business, but it looked such fine flying weather that I turned it down. No doubt there will be other opportunities before long. You know I had a pleasure trip to Rome and one to Naples before I received my commission; and since then an additional trip to Naples, for the service. It is all very interesting, and I feel as if I were doing something to help in the war, although I am not yet allowed the privilege of going to the front. There is nothing like responsibility to give one a new attitude toward life.

In addition to flying, sports of different varieties are indulged in here, between the camps. To-morrow we have a big baseball game; it will be a real surprise. Our camp is new, and an unknown quantity — to others, but not to ourselves; for us it is a certainty. We have a regular pitcher of the Philadelphia Athletics, and our infielders are rather famous college stars. They make up the finest little team I have seen for a long time. On the strength of it, and of the fact that on the first of the month the men received three months' back-pay, the officers of our camp have done a lot on the side, which is a secret to be sprung to-morrow. We have bought a brass band of thirty pieces, pennants and megaphones, for all our men — something, I am certain, that will never be suspected by the rival camp. In addition we have scoured southern Italy for peanuts and lemons, and are going to carry over with us a peanut-and-pink-lemonade stand. The game has received quite a little publicity. Among our guests there will be a general from a nearby military centre; and I know of several colonels and majors who have asked to be invited. The Italian colonel in charge of all the training-schools in Italy will throw the first ball.

It's really hot stuff and will be *some* game, if for nothing else than the surprises it will present, to say nothing of our pitcher, who is such a corker that none of our own men, even with all the practice they are getting from him, are able to hit him; and the best of it is that the other camp have not the slightest idea of his identity, but think that one of our 'weaklings' will be in the pitcher's box.

March 10, 1918.

At present I am in the convalescent ward, recovering from a slight accident wherein the motorcycle, the silly beast, shied at a dog and ran off the road while I was jogging quietly along, at 64 miles an hour. These crazy cycles seem to poke along, after one has been riding in a plane near the ground, making twice that speed. Hence the temptation to run along wide open on 'high.' I had my usual luck — motorcycle almost a complete wreck, but I was gently tossed twenty or thirty feet from the scene of the accident and thus got out of the way. When found, I seemed to be suffering from a sprained left ankle, a rather deep gash down to the bone on my left shin, a dislocated thumb, and a face that is a sight to behold. I never was a beauty until now — it's quite wonderful how the little experiences of life make a new man of you. And really *aviation*, I am finding, has its dangers.

Were it not that the accident occurred 'in line of duty' I should probably be explaining to some stern court-martial why our camp has one less Harley-Davidson. The commanding officer forbade my riding a motorcycle again, saying rather delicately that aviators are too valuable to waste on a Harley-Davidson; but somehow or other I have rather a sneaking suspicion that it was merely a tactful way of saying that motorcycles in Italy are too valu-

able to waste on this particular aviator.

My bad luck with the motorcycle prevented my seeing the baseball game. But the men say it was one of the most exciting games they have ever seen. The score was tied, 0 to 0, until the first half of the last inning, when one of our men knocked a home run. The other side not scoring in their 'ins,' we took the game and about 25,000 lire from the other camp in the way of bets.

When I get around again I am going to do some dual-control instruction for the experience. I rather look forward to it, now that I know it will not be permanent.

I look forward to the time when, at the end of the war, we can make that canoe trip in Canada. But when I return I shall not be content to settle down in the States, till I have had my fling traveling. Convinced though I am that the best business opportunities lie in America, centre of the world's commercial activities, nevertheless I crave for the wandering, the new, the wild. Russia or parts of South America may be my salvation. But before I get through I want a crack at Egypt, Africa, and China.

March 17, 1918.

My life for the past few weeks is about the most exciting I have ever passed. I am able to amble around quite comfortably now, although I was rather sore and bruised for a while. I have taken over a line of dual-control instruction for the experience it will give me.

Riding in a plane, with a new man in whom you have no confidence, — who will do you know not what the next minute, — is far from monotonous drudgery. Every minute one is on the alert and passes through new thrills. I never knew how badly a machine could be flown without wrecking, until I saw some of these new men struggle. It is interesting, and I like a little of it; but it would not do to spend my life at it. To trust yourself to a new man is indeed to have the utmost confidence in the Fates; but yesterday I put them to a severe test.

I had a great big Swede of a fellow who was up for his first lesson, and in taking off the ground, after a landing about five kilometres from camp, he headed straight for an olive tree. Upon getting close he became scared, — as did I, — but instead of trying to avoid it, he just hung on to the controls with all the strength of a drowning man. I wrenched and tussled to get the controls in time. Finally I got them — but it was too late. The under-side of the wing was stripped of the fabric, and the left *aileron* was torn off, while the machine was inclined dangerously. Somehow or other we negotiated a landing and examined the bus. I decided that the plane, though with a reduced degree of stability, could still be flown; so I left the student to walk home for punishment, while I flew the machine back to camp. It was *some* ride. The *ailerons* on the left side were extremely unsensitive, and the torn fabric of the wing made her have a heavy list, that gave an unusual flying experience.

My arrival at camp was ridiculous. I came home with long streamers of torn linen riding behind, and a tangle of broken wires twirling aimlessly about. The Italians, an animated lot, came running up and jabbered excitedly. The Italian Chief Pilot congratulated me on being still alive, without asking me how it had happened. When at last I was able to get a word in and tell them, their attitude was even more amusing, — a mixture of surprise and disgust for one who would attempt such a stunt. Since my wing-loops the other day, I am afraid that I have lost my reputation with them for being a safe pilot. Besides, I like to fly in rough weather

when they say it is too bad. 'Your life stings,' is an Italian proverb they apply to me now. And this last stunt has not reinstated me in their good opinion. But in battle one has to face such hazards, so why not try them out when the trying is good? The whole adventure was amusing, though I never again want to go through the actual collision. The feeling of being in a machine with a man who, in his excitement, just freezes on to the controls, — to have the commands there and not be able to use them, — that is a terrible feeling.

To-day I had another experience, a trifle more ridiculous. We had made a practice landing in a rather small field, and in order to start off again had to turn round. In turning, the wind in a sudden gust hit us and swerved us out of our course, directly at a canal used for irrigation. I yelled to the cadet to turn off the gas; but he, being in his second lesson and losing his head, puts it on full. We go tearing across to this dike. The machine has not had time to acquire flying speed and cannot jump the ditch, so we roll right in. Sitting down about eight feet below the level of the field, only the top plane of the machine, and a bunch of wreckage that got scraped off on the way over, can be seen from outside.

We picked ourselves up and walked around to make sure we were not hurt, and I went for help, leaving the cadet to guard the wreck. While I was gone, an Italian pilot, spying the calamity, landed, jumped out, rushed madly up and down, waving his arms, covering his eyes as though weeping, and dramatically shouting: '*Dov'é il pilota? O porca miséria! Dov'é il pilota? É morto?* (Where is the pilot? O terrible misfortune! Where is the pilot? Is he dead?) The poor chap could see nothing but the submerged wreck, and the helpless cadet standing by dejectedly. He could speak no English, the cadet no Italian. The cadet, thinking him to be bemoaning the loss of the machine, nodded his head in assent.

When I arrived at camp, all was in a state of excitement. Flying had been suspended and everybody was going to the wreck. It had been reported by the Italian pilot that I was dead and my body could not be found. I had come back feeling rather sheepish over my second accident in two days, but I 'll stake a dollar to an old shoe, that I did not look as cheap as they. After the excitement had died down, I was promptly cursed for having been the cause of so much idle sympathy; and both the pilot, who had reported me dead, and I, very much alive, were banished from all polite society for the rest of the day. Some of them are now, in the evening, just beginning to forgive us.

These thrills do not often come in such large gobs. None of them are serious or ever result in mortalities — at least not in this camp, so far. Not a day goes by, however, in which some plane is not broken; it is to be expected where large numbers of men are just learning. But it is rather the proverbial lion's share when two such things happen to the same pilot, two days running.

I feel that these last few weeks are the first time I have ever really lived. More has happened than is ever crowded into the most imaginative novel of adventure. It's the kind of life I like.

March 19, 1918.

I am writing this letter on the train bound from Rome to Naples, a situation that I little expected would ever happen. Leaving Rome about four-thirty, we passed through some very beautiful scenery, along the foothills on the western slope of the Appenines. The little Italian towns are extremely picturesque; rather gaudy in their color selections and cramped in their space,

but the models of neatness and cleanliness, — outwardly, — from the best, right on down to the poorest. Outside of Rome the road winds along the old Appian Way, and for many kilometres along the Old Roman Aqueduct, which still stands, a glorious giant monument of those wonderful old people.

This is the first time since we came down to our aviation camp last fall, through Turin, Bologna, and Ancona, that I have traveled in the daytime, and I certainly appreciate the trip. I had no time on this occasion to see the sights of Rome, arriving there early in the morning and leaving in the afternoon. However, from other angles, the trip is the most interesting one I have made. It is purely in line of business, and will call for some rather intensive study, for three or four days, in Naples.

I met in Rome his Excellency, the Honorable Signor Chiesa, Commissioner of Aviation, a charming gentleman who speaks English well, and is very human. From him I received letters of introduction to the Mayor of Naples and the general in charge of aviation matters in this district, and from them I shall get letters to other interesting people from whom I may secure what information I am after.

I met Signor P——, J.'s friend, in Rome, and found him more than advertised. He is an architect and his wife a painter. Each has a studio, but in different parts of the city. They invited me to Signora P—— 's studio for dinner to-night, but I could not stay over. However, they invited me to stay for several days in Rome, over Easter, or whenever else I can get up; and I shall accept the invitation with avidity when I have my next leave. Signor P——, besides being a very charming giant, — he is much over six feet, — will be a very useful man to know in my business, so long as I am in Italy, for at present he is very prominent in the American Red Cross here, and has already sent down many of our medical supplies. Through him I shall be able to get many other things that our camps need. He has the regular cordiality of our friends the B——s, and influence to put across almost anything.

At the station I bought from the station vender, for three lire, a most tasteful little basket of food for supper. They know how to do such things here — everything is the same way — with a finesse and a degree of uncommercial beauty that we get none of in our country. The basket had two large sandwiches of the country's brown bread, one with a large highly seasoned sausage and the other with cold roast beef; a piece of fine cream cheese, a flagon of wine, and some fruit — oranges, apples and nuts. Everything done up individually in neat paper packages, the whole looked so edible that it went down without a murmur, even though the food was rather rank, and I shall worry for some days for fear of ptomaine.

This letter is a marvel of disorganization — I can't seem to coördinate my thoughts and finger-action with the syncopations of the train motion. My typewriter seems to be causing quite a stir. You know the trains in Europe are all of the compartment variety — this time I happen to have a compartment to myself. The people are very good about not crowding in on a foreigner in uniform, unless the train is full. However, they are lined up against the glass window between the compartment and the corridor, passing many funny remarks in speculation as to who I am. At present one wise geezer has me ranked as at least a brigadier-general! and is defending me beautifully by appointing himself a policeman, keeping the crowd back and orderly. Were it not for the wonderful Italian pass that I am traveling under, I might be taken in as a spy — but my pass says that I am a

very important person traveling on an important mission, and will everybody please be just as assistful as possible, in order to help bring the war to a close! Rather delightful, eh?

March 27, 1918.

I hope you will enjoy these snapshots. I have had no pictures taken in flying togs or with a machine in the background, for the reason you well know. Many who have never flown, or had any intention to fly, have dressed up and had their pictures taken with a machine in the background, to make them out as pilots. I don't want to be mixed up with that bunch. At our camp we hoot a man who has his picture taken that way — the golden eagle we wear is enough for our distinction.

I have returned from a most wonderful trip to Rome and Naples, where I have had a most interesting work to perform. It is in the line of technical engineering, so naturally my previous training helped me get the trip. I was in Naples one of the nights of the aerial bombardment that you must have read about in the papers, and it was all very interesting. I shall tell you about some of my experiences in Naples when I have more time. Among other things I was introduced into Society, and met two princes and any number of other titled people. I have a permanent invitation to the 'Tennis Club,' an exclusive sporting club of the city. I hope some day to be able to make use of it.

How do you like my new calling cards? They were ordered for me by an Italian captain, as being the right thing in this part of Italy!

When I returned to camp, I found that I had been ordered up to France; but much to my disappointment the camp authorities had taken the matter up with headquarters in my absence, and the order was countermanded. This means that I shall lose out on being one of the first at the front — which I had set my heart on. I am now acting commandant of the camp here, and shall be for a month until the return of Captain LaGuardia. Meanwhile I continue some rather interesting and responsible work here. But it is hard luck.

April 7.

What has loomed up on the horizon is blacker than anything that has yet come. Everything that I have done here has been with the idea of going to the front. When I came to this camp with Captain LaGuardia, I was to be here only 'till I was ready for the front.' Now another man is sent over to be permanent camp-commander and I have been slated to be a liaison officer, under the captain, to work for the Joint Aircraft Board. I go to Rome — the most bomb-proof of all bomb-proof places — wearing the most non-shootable of all non-shootable uniforms, to do engineering work and investigation relative to the uniting of Italy's and America's aviation industries. True, the work will be fascinating and instructive. Promotion in that line is said to be more rapid than in any other branch of the service, for one's work is constantly brought before the eyes of one's superiors. But where, in all this time, has gone the fighter? A fine hero I should be at the end of the war, coming home after a job like that!

OFF THE DOGGER BANK

BY AN OFFICER IN THE BRITISH NAVY

May 4, 1917: 5.30 P.M.

I WAS in the midst of letter-writing when the bugle sounded 'Action,' and I dropped my pen and ran to my station. It's very funny to think that I had just been writing what a dull sort of a picnic we were on, and how peaceful everything was — and then suddenly there was the deafening roar of the guns, and the columns of water thrown up by our shells, and peace turned into pandemonium, and the calm oily sea of a few minutes before changed into innumerable small breaking wavelets, — running in all directions, — caused by the wild twisting and turning, at utmost speed, of the two light cruisers and four destroyers that comprised our squadron.

The first cause of this activity was the sight of a long, cigar-shaped, aluminum-colored body, apparently poised in mid-air; the second cause, submarines: a very popular combination with the Boche. The Zepp does the scouting, and then the submarines do the dirty work. He was a long way off when we sighted him; but the air was so clear and the visibility so good, that we at once turned and attacked him, just on the chance of getting a lucky hit, though the odds were twenty thousand to one against it, and, as we expected, the odd chance did n't come our way.

Submarines were being continually reported, — though I personally can swear to seeing only one, — and our fire was distributed impartially between the Zepp and the periscopes, or anything that looked as if it might be a periscope. Also, we dodged this way and that, and all ways at once, and did n't give them a chance to torpedo us. The submarine Boche likes a nice sitting shot, with no one to harass him — shooting at him seems rather to discourage him.

My station was on the after-control platform; but there was nothing to do there, so I bustled round for a bit, helping to fuse the shells, and then went up to the fore-control bridge, where one could see what was doing. After a while, finding that the Zepp would n't let us close him, we turned and ran away, hoping that he would come after us, which he did; so we again turned and engaged him.

After a while — I suppose about an hour and a half from the time we sighted him — our Zepp friend thought that *he* would do a bit of attacking; and it was really fascinating to watch him manœuvre over the ship, to drop his bombs. I suppose he was actually traveling about fifty or sixty miles an hour, but he was so high up (never less than 15,000 feet) that he seemed to be crawling, and he did n't like to come lower as we were strafing him hard all the time, which, I suppose, discouraged him.

Well, he got nearly overhead, looking like a huge aluminum cigar, with a strip of silver paper (the propellers) flapping in the breeze each side, and then — a long-drawn-out sort of whistle, getting louder and louder, till suddenly a sharp crack, followed immediately by a tremendous crash, and a huge column of dirty-looking smoke

and water, and the first bomb had fallen, about 100 yards off our port beam. A moment or two to note the fall, and, I suppose, correct his sights, and brother Boche let go another big fellow, neatly halving the distance this time, and too close to be pleasant! Then another pause, — of what seemed like minutes but I suppose was really only seconds, — and the third bomb arrived, just missing us on the other side. Then he let us have it good and hearty, and another nine came down in quick succession, several landing practically simultaneously. But we were no longer there. Acting on the principle that no two shots ever go through the same hole, we whipped round as soon as the third bomb fell, straight for where the first two had fallen — but for that, he would have got us, I think. As it was, we were well peppered with splinters, and a chunk of metal about a foot long landed on the bridge, quite close to us; but we had no casualties and no damage was done.

He then left us and turned his attention to a destroyer that was pumping shots at him from a pompom, and dropped a salvo of three, about ten yards from her; but again there were no casualties, and our sausage friend, either discouraged by the gun-fire, or lacking more bombs, made no further attack and started sailing away.

At this stage another Zepp appeared on the scene; and the pair of them hung around for half an hour or so, without trying to attack and keeping well out of range, and then made off, leaving us in possession of the field, though we were bitterly disappointed at not being able to bring them down. Of course we are not exactly built for fighting things in the air higher than Mont Blanc! All is now peace and quietness once more — no Zepps in sight, and the last submarine was reported more than half an hour ago.

The whole thing was great fun — and I mean that quite literally. In fact, I thoroughly enjoyed it, and I think that nearly everyone else felt the same.

So far as the submarines are concerned, the result is doubtful — it is almost impossible to tell for certain unless you can stop and search the spot, and that would have been a somewhat unhealthy proceeding!

I was rather interested in analyzing my feelings during the occasional lulls in the show. I don't want to seem too egotistical, but it was the first time anyone had really, definitely tried to kill me, and so I suppose it was natural to think about it! For the first few minutes, until the first gun was fired, I was excited and had to hold on to myself tight to avoid showing it; after that, my feeling was one of enjoyment, intense exhilaration, and keen interest in all that was going on; and I thoroughly appreciated the beauty of the scene. Blue sea, cloudless sky; columns of white water and foam; the Zepp sailing, apparently peacefully, overhead; and all round him, above and below, tiny rings and spirals and balls of pure white smoke from our bursting shells.

The waiting for the Zepp to dispose himself nicely overhead, and, after the first bomb, the waiting for the successive ones to fall, was not a very pleasant sensation, especially as they came closer and closer; and they seemed to take such a long time to arrive! One could hear them coming, without knowing in the least where they were going to fall! The submarines left me cold: they did n't affect me one way or the other; and when it was all over, I'm glad to say, I found my hand as steady as before it started. Not that there was anything in it to affect one's nerves; but it was my first show of any sort under fire, and I did n't know a bit how they would behave!

As for the sailors, it might have been a Brock's benefit put on for their especial edification and amusement! When the bombs began to get close, I ordered everyone down below under cover (none of our guns would bear then); but I literally had to climb off the bridge and shoo them down myself!

Altogether, friend Zepp dropped fifteen bombs, each, I should think, containing about 100 pounds of high explosive, — twelve at us, and three at one of our attendant destroyers, — before he gave up; but why his mate did n't try and do us in, I can't imagine. We were going to attack if he gave us half a chance, but he never came within about 20,000 yards, if that, the brute! The Boche is a good fighter when his plans are all cut and dried, but he 's an unenterprising blighter.

One thing made me laugh in the middle of the proceedings: I had a distinct feeling of grievance against the people in the Zepp for wanting to do us in — it seemed so unfeeling of them! And all the time I was doing my damnedest to strafe *them*, which seemed quite all right to me!

And this is a rough idea of the 'peaceful' day I started writing about this morning! !

AERIAL TACTICS

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF[1]

As the days go by, I find much that is novel and interesting about the aerial war, which in reality is quite different from any idea of it that I had had. I will try to give a rough idea of how the upper war is carried on.

The trenches, sometimes visible, often quite invisible from the heights at which one flies, form the dividing line between us and the Boche. Behind them, at distances of from seven to fifteen miles, are the aerodromes — a few acres of tolerably flat land, three or four or half a dozen hangars (often cleverly camouflaged), barracks, and sheds for automobiles. Each side, of course, knows pretty well the locations of the enemy aerodromes. This gives rise to a certain amount of give and take in the bombing line, which, in the end, accomplishes very little.

It is a curious fact that in certain sectors the aviator's life is made miserable by this ceaseless bombing, while in other places a species of unwritten understanding permits him to sleep, at least, in peace. I have a friend in a far-off escadrille who has to jump out of bed and dive for the dug-outs nearly every clear night, when the sentry hears the unmistakable Mercedes hum close overhead, the shutting off of the motor, and the ominous rush of air as the Huns descend on their mark. He knows that the Germans get as good as, or better than they give — but the knowledge does not make up for lost sleep. In my sector, on the other hand, we could blow the Boche aerodromes to atoms and

[1] These letters were written just before the author was transferred to the American service. — THE EDITOR

they could probably do as much for us, but neither side has started this useless 'strafing.' Just before an attack, such bombing might be of military value; otherwise it only harasses vainly men who need what sleep they get, and destroys wealth on both sides, like exchanging men in checkers without profiting in position. I have heard parlor warriors at home say, 'By all means make war as unpleasant as possible — then it won't happen again.' But there is a limit to this, when nothing of tactical value is accomplished.

The aerodromes are the headquarters of the different squadrons, each of which is specialized in some type of work. Military aviation divides itself into certain groups, requiring different types of machines and different training for pilot or observer. These groups are day-bombing, night-bombing, observation, photography, artillery fire-control, and *chasse*. I would like to tell you all about the different buses used, but of course one is not at liberty to do so. In general, bombing-machines are rather large two-seaters or three-seaters, designed to rise to great heights, where they are very fast, and capable of carrying heavy loads for long distances. They are, naturally, well armed, but depend (for safely carrying out their missions) principally on their speed at altitudes of 18,000 feet or more. Photography, observation, and artillery control machines, on the other hand, must be fast at lower altitudes, handy in a fight, and speedy climbers. They are, so far as I know, always two-seaters, and are really the most important of all aeroplanes. I believe that all the allied designers should work together to produce a single uniform type of two-seater — small, quick to manœuvre, and very fast up to 15,000 or 16,000 feet. Such machines, flying about their work in small groups, are truly formidable things for single-seater scouts to attack, as they are nearly as fast and handy, and have the enormous advantage of being able to shoot backward as well as forward. With light double-controls for the machine-gun man or observing officer (who would take a few lessons in emergency flying), they could not be brought down by killing the pilot — a most valuable feature.

The Boches have such machines, — particularly the Roland, — which are tough nuts to crack, even when outnumbered. Two of our boys had a running fight with a Roland recently, and dove at him alternately for thirty minutes over forty miles of country. Both were nearly brought down in the process — and they failed to bag the enemy machine, though at the last they did for the observer. This shows the great value of the fast two-place bus. I doubt if people at home are aware of the difficulties of designing a two-seater which one could pronounce, without hesitation, the best. It must have four major qualities: speed, climbing ability, diving speed, and handiness. The need of strength, or high factor of safety, goes without saying. Speed is simply a matter of power and head resistance, and is comparatively easy to attain alone; the rub comes in combining with it the requisite climbing power, and factor of safety. The Germans, in general, seem to believe in a very heavy, substantial motor, which cuts their climbing to a certain extent, but gives them a very fast dive. The Allies' machines, I should say, are slightly faster climbers, but cannot follow a diving Hun. And so it goes — to have one quality in perfection, another must be sacrificed.

Last of all come the single-seaters, whose sole purpose is to fight. Many different types have been tried — monoplanes, biplanes, and triplanes, with different kinds of fixed and rotary

motors. At present the biplane seems to have it (though I have seen an experimental monoplane that is a terror), as the monoplane is by nature too weak, and the triplane (magnificent otherwise!) is too slow in diving for either attack or escape.

The work the different groups perform seems to be roughly the same in the Allied and enemy armies. The day-bombers fly at great heights, sometimes escorted and protected by single-seaters. The night-bombers fly fairly low, never escorted. Photographers, observers, and artillery regulators have a nasty job, as they must fly rather low, constantly subjected to a galling attention from old Archibald. When their mission requires it, they are escorted by *chasse* machines — a job that single-seater pilots do not pine for, because they often go twenty or thirty miles into 'Bochie,' where motor-trouble means a soup diet till the end of the war; and because, at low altitudes, hovering over a slow 'cuckoo,' the anti-aircraft gunners have too good a time.

The single-seaters may be divided into two classes: the first does escort work about half the time, the second does nothing but parade up and down the lines, hunting for trouble. The last are the élite among airmen. Unfortunately I am not one of them, as they are recruited only from tried and skillful pilots. As to fighting, there is a good deal of popular misconception. One imagines picturesque duels to the death, between A (the great French or English ace) and X (his German competitor) — the multitude of straining, upturned eyes, the distant rattle of shots, the flaming spin of the loser. As a matter of fact, a duel between two monoplanes, handled by pilots of anything like equal skill, who are *aware of each other's presence*, is not unlikely to end without bloodshed. Bear in mind that they can shoot only forward, that the gun must be aimed by aiming the whole machine (to which it is fixed immovably), and that a twisting, climbing, banking aeroplane, traveling at over one hundred miles per hour, is no joke to hit in its small vitals, and you can see that this must be so.

The truth is, that the vast majority of fights which end in a victory are between scouts and two-seaters, and that it needs two scouts to attack one biplane with anything like even chances of winning. Think a moment. The two-seater is nearly as fast and handy as you are; he can therefore avoid you and shoot forward almost as well, and in addition, he has a man astern who can shoot up, sideways, and backwards with most superior accuracy. This disconcerting individual, it is true, cannot shoot straight down when the wings are horizontal, but to enable him to do so, the pilot has only to tilt the machine to the necessary angle.

Now, suppose two French monoplanes sight an Iron-Crossed two-seater. Flying at 16,000 feet, they see French shrapnel in white puffs bursting below them at 2,000 feet, and several miles away. They change their course, and presently, dodging in and out among the fleecy balls, they espy a fast biplane, heavily camouflaged in queer splotches of green, brown, and violet. Coming nearer, they make out the crosses — ha, a Boche! Nearer and nearer they come, till they are 400 yards behind and 600 feet above the enemy, who has seen them and is making tracks for home. Three hundred yards, by the way, is the closest one may safely approach a machine-gun in the air. At this point, A dives on the Boche, to about 250 yards, shoots a short burst, and veers off. The German machine-gunner lets him have a *rafale*, but meanwhile B has dived under and behind the enemy's tail.

There he stays, at a fairly safe distance, with his eye on the rudder above him, ready to anticipate the banks which might enable the gunner to get in a burst. As soon as A sees that B is beneath the Boche, he dives and shoots again. The gunner is in a quandary — if he aims at A, B will slip up and forward, rear his machine into position, and deliver a possibly deadly burst. If he devotes his attention to B, A will be safe to make a dive to dangerously close quarters. There you have the theory of the most common of all attacks — but in reality it is more difficult than it sounds. The three machines are traveling at great speed, and constantly twisting, rearing, and diving. It is the easiest thing in the world to pass another plane, turn to follow it, and see nothing, no matter how you strain your eyes. In passing, your combined speed might be roughly *120 yards per second*, and you are both moving in three dimensions. The object for which you search may be to the side, ahead, above, below; and every second of your search may be increasing its distance at enormous speed.

It is bitterly cold, and I am sitting in our cozy mess-room waiting for lunch, which is at twelve. A dense fog hangs over the aerodrome, and the trees are beautifully frosted.

Just had word that a boy who was at Avord in my time has bagged one of the 'Tangos' — no mean feat. It is the crack escadrille of all Germany — Albatross DIII's, driven by the pick of the Hun fighting pilots, and commanded, I believe, by Von Richthofen — the most famous of German aces. They are a formidable aggregation, recognizable by rings of tango red around their Iron Crosses, and stripes of the same color along the fuselage. For a young pilot to bring one of these birds down in one of his first flights over the lines, is a wonderful piece of luck and skill.

On days (like to-day) when the weather makes flying impossible, the fellows sleep late, make a long, luxurious toilet, breakfast, and stroll down to the hangars, where they potter around their 'zincs,' feeling over the wires, adjusting the controls, tinkering their machine-guns, or perhaps fitting on some sort of new trick sight. Sights are a hobby with every pilot and nearly everyone has different ideas on the subject, advocating telescopic or open, one or two-eye outfits. Then, if one is extra careful, he takes out the long belt of cartridges, feels each bullet to make sure it is tightly crimped in the shell, and pushes and pulls the shells until all are exactly even. 'Jams' are the curse of this game, and no amount of trouble is too much, if it insures a smooth working gun. Some jams can be fixed in the air, but others render you defenceless until you can land.

Each pilot has his own mechanic, who does nothing but look after his bus, and is usually a finished comedian in addition to being a crack mechanic. In truth, I never ran across a more comical, likable, hard-working crew than the French aviation mechanics. They are mostly pure Parisian 'gamins' — speaking the most extraordinary jargon, in which everything but the verbs (and half of them) is slang, of the most picturesque sort. Quick-witted, enormously interested in their work, intelligent and good-natured, they are the aristocrats of their trade, and know it. You should see them when they go on leave. Jean or Charlot, ordinarily the most oily and undignified of men, steps out of the squadron office arrayed in a superb blue uniform, orange tabs on his collar, a mirror-like tan belt about his waist — shaven, shorn, shining with cleanliness, puffing an expensive-looking, gilt-banded cigar. Is it fancy — or is there a slight condescension in his greeting? Well, it is natural — you

can never hope to look so superbly like a field-marshal. A little crowd of pals gathers around, for it is just after lunch; and presently the motor-bus draws up with a scream of brakes and a cloud of dust. The motor has AV in big letters on the side, and its driver (not to be confounded with any mere ambulance or lorry chauffeur) would feel it a disgrace to travel under forty miles an hour, or to make anything but the most spectacular of turns and stops. The driver produces a silver cigarette case, passes it round, takes a weed, taps it on his wrist, and chaffs the *permissionnaire* about a new godmother on whom he is planning to call in Paris.

Presently the captain steps out of his office; the departing one spins about, head back and chest out, cigar hidden in his left hand; 'click' — his heels come together magnificently, and up goes his right hand in a rigid salute. Smiling behind his moustache, our extremely attractive captain salutes in return, and shakes Charlot's hand warmly, wishing him a pleasant leave. He is off, and you can picture him tomorrow strolling with princely nonchalance along the boulevards. What if he earns but five cents a day — he saves most of that, and his pilot presents him with a substantial sum every Saturday night, all of which is put away for the grand splurge, three times a year.

In Paris, you will recognize the type — well dressed in neat dark blue, orange collar with the group number on it, finger-nails alone showing the unmistakable traces of his trade, face, eyes and manner registering interest and alert intelligence. As likely as not you see him on the terrace of some great café — a wonderfully smart little *midinette* (his feminine counterpart) beside him, with shining eyes of pride — and at the next table a famous general of division, ablaze with the ribbons of half a dozen orders.

The 'mecanos' dress as nearly like pilots as they dare, and after flying is over in the evening are apt to appear about the hangars in the teddy-bear suits and fur boots of the 'patron.' Some funny things happen at such times. There is a class of officers, called 'officers of administration,' attached to squadrons and groups of aviation, who do not fly, but look after the office and business end of the *équipe*. They are worthy men and do absolutely necessary work, but somehow are not very swank.

One day it became known that the revered Guynemer was to visit a certain escadrille, and naturally all the officers were on fire to shake the hero's hand — a reminiscence to hand down to their children's children. The administration officer — a first lieutenant — was late in getting away from the bureau, and when he got to the field, Guynemer had landed, left his machine, and gone to have the sacred *apéritif* of five o'clock. Meanwhile, the chief comedian of all the mechanics, dressed by chance in his pilot's combination and boots, and proud to tinker (with reverent fingers) the famous Spad, had run out to where it stood, filled it with gas and oil, touched up the magneto, and cleaned a couple of plugs. The officer, as he came to the hangars, perceived the well-known 'taxi,' with the stork on its side, and a furry figure strolling towards him. A snap of heels, the position of attention, and he was saluting (as he thought) one of the most glorious figures of France. The comedy mechanician — taking in the situation at a glance — strolled magnificently by, with a careless salute and a nod. The officer never inquired who it was he had saluted — but what a tale to pass around the barrack stove on winter evenings! Mistaken for Guynemer! Saluted by a two-striper!

In clothes and get-up the mechanics

follow the pilots' lead, but in language the situation is reversed — we take pride in memorizing, chuckling over, and using at every opportunity, the latest word or phrase invented by these gifted slangsters. An aeroplane is never 'avion' or 'appareil,' but 'zinc,' 'taxi,' or 'coucou.' Motor is 'moulin' — to start it, one 'turns the mill.' In the aviation, one does not eat, one 'pecks.' One is not killed — one 'breaks one's face,' though face is not the inelegant word in use. Gasoline is 'sauce'; to open the throttle, you 'give her the sauce.' A motor breakdown is not, as in the automobile service a 'panne,' but a 'carafe' — heaven knows why! and so on.

Life out here is in many ways a contrast to the last six months. Though only a beginner, a *bleu*, I am Somebody, through the mere fact of being a pilot, and most of all a *pilote de chasse* — a most chic thing to be. I must dress well, shave daily, wear my hair brushed straight back and long, — in contrast to all other branches of the army, — have my boots and belt polished like a mirror, and frequent only the best café in town. These are, of course, unwritten rules, but sternly lived up to — and I confess that the return of self-respect, after months of dirt and barrack life, is not unpleasant.

Our escadrille, composed of ten French pilots, two Americans, and the officers, is really a very decent crowd of chaps of good family and education. Frenchmen of this kind are good fellows and pleasant companions, differing from us only on certain racial points of outlook and humor. Among them are two lawyers (with all the French lawyer's delicate wit, irony, and love of play on words), a large wine-grower (if you can grow wine), a professional soldier from Morocco, a medical student, and my room-mate, a most attractive chap, an English public-school man, whose family are French importers in London. He has been nearly everywhere, is absolutely bi-lingual, and is the sort of man who is at home in any kind of company.

From time to time, of course, someone is brought down, and though I dislike it intensely, one feels that decency demands one's presence at the funeral. Elaborate, rather fine ceremony usually, where the Gallic emotional nature appears at its best. At the last one, for instance, the captain (brave as a lion, and a man to his finger-tips) was overcome in the midst of his speech of eulogy and burst into tears. Impossible to an Anglo-Saxon, but to me there was something very fine in the sight of this splendid officer, frankly overcome with grief at the loss of one of his men. When the ceremony is over, each pilot and friend comes to pay respect to the departed comrade, takes up in turn an implement shaped like an Indian-club, dips it in holy water, makes a sign with it over the coffin, draped in the Tricolor, and sprinkles a few drops of water on the flag.

At our mess, we have queer little things of glass to rest knife and fork on, while the dishes are being changed; and last night at dinner, when the captain's orderly assigned one pilot to a particularly ticklish mission, an irrepressible American youth who was dining with us, picked up one of these knife-rests (shaped exactly like a holy-water sprinkler), stood up very solemnly, made the sign over his victim, and sprinkled a few drops on his head. Amid roars of laughter everyone at the table stood up in turn and did likewise. A harmless joke to us, but I am not sure of its good taste to a Frenchman.

If I had known France before the war I could decide better a question that constantly occurs to me: 'Has France grown more religious with war?' The educated Frenchman is certainly the most intelligent, the most skeptical,

the least inclined to take things on trust of all men, yet on the whole I am inclined to believe that religious feeling (by no means orthodox religion) has grown and is growing. In peace times, death seems a vitally important thing, to be spoken of with awe and to be dreaded, perhaps as the end of the game, if you chance to be a materialist.

All that is changed now. You go to Paris on leave, you spend two or three days delightfully with Bill or Jim or Harry, a very dear friend, also in on leave from his battery, regiment, or squadron. A week later someone runs up to you with a long face. 'Bill got crowned on Thursday' he says; 'joined a Boche patrol by mistake and brought down before he saw the crosses. Poor old cuss.' You sigh, thinking of the pleasant hours you have passed with Bill — your long talks together, his curious and interesting kinks of outlook, the things which make personality, make one human being different from another. Somehow your thoughts don't dwell on his death as they would in peace-times — a week or a month later your mind has not settled into taking for granted his non-existence. Next time you visit Paris, you hasten to his former haunts — half expecting to find him absorbing a book and expounding his peculiar philosophy.

Is there a life after death? Of course there is — you smile a little to yourself to think you could ever have believed otherwise. This, I am confident, is common experience nowadays. The belief that individuality ceases, that death is anything but a quick and not very alarming change, is too absurd to hold water. It is a comforting thought and gives men strength to perform duties and bear losses which in ordinary times would come hard.

STUDENTS OF THE SEA

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

I

THE three longest weeks of my life were my three weeks in 'Detention,' and yet, to make a paradox, the time passed with surprising rapidity. With the soft spring warmth now filling the air, and a brush of green over the surrounding fields, those three snow-bound weeks seem long ago. I suppose it is because there have been so many changes since; and every change you make in the Navy seems revolutionary and drastic.

There were about two thousand men in Detention — boys, more properly speaking, for the average age was slightly less than twenty. Each day a bunch of raw recruits began their life there, to fill the places of those who, having passed their period of inspection and having received the various vaccinations, had been transferred to the great camp beyond. For some, an exact three weeks was all that was required; for others, the period was longer; and those who had seen a month in the camp were madly impatient to shoulder their

neatly packed hammock and clothes-bag, and be gone to take up the more intensive training for sea.

My detention period ended on the morning of the twenty-second day, a fine clear still winter morning, with a below-zero temperature that creaked in every footfall on the dry packed snow. For two days I had been ready, 'rairing to go,' as the Texas boys called it; and when the message finally came from the regimental headquarters, I needed only a few minutes to pack and shoulder my belongings, say good-bye to my companions, and take my way.

The Great Lakes Naval Training Station comprises the main camp, a complete naval training establishment of permanent brick buildings, designed to accommodate approximately fifteen hundred men. Surrounding this central unit, are the great recent additions, occupying about five hundred acres, with buildings of semi-permanent construction. These camps bear the suggestive names of naval heroes, and each camp is complete in its equipment, a naval training station in itself. To-day the united camps will accommodate over thirty thousand men; and since the beginning of the war the station has sent more than sixty thousand men to sea. It was to the main camp that I was transferred from Detention.

The next few weeks passed with relatively little incident. I was quartered in one of the big permanent brick buildings, and the days were so filled with ceaseless activity that time passed quickly.

In a great room on the second floor our hammocks were swung in two long rows, quite as they were in Detention; but here I was associated with boys who had all been some time on the station, and more was expected of us. Every morning at five the bugles sounded through the camp: first, one far off and very distant to sleep-filled ears; then others took up the summons; and before the last notes were stilled the Master-at-Arms was up and shouting, 'Hit the deck, boys!' and we were drunkenly swinging down from our hammocks, a good seven feet, to the floor below.

The company was divided each week into details, each with its particular work to perform. To our detail the floors, always spoken of as 'the deck,' were given to be scrubbed, mopped and dried. Another detail polished the wash-room or 'head,' to immaculate brilliancy. I was on a 'sidewalk detail,' and with half a dozen others cleaned the concrete walks about the building of snow or dust, as conditions demanded.

There was something about those morning hours that most of all identifies to me my sojourn in the Main Camp. Clear, cold mornings many of them were, when with brooms we brushed a powder of snow from the walk, often by moonlight. Often in those cold dark mornings, as we brushed the kitchen steps of the mess-hall we would scent on the warm air from opened windows a rich fragrance that is unforgettable. Breakfast for the petty officers' mess was on the fires, and the aroma of bacon, with its suggested complement of fried eggs, filled stomachs empty from five to a seven-o'clock breakfast with infinite craving. Reluctantly we turned our faces and bent to our sweeping. Then as the moon slowly set behind the mess-hall, the dawn flushed the East with light behind the black silhouette of the Administration building, and with fingers numb with cold we tramped back to the barrack.

Two thousand sailors ate together in each of the two dining-rooms of the main mess-hall. It was a well-ordered crew, but the sound of so many voices, and the rattle of knives, forks, and dishes made a tumult that could be

heard a block. At noon a part of the band played, while we ate, all the popular airs that the boys seemed never to tire of. It was fulsome music, with much brass and a great beating of drums; but it's the way to make 'Over There' send a thrill through you. Mess was served by a white-clad 'mess detail,' and everything was put on the white board tables with a filled plate at each place, before the men marched in. Navy slang is required, and were a bill-of-fare printed, you would see 'Java' for tea or coffee, 'punk' for bread, 'sand' for salt, and something that sounds like 'slumgullion' for any kind of stew.

Our days were filled with drilling in the drill-hall, and, in fact, the greater part of the time of the recruit while on the station is taken up with foot-drill. It is difficult to teach seamanship to landsmen on a station, especially during the winter months; and even were an intensive course in seamanship practical, it could not give the fundamental value derived from these few weeks of drill. It is impossible to describe the change which this work quickly brings in the whole physical and mental bearing of the recruits. From a mob of slouching individuals, a few short weeks of training develops a company of alert and well-set-up men. Back and forth on the smooth floor the companies pass, white-shod legs swinging in perfect synchronism, shoulders thrown back, and chins drawn in above bare throats. On every shoulder the gun-barrels slant in parallel lines; feet beat a drum cadence on the floor. Company commanders and petty officers shout crisp commands; there is a rhythm of drums; the dark blue lines break to form 'Company square,' or 'on right into line.'

On Wednesday we passed in review before the commanding officer. With our leggins and braids scrubbed to snowy whiteness, we swung down the hall behind the band. There are bands and bands, but the Navy bands play a music of their own; there is a spirit in their fast marches that makes you forget everything; you would follow on anywhere.

Often in the early morning, while we were still sweeping the sidewalks, distant calls and cheers would tell us of a draft leaving for sea; and sometimes we would see the long dark columns marching to their trains. There was no band at their head, but none was needed; and even the intermittent cheers from opened windows brought a vivid realization of why we were here and what it was all about.

Curiously, there is little discussion of the war at the station. There is too much to occupy us, to leave time for speculation. Every one knows he will some day go to sea; a vague realization to most of the boys, for very few have ever seen the ocean, and many have never even seen anything bigger than a row-boat. The general desire is to see Paris, and it is confidently assured that this will be granted, and that at some later date we shall probably march in triumph through Berlin, with the station band at the head playing a Sousa march. Then we will all come home and be comfortable heroes for the rest of our days. Germany is personified in the Kaiser; and whenever he is mentioned it, is usually in relation to some picturesque form of personal violence that the speaker hopes he may wreak upon him. It is a happy-go-lucky crowd, filled with youth and enthusiasm.

In connection with the cheerful unconcern of the average recruit, it is hard not to mention its relation to the effect which the death of one of the boys has upon his fellows. In so large a community sickness is sometimes fatal; and although, considering our

numbers, these occasions are rare, there is now and then a call for a 'firing squad,' if a sailor's burial is to be held in Chicago or some nearby town. At these times the prospect of a trip, despite the occasion, brings many times the required quota of volunteers, and the squad invariably departs with a holiday aspect. On their return the two chief topics of conversation centre on the appearance of the deceased and the meals which the party enjoyed; and the next day we are drilling again, and the world moves quite as cheerfuly as before.

In the eyes of our captain we are boys, and, to be sure, our average age is scarcely twenty. In those years between seventeen and twenty character is moulded, and it is here that the navy in general, and perhaps this station in particular, performs its greatest service to the country. From these months of healthful exercise and clean environment comes a strengthening of the moral as well as the physical fibre; there is born a sense of unity, order, and discipline; right and wrong are clearly separated and character is brought forward as an honorable and desirable attribute.

In an essay, 'A Twentieth-Century Outlook,' written not long before his death, the late Captain A. T. Mahan voices an opinion that finds fulfillment in the Great Lakes Station, by a happy coincidence to-day commanded by a man at one time his aide: —

> Is it nothing, in an age when authority is weakening and restraints are loosening, that the youth of a nation passes through a school in which order and obedience and reverence are learned, where the body is systematically developed, where ideals of self-surrender, of courage, of manhood, are inculcated, necessarily, because of fundamental conditions of military success? Is it nothing that youths out of the fields and the streets are brought together, mingled with others of higher intellectual antecedents, taught to work and to act together mind in contact with mind, and carrying back into civil life that respect for constituted authority which is urgently needed in these days when lawlessness is erected into a religion? It is a suggestive lesson to watch the expression and movements of a number of rustic conscripts undergoing their first drill, and to contrast them with the finished results as seen in the faces and bearing of the soldiers that throng the streets. A military training is not the worst preparation for an active life, any more than the years spent at college are time lost, as another school of Militarians insists.

In connection with the part the Navy plays in preparing boys 'for an active life,' no better illustrations could be found to verify Admiral Mahan's contention than here before my eyes. Foremost come those general fundamental builders of character which are here taught and inspired — subordination, discipline, team-play, cleanliness, and the readiness instantly to obey. With minds and bodies well-ordered, the boys are separated into groups, to specialize according to their past experience or inclination. In the Yeoman School hundreds of young men are learning stenography, typewriting, and the fundamentals of their mother tongue. For paymaster advancements others are taking up studies, including finance, political economy, geography, and mathematics. In the Department of Public Works, engineers, architects, and draftsmen are being made. Here, with the inspiration of the tapering towers, often lost aloft in morning mists, others learn to send 'winged words.' In the hospitals some are taught the merciful arts of healing, and almost a thousand, under the guidance of the world's greatest band-master, are learning to stir men's souls with music. But chief of all, in the many schools for seamanship, they are learn-

ing to guide our argosies from sea to sea, in the peaceful years to come, and to bring back the heritage of the past. Nor must I fail to mention that great school of ground aviation, where several thousand are learning the intricacies of our coming navy of the sky. We have here a vast university, with a curriculum that builds strongly for the future.

II

My departure from the main station to one of the big outlying camps came — as all things seem to come in the Navy — at a minute's notice. It was a Saturday, and I was already in line to march out for thirty-six hours 'shore leave;' when the order came for me to 'shove off' for Camp Perry, to take up the job of assistant company commander in the Sixth Regiment.

The rank of company commander is peculiar, I believe, to the Great Lakes Station. From the recruits, from time to time, men are selected to act as chiefs of companies of approximately one hundred and fifty men. They are to their companies as a captain in the army is to the men under him — a commander in drills, responsible for the welfare, cleanliness and comfort of the men, and responsible further for the condition of the barracks in which they live. In the front of each barrack, facing the company street, is the room of the company commander and his assistant. In the rear, in two long barracks, the men swing the white hammocks from iron jackstays high above the deck. Under them are the company clerk, who checks the muster-roll and attends to the clerical details, and two chiefs of section, who exercise an under-authority over the men and lead their respective sections in drill.

Camp Perry was filled with men who had practically completed their sojourn on the station, and many of them were serving their second 'hitch,' or reënlistment in the Navy. I had, up to this time, known only the credulous recruit, and my new experience with a crowd erudite in station ways was at first discouraging. In the eyes of a sea-going 'salty' sailor we are all landsmen, and hence 'rookies,' until we have made one cruise; but even among rookies there are grades of distinction, and every man is almost childishly eager to have, at least, a 'sea-going' appearance, although he may never have smelled salt water. Our leggins, for instance, when new, are a rich tan color, but the constant scrubbing of months bleaches them snowy white. Accordingly, the few weeks' recruit soon learns to spend incredible energy bleaching his leggins by artificial means, to approximate the longer enlisted men, and any recipe is eagerly accepted to attain the desired end. I remember, in Detention, how a number of the boys utilized the otherwise futile can of talcum powder provided in our Red Cross kits to powder their leggins each morning. And an enterprising tailor in the nearby city of Waukegan must have acquired a small fortune sewing stiff with cotton thread the brims of our white hats, to give them the desired 'salty' appearance.

There are many types of men here, but they quickly become distinguishable and fall into natural groups. Of these one is the 'hard-boiled' variety that delights in harmless bullying, and when given a little authority, becomes sometimes a burden to the rest of the community. Most of our 'hard-boiled' members have achieved their reputation with the hope that it would give them a bearing supposedly more seafaring. There are a few who are natural bullies, but they are the minority; in the majority of cases, however, the men are without affectation, natural in their

ways and speech, glad to exchange letters from home, and unashamed to show their finer emotions when the occasion arises.

There were about fifteen hundred men in the Sixth, and for the most part they were enlisted in the ground-aviation branch of the service — expert motor-machinists from the great Detroit automobile factories, taxi-drivers, garage-workers, machinists, and a general mixture of various trades combined into one unit. Several of the men in my company wore red 'hash marks' — a diagonal band of red on the sleeve, just above the cuff, each mark signifying an enlistment in the navy. To these was accorded a natural deference due to their long experience, and their habits of dress and speech were quietly observed as a pattern to follow. From them also, in the few idle periods that were allowed us, came tales of foreign ports, of target practice, of the fleet, and of 'shore liberty' in every quarter of the world, with the inevitable windup of a free-for-all to the ultimate victory of the Yankee tar over the crew of some foreign battleship.

Our entertainment is well provided. In the great drill-halls are shown nightly the latest moving-picture films, and on frequent occasions complete theatrical productions are gratuitously staged by the managements of the Chicago theatres. Never, I imagine, have some of the actors and actresses received such ovations. Only a few nights ago I attended a vaudeville performance. Three thousand sailors crowded the front seats in the vast drill-hall. A sailor orchestra played the overture. Then, before the curtain appeared a woman in an evening gown of the rich theatrical vogue, and to the silent hall she sang a new topical song, to the effect that we had crossed the Delaware, we had crossed the Rio Grande, and we would cross the Rhine. At the last note a roar burst from the audience. Again and again she repeated the last verse; and when she finally left the stage, she was weeping, and the crowd had taken up the refrain under the guidance of the waving arms of the leader of the orchestra.

The manly art of self-defense is not neglected in our curriculum, nor, for that matter, are any of the sports that bring recreation to healthy men and boys. A former champion of the Atlantic fleet, now an ensign, U.S.N., is in charge of the boxing, and from our great numbers is drawn a wealth of pugilistic material. On Wednesday evenings in the winter, and in summer in the afternoons in a natural amphitheatre, the talent of the several camps is matched in the ring; and before the cheering white-clad audience nerve, skill, and determination are matched in clean-cut bouts which give indication of the spirit that is here undergoing training to meet on another day, in more bloody fields, an antagonist who may not play so closely to the rules of the celebrated marquis.

Athletics are an important part of the life of a sailor. On sea there are frequent boat-races between ships of the fleet, and at the station we find equivalent competitive exercise in boxing, track-races, and football and baseball games between the teams of the several camps. In winter the basket-ball team makes a fairly extensive tour of the country, and such trips of the athletic teams have their positive value in attracting young men of virile type to the Navy. Wrestling is another sport that brings to the front the manhood of the boy, and I have seen a thousand faces tense in the white electric light following the snaky twistings of the heroes of the padded ring, impulsive cheers recognizing the subtlety of each particular hold. In the basement of

one of the main buildings is a large white swimming-pool; on the floor above, a complete gymnasium stands open for the use of the sailors; and in another part of the same building is a bowling-alley. Jack's physical fitness and entertainment seem assured.

It would be ingratitude to fail to mention the various buildings maintained through different organizations by public contribution, for the recreation and amusement of the enlisted men. First, if for no other reason than by the scope of its operation, is the Y.M.C.A., and the Great Lakes is fortunate in possessing at least half a score of these practical buildings. In them are provided writing materials and desks, and this alone, I am confident, is responsible for fifty per cent of the 'letters home' — letters that without this simple suggestion might never be written. Here also are big warm stoves, magazines, and occasional moving pictures in the evening. I am sorry that the rules of the station, due primarily to the frame construction of the buildings, prohibit indoor smoking. It is the only thing of the kind that the Y.M.C.A. cannot afford us.

Similar buildings are maintained with equal efficiency by the Knights of Columbus; but there are two other activities which seem to me to deserve perhaps even more detailed mention than the foregoing, because of the fact that the more limited scope of their operations has given them less general publicity.

The Young Women's Christian Association fills an unquestioned place in the life of our station. There is something, truly, in the 'woman's touch' that can be found in no organization under masculine direction; and to boys and men far separated from mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, the open fires, chintz curtains, and dainty furnishing of the Y.W.C.A. Hostess Houses give a touch of femininity that is tacitly appreciated. But the even greater function of these houses, presided over by gracious women, whose presence is an inestimable service, is their contribution to the station of a meeting place for men and women; a right environment, where mothers and fathers may meet their boys, and where Nancy may meet Jack for a cup of tea and a sandwich, and listen to something or other on the phonograph while conversation flows on in the quiet channels of decent surroundings.

The other organization that I have in mind is the American Library Association. During the past two months I have been stationed 'west of the tracks,' in Camp Perry, and, later, in Camp Dewey. Midway between is the building of the A.L.A., and here I quickly found a quiet haven for study, in a big, warm, well-aired building, filled with books that met every desire of study or relaxation, presided over by intelligent gentlemen eager to give their help to the war by sharing with the boys their wider intellectual points of view.

III

Our health is a matter of no less concern, however, than our mental welfare, and in this matter the government shares no responsibility with outside interests. Needless to say, our hospitals, dispensaries, and so forth are of the highest order of efficiency; but a description of these is but the description of efficient hospitals anywhere. It is the incidentals that give the pictures. In our barracks our hammocks swing side by side in double rows down the dormitory. To check the spread of colds and contagious diseases, the hospital authorities installed movable cotton curtains, which each night are easily adjusted between the heads of the hammocks. These 'sneeze

curtains,' as they were immediately dubbed, very soon had an appreciable effect on the sickness lists of the regiments.

Happy is the sense of humor of the sailor. Several times each week we are inspected for indications of measles or scarlet fever. As the first sign is a rash on the stomach, it is here that we are inspected. There is a cry by whoever first sees the visiting surgeon, of 'Attention!' then comes the word, 'Belly inspection,' and we fall into line, and with our blouses and shirts pulled up above our breeches march past the doctor. It was a Texan who, with a fine disregard for the majesty of our gold-striped surgeon, secured from the clothing dépôt a paper stencil, such as we use to mark our clothing, and with black paint lettered his bare stomach with 'Good morning, doctor.' There are times when even an officer laughs.

All Texas has certainly enlisted in the Navy, and as our average age is below the draft age, it suggests even to the casual that the spirit of the Alamo goes marching on. Tall and lean, they come from Texas towns, villages, and the open plains. All speak with the rich accent of the south, but most of all they are distinguished by their native manners, which seem to be invariably present. Few of them have ever seen a boat, but all of them are eager to leave their native element and become sailors. They are a splendid class of men, a type that seems to exemplify the ideal American.

Among the men who were directly under me in the regiment was a short sandy fellow who, I learned, had spent a number of years as a sailor on West Coast freighters. Twice ship-wrecked, he had finally retired from seafaring to the less tempestuous occupation of a gold-prospector in Alaska. On a periodic trip to a nearby town he had learned that the country was at war, and without stopping to dispose of his claims, — which held greater possibilities of wealth with every telling, — he hurried to the States and enlisted in the Navy. His chief desire while on the station was to climb one of the four-hundred-foot radio towers and perform a hand-spring on the top; a desire, happily for life and limb, never to be gratified. As it was, his leisure time was completely filled by embroidery and the weaving of mats and fringes from rope-ends.

In the same barracks slept a young ex-minister of the Gospel, whose slight figure and quiet manner contrasted with the rugged physique and picturesque speech of the gold-prospector. They were both willing workers, and a friendship sprang up between them, for each found in the other qualities for wonder and admiration. I never heard the history of the minister, but there was in the intensity of his patriotism a promise for his future.

Many of the men were married, and on Wednesday afternoons, which were set apart for visitors, wives and children were much in evidence. One of the men, a dark boyish-looking fellow, with fine wide-set eyes and constantly smiling mouth had particularly attracted me by his quiet willingness. He had been a motor-expert in one of the big automobile factories at Detroit, and threw up a high-pay job to join the Navy. One Wednesday afternoon he proudly introduced me to his wife and three-year-old daughter. Later, the wife told me of her pride in her husband's enlistment and her satisfaction in having been able to find a good position for herself in order to keep up the earning capacity of the family in his absence.

I was listening one morning to a fellow company commander drilling his company in the street before their barracks. The men were listless, and there

was absent from the drill the smart precision that instantly identifies the drill-work of a sailor. Without long patience he finally halted his men, and in a few short sentences demanded their attention. One sentence in particular I shall never forget, for it is a crystallization of the spirit of the Station.

'Don't just do your bit,' he said; 'The men on this station do their best.'

There is another phrase that is in a sense our motto. It is, 'For the good of the ship.' Landlubbers though we are, we are taught by our captain to consider our camp as a ship in which we must take a true sailor's pride, whose reputation is intrusted to us, a sacred thing. All our speech must be nautical, our life is nautical, and although we live on land, our floor is our deck; when on the station, we are on board ship; and to step outside the gate is to 'go ashore.' For the good of the ship we are taught that the Navy in general, and our station in particular, are judged by our behavior and appearance. To go on liberty requires personal cleanliness; to remain on liberty demands exemplary behavior. It is a single but an inclusive creed, that guides the accumulative spirit of youth.

A few weeks ago we passed in review before the Secretary of the Navy. With our regimental colors standing out in a strong cold breeze from the Lake, we formed in the one wide street and swung into line behind our band. I was marching near the head of the column, and as we turned a bend in the road I looked back at the regiment, extended at right angles to the foremost company Fifteen hundred strong, four abreast, we filled a long half-mile of road. The sky was blue, and the sun heightened the brilliance of white caps and leggins and caught here and there a flash from gray gun-barrels. In the middle of the column, the red bars of the flag made a dash of color, and beside it the blue regimental flag, with its yellow device of the Aviation, flapped in the breeze. From every regimental street similar columns were emerging. Bands were everywhere playing, the music in wind-torn fragments sounding now and again loud in our ears.

Before the Administration Buildings we finally formed, and for an hour we marched past the reviewing stand. Men from every state in the Union, brought together by a common call, we went past. The great band, massed together, thundered its music. From roofs, flag-staffs, and towers multi-colored signal flags dipped and waved. High against the blue above us was the flag of our country. Here was America, with its answer to the world. Here were the inheritors of Perry, Decatur, Hull, Farragut, and Dewey. Here were men from whose number would come new heroes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MORE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

The Swing in the Barn

The swing in the barn is right under
the hay-loft,
And when you are swinging, you smell
the sweet hay.
You start where the shadows at noon-
time still stay soft
And cool, and swing out toward the
hot summer day.

And through the wide open and sun-
shiny barn-door,
It looks like a picture hung up on a
wall;
There 's a kind of gold rug on the
dusty old barn-floor;
You hold tight above it, for fear you
may fall.

I guess it 's like flying. I know that it
would be,
If I could keep going and going as high
As birds do. I wonder if up there I
could see
The world turning round and the houses
go by.

The Band

When the band comes along the street,
Sometimes it does not play. The drum
Monotonously goes tum-tum,
tum-tum,
tumpety-tum,
To mark the time for marching feet.

But presently a tiny sound
One trumpet makes: and all around
The music-things are raised, and then,
I know the band will play again.
And suddenly, as thunder comes,
The horns and trumpets, flutes and
drums
Crash into glorious noise, that breaks
All over me in little shakes.

And all inside me seems to swell
With feelings that I cannot tell.
And I am glad: I can't see why
Just then I *almost* want to cry.

But when the band is out of sight
And I can hear it far away,
It sounds as my tin bandsmen might,
If they could really play.

The Flag

As soon as we are dressed each day,
We raise the Flag before we play.

Jane raises it. She pulls the string.
I shoot the cannon: and we sing
'America.' We sing it loud,
And cheer as if we were a crowd.

Then we salute the Flag, and make
A little prayer for Jesus' sake: —

God bless our Flag
And Soldier Men
Who fight for us
Abroad. Amen.

And after that we feel that we
Can eat our breakfast properly.

US ANGRY-SAXYUMS

THE long train slowed down. A station-agent rushed a brown manila envelope into a grasping hand extended

from the baggage-car doorway, and the engine recovered speed.

Mistaking it for the local I was expecting, I swung onto a car platform, to find myself a stowaway on a troop train which would not stop again until it reached Chicago.

The car bulged with olive-drab uniforms. The aisles were piled with kit-bags. Boys sat on the seats, on the backs and arms of the seats, on each other, and on submerged luggage in the aisle. There were hundreds of boys on that train.

As those at the door 'squeezed up a bit to make room for me in the car (the air on the platform was keen), I felt the onrush of words and the chuckle of throaty laughter. The place was charged with compressed volumes of energy.

It came to me as a second thought that the boys, as well as their uniforms, were khaki. It was the Eighth Illinois, Chicago's colored regiment, going to the war. Erect and lithe, with no slouching or shambling, they were being rushed to conclusions because, for the most part, they themselves had chosen that it should be so.

How they loved the uniform! and i' faith, it liked them well! Their brown skins toned with the olive-drab as though a French water-colorist had planned it. The black accent of hair, and the high light of eyes, were but touches of artistic value.

Suddenly, at the far end of the car, voices rose above the rumble demanding 'Babe.' The whole car echoed the demand: everybody wanted 'Babe.'

In response, a huge tobacco-colored fellow, big of girth and over six feet in height, struggled into a space before the door. Those nearby juggled bags and cases to make room for his feet, so that he might plant them wide apart for balance.

Like a Colossus, like a Hindoo idol, like a bronze statue of Liberty, he waited, his wide mouth puckered, his head held high, the eyes alert like those of a hound listening for the starter's whistle.

'Show us de way, Babe,' urged the car. 'It's all dark. Show us de way.'

Babe's mouth smoothed out and curved into a jack-o'-lantern smile.

'My sangwiches ain't matematicated and mecademized for to show you — all de way,' he answered modestly.

Then came the ping of inspiration. Someone called down the aisle, 'Whar yo gwine, Babe?'

A voice flared through the car — a voice trained to camp-meeting eloquence.

'Whar we-all gwine? We'se gwine to France! Whuffur is we-all gwine to France? We'se gwine to France to fight — to fight for *Lib*butty; to fight for de women an' de lil chillen; to fight fo' de honnah ob de Unitum States; an fur de Glory! Ebery one on us bleeged to bring somepin' back home wid us fur to make de Glory out en — de Glory ob de Unitum States.'

'Huh,' whined a conscientious objector, 'what has de United States ever done fur we-all?'

Like a war-horse who saith with the trumpet, 'Ah, ha!' Job lambasted his questioner.

'Whar was we-all when de Unitum States was born? Wha' kine o' close was we a wearin' den? Huh? Nuthin' but sunshine! Wha' kine o' close we got on now? De uniform ob de Unitum States. Ain't no sogers in de hul army whar look puttier dan we does.'

'Yah! but how is we been treated in de past?' persisted the tormentor.

'Man, dis ain't de past. Wake up! De pas' is pas'. Forgit it. De Unitum States say we kin show what we kin do fur freedom. Dey gin freedom to us once. We is gwine hab de same chance as de white folks is. We has de same

uniform and de same grub and de same pay. We's gwine hab colored officers and our own camp.'

'Whuf fur dey put us in a separate camp? Dey ought n't be no descrimination in de army,' protested some one.

'What you talkin' about — no 'scrimination in de army, you lil black baby boy? Ain't you know dey ain't nuffin but 'scrimination in de army? Dat's de way armies is built. If you gits to be corporal and I ain't, right dar's whar 'scrimination gwine come in. And, anyway, whuffur you want white folks snufflin' round yo' camp? You listen yer. Every lumberjack whar go to France gwine tote somepin' wif him whar ain't in his ole kit-bag. Dat am his disposition. Eberywhar you go, you gwine tote yo' disposition. An' when it am cold an' measly, an' when de captain he gits biggoty, an' when de grub gits scorched, den when yo' disposition gwine show right fru de uniform. Whuffur you want er white man a lambastin' roun' de camp den? No, suh! not for Babe. When you fru wid a hard day's fightin' an' you come er limpin' back to camp, both hands full an' yo' nose er running, an' yo' set down on er log er wood, an' maybe de cook lem you have a bucket o' hot water an' a whuff o' mustard in, an' you untwis' an' untwine your foots an' plump 'em into dat bucket an', my landy! how de comfort soaks fru you! You lights your briar an' — right den comes erlong a white man. "Yer, you nigger," he say, "you take your huffs out'n dat bowl o' bran mash an' you gif it to me"; an' he totes dat bucket erway fur to comfort hisself.'

'Not my bucket he won't tote away!' asseverated Bildad the Shuhite.

'Den you an' dat white man gwine have what de matches got on 'em — friction. No, sah! I don't want no camp 'cepen' jes' only one whar my color am in style!'

Someone shunted Babe back onto the main track by asking, 'What-all is you gwine do fur to make de glory ob de United States, when you gits to France, Babe?'

'Me? What I gwine do? When I gits to France, — you know, when I gits to France, I 's gwine walk right out into No Man's Land, and I 's gwine call ober, "Mistah Kaisah! Mistah Bill Kaisah, you come yer!" An' when he come yer, I 's gwine put my hand on his shoulder an' I's gwine scrooch down and look in his lil face and I 's gwine say, "Mistah Kaisah, *yo' day am come!* You 'se been er-messin' roun' long enough, spokin' de wheels in de factory an' pullin' up de gyarden sass, an' rattlin' on de palin's ob de fence, an' — an' hurtin' lil chillums — big man lik' you! hurtin' lil chillums! Mistah President Wilson, he done sont de black folks ob de Unitum States way ober yer to France to tote a message to you. You ain't de boss of de yarf an' we-all ain't gwine be your slaves. Git dat? No, sah!" Dat's what-all I 's gwine take home fur to make de glory out'n. Bigger dan lickin' de whole German army. I 's gwine let daylight into de nut ob de Kaisah. You jus' wait, Mistah Kaisah. You ain't seed any one fight yit. You wait till us Angry-Saxyums git to France — *Yo' day am come!*'

'Chicago!' suggested the brakeman at the other end of the car, which instantly resolved itself into its component parts.

AN EPISODE

When I was out walking this afternoon, I saw standing at the edge of the wood an old lady — such an erect, bright little old lady. Her arms were full of buttercups. She had evidently lost her path and found herself facing the road, with a step down too high for

her to take. She swept the situation to me with smiling, appealing eyes. I ran at once to give her my hand, and as I looked at her I thought, with a queer tightening of the heart, 'My own best-beloved among women will look exactly like that thirty years hence.' So the clasp of my hand was very warm, and I imagined that she felt the friendly atmosphere, for she quite contentedly put herself *en rapport.*

With a gay little laugh she said, 'Thank you, my dear. I am ninety-four and have taken a long walk for one of my age. Will you direct me to the nearest road to the Hotel Avon, where I am visiting?'

'May I go with you?' I asked.

My request was accorded, and we began to talk the way of all talk this summer of 1917.

'Are you interested in the war?' I asked.

'Why? But of course,' she answered. 'By the way, I am German.'

'German!' I exclaimed amazedly, and gave a quick glance at the proud personality by my side.

She was bonnetless. One sweep of Aubrey Beardsley's pencil, and you would have the line from the top of her head to the tip of her gown. Her forehead was finely modeled; her eyes large, dark, grave, but very vibrant; the nose delicate, the mouth a little tense and sad. One was in the presence of very vital forces. A quick, rushing spirit was there, held in check, one felt, by a fine intellect and a high conscience, and — time was not.

'But impossible,' I said. 'French you might be, or Russian, or American; but German, certainly not.'

'And why not, pray?' she questioned.

'Well, you see, your ancestry must have been a very vivid one; not cautious, you know; not prudent, you must admit, not prudent, exploring in the woods at ninety-four.'

'It is a great delight,' she answered, 'and, for one of my age, a high adventure, to wander off into the woods and along the rocky coast. It is curious how that summer caravansary, the noisy inn, with its restless inaction, makes me feel my years to the full; but in this vast, beautiful out-of-door world I am so very young. One feels Eternity's breath. "As a drop of water into the sea and a gravel stone in comparison of the sand, so are a thousand years to the days of Eternity."'

She paused and drew the figure 80 in the sand at her feet. Then, with a quick glance at the dial of the watch on her wrist, she tossed aside reminiscences and brought herself, with a rapid summing-up, back to date. Her voice was singularly beautiful and individual and unplaceable. I do not know why, but it made me think of Russian music and pine forests.

She said: 'I was brought to America just eighty years ago by an Irish father and a French mother; and I was born in the city of Nürnberg. But I really am that creature which the newspapers are calling unthinkable, unknowable, unbelievable — those absurd words of which there is an epidemic at present. I am a perfectly unimpassioned, unexcitable neutral.'

She brought her cane fiercely to the ground and gave me a challenging look.

'I am quite sure you are all that.' And we both laughed. 'As for me,' I continued, 'I am chancing it with the Allies; for me they have the right working hypothesis. In fact, I am savagely pro-Ally.'

But how very tame and old I seemed in my vaunted partisanship, compared to my old lady in her fierce neutrality.

'Does not Kerensky fire your imagination?' I went on to say. 'He may be the man of the hour. The Russians are a people with a vision. It is unbelievable.'

She smiled dryly.

'Yes,' I insisted, 'it is most unbelievable to see Russia led by a Jew.'

Again the dry smile. 'And how has he led them?' she questioned. 'How long has he been upon the horizon? Do you know history?'

'I do,' I answered, rather too promptly; for she gave a little sarcastic 'Humph!' which for such a gem of an old lady was not over-kind.

'My dear,' she continued, 'I have lived ninety-four years. I use the word "lived" advisedly — I have lived every moment of them.' I was sure that she had. 'I know that the Russians are beasts, beasts of prey, beasts of burden, but beasts always; very filthy beasts most of them. Vision — to be sure they have vision, but they go mad with it. A most unsound, abnormal race, individuality gone mad.' But suddenly into the old lady's eyes came a far-away look, and she said softly, 'The Russians are a wonderful people, a wonderful people. If they hate with passion, they love with passion; and oh, such an instinct for God! But the man of the hour is the man who has always been the man of the hour — the Ancient of Days. A Jew upon the horizon, lifted up for the healing of the nations. Ah!' — she came back sharply to earth, — 'forgive me, my dear; I too am working for the Allies.'

'But,' I exclaimed laughingly, 'that is shameful. You said you were a German. Have you been leading me on?'

'Not at all. Out of a varied birth-certificate, I elect to be German. Perhaps,' she gave me a little whimsical smile, 'because I so disapprove of them. Perhaps because for the moment, and I 'm afraid with good reason, every one in the world is so down on them. Nevertheless it is a sound, sensible, far-seeing race. You know, a bit of German in your make-up may be a good foundation to steady your vision and learn endurance of dull things. But here we are at my hotel.'

'Are you alone,' I asked.

'Indeed, I am not. I am horribly looked after. There will be on the steps, you will see, a frantic old lady with a shawl, watching the four points of the compass. I have a friend whose sole vocation is to look after me. Ever since, at sixty, I received my *arrêt de mort*, she has gone hovering through my life with a shawl.'

My saintly old lady looked for a moment actually ill-tempered!

As we came in sight of the steps of the hotel, there she was, the other old lady, quite fat and humanly old. She was holding a shawl and looking distractedly in every direction. She tottered down to meet us. But my friend, drawing herself up with a flash of the eyes (would that an artist could have seen her!), exclaimed impatiently, 'No, no, Jane, take that shawl at once into the house!' And she waved her hand imperiously.

The fat little old lady looked utterly miserable, opened her mouth to protest, but decided to do as she was bid.

My friend sighed. 'Alas, alas! you find in me a very wicked old woman. And now, my dear child, I am leaving to-morrow, but we meet again. No, I do not intend to convey that it will be in the next world. I mean most probably in this.'

I thought that very gallant for ninety-four.

We were standing at the foot of the hotel-steps, and below was the ocean, radiant in the sunset. We stood together silently for a moment, each absorbed in her own thought. And as we watched the world transfigured into glory by the compelling passion of the dying sun, there grew into the eyes of this amazing old lady an infinite tenderness, a vast compassion, and she said in her sweet, resonant voice, —

'I do truly believe as the sun so ravishes the world with his glory, so the Lord will draw His people, — and they are all His people, — He will gather them together into one camp, Shepherd and Captain, my Lord and my God.'

The world in its culminating beauty paled, became merely a background for this vital creature in whom at the last all the hopes, ideals, purposes of God strove mightily into birth. She turned, hardly seeing me, and automatically held out her hand. I stooped and kissed it, and she passed quickly up the steps into the inn.

THE LAST COAT-BUTTON

I AM — or was until one day last week — one of those people who boast, 'I have only a few real friends, but I think a great deal of them.' Complacently selective, I had never stopped to wonder whether my happiness and success in life were in any way dependent upon that vast army of casual acquaintances which no one goes about year after year without acquiring: people who do not know one very well perhaps, but who have nothing against one, who even feel a faint thrill of pleasure at a meeting, and impart to one the same faint thrill.

An old knight in the sixteenth century was less exclusive than I.

I found his story in a quaint book in the library, as I was looking up some chivalry data several days ago. It was a stained old folio of parchment, published in sixteen hundred and two, that I was reading, so I surmise that the hero of the little incident lived perhaps in the preceding generation. On the back of the book, hardly legible, are the words, 'The Book of Honor.' The rules for honor — in those days — were very curious.

But the one thing in all the book that stood out, like an accusing finger pointing at me, was the incident of the last coat-button.

A ceremonial coat was being made for a certain knight, who, it seemed, had rather original ideas about dress-making. Perhaps he could not write plays, so he had taken out his longing for symbolism in coat-buttons.

At any rate, he had the garment set with gold buttons, one in honor of each of his friends. But the poor bewildered courtier found that there would be a difficulty — no coat that the tailor could make would have room for all the buttons. Here is the account of it, spelling and all: —

'I would (quoth hee) that all my friends might have been remembered in these buttons, but there is not room to contain them all: and if I have not them all, then (said hee) those that are left out may take exception.'

There seemed no way out of the difficulty, until one of the gentlemen standing by, said to him, in the words of the book, —

'Sir, let as many be placed as can be and cause the last button to be made like the character of &c.'

How a button-maker was to make a button which should be like the character &c was not explained in the *Book of Honor*.

However, that solved the problem, to the great delight of the man who was to wear the coat.

The story ends: —

'Now Godamercie with all my heart (quoth the Knight) for I would not have given the cetera of my friends for a million of gold.'

I did not go directly on with my search for data after reading that book. I dawdled. I looked hazily up at the library ceiling for a long time, thinking about many things, and realizing, for the first time in my life, that I would not, either, 'have given the cetera of my friends for a million of gold.'

THE LIVING-ROOM OF THE FUTURE

It is not so very long ago, counted by years, since our houses, or at least certain rooms in them, contained mementoes; but, in fact, it is a generation. In such times men hung their college groups upon the walls, lined their mantels with beer-mugs, now filled only with memories of good times. Trophies of the track and trail were plentiful, and photographs of scenes visited, of old-time resorts or of friends, were allowed wall-room. In certain houses one would find the portraits of bearded young men in uniform, with here and there a battered musket, a brace of pistols, or a sword hung against the wall, mute emblems of a time that our present conflict is bringing more forcibly to mind.

The present generation has migrated from these homely homes. They have built themselves new houses, or they have moved into comfortable and roomy flats. In either case, the architects have tyrannized over traditions. They have built in periods; they have done more than build. They have proceeded to instruct the owners what sort of furniture to buy, what tone of wall-paper to select, what material the curtains should be made of, and, in some cases, what pictures and bric-a-brac should be displayed and what should be consigned to a dark corner in the attic. In short, the house has been created in every particular by the architect, and the owner inhabits it as he would a suite at some fashionable hotel.

The den is often wainscoted in gum-wood, with panels which prevent the use of the walls for pictures, except for an occasional print, which for obvious reasons must be by some well-known master. Bookcases are built in for just so many books, no more, and certain styles of bindings are recommended; the selection of titles, being of less importance is left to the owner. The living-room, done in pale gray with chintz hangings, will not set off the old familiar oil paintings left by some maiden aunt or inherited from grand-parents. The flowery bedrooms demand plain walls, and little furniture except the bare necessities.

And so it goes. These new houses require the newest or the oldest, both costly, and neither possessed of the precious personal touch which spells sentiment, or indicates even the slightest veneration for the possessions or recollections of the generation just passing.

How the present conflict will affect our surroundings is interesting to contemplate. It affects us in every other way, and therefore it may alter our very household gods. It has affected our libraries already, for a flood of war-books has spread to our centre-tables and bookcases — many of them to be preserved as lasting records of the great conflict.

Liberty Loan and Red Cross posters adorn hitherto spotless windows, while we ourselves wear tawdry pins in proof of our patriotism.

Maps of Europe are tacked up on those very gum-wood panels in our dens; and for the children's sake, if for no other, we have allowed the food-posters to decorate the pale gray walls of the living-room. With the entrance of our own boys into the war, come photographs of them in uniform, properly framed and hung in such places as allow them to be most frequently seen; and the litter of papers and illustrated magazines shows the avidity with which the daily activities on the front are followed. A few of us will be wise enough to preserve these magazines, and to start making scrap-books of clippings which refer to such phases of

war as concern our own dear boys at the front.

This litter of papers, this craving for mementoes will be more marked as times goes on; and when the war is over, and our soldiers and sailors come back to their homes, we shall hail with joy their miscellaneous collections of relics. Our dens will become museums. To the bearded portraits of Civil-War time will be added the photographs of our clean-shaven men of this generation who also have done their bit. In some cases these portraits will be the only relic of their heroism.

Is it possible that the architects of tomorrow will not make way for such priceless tokens of our costly victory? or is it possible that, when our own boy returns with his German helmet, his pieces of shell, his hand-grenades, his pictures, and a score of relics of hand-to-hand encounter, the den, or library, or any spot in the house selected, will not be so planned as to receive him with honor, regardless of periods of architecture or styles of decoration? The wheel of fashion will turn, and stop at the indicator marked home. The freedom of the house will be given over to those who return, or to the memory of those who no longer need the shelter of a worldly home, and as a result, individual style will prevail once more. When we pass from the house of one friend to another, we shall find each reflecting the spirit of its inmates and lacking none of the comforts or beauties of the architects' skill. The house beautiful resembles the face and form of man. For real beauty requires character; and a home without home features, a home which does not reflect the spirit and tastes of its inmates, is a mere shelter, no matter how costly.

We hope that the Contributors' Column, to be found near the end of the front advertising section of the Atlantic, will not be overlooked by our regular readers.
—THE EDITORS.

This house is of a form rarely encountered in modern Colonial work—a form which is more English than American, because of its being the expression of more than a century's development.

PROBABLY every one of us at some time has wished to run out into the wild country, put up a shanty and rough it,—not just for a few weeks or months, but for years. Once in a while we hear of someone doing it, and we always envy them—envy their pioneer spirit and their freedom. You'll be interested to read the story in the October HOUSE BEAUTIFUL how an artist and her husband—or a sculptor and his wife, if you prefer—have solved their problem of living in the world and yet keeping their independence of solitude. You will wish you could join them and their children when you hear of their delightful life.

It is a considerable jump from the rough field stone studio in which this family lives to the beautiful Colonial house shown here, but that is just what THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL does—it takes you all around the country and shows you the best types of houses, large and small, expensive and inexpensive. The Octagon House in Washington, now occupied by the American Institute of Architects, is another good example of a brick home. We particularly like the beautiful fireplaces in this house. Then we take you down to Knoxville, Tennessee, to a wonderful old mansion known as "The House of a Thousand Memories"—a home considerably over a hundred years old now. There are other houses, too, houses put up by people of moderate means.

We were delighted the day the photographs of the attractive lamp posts used out in California came to us, for we are advocates not only of beautiful houses, but also of beautiful streets, and we believe most heartily that if the people in any community will get together they can do much towards improving the surroundings for their homes.

In the September issue of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL we showed a group of photographs of a portion of Boston Common which the Women's City Club had turned into vegetable gardens. In the October number we will show pictures of men and women down in Atlanta, Georgia, who, working under the leadership of an enterprising newspaper and one of the Board of Commerce, have a garden they may well be proud of.

There are other features too: "A Winter Garden in the Home," "War Workers in Washington," "The Evolution of the Bungalow," "At Your Service," etc., etc., yes, etc.

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A.M. 10-18

The letters entitled 'The American Spirit,' with which this number opens, are an interesting revelation of the service career of their author, **Briggs Adams,** the son of Major W. I. Lincoln Adams of Montclair, New Jersey. An editorial note on page 447 tells all that is known of the circumstances under which he met his death. **Ralph E. Cropley** is a New York business man, now absorbingly engaged in the military relief (hospital) service of the American Red Cross. His devotion to things of the sea and his well-justified admiration of the gallant conduct of the British merchantshipman in the war inspired his paper, 'Only the Naval Reserve,' which we printed in the April number. **M. A. De Wolfe Howe,** accomplished editor, essayist, and poet, needs no introduction to the readers of this magazine. **Horace J. Bridges** is leader of the Chicago Ethical Society.

* * *

An Elderly Spinster, the fourth of whose tales of the Polygamous City we print in this number, was for many years a volunteer worker in a hospital in Northern India, where she was thrown into relations of peculiar intimacy with Indian women of all castes and kinds. **William Beebe's** 'Sea-Wrack,' like 'The Convict Trail' in the last *Atlantic*, will be included in his forthcoming volume, *Jungle Peace*.

* * *

Henry Osborn Taylor, whose *Mediæval Mind* is a monument of contemporary scholarship, is one of the few American scholars unconnected with an institution of learning. **Katharine Butler,** a young writer of few and distinctive stories and poems, lives at Danvers, Massachusetts. Her last contribution to the *Atlantic* was 'The Black Pearl: a Gossamer Tale,' in the June number. **Miss Hearty Earl Brown,** a new contributor, sends us the little sketch, 'The Marrying Time,' from Lawrence, Kansas. **Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed** is a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago.

* * *

Wilson Follett, late of the faculty of Brown University, is now headmaster of the Roxbury School, Cheshire, Connecticut. The discriminating discussion of the work of various masters of the art of fiction, in which Mrs. Follett collaborated with such happy results, will be remembered by our readers. The last was 'The Historian of Wessex,' published in the September, 1917, *Atlantic*. **Margaret Sherwood,** Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, is one of the most familiar and welcome of *Atlantic* contributors. 'Temple Bar Then and Now' is the last of **Mr. A. Edward Newton's** charming essays on Book-Collecting and allied subjects which we shall print in these pages before the publication of his *Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections*. **Anne Ueland Taylor** is an American woman living in Paris, whence she sends us the spirited little picture of one episode of the American 'invasion.' Our readers are already familiar with the mystical lyrics of **Gretchen O. Warren.**

* * *

Charles Dawbarn is special diplomatic correspondent of the London *Chronicle*. We may not reveal the identity of the writer of the letters of **An Officer's Wife. Gino Speranza,** a native of Connecticut, is a practising lawyer in New York. He went to Italy early in the war and his last letter to us was from Fiesole. Unavoidable delays have prevented the printing of this paper in which Mr. Lewis R. Freeman collaborates with Mr. Speranza, although the *Atlantic* laid plans for it more than a year ago. In the interim, notices of Toti and his exploits have appeared elsewhere, but his whole story is so heroic and unusual that we venture to print it, even at this late day. **Albert Kinross** has had his captain's commission since January. At the date of his last letter, he was in hospital at Cairo, with malaria.

> The Egyptian summer and a 7-day week have been too much for me, and I suppose there's a mosquito in the case. . . . There's a kid in my ward whose servant, a Tommy, seems to own him. They chat or sit silent by the hour. It struck me as unusual till I said something to the kid about his luck in having so good a servant. 'He's saved my life twice,' was part of the answer. No wonder the Tommy — himself a kid — seems to look on his subaltern as his special property. There are lots of such relationships, and I cannot see how the 'class war' can make headway among the men who've been here or in France, or on the other fronts. It may do among the men who've stayed at home, but certainly never among us.
>
> You [Americans] seem to have got well under way now, and it'll mean a lot morally as well as

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By

DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of THE BENT TWIG

This book is fiction written in France out of a life-long familiarity with the French and two years' intense experience in war work in France. It is a true setting-forth of personalities and experiences, French and American, under the influences of war. It tells what the war has done to the French people at home. In a recent letter, the author said: "What I write is about such very well-known conditions to us that it is hard to remember it may be fresh to you, but it is so far short of the actual conditions that it seems pretty pale, after all."

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There are dog stories and boy stories, but this book has a field all to itself. For it is a story about both boys and dogs, and it does for dogs something similar to what "Black Beauty" did for the horse. *With many illustrations*, $1.50 *net*

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physically. Out here, of course, we don't see anything of you except occasional Red Cross workers who, I suppose, are going up to Palestine, to disinfect the stinking place. One of life's bitter disillusions is the gorgeous East. For every patch of gorgeousness you find 1000 acres of squalor — people who put up with lice as a matter of course, and have the impertinence to think their religions the only revelations that have been granted to mankind. Your 'Elderly Spinster' knows them well, and one can't help liking the dogs just as one likes other and cleaner animals.

* * *

A letter from Madame Ponafidine, of a later date than those of the remarkable series which we published in the July *Atlantic*, will interest our readers. It is written from Bortniki, in the government of Tver, the great estate where the writer lives, with her blind husband, in the midst of dangers extraordinarily reminiscent of 1793 in France.

April 4, 1918.

My dear Carrie, —

I sent you a card the other day, when we thought the crisis had come, but again it is put off till next Sunday. Peter says he now understands the relief that persons feel when sentence is at last pronounced, even if the worst.

For three days council sat most of the day and late at night. There are three parties. One for extermination, root and branch; one for turning us out 'forever,' with hand-luggage, but alive; and the other for letting us remain under conditions; and this party is again split into two: one for giving us monthly just the rations that the central committee gives out (2–5 pounds of flour a month); others vote for giving us 20 pounds a month (per head). Three weary days dragged by, with constant news of the violent altercation going on. At last, day before yesterday, as I was reading to Peter by the window, I saw Alec coming through the yard, surrounded by armed peasants, some with swords, but most with rifles and fixed bayonets. At first my heart fell, but I saw Alec was talking with them cheerfully. It proved to be our new committee (the 7th or 8th), militia men, and about 10 of the worst inclined towards us of the neighbors. The committee was very correct. They searched the whole place, weighed everything eatable, and called a meeting of our three villages for the evening. The worst is a persistent accusation against me that is very serious. They declare that all winter I have taken food-supplies, flour, etc., to town, which is an absolute lie. We have sent our valuables to Moscow, and I took clothing to hide in Oshtashkov, but brought it all back (unfortunately, now) when Oshtashkov was being pillaged. The members of the committee, being from a distance, left horses here and said they would come back here to sleep; so I prepared their supper and waited for them and for Oka, for whom we had sent a horse to town. At eleven Oka came, so thin and gaunt, with a tiny canvas bag worth 2 to 3 roubles, for which he paid 45, and in which was the meagre supply of linen he had been able to buy at an exorbitant price. His good English valise, all his books and clothing, had been taken from him. We estimated the loss at 2000 roubles. He and his two classmates, with whom he stayed in Petrograd (a very rich family), used to study in bed until noon, as they felt the hunger less lying down. Three quarters of a pound of bread was given each for two days. They had tea in the morning, without sugar or milk, and half of this bread. I asked Oka how he divided his portion, and he said laughingly, 'I looked at it, mostly.' Dinner and supper were so meagre that they were all constantly hungry, and that because nothing could be had.

At midnight, the committee came back, in a very depressed mood. When I asked them the result, the leader replied, 'It could not be worse.' The assembly was so violent and so one-sided that the committee closed it, giving orders that each village in the entire parish (I think there are 16) send five representatives Sunday to headquarters; and there our fate will be settled. The next day they brought us some supplies into the house, and put their seals on our barns, storehouses, etc., and took the keys. The night the committee was here we all undressed, and thought we would have such a good sleep, with so many armed men in the house; but Peter never shut his eyes all night. To-day is Thursday, and we must wait till Sunday. To-morrow Alec and I go to town, leaving Oka with Peter, to try to find a place if we have to go. I think starving is worse than being killed outright, and if they turn us out and take all our bread, I don't see how we can live. Even at the best, if we stay here, next autumn will bring starvation. They say I have 'been a lady long enough and must work,' and have taken away my cook, who was cook and maid-of-all-work. I cook now (and I don't know a thing about it, more shame to me!), and have a little girl who helps. You see, all the water has to come in and out of the house, and so many stoves to heat this bitter cold. Alec and Oka do the outside work, chopping and bringing wood, water, hay, etc. Not sleeping well, I am getting so weak and tired, I am in constant dread of breaking down. If I can only hold out so long as Peter needs me, then I have no desire to continue.

No news from George. His last letter was dated two months ago. In former times one could always get news through the staff, but now nothing can be done but wait and hope. If the worst happens and any of them escape, they will try to get to America, where they can find work. I get absolutely no letters from America or England. I doubt if you get mine, but I must write — the loneliness is awful. We all send much love to you all. Lovingly, Emma.

P.S. Poor Madame Tolstoi is in great need. She lives on horsemeat, as all our friends do, and is now being turned out of Moscow and does not know where to go. We may come to it, but so far we prefer doing without meat to eating horsemeat, though Alec and Oka did in Petrograd.

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In connection with his paper on the 'Education of Henry Adams,' Mr. Taylor writes us that he thought it wiser to leave it to others to pass judgment on Mr. Adams's scientific position and his handling of the data of natural science. But he has sent us a letter written by Mr. Adams to him in 1905, bearing upon such matters. It is in Mr. Adams's unique epistolary vein. Having thanked his correspondent for some references, he proceeds:—

My own interest in the subject is scientific to such an extent that my play with it is awkward, like a kitten in walnuts. I am trying to work out the formula of anarchism; the law of expansion from unity, simplicity, morality, to multiplicity, contradiction, police. I have done it scientifically, by formulating the ratio of development in energy, as in explosives, on chemical energies. I can see it in the development of steam power, and in the various economies of conveyance. Radium thus far is the term for these mechanical ratios. The ratio for thought is not so easy to fix. I can get a time ratio only in philosophy. The assumption of unity which was the mark of human thought in the Middle Ages has yielded very slowly to the proofs of complexity. The stupor of science before radium is a proof of it. Yet it is quite sure, according to my score of ratios and curves, that, at the accelerated rate of progression shown since 1600, it will not need another century or half century to tip thought upside down. Law, in that case, would disappear as theory or *a priori* principle, and give place to force. Morality would become police. Explosives would reach cosmic violence, disintegration would overcome integration. . . .

Your work is of a totally different kind. I have no object but a superficial one, as far as history is concerned. To me, accuracy is relative. I care very little whether my details are exact, if only my ensemble is in scale. You need to be thorough in your study and accurate in your statements. Your middle ages exist for their own sake, not for ours. To me, who stand in gaping wonder before this preposterous spectacle of thought, and who can see nothing in all nature so iconoclastic, miraculous and anarchistic as Shakespeare, the Middle Ages present a picture that has something to be brought into relation with ourselves. To you, there is no difficulty in transferring ourselves into the Middle Ages. You require serious and complete study, and careful attention to details. Our two paths run in a manner parallel in reverse directions, but I can run and jump along mine, while you must employ a powerful engine to drag your load. I am glad to know that your engine is powerful enough.

Time is very short, but at any rate our middle ages are long, and the rest matters little to us now. What I most want is an intelligent man of science, a thing I shall never find.

Ever Yrs.

HENRY ADAMS.

The following rejoinder speaks for itself.

SAGAMORE HILL, *August* 10, 1918.

TO THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:—

Three gentlemen have written the Contributors' Column about my comment on Mr. Scully's article concerning the ostrich.

One is evidently not in the least concerned with the truth of the statements, but has eager hopes of a controversy between Mr. Scully and myself. This amiable apostle of altercation looks on the matter in the spirit of the philosophical backwoodsman, who, finding his wife engaged in conflict with a bear, remarked, 'Go it, old woman! Go it, b'ar!' His interest in the truth is as tepid as the backwoodsman's interest in domestic felicity. There is no use in dealing with him, because our minds do not meet.

Another writes of an awesome adventure, which a friend of his related to him. The point of the anecdote with which the guileful friend entertained the overtrustful *Atlantic* contributor rests on the entirely groundless assumption that the ostrich does not hurt a man who is lying down, because it thinks he is dead. This belief is without a shred of foundation. The ostrich is physically unable to damage a man lying down, and his shamming death has nothing to do with the matter. Mr. William Beebe, who has written much in the *Atlantic*, is a field-naturalist of exceptional experience and exceptional accuracy of observation. He has himself undergone the experience of being attacked by an ostrich, and escaping by lying down. He informs me that, not only is it unnecessary to sham death or remain motionless, but the man can and does, if he knows his business, work his way to a place of safety by grasping the ostrich by the neck and upsetting it; I think he said he had done this himself, or else seen it done. He says that the ostrich is not only unable to hurt the man who is lying down, but is so silly and awkward that it is easy to grasp its neck and upset it. Whereupon it struggles clumsily for some seconds before it can rise, giving the man a chance to run fifty yards or so before he is overtaken; and he can repeat the experiment until he reaches the point he is aiming at. And this is the creature said to be 'as dangerous as a lion' to an unarmed man!

The third gentleman says the peacock was domesticated, not for its beauty, but to eat; and as proof points to the fact that occasionally, at the ostentatious feasts of the mediæval mighty, a peacock was served (with its train of brilliant feathers complete). By parity of reasoning, the fact that wealthy and vulgar Roman epicures, in a similar spirit of ostentation, served dishes of nightingales' tongues, should be accepted as proof that the ancients did not regard the nightingale primarily as a singer, but as possessing an edible tongue. Of course, in each case the explanation is the direct reverse. As the nightingale was a wonderful singer, persons with a desire for expensive and tasteless extravagance thought it fine to eat the tongue. As the peacock was an expensive and beautiful rarity, the unwashed social elite of the Middle Ages believed

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that it added distinction to their gross feasts to serve the old cock bird with its tail-feathers. Incidentally, if the desire had merely been for good food, the hens, and the young cocks not yet in full plumage, would have been chosen.

Again: I have seen African savages eat part of the heart and fat of a lion, with the idea that, by something akin to sympathetic magic, they thereby acquired the valor and vigor of the beast. To suppose, therefore, that the savage hunted the lion primarily because he was edible, would be substantially similar to supposing that the peacock, a symbol of splendor from the earliest times, was domesticated because it could at a pinch be eaten. Monkeys can be eaten; I have eaten them. Ivory tusks can be used, and have been used, for building stockades, in place of logs. But when Solomon imported peacocks, apes, and ivory, he no more intended to use the apes and peacocks in his kitchen than to use the ivory instead of bricks in the foundations of his temple. He imported them all alike for purposes of splendor.

I am not in the least interested in controversy. I am immensely interested in scientific truth. Some statements about alleged scientific truth can be shown to be unscientific and untruthful; and accordingly this ought to be shown. In other cases, seemingly conflicting statements may or may not both be true; and it is desirable to find out which is the case. As an illustration, take Mr. Scully's statement in a recent article about the lion's charging with his tail erect. I have once or twice seen a lion throw his tail erect before charging. In the few cases where I have seen a lion charge, it has come on with its tail straight out; and if there was a sudden change of direction, the tail was slewed to one side, like a rudder. I should much like to know from competent observers which is the ordinary rule, and whether there are exceptions to it, and if so, whether these exceptions are common or very rare.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

From any experienced hunter or observer, whether a trained naturalist or not, the *Atlantic* will be glad to hear further on this subject.

* * *

Truly, 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh' the call to service! Witness the following, printed exactly as written.

IROQUOIS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

DEAR MISTER EDITOR, —

I have been reading mothers Atlantic Monthly and saw where the soldiers were anxious to obtain copies of it, so if you will send me the name of one I will forward the Atlantic Monthly to him each month.

I am ten years old, and would like very much to have this soldier as a brother during the course of the war.

My own brother is only fourteen and too young to go into the service, but is going to a military school, my daddy entered the service May 1917.

I sincerely hope you will be able to find a war brother for me.

Very truly yours,

HELEN BARTLETT ASHBURY.

August 13, 1918.

* * *

We hope that many Americans who picture Paris in the colors of novels they read in their college days followed the Abbé Dimnet's papers in the August and September *Atlantic*, on the 'Real Paris.' In this connection, we may quote a letter just received from a distinguished Frenchman: —

You tell me that it seems extraordinary to you that every Frenchman you see to-day in the U.S. 'preserves the same calm demeanor.' Be quite sure that this calm demeanor that you have an opportunity to observe in my countrymen beyond the sea is the one of each of us here. This calmness results from our common feeling about the situation. Urgent necessity, on which it is not useful to debate, prescribes to us a very simple duty, a very clear fate: to die or to win. People are easily calm when they do know their duty and their fate.

It is indeed extraordinary to see how much two friendly nations are unaware of their respective character. How could we know your American soul? How could you know ours? You saw France and the French people through our newspapers and novels; newspapers, novels and plays showed to you a wholly fictitious people; our French families, our Frenchwomen are as different from the families and ladies spoken of by the authors as the common type of French citizen is from a Parisian journalist. War is a good school for each of our nations. We appreciate the moral qualities of each other. You find out our calmness and strength of mind as we find out your own high idealism.

* * *

Our readers will be glad to hear the latest news from Captain Hall, 'Prisoner of War, No. 44705/II, Staumlager, Reserve Lazaretto No. 2, Saarbrücken, Germany,' received as we go to press.

You may have heard by this time that I have had the misfortune to be taken prisoner of war. During a combat on May 7th, one wing of my aeroplane broke and almost at the same minute a shell from an anti-aircraft gun struck my motor, a direct hit. I was some distance in German-held territory and had no chance to fall in our lines. Had another very lucky fall. Only one sprained ankle and another broken one. Have been in hospital ever since, but can walk quite well now with crutches.

Have been very courteously treated. Not the slightest complaint to make. Food is sufficient to keep one in health. I am hungry for books, though. I should like to read 18 hours out of the 24. Here there are no English books.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1918

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

LETTERS OF BRIGGS ADAMS

CAMP BORDEN, *October* 6, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER, —

The weather remains unsettled, — windy and bitterly cold, — so we are working under difficulties. I made three flights this morning, of about an hour each. The clouds were low, so I had a lot of valuable practice going through them. They are veritable whirlpools of criss-cross currents. I worked in them about an hour, till I felt fairly confident. When I came down, my machine was glazed with ice from the condensed vapor freezing. I never was so cold, in spite of two sweaters, coat, and lined leather overcoat. But a sixty-mile wind below freezing-point is bound to get through anything. I honestly don't see how they can keep this place going a month longer, as they intend to, the days are getting so short and the weather so bad. I would rather have been spanked than go up again after my second trip, but I had to go just the same.

Before breakfast I went up to about 5000 feet, where there was n't a bump, — about 1000 feet above the clouds, — and I sailed along for an hour watching a glorious sunrise. The clouds looked so fleecy white, all billows and projections; and an occasional one towered up like an iceberg. It made me feel as if I might be standing at the North Pole on a snow-covered ice floe. The place seemed to have the stillness of the North Pole; not a sound, nothing stirring the least bit. I could n't see the ground, so the illusion was complete — particularly the cold, there was no illusion about that. I spoke of the stillness, which is a fact. For the noise of the engine is smoothed into a sort of roar by the wind, and this roar being absolutely constant, you cease to notice it after a time, and it becomes a state; thus absolutely whispering silence is there in effect. But let that engine miss or slow down the least bit, and at once you hear it, just as when you hear a clock stop which you have not noticed ticking.

I went way up then, because I wanted to try some vertical banks, and whenever trying anything new, the higher you are, the safer, for it gives you more time to recover in case of trouble. A fellow was killed here to-day because he tried a stunt when only a few hundred feet over the ground. Whereas another fellow yesterday tried the same stunt, missed it the same way, and went into a nose-dive, but after 1500 feet was able to get out of it. A little time and space is all that is necessary to recover from any imaginable position. So you see I am very cautious, and I was n't even trying anything very

difficult. The nearest example to a vertical bank that I can think of is what you may have seen at some vaudeville or circus some time, where a man gets inside of a huge barrel-shaped affair made of slats and rides a bicycle round in it. As he gains in speed he can move farther and farther up the sides till he is perpendicular to them. Ordinarily you take an easy bank or something less than 45. But when you bank steeper, you have to use your elevator as rudder and rudder as elevator. The transition came more naturally than I expected it would. But the way that nose swept round the horizon was a caution. You know, sighting along the top of the engine-cover to the radiator, you always keep your level by the horizon line. That is why, when in a cloud, you no longer can be sure she is longitudinally level. You can always see a lateral change in the machine itself.

I tried several vertical banks on each side, till I was sure I had the idea. Now I have three things I did n't have when I came up, all of the utmost value — the spiral glide, which makes a safe landing possible in case of engine failure; confidence in clouds, which often have to be traversed; and a vertical bank, of great value in avoiding a collision. That vertical bank will turn you about in a circle that must be no greater than one hundred feet in diameter; and when you consider that you are traveling in one direction in that small radius, it is *some* turning. It took me quite a while to start the first vertical bank, for, unlike making the first landing, you did n't have to make this. Something kept urging, 'Oh, go in; wait till another time; no one will ever know the difference.' And then, 'Well, you have got to do it some time or go down and be a mechanic.' So do it I did, and the doing was many times easier than the determining. And each thing I do will make it easier to do the next, like a habit; also each accomplishment gives such a gain in confidence.

CAMP BORDEN, *October* 14, 1917.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

Now, I want to tell you something which I have n't up to this time, because I wanted to save you needless anxiety. It can't make you anxious now, for I have completed it, and shall do no more stunts. I did not expect to do any when I first came here, but finally decided I must, for I was afraid to. The fellow who had done them seemed to have more to him than I, and I am determined to be as good as any, and better than most, for only so can I expect much chance of coming back. The dubs and boneheads get picked off quickly, and likewise those who lack the nerve to do something and hesitate an instant too long in an emergency. So you see I had to get rid of every atom of fear and gain this quality, which a few others seemed to have. It is n't daredeviltry or rashness; before going up I had the mechanic look at the machine and give it a thorough inspection, so that I could be sure it would not give way. Then I talked with the officer, and found exactly what to do. First I tried a loop, and that is the easiest of all stunts, requiring a simple gain in speed by nosing down slightly and then pulling straight up until she gets up over. It is a wonderful sensation, to feel the machine rise up and up on its graceful curve as if some giant hand were tossing it; then the swoop down and out onto the level. I tried several, until I lost all sense of confusion and was perfectly aware where I was, in any position. It is ten times easier to do than the vertical bank, for that requires a reversal of the controls and use of all three. In the loop there is only one simple straight bank, the other two being neutral. Next time I went up, I tried a stall and tail-slide. That

is much the same as a loop, only having less speed. You merely go up until the machine is vertical up and down. There you lose headway, shutting off the engine, and slide tail first for the ground. And as you begin to move, the air gets under the tail and begins to lift it. The weight of the engine drops the nose, and you come out in a simple glide. It is easier even than the loop. I did it second because the sensation was rather strong.

Then we had a couple of bad days until to-day. Meanwhile, I was figuring. I asked myself what is the worst possible sensation I can get. I decided it would be the tail-slide upside down, so I worked out a way that I could do it. Starting out at a simple stall, I went slightly past top vertical; then pushed the elevator clear forward, which allowed the air when dropping to hit the top side of the tail instead of the bottom, as in the ordinary tail-slide. This got the desired motion — tail-sliding upside down; but very quickly the tail was lifted farther, the engine dropping, and the machine completed the backward somersault, coming out as usual in the simple nose-down glide, when I pulled up level.

Next I tried the so-called Immelman turn, where you nose up nearly vertical, slide down sideways, and pull up out of the nose-glide going in the opposite direction. It is a turn invented by Immelman, and is the shortest possible way of going in the opposite direction — far quicker than vertical bank turn, and a most effective manœuvre for an aerial fighter. Having done now all possible stunts that the Curtis machine is capable of, and in addition invented a stunt of my own, I started in and just threw the machine around this way and that, letting it fall sideways, backwards, every way, chucking the controls this way, criss-crossing them, letting them go entirely; always the weight of the engine would swing her down and straighten out in a simple nose-glide from which it is easy to pull out level.

Now I feel that I have banished every single atom of fear of this new element, air. I feel quite gratified that I have done so, for now, no matter what happens, I can't feel afraid and get rattled. Many fellows have been killed by being thrown accidentally in a bad position and getting scared and rattled. I can't be killed in flying now. You see, when I get to fighting, not having to think of my machine, I can concentrate on the fighting, and so bring down an adversary.

There are only a dozen out of the whole camp, exclusive of officers, who have done even the simplest stunts; and my rather novel stunt has caused quite a little interest, which is, naturally, fun for me. Of course it has often been done before in different machines, but it is a new one for this camp.

Now I have accomplished my purpose, I shall do no more until we get over to the other side, where the machines are built and adapted for such things. Ever so much love.

CAMP BORDEN, *October* 16, 1917.

This afternoon the sky was full of those great broken masses of thick, puffy white clouds, with sky appearing so clear and deep blue between them. I climbed up between some until I was on top a thousand feet; then I flew along for an hour or more, with the wheel just touching their upper surface. I could almost imagine they were turning. It seemed like riding in a mythical chariot of the gods, racing along this vast, infinitely white field, stretching off endlessly in every direction. The clear open sky above veritably is Heaven, as we imagined it in childhood. Occasionally I would pass over an opening so I could look down

and get my location direction; but except for these occasional breaks, the world was completely shut out. The celestial illusion was perfect, and it was hard to come away from it — really quite a tug. Then came the glide down — a wonderful sensation to pass through the air with engine shut off so that you really seemed to be floating, or rather swimming like a fish in water, making great sweeping spiral curves. . . . Sometimes I would drop and tear through the air like a meteor at 150 miles an hour, with the wires shrieking with the wind; then nose up again and slow down. O! I wish so much you could have been with me on that ride, for you would have enjoyed it. It was so beautiful, and to get away above the world that way — outside of it — in a heaven of absolutely unmarred beauty! . . . You seem to expand with it — where there is no measure, there are no bonds.

I went up again just before sunset and remained until the sun had gone down. I flew toward the sunset, until I was actually in those frail mists of vapor which assume such exquisite colors. When seen from the ground, they seem to be color-painted on the plane surface of the sky. Up there the different strata of color and the irregular bits of cloud seem to stand out in relief, like the figures in a picture seen through a stereoscope. Flying close to one of these wisps so intangible in substance, and yet so clothed in color, I felt the impulse to put out my hand and touch it, touch and feel color in its substanceless essence.

Tenderest love.

CAMP BORDEN, *October* 23, 1917.

I have felt when I was above there, with the world shut out, that I might meet Carol, for it does not seem as though I were in this life at all. The beauty and unreality and the absolute aloneness are so totally different from any known experience in all the world's history, that you cannot feel yourself. It seems as if it was just your spirit. The grotesque fanciful shapes of cloud-projections, as you wind in and out among them, are so incomparably white, the air is so cold and so devoid of dust and moist particles, that it seems as if there were no air at all. With the illusion of absolute awful stillness, little wonder that I can feel that I might come upon her on the other side of the next cloud.

Love to all.

CAMP BORDEN, *October* 24, 1917.

MOTHER DEAR, —

I feel no bitterness against the Huns as individuals or as a race. It is war that I hate, and war that I am willing to give all to end as permanently as possible; for it is n't the men that war kills, it is the mother's heart which it destroys that makes it hateful to me. War personified should not be the figure of death on a body-strewn battlefield, as it so often is. It should be pictured as a loathsome male striking a woman from behind — a woman with arms tied, but eyes wide open. To kill that figure because it has struck my own mother — that is what I am exerting myself and all the will in my being to accomplish. It hurts me so to think of the ever-growing hopelessness that a mother has to bear. The impotency to do anything — just sit and wait, wait, wait. It is so immeasurably harder than to go out and risk death, or meet it, as we can. To me it seems like a great final examination in college for a degree *summa vita in mortem*, and it challenges the best in me — spurs me on to dig down for every last reserve of energy, strength, and thought. As I said in my letter to Dr. Mills, — a thought suggested by Dr. Black, — 'Death is the greatest event in life,'

and it is seldom anything is made of it. What a privilege then to be able to meet it in a manner suitable to its greatness! Once in your life to have met a crisis which required the use of every last latent capacity! It is like being able to exercise a muscle which has been in a sling for a long time. So for me the examination is comparatively easy to pass. But for you it is so much harder and the degree conferred so much more obscure.

I found it a great help to work with another fellow preparing for examinations in college, even if he knew less about the subject than I, for there were always things he could help me with, in return for something I could help him with, and just the fact that we were working together gave comfort and strength. We will buckle to it for a long 'grind' . . . and if I should complete my course before you, which means that your exam. will be even longer and harder, then don't give up; work all the harder. I think I realize how much harder it will be, but I count on you to do it. That will be your life's great opportunity, to live on when the weariness is so great that everything in you cries out for 'eternal leisure.' If that occasion arises, you must hear in it the supreme challenge, and hold up your head and respond; and then, when the time comes, you will have lived a life infinitely more worth while than mine can be at best, because it will present so much larger an opportunity. It is because, as a rule, men's lives never have such an opportunity presented, that they look to another life hereafter. But with a righteous struggle such as this, life would be complete. There would be no need for another, and if there is another, so much the better; but it can take care of itself, and there is no need to bother one way or another about it.

Deepest love and affection always.

School of A. G., Fort Worth, Texas.

I am taking too much pride in my clear record thus far to let anything break it. I have never been checked up for being late on parade, dirty buttons, needing shine, or shave, as almost everyone has, one time or another. That is one reason I was picked for a corporal. There are a hundred and fifty cadets in this course, and fifteen corporals, so that puts me among the first fifteen of the bunch. That does n't mean much, and yet it is significant of what I have been aiming at in all my work — to be better than the average, that is, as in my last year at college; not only, not be in the D or E class, and not in the C or good-enough average class, but in the B and A class — better than is absolutely necessary. For considering the curve of mortality, it is drawn to fit the average and indicates a certain percentage of that average that must be killed. Being in the above-the-average class, the curve is no longer true, the percentage is far less. In the average class, say you have a fifty-fifty draw, then it is as likely to be you as the next fellow. In this class you reduce the element of chance. That, I believe, was one of Napoleon's plans. He made a plan considering all known contingencies, then, in addition, he gave it extra strength to reduce the element of chance, until its success could not be thrown in doubt even by something unforeseen. So you see it is n't any virtue in one to be trying for a good record: it is the desire to come back and enjoy my life, the family, the farm, etc., that gives the incentive. I knew I could learn to fly all right, but I was n't sure of the gunnery, for that requires a different sort of skill; but I find I am beginning to get considerable accuracy, and before I finish I shall get it good. Then let the Hun do his worst, and I will go him a point better.

This gunnery is great fun, for we

have so many different sorts of practice. The range-work consists in plain target-shooting, shooting at silhouettes of machines with aerial sights, which allow for the speed of travel, etc. — that is, learning to give the proper deflection of aim so your bullets will cross the enemy's line of flight when he is crossing the bullet's line. Then we have surprise targets, which pop up at certain intervals here and there, and you load, aim, and shoot a burst. It is a training in quickness and precision. The idea is to make shooting as much a second nature as flying. We also have shooting at toy balloons and clay pigeons. Occasionally buzzards fly over, and we all pot away at them. In the air we have the camera gun-practice, flying the machine and shooting at the same time. Then, flying with a pilot, while you stand in the rear cockpit with a gun on a swivel and shoot at a target towed by another machine, or at silhouettes of machines on the ground, getting practice in diving down within a few hundred feet, firing a burst, and soaring up again. You can see it is all very valuable and practical work, and very interesting.

Then, in addition, there is the work on the guns, the care and cleaning, and the knowledge of the action and names of parts, etc. All this I have absolutely cold, for it requires only study. We also have practice on jams, so we can quickly fix the gun, spot the trouble instantly, and know just what to do. Air-battles are a matter of seconds only, each second may mean a lifetime, so an absolute knowledge of the gun is essential. Some fellows borrow others' notes and skin through any old way, but that seems shortsighted to me.

In case you see reports of men being killed down here, — there have been three this week, — you don't need to worry about me, for in each case it has been their own fault, 'stunting' and taking chances too close to the ground, so they did n't have a chance to get out of their trouble before they hit. And in this gunnery course there is no chance of trouble, for it is straight work and no solo work, always with an experienced pilot.

Lots of love to all the family.

January 12, 1918.

Dear Father and Mother, —

I have begun flying one type of machine which is not much different from the one I learned on, and shall have no trouble at all handling the other types we must fly. Yesterday two of the machines we are to fly at the front arrived and are being put together. They are wonderfully big powerful machines, holding the altitude record for the world, some 29,000 feet, and will climb up four miles in about half an hour. They certainly will be a joy to fly. Bombing is particularly attractive to me, for, instead of aiming to kill men, as in fighting on the ground or even in scout-fighting, we aim to destroy war manufactories, material things made to kill men. Thus we are striking at the very base of war. And this is most satisfying to me. For I am not in here for the sake of international treaties or patriotism, but to make war on war, because two summers ago I learned how much worse it is than the mere killing of men.

In this branch of aviation there is not the opportunity for personal distinction that there is in the scout-fighting; but even if I do not return a hero, I guess you won't mind much, and probably my chances of returning are better. Meanwhile there is a great deal to be learned, — all about the science of bombing, navigation, and night-flying, — which will occupy two or three months; so, all in all, you have far less to worry about than we supposed when I left. Oh, that was such a perfect two

weeks, absolutely satisfying and complete in every possible way; and I live it over and over, and it helps pass the time till some more mail comes. It seems as if some must come now in a day or so, for the other fellows have been receiving American mail the last few days, so mail is being forwarded, I expect.

You would have been amused yesterday, father, at tea. One of the fellows — English he was — came in and noticed we had toast instead of plain bread. 'Oh, toast! I say, orderly, have you a few drippings, you know?' You can imagine the intonation. Instead of having butter, we use a very good grade of margarine, but in asking for it at table we say, 'Will you pass me the camouflage?' Much love to all.

January 25, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER, —

The day before yesterday they finished assembling two of the machines of the type we are to fly at the front, and one of the English fellows who has been here longest was given instruction on it all afternoon, and then put back on one of the old machines till he could make better landings. Yesterday morning I was taken up for ten minutes' instruction, made one landing, and allowed to go off solo. It is a wonderful big machine, a regular thoroughbred, as different from these other machines as a Pierce-Arrow is from a Ford. And they are very careful of them, for they represent about, I should say, twenty thousand dollars, and with a little carelessness you could wipe out in a minute the work of skilled laborers for many months. So I appreciated their confidence in me, being the first pupil in the whole squadron to fly it alone. I think I gained their confidence by the way I brought in the machine I wrote about in the letter to Wilson yesterday.

Well, I took it off and went up for a while, to try it out in the air and get used to it. Most machines have a very limited range of speed, having to land almost as fast as they fly. But this has a device by which you can regulate the angle of a certain plane, and so make the machine fly level, hands off, or climb, or glide down at an astonishing slow speed for landing compared to what it will fly at. You can land as slow as sixty, and it will fly well over a hundred, and, with the engines which the machines are equipped with at the front, quite a bit faster. But on account of the larger size and weight, a hundred and twenty miles in these does not seem much faster than sixty in the others, unless you pass one of them in the air, or fly down to the ground. Then I made a few landings successfully, and went up about a mile and made several successive loops. The major was most delighted when I came in, for not even an instructor had stunted these machines here. But I have never seen such strength, such response to the controls, such a real engine. These are built for service, and you can have confidence in them, and it is a real joy to drive them.

After lunch I went up again and climbed to 16,000 feet — that is over three miles. I noticed not the slightest difficulty in heart or breathing, and I believe that those who do have trouble, have it mainly from apprehension. At this height it was exceedingly cold, but keeping my head in the centre behind the cowling, I was perfectly warm. I flew west over the *plains of Salisbury*, where so many famous battles of English history have taken place. Then down to Southampton, and out away over the Channel. If it had been a clear day, I could easily have seen France. On the way back I glided down a mile, going at times nearly a hundred and sixty miles an hour. Even in the air you can appreciate that that *was* traveling. I leveled off to rest my

ears a bit. Then, directly over the aerodrome, I went into a nose-spin, that is, nose and tail vertical, revolving round the axis of the body like a corkscrew. I kept in that for a mile straight down, and found it delightful and not a bit confusing. In fact, I would glance at my altitudes to see how low I was getting, look at the air speed-indicator, see to the temperature of pressure-gauges, look out on the revolving country, perfectly clear-headed and comfortable and calm in what, until it was understood, was supposed to be a fatal stunt. To come out, I merely released all the controls, and she came out and leveled off at once of her own accord. I have seen one or two loops over the aerodrome, but not a spin. Then the last mile I glided down in long graceful spirals and turns, and came in.

I found the camp, all work stopped, standing round watching. The colonel of the wing himself was there, and complimented me on my flying — 'Splendid exhibition, Adams!' He is the funny, former-actor colonel, with the monocle. He even removed it to have a look at me, for he can't see with it on. Two or three of the Canadians were asking me how she flew, and they said they were glad I had shown up some of these 'lead-swinging' Englishmen. Lead-swingers are those that stall along, doing as little as they possibly can, hoping the war will be over before they finish. There are quite a lot of them. You see the best of them are already over there or dead.

Flying this machine graduates me, so my papers are to be sent in at once, and now I shall draw full pay, plus flying pay, and get full pay not drawn since I was commissioned, made up from that date. If it goes through by the first of the month, I shall be comfortably fixed and be able to get a few things I need very badly. I have only one more hour to fly on this machine now, a few simple ground tests in machine-guns, etc., and I shall be finished. It ought not to take more than two or three days more. Then I go to the Aerial Gunnery Squadron in Scotland, near Glasgow, I believe, for a week or two, and then I'm ready for business in France; where, I trust, I shall be able to do some creditable work, for I do feel very well prepared. With such a machine you need have little worry. I mean that.

Best love to all.

January 27, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER, —

I have now only to wait for a clear day to finish just an hour's work, and I shall be done here. I am so pleased, for I am ahead of everyone else in the squadron, regardless of how long they have been here, and have won the confidence of the instructors as well as of several fellows who have asked to go up with me. When one pupil is willing to go up with another, it is quite a mark of confidence, for generally you feel nervous unless you are with an instructor or driving the machine yourself. And when I get to France, I am determined it shall be the same way. Before I finish, I want to be the first man in the squadron. It is best that way. You know it is the last man the Huns always watch out for. But you must n't expect immediate advancement, as in the case of Oswald, for our work is done more in squadrons than as individuals; it is team-work, so I won't be winning distinction. However, if I can hold up my position in the team and play with them, I shall be content.

January 30, 1918.

DEAR BETH, —

I am feeling rather badly off to-night, in consequence of a most unfortunate accident to-day in which I was really a contributing cause, if indirectly. You

see, I was the first one in the squadron to fly one of the new machines, and I gave a pretty good exhibition to these Englishmen of what American blood can do. So another Canadian, next furthest advanced to me, naturally wanted to try the same things, and as a result, the machine collapsed, both wings falling off 4,000 feet up, and he was killed. A perfectly wonderful fellow, jolly, and liked by everyone. You would n't have felt so badly about it if he had been shot down at the front, for there is so much satisfaction in such a death; or even if he had been killed doing something foolish, or stunting close to the ground. Those accidents happen frequently, and we just shrug our shoulders and carry on. But this was absolutely no fault of his. Furthermore, it happened in the same machine I had stunted in, and while these are war-machines, built to stand anything, I feel, perhaps, I may have strained something which gave way under the stress this time. Of course I am in no way responsible, but it does bring it pretty close to me, and I feel terribly about it.

Affectionately your brother.

TURNBURY, AYRSHIRE, SCOTLAND
February 19, 1918.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, —

Reports in our papers from America are a little more optimistic in tone, but nevertheless, even though tremendous things are being done, they are awfully slow and every minute counts. But they seem to be gathering a momentum which, once started, nothing can stop, and that is what we want. We don't want to stop till the job is satisfactorily completed, but it is a big job; some of its proportions will be sure to be larger than any one conceived of, I believe, in the next few months. It is going to be great to be in on it, so tremendous that the thought fairly sweeps one off one's feet. It puts all of life on such a simple balance; here is a tremendous bit of work to be done which completely obliterates the little things of life which always seemed so important in the past. All one has to do is to give all one's energy, just put everything in with one simple sweep, and when every one has done the same, the job will be finished; and the gain is so much bigger than what it may cost in these little things that they don't have to be even thought of. I have often wondered what we shall do when it is over and we go back to the little things. I don't think the new growth and breadth it gives will be lost in a reaction of apathy. I believe that after the war this energy will keep on and will never be lost. It will be turned toward making the little things of life bigger in each individual's case, and we shall see a rate of progress and achievement in the peaceful work of the world never before approached.

I enjoyed Mr. P—— 's letter with its farm concerns. It makes one feel attached to something substantial, to know the old things are going on — getting out firewood, and pulp, and so on. So old Colonel is gone. He certainly was a good old animal and gave us lots of service. I remember how we used to alternate week by week with him and Madge and Bell in the old days when we drove to school ten years ago. It does n't seem so long as that, for that winter is so vivid to me: Miss Davy, Carol, Linc, and I together. I can even remember the toothache Carol spoke of in one of her letters to you. The work in the woods, Sid Clarke with his winter growth of beard, the daily lunches with Auntie and Uncle Dan, Grandpa Kilburn — they all are so vivid to me. I can hear their voices and see little gestures. Uncle Dan and his inevitable newspaper, Auntie with her bills at lunch, old Colonel reaching out a bit on the last stretch, coming home from school in the early twilight of the

winter months, the light of the library lamp shining out with its promise of home warmth, supper, family, content. When these things go with me as now, they are n't dead, they are immortal, living, real, and in them is such sweet satisfaction. That is why I have been so determined about living with you at Irvingcroft when I come back; so, when things begin to drop out of your lives, we will have the home running to give a basis to keep all these memories alive, and new interests ever growing to keep life ever full — our nurseries, grandchildren, reunions, etc. And if for any reason I can't be the one to help bring this about, there is all the rest of the family, and you must all keep as close together as possible and carry on the Adams family just the same, for if I am anywhere, that is where I shall be, at Irvingcroft and the farm always. But I shall see to it that I am actually there, never fear.

Deepest love to all.

February 21, 1918.

DEAR FATHER, —

In the old days of college, when a man received a high mark and mine was just passing or average, I accepted it as a matter of course, thinking that the high man received his mark because of superior inherited brain-power, and I was meant to be only average. There seemed such a distance between us that it never occurred to me to attempt to catch up to him; it was preordained otherwise. And yet, ever since the double shake-up I received in the early part of last July, I began to make the effort to move out of the deadly limitations of the middle lot, and was astounded to discover, in the various phases of my training in Canada and Texas, that the high man had probably little better brain than mine. It was merely a matter of seeing that the bonds holding me in the middle class were bonds of imagination, and it required moving one's feet to step out of the protecting but crushing crowd. So I began to be up nearer the top in various examinations, and in the flying, and found it is not a matter of superior mentality or any such thing, but merely more desire, more will. I figured that war is a risky business, but the risk is largely chance. Consequently, if I could master my particular job in all its branches, I could reduce the element of chance to a minimum. You see, I have great incentive to return, so it does n't take much will. But, all in all, I think it has been a real discovery for myself, and that I can profit by the same procedure in my work when I come back. It seems to me now that there is nothing impossible or out of reach if imagined obstacles coming from one's own mind are got rid of, and if one can stretch his imagination beyond what he supposed were the limits of his capacity, and see 'big.' Then it is a simple matter of getting up and going after it with a will.

I think my experiences have taught me to see things in a larger way than I ever could before — the bigness of the forces in this war. And searching for the good in it, and some of its fundamental causes in human nature, and its outcome in generations to come, has all stretched my mind a bit to grasp it. Then also, more concretely, the new spaces I have run from high altitudes, the new breadth which comes in moving in three dimensions, the sense of terrific force when moving through the air at such new speeds. 'Like sixty' was the idiomatic expression of speed, a limit of our previous experience. Yet I have moved at sixty and a hundred more on top of that, when, protected from the force of the air, you could feel it in the sort of bursting feeling it gives your head and the fearful roar. Then the new sense of utter abandon and

freedom in falling. We used to jump into the hay from ten to fifteen feet safely. I have let the machine fall its natural way when uncontrolled, a nose-spin, for a full mile down vertical. These new things are outside all previous experience, beyond the limiting wall which confines our vision, because we do not know we can look, till victory. These have all broken down limits in one place or another, so that, when I come back and start on other work, it should be easier to step over the apparent limits.

This is n't much of a letter as letters go; but I started out to say that I received the highest mark in the examinations of our group of eighteen today; so you can see there is sound basis when I assure you that you need not worry about my welfare. This is substantial evidence of chance. If I am better than the average here, I should be better than the average Hun as well. So you must not worry, and must only feel joy that I am having the great privilege of being in the biggest thing in the history of the world.

Affectionately.

TURNBURY, *February* 23.

MOTHER DEAR, —

I am afraid, mother, you are taking things much harder than you need — the tantalizing slowness of things at home, the bad administration, etc. It does no good to get worked up about them, for it makes one feel so impotent, and yet it makes the desire to effect some change so keen that one can't be happy, and being unhappy won't help. Many things are discouraging, and yet, if you don't look at them too closely but stand off and see them as a whole, then you can see how much has really been done, and that it is all so new and on such a scale that it can't be done all of a sudden; the men in control are not used to such dimensions, and so temporarily cannot think in such large numbers; but they will grow as the work does. On such a tremendous scale, where so many complexities are involved, it would be impossible for the whole thing to be managed properly, efficiently, and swiftly all at once. But it will come about in time; it is all the time gathering up momentum which, once started, cannot be stopped. The Allies are still very strong, and can well keep going till America is completely ready. If America were nowhere in sight, the Allies might be discouraged, for, though they could not be beaten, it would be a long costly struggle. But with the sure knowledge of the ultimate unlimited power which America will furnish, the whole morale is braced; they say, 'Not only will we win, but we will win decisively.' They pluck up their courage, and can do even more than they normally would; so it will not matter if America does n't start for six months or a year; once she does, it will be with a strength that can't be resisted.

Over here, after nearly four years of experience, things are often mismanaged, and valuable time wasted, yet all in all there is always slow but certain improvement. So it will be the same there. Don't let an immediate difficulty shut out, by its narrowness, the whole truth which can be seen by standing off at a distance. Coal is short, but that is not so much present-day mismanagement as conditions brought about by bad management and financial exploitation long before the war. It is a nuisance and discomfort, but it will be straightened out in time.

You know what meat-eaters and tea-drinkers the English have always been. Then to have but a few ounces of meat per week and frequently drink their tea with little or no sugar, is bringing the sense of war pretty close; yet it really is remarkable how very little complaint

and criticism there is. You know how natural it is for people to think that everything is wrong when something close to them, a lifelong physical taste, is meddled with, even if there is no direct connection. I think the way rationing has been accepted in England is one of the most encouraging things I have found. There is enough food but none to waste, and it is very regular, so one often wishes for just one feast of something that can't be had. So the fact that the situation is accepted so well speaks volumes for the way things are going.

Of course they are more used to the idea of privations of one sort or another here; but America will get used to it in time. So when trying conditions come, and evils are revealed, you must hold them in their right value and not let them depress you. And never let things get into you personally. It is one thing to think about them, and another to get all heated up about them. I am conscious of things I don't like, or discomforts sometimes, and things I wish could be true, etc., but I won't let them get into the inside, where they hurt. If I can change them, I can do it just as well keeping them outside; and if I can't change them, well, what does it matter, it's outside. It does n't make me indifferent to things which deserve consideration, but merely insensible. You must do this; it's not hard, and you will find how much more quickly a day goes by, and after all how pleasant it is. So much for your concern about outside things.

Of course, being my mother, you feel concerned about me; but, except for just missing me, I don't want you to have another uncomfortable feeling in your heart, no worry about my health, comfort, or happiness — nothing of this sort. For any limitations of physical comfort are so ridiculously slight, especially compared with most, that it would really be good for me if I had more. And little petty annoyances are good for one's self-control; besides, as I said, I don't let them get inside. I have never been in better health. And I am completely content, for it seems as if I was never so rich or ever hoped to be. I have absolutely nothing in the world to ask for, for myself. My friends and family have never meant so much to me, and you are all so good to me. And in addition the interest and satisfaction of my work is of such a nature that nothing that can happen matters to me. You see you have no need to feel anything but gladness for me, so no more must you have any troublesome feelings in your heart except harmless missing, which does n't hurt when you know I am happy, as I am. Don't say to yourself, 'I must n't let him see my depression or worries.' Don't even get all braced and say you *won't* let yourself feel them. Just relax and *don't* feel them. Even when I'm out there, you must n't feel any dread or worry. We get better food out there and are done with the petty things of training, and we will be right at the real work, so I shall be even happier than now. And if it should happen that I just stopped being conscious, it would n't matter, because there will be no regret and no dread, just perfect content. And you will not dread any such event, for it is not a bit likely to happen.

My examination mark has n't been reached yet by the two groups which have passed out since my group. It was 94 per cent, the average on all the tests we had, and they never give much higher. But if the event came, you may miss me, but it won't hurt, for there will be no vain regret, because I am so perfectly content. So remember, mother mine, you are going to relax, begin at once and keep it up, and people will wonder at you, that you are so serene and can do so much because

your strength is n't being wasted by groundless or ineffective troubles; and when they ask your secret, you can say that we are both so content with our situation as it is, that one can't be otherwise than serene.

You spoke of being more conscious of the grim realities than heretofore. To me the grim things somehow fade into unrealities in comparison with the realities of the heart and mind which are so vivid to me. I spend so many long happy hours with you all every day, that my heart is completely filled with them, and I am very happy. I am glad you sent the little farm album, for so many of my hours are spent over it. I often go way back to the days when we were kids, with Ned, and the Blodgetts, and Miss Noyes, over at Hilltop, and again later at the knoll, when Vincent and the Platts and the slews of kids gave plays and had picnics. There is n't one single unhappy memory anywhere in the whole review. And I often roam there in the future, planning the things I shall do and the fun it will be to show all the corners to Grace, the little trips we can take to Port River, etc. And those drives up back of Harvey Hill, and down into Ryman, etc. That wonderful ride we had with Betty and Mrs. Dodge was such fun. It does n't do any harm to live in these things at this time if I wish, so long as I do my work well, does it? You see I never realized what a happy life you had made for me till I had this chance to get away and look at it. Now when I come back I shall be able, I hope, to give some of it back to you because I think I know better how to do it. I sometimes feel as if I am taking too much good out of such a rotten thing as war. But still, if we all do, it will be worth the cost, and there must not be another because it is n't fair to mothers. You must tell me all your feelings. Don't hide them, but do abolish them.

18th Squadron,
R. F. C. B. E. F., France,
March 4, 1918.

Dear Father and Mother, —

We live in a cosy little hut, and I am getting it all fixed up with the little conveniences which make for one's comfort. I dare say we shall be here perhaps permanently as long as I am in France, so I can completely unpack and feel at home. I am going to tack up the various pictures which I have of you all, and of my friends, and so I will seem actually with you all the time. We have a new piano in the mess and several fairly good players, and I shall get a lot of pleasure out of it, for I can take myself completely out of my surroundings when playing, and find lots of calm comfort in it.

18th Squadron,
R. F. C., B. E. F., France,
March 7, 1918.

Dear Mother and Father, —

Every morning our batman reports on the weather prospects, and when it is clear, we have to get up a bit earlier. After breakfast a conference is held, at which the purpose and objective of the trip are given, and any details arranged for. Then the men who are going put on their flying kit and go out to the machines. These have previously been rolled out of the hangars, filled up with fuel, guns loaded, bombs, cameras, etc., attached, and everything ship-shape. Each pilot gets in, the engine is started and warmed up; finally, the chocks are pulled away from the wheels, and the machines taxi out on to the aerodrome and line up ready to take off, the engine snorting and sputtering impatiently. As they wabble over the ground, the machines look so clumsy and ill at ease with tails dragging and bumping, noses up in the air. The leader takes his place on the line, his machine indicated by some streamers. There have been no

farewells or good-luck wishes; the men have started off as if they were off in a car to go to an office; it is not masked indifference, it is a simple matter of course.

All are ready and the leader, followed immediately by the others, opens out the throttle, and the machines move faster and faster, tails up now and noses low and level, like a runner stooping a bit on his run before a spring. The wheels trip along each time, touching more lightly, till with a final bound the machine is clear. What a fearful roar they make, great powerful engines unmuffled, wide open! One after another they leap into the air, and at once are transformed from ugly ducklings to beautiful swans, at home and happy in their natural element, as they arch round and round, even higher. Finally, when they are sufficiently high, they move off in their close formation in an arrow line for their objective, finally fading out of sight.

Some hours later they come in sight again, and glide in, some as fresh as when they left, others so badly cut up that you wonder how the machine could hold together. Then we hear the story told in the form of a simple report, still all as a matter of course. How they flew undisturbed to their objective, though noticing a large number of Huns in various parts of the sky as they flew along. But when they turned to come back, the Huns had gathered over thirty, counted against our four, a veritable swarm between them and home. And yet, without hesitation, our machines fly straight at them. They break up into groups and surround our machines on all sides, above, below, right and left, before, behind, all discharging their venomous sting when a good sight is obtained, darting in for a burst of shots, soaring up or diving away one after another, a continuous mêlée. Our machines zig-zag from time to time, but always progress toward home unless some Hun, more persistent than others, has to be turned on.

Meanwhile our men, scarcely knowing which machine to pick out to fire at, keep sending off bursts whenever they get a good sight. When a Hun receives a burst a bit too close, he dives for home, and when a machine is hit, several others accompany it down for a way, to cool off. They are no sports, these Huns; they will never attack unless with overwhelming odds, and even then they never come across the lines; so in case of engine-failure they are sure to get safely home. Yet our few machines over hostile territory fly straight into the swarm of them, bring down six, and all return and have but one man hit. It is n't luck that they come through; it is superior shooting, due to a large steady machine, and a sporting blood in the men that makes them play the game, no matter what the odds.

Though the Hun has a decided advantage fighting over his own territory, it is a large factor in his defeat, for it is an open acknowledgment of his inferiority, and it takes but a little spirit and some cool shooting to make him sick. You see, mother, no matter what the odds, we have all the advantage; and, after all, it is seldom that they get as large a bunch as that together. For instance, on the 'show' to-day, not a single one was sighted. So at their worst, you see, you have little to worry about, and they are seldom at their worst. Also, we never fight except defensively, only when they interfere with our work or try to keep us from getting home, and then they regret it, for we are well equipped for defense.

I would n't have given all these details, if I were not sure you would extract the interest and not let the exciting features make you worry. For I want you to know all about the work,

and yet see in it the small element of danger and the very great interest, which you could n't have if I told nothing about it for fear of worrying you. There are some Hun machines which will go higher than these we use, but there is no machine made by any nation as fast at the high altitudes where we work; and speed is king.

Must get to bed now. Much love to all.

March 11, 1918.

In a very few months we are to have even better machines, the same as these, only improved. Our work is safer than others because of the machines, the height, and the fact that we don't look for trouble, but fight only when attacked; and on Wednesday last, when Haig congratulated the brigade for bringing down eighteen Huns, our one squadron, perfectly peaceable by nature, taught six out of that number that we can well defend ourselves. On that occasion, over thirty Huns attacked only four of ours, and ours all came back. But while we are on the subject, I want to caution you about a possibility. One of our machines has been reported missing a day or so ago, but it was only engine-failure, and the machine was seen to have landed safely; so the occupants are safe, but unhappily detained in Hun-land. Frequently no word is brought from them, and no one sees what became of a machine. So you see a man may be quite all right who simply disappeared and was reported missing. The case is not likely to arise, however, as our engines, as a rule, are very reliable. It is merely a possibility, and in case it happens, I want you to know there is no need to worry — less than ever, for it would mean simply a safe but long wait for the war to end.

Love to all.

Mother Mine, —

This is just a little Easter greeting, to make you know I am actually close by you all the time. May it give you much cheer and happiness.

Tender love,

Briggs.

(*Received on Easter Morning*, 1918.)

[On March 14, a stormy and misty day, Briggs Adams was flying at the Front, with two or three comrades of his squadron. They missed him; and one of them, descending, found him dead in his air-plane in a field. It is not known whether he was brought down in combat or was the victim of an accident. All that is certain is that he was killed while flying on the battle-front.]

'FOR VALOR'

BY RALPH E. CROPLEY

I

One night, while dining at the Harvard Club with Captain Custance R.N.R., who in times of peace commanded the famous Arcadian, I happened to notice that the silver identification tag which he wears, welded to a thin chain on his wrist, had turned bottom-side-up. Now, for the last year, I have seen a great deal of Custance, and though he had told me that this identification tag was made out of the lace of an old admiral's coat, I never knew, until I saw it printed on the reverse side, that the British Admiralty had given Custance that tag 'For Valor.'

Custance and I have been friends for years. I am closer to him than any man in the United States; yet he was very much embarrassed that I should have found out in his presence about that tag. The yarns about him which have already appeared in the *Atlantic* (the reason for his getting the D.S.O.) seem to be but part of the story. With the help of another seaman, I gave the little man an uncomfortable time of it, as we lounged in the living-room of the Harvard Club of New York, a fit setting for tales of valor. The other seaman knew the story and told it, while Custance kept saying, 'Others have done so much more, it is not worth talking about.'

The Mingary was coming off patrol (this happened before the Warspite incident already related). The month was December. Custance picked up a wireless to the effect that, on another patrol route, a collier, the armed patrol yacht, and a trawler, were being attacked by two U-boats and were sinking. This all occurred up around the Shetland Islands. Custance at once put on full speed for the seat of action, which was some distance away. On the way he passed a trawler, which told him she had been going to the rescue, but two immense U-boats on the surface had stood in her way and she had had to turn about. Now, the Mingary was not very heavily armed, and a submarine could readily have destroyed her with its longer-range guns; but Custance kept on, for he knew that there were men floundering in the wintry sea as they clung to wreckage. The little trawler about-faced and went on, with Custance just abreast.

Ten miles farther on, Custance came upon the two big Germans on the surface. He drove his tiny yacht at one of the beasts and his flotilla of two put up a wonderful show of fight. The Germans, not knowing what was coming, submerged and cleared out, and Custance passed on to pick up from the sea twenty-six survivors of a collier, armed yacht, and trawler. That is all of that story of sheer nerve.

One of the men picked up out of the sea was an officer of the armed yacht, who, like Custance himself, in times of peace was a merchant-ship officer. I am told that, like Custance, that officer had attacked the submarines in trying to save the collier. Six months later, Custance met him in Southampton and asked him what he was doing. 'Oh,' he

replied, 'after they let me out of the hospital, I went mine-sweeping.' And Custance says, 'Why distinguish what I've done from the rest? I've but done my duty.'

Very true, yet the knowledge of these tales makes the world a better place to live in, and bucks up Americans to equal the daring of these modest men of the sea who but do their duty.

I have just received a letter from a neutral port, telling me what a chap named Rathkens did; and I can do no better than set down the copy of the letter. It is from a merchant-ship officer who has done work in this war with the same stout heart that Rathkens showed at the sinking of the French hospital ship Salta.

As you know, I was for ten months on a hospital ship, making several trips a week across the Channel. The Salta was making Havre, as we were, with us about three minutes ahead of her. According to instructions we came straight in through the opening, but the Salta, for some reason or other, tried to cut in at an angle. We had just dropped our hook inside when the hospital major called my attention to the Salta and to the constant screeching of the whistles of the trawlers outside. I took one look and my hair stood on end. My God, I thought, he'll be in it in a minute! Her skipper got wise too late. (Of course I won't give you details of the layout.) He tried to back her, but he was coming down before a wallowing sea and a heavy blow. As her wheels churned up the foam underneath her counter, instead of backing straight back and out of danger, the sea caught her on the quarter and swung her around. The major and I stood like pillars of salt as we watched her. Yes — she got it — good and plenty. I've seen many ships torpedoed and mined, but never so much smoke and such a volcano of water as when the Salta struck the edge of that mine-field. Jehosaphat, to use your American slang, it was hell! There before our eyes we saw the Salta go right down — pushed below the surface of the sea as you would collapse a tin drinking-cup. In about five minutes not even her masts were showing. We were powerless to act. About a hundred and seventy were drowned on her, including her skipper, who went down on her bridge, yet was n't drowned but choked to death by his false teeth.

Rathkens, as you may recollect, was a second officer on the West Indian mailships, and after the war started, he was stationed at Bermuda for a year or so as boarding officer. On being relieved, he was given an old torpedo-boat—the P-32, as I recollect it. When the Salta struck, Rathkens pushed the P-32 right plumb up against her. It was a fearful risk for him to enter that mine area, but evidently he thought he could go at least as far as the Salta had. I bet you he never thought anything at all — simply acted. He was alongside her in two shakes — took off forty-eight from the Salta, mostly nursing-sisters; and then, not to be carried down by the Salta, had to back away.

You can imagine my sensations, standing there on the bridge. Of course I did n't know till later that it was Rathkens who had the P-32; but considering what she was, I felt that some merchant-ship man was showing the men of the world the gumption in a merchant-ship man.

Well, Rathkens backed away, but he got it — got it like the Salta had. Struck him amidships, and the P-32 broke in two. The after-section sank immediately, carrying down the forty-eight who had been taken off the Salta. Glad to say that Rathkens himself was saved.

There is a captain I know of, by the name of Willetts, who in this war has had more ships go down under him than any man I know, and yet still has his nerve with him, and goes to sea as soon as ever his company will appoint him to another ship. Until the Moewe bagged the Radnorshire, Willetts navigated the war-zone — had his days and nights of strain, and the experiences that other merchantmen have. After enjoying a spell on the Moewe, with other prisoners of war, he was set ashore in Brazil, and at once sailed for

England on the big Drina. Off the coast of Wales she was torpedoed and went down, the engine-room force on duty at the time dying at their posts. Willetts was saved and his dander was up. So they put him on a transport — the Arcadian, well known to us Americans. As he was without proper convoy, a submarine banged him. The loss of life was nearly two hundred and fifty; and though Willetts was on the bridge, keeping up the tradition of the sea, as she went under, he nevertheless was rescued after being in the water many hours.

Returning to England, he took command of the big Demarra, a ship famous for having been the first merchant vessel to punish a submarine for attacking her without warning. Of course, ever since she has been a marked ship. Under convoy, Willetts took her from Liverpool, round through the English Channel to La Pallice, and just as he was making port, a submarine got him. In spite of the fact that she was sinking under him, Willetts got her to the beach, patched her up, and brought her back to Liverpool through the danger zone again.

Last December there was a ship torpedoed, and until the British Admiralty announce it, I do not feel free to give her name. She was saved, and saved by the pluck of a British Naval Reserve captain, famous in the American passenger-carrying trade. The ship was the flagship of the convoy and had just turned over eleven American freighters to their country's destroyers, and was swinging over to lead the remainder to England, when she got it.

It was a wild sea, and even if the boats could have been got overboard safely, they would have had difficulty in living. Nothing was seen of the submarine. Nobody even saw the wake of the torpedo. The explosion took all hands unawares. As the hatch had been battened down and made watertight, the effect of the explosion was terrific. It struck in number 5 hold, abaft the engine-room, and the gases simply blew things to smithereens. The hole made in the side of the ship was 17 feet by 34. It was mighty fortunate that the hatch-covering blew off, for the result was that the damage was all confined to number 5 hold, which was loaded with oil and Quaker Oats.

Fortunately, not a soul was in that section of the ship; so nobody was hurt. Other ships nearby took on a new form of camouflage, for they were pasted with a mixture of crude oil and cereal.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the pirate shot his bolt, and from then on till she limped into port — seventy miles distant — early next morning, the big ship gradually settled lower and lower, until finally it became a case of touch and go as to whether or not she would reach the beach. As it was, there was only two feet freeboard at the stern when she touched the shore, and she had limped the entire distance with her funnel-shaft full of water and her engineers, momentarily during the long hours, expecting that the sea would seep in and put the fires out, or that the bulkhead separating them from number 5 hold would give way and drown them like rats in a cage, as many an engine-room force has been drowned since the Huns began their piratical warfare. Do not forget that these men are merchant-ship men. Think of the stick-to-itiveness of the beggars!

And the little man on the bridge, — the little man who has safely ferried so many of us Americans about the world, — think of the strain on him, realizing everything and injecting his personality into the souls of his assistants on the bridge or in the stoke-hold, so that they would hang on! He had a Chinese crew, and as soon as the vessel was 'strafed,' they panicked, stripped off

every stitch of clothing they had, and piled into the lifeboats; and though the boats were not lowered, the Chinks sat there in their birthday suits, their teeth chattering in harmony with the surging sea, which was licking its chops at the prospect of a good-sized meal. Yes, tragic — but humorous, which frequently saves us from tragedy.

Although other skippers have recently told me that credit for saving the ship was entirely due to one man, yet that man saw to it that the Admiralty gave the credit to the officers and men under him.

And even if the Huns are escaped, the life of a merchant-ship man in these days is far removed from beer and skittles. An example of what they have to go through is furnished by the narrow squeak the Empress of Britain and the Cardiganshire had one night in the Ægean Sea. Both are big ships, and they were loaded with troops and going at full speed, — zigzaging, — not a light showing. It was one of those nights when you can hardly see your hand before you. There were no stars, no phosphorous, — nothing, — nothing but to trust to luck and the ears of the man on the bridge.

The captain of one of the ships has told me that, before he knew it, there was a ship, bow on to him, dead ahead. Of course, the first impulse was to shift his helm; but if he did so, the danger would be of one ship giving the other a glancing blow. Fortunately, the other skipper appreciated this, also. Their nerve, in spite of several years of war zone work, was still equal to the occasion. It all happened in the twinkling of an eye, and they passed safely though there had been less than fifty feet separating the ships, and their out-swung lifeboats nearly scraped. The captain of the Cardiganshire, though he could not see him, heard the captain of the Empress of Britain, above the noises of the sea — heard him yell, 'For God's sake, old man, don't shift your helm!' so close were they on their respective bridges high above the sea.

Instances of this kind, which try men's souls, nightly occur, and quite frequently there are collisions and tragedies in the pitch-dark. The only way that the two ships identified themselves was ten days later, at Saloniki, when the captain of the Cardiganshire heard the skipper of the Empress of Britain asking a friend if he knew what ship he nearly bumped on a certain night. I am sorry to report that the captain of the Empress of Britain lost his life in the Halifax explosion, while doing hospital work.

II

But the story of the unlucky Sundays of the Cephalonia takes the palm for varieties of valor.

Of course, Cephalonia is not the ship's name, as military expediency requires me to protect her, and, until she appeared here in July, 1917, with the shell-holes in her sides temporarily covered by patches as if they were her *croix de guerre*, I had not seen the vessel since the Admiralty commandeered her at the beginning of the war. She's a queer-looking craft, with four stumpy masts and stocky funnel all planted perpendicularly rather than at a sheer, to make her look more like a lady and less like a washerwoman. She has forty-two derricks and twenty-nine winches, and a stern which no ship afloat can equal in ugliness. Beauty is certainly not her long suit, yet her vast holds have meant more to the Allies the past few years than scores of graceful Mauretanias.

Captain Weller, — not his name, of course, — Sammy, as I call him, has been in command of her during her war work. Sammy is a little runt of a man, whose rule of life seems to have

been that to be simple and natural and kind is to find the real music of the living life. His face has an expression of perpetual alertness, and there is a funny little twist to his head when he listens, something like a curious puppy. He is a most companionab e man, always wanting to do something for you, and possessed of a devotion to his wife and kiddies which is equaled in magnitude only by his desire to punish Germany for the cruel things the U-boats have done to human beings.

Last July he told me how for six months a hoodoo had hung over the Cephalonia; but the details of his own part during the fires and the U-boat attacks I had to get from his junior officers or from Fong, his Chinese servant. We were yarning away in his cabin, like the old pals we were, when the sudden whirr of a winch just outside brought Sammy to his feet with a jump, and he peered through a port to see what was up. Satisfied that it was but the work of the ship, he sat down again, with a whimsical smile. Finally he blew a cloud of smoke which merged with the fog of fumes already in the cabin, and began speaking, almost as if to himself, and the angle of his thoughts was most mystifying, for he said, —

'When death comes in dark places there is a certain congruity about it. But when the days are all gold, the sun alight in the heavens, nature showing her beauty, and gladness is in our hearts — to see death come quickly before one's eyes, surely that is the most incongruous thing in the world. That winch out there has been my nemesis these many months. It killed a man before my eyes one Sunday. Sunday! Everything happened on a Sunday: this last voyage to Vladivostock, even the submarine, and that was on Easter at that!'

The voyage began at London one Sunday in October, 1916, Sammy told me. The Cephalonia was deeply loaded with shells, and her chill-rooms were filled with T.N.T. for the Italian army. She had been ready to go to sea since Thursday, when she was warped out of the Albert Dock; and it had chafed all hands to swing idly round a hook in midstream less than a quarter of a mile off shore, with tiny cottages arrayed before their eyes, bringing thoughts of home. Sammy said it was damnable, especially at night, for he could not display a riding-light, and he did not know but what any minute a destroyer or some blighter of a tug would come crashing into him, and the Cephalonia would vanish from human sight, as the Mont Blanc did at Halifax, and wipe out of existence all those pretty little cottages, where by day he saw kiddies in bright pinafores playing, as he knew his kiddies were playing at home in Southampton.

It was Sunday morning when Admiralty orders came to up hook and join a convoy outward bound. The Cephalonia was well in the midst of the convoy proceeding down the Thames, and had just passed beyond the submarine net, when a thin pencil of smoke was seen to rise from the corner of number 1 hatch. It happened to catch the third officer's eye first, and he called Sammy's attention to it. In a minute another pencil came, and then another, and another.

In two shakes Sammy had sounded four blasts on the siren, and a flag fluttered from the yard-arm, which caused all other ships to give him a wide berth, as the propeller of the Cephalonia churned up the sea in her frantic effort to back and turn as if to return to London. A ship on fire should return to port, but Sammy, with a cargo of T.N.T. was n't the kind of a skipper to risk blowing cottages and kiddies into the next world in an effort to save his own skin. No· he turned the Cepha-

lonia till her stern was head to the breeze, and slowly kept her backing seaward to restrain the fire, if possible, from spreading aft to his chambers of T.N.T.; backed her away from port and other ships, so that, if she did blow up, the military loss would be confined to the Cephalonia alone. And all the while he was wondering what moment a U-boat would pop up and send a torpedo into him, or he would strike a drifting mine.

It was only about three hours before the fire was out, and the Cephalonia could in safety put back to port. But those three hours at the beginning of a voyage — sure to be telling on any skipper's nerve, even in times of peace — were a hell which I fail to find words to express. The repairs took only a matter of a day or so, and the Cephalonia made another start for the open sea. But during her delay Fritz's 'tin fishes' had got busy again, and off the Goodwin Sands she was forced to anchor till another Sunday came round and the Admiralty thought it safe to proceed.

No sooner was the hook up from the mud and a white bone of action beginning to show at the Cephalonia's prow, than a fog descended on her and the scores of ships in her vicinity. To blow the whistle would attract Fritz; not to blow meant possible collision; and to anchor meant a good chance of being rammed and of both ships going to Kingdom-come, as the Cephalonia exploded. Realizing that the God of Chance frequently favored the nervy, Sammy silently drove on at full speed. Really he had to do it, for a big P. & O. mail-ship was just astern of him, loaded with women and children, and a collision with her would be the worst of tragedies.

As suddenly as it fell, the fog lifted, and as it did so, just half a mile off to port, a tower of water shot up over the big Maine of the Atlantic Transport Line. The Cephalonia shook from stem to stern, and Sammy said he prayed to God that his cans of T.N.T. would behave themselves, as he turned the Cephalonia's nose for shallow water where a U-boat could not operate. A little Danish ship went to the rescue of the sinking Maine, as the Admiralty records will show. But the tender-hearted Dane never got there. The Hun banged her, and she disappeared from sight in exactly two minutes.

Sammy saw red then. It was the first time during the war that he really admitted having murder in his heart; but, until the Admiralty decided that it was safe to proceed, the Cephalonia hung round at anchor in shallow water.

He was hugging the Spanish shore, making in for Gibraltar, when he came across a lifeboat. Being in neutral as well as shallow water, he risked a visit from Fritz by stopping the Cephalonia and rescuing the boat-load, who turned out to be all that were left of the crew of a Q-boat. And the story of those Q-boat men I believe I can best tell by quoting from a letter I received about nine months after Sammy told me his experience. The letter is not from Sammy, but from another one of my commanders.

I know you have heard about them and probably saw some of them as you came through the danger zone; and I feel sure I am doing no wrong in writing about them. We've had a type of boat — war boat — known as the 'Q' type. They look like old crooks, and go out looking for Fritz with a vengeance. And they've got a lot of Fritzies, for the work they did is this. Fritz would show himself and shell them, and then the merchant crew would abandon the Q-boat and row away. Fritz would close up. Then the Q-boat would drop her fake topsides and have a go at him. You see, the point was to get Fritz close in by making him think the Q-boat had been abandoned. Well, Fritz got on to it after a bit, and the

German Admiralty warned the Naval Reserve men who man the Q-boats, as to just what would happen. So a man going out in a Q-boat took his life in his hands.

Some time ago, when entering port, I met one of your old friends, now a lieutenant-commander in the Reserve, and he told me the cheerful news that Fritz had bagged four Q-boats that week and done what he said he'd do. Judas! Can you imagine this in a civilized (?) day, to lash men to the rail of a submarine, pour paraffine over them, and set them on fire? No — neither could I. But that is what Fritz did to all the Q-boat crews, with the exception of one boat-load whom he made stand by while he did it, and then sent them into port to tell their story. Of course the object is, by terrorism, to do away with the Q-boats; but, bless my soul! the more of such stuff Fritz does, the more men of England there are to volunteer for Q-boats. Yes, Fritz lashed the crews of the Q-boats to the railing of his submarine — oiled them well — lighted them, and to make sure they'd burn steamed around in a circle, — steamed around the lifeboat-load of men he sent into port to tell the tale. Since Ernest told me the tale, I've heard it in many quarters, and it's true — true as I'm a living being. Everybody knows about the Belgian Prince and the Westminster, and I feel the world should know of this.

Sammy, on that peaceful Sabbath off the coast of Spain, did not see the actual offering that the Germans burned to their pagan God of War. He was spared that horrible experience, thank God!

It was a British Naval captain who told me a story which has come out in the British press, of a chap — a junior officer on an Atlantic liner in peace-times — who acted like the famous Spartan youth with the fox. All hands were lying flat on deck as the German 'sub' began shelling the Q-boat. A shot passed into the latter's hold, and set her on fire. The merchant-ship officer was lying flat on top of the hatch, above the fire. If he got off, it would give the Q-boat game away to the submarine; so the man lay there as the smoke came up around him, knowing full well that there was ammunition in the hold, that there would be an explosion, and that his chances of living were very slim. The explosion came; but, as luck would have it, the man on top of the hatch was not killed, simply horribly mutilated, especially in the face.

The day he got out of the hospital he was ordered to report, just as he was, at the Admiralty in London. He had on an oil-skin coat and looked much the worse for wear. It was a Sunday, and the Admiralty at once dispatched him, in spite of his protests, to Sandringham, where the King's carriage met him at the station and took him to His Majesty. And, wearing an oil-skin coat, he received the Victoria Cross from George V, after which the King and Queen showed themselves the democrats they are by treating the embarrassed merchant officer as human beings in ordinary life treat each other. And not only that, but His Majesty refused to let him return to London that night, and lent him a pair of his pyjamas.

Until after he got rid of that blessed cargo of T.N.T. at Genoa; had reached Alexandria, with three Sundays passing and nothing happening outside the ordinary humdrum of ship life; had nosed through the Suez Canal, and was well on his way down the Red Sea toward Aden, Sammy said he did n't draw a free breath or appreciate that God was still in his heaven.

It was on Sunday, while he was preparing to sail from Colombo for Hong Kong, that the big Warwickshire passed him, her decks lined with passengers. Half an hour later she had struck a mine laid by a Swede the night before.

And the following Sunday, as the Cephalonia was making Hong Kong

and the chief was getting his gear ready to work cargo in the morning, the intermittent whirring of the winch outside his cabin door attracted Sammy's attention. He had just dressed himself in a clean set of 'whites,' to meet the boarding officials. As the winch continued its song in a manner not quite in accordance with the usual tune of a well-oiled winch, Sammy stepped out on deck to satisfy his curiosity. As he did so, he felt a drop of what he supposed to be rain strike him in the face, and then another and another. He thought it kind of queer, for there was not a cloud in the sky. Suddenly he noticed that his 'whites' were covered with red spots. His foot struck something. He saw it was a heart, and looking at the winch — well, Sammy said he simply stepped over to it and shut it off.

Some nerve, believe me; for it was what he saw on the drum of that winch which had made him say to me at the beginning of this story, that 'to see death come quickly before one's eyes, surely that is the most incongruous thing in the world.'

Before his eyes a poor blighter of a coolie had gone to his happy hunting-ground, while the sun was alight in the heavens and nature showing her beauty in the dazzling spray, always moving, always catching the sunbeams and dazzling everything with color.

III

From Hong Kong the Cephalonia went to Shanghai, and then on to Yokohama and up to Vladivostock; and Sundays — four — came and went peacefully. The only incident out of the ordinary was, that at Vladivostock Sammy had to dig deep into the ship's chest for the wherewithal to buy trousers for his Lascars, as Vladivostock was cold as Greenland. And when I think of what he told me about Vladivostock and what has happened in Russia since, I can well understand why the Japanese and British have landed troops there. For Vladivostock, as far back as January, 1917, was a veritable gold mine of war-supplies. The docks and warehouses were bulging with them, and for miles back of the town were mountains of goods, ever increasing in number and height as ship after ship unloaded. And for Germany to bring her diabolical efficiency to the management of the Trans-Siberian Railroad and get that war-material, would be a world-calamity indeed.

From Vladivostock the Cephalonia dropped south to Manila, and two months of Sundays had passed with nothing happening except the worry in the hearts of her crew that something would. And when the Sunday came that that something did happen, it cost the lives of two men — her carpenter and the mate of the hold, who bunked together.

Sammy was in his cabin, putting his soul in the letter to his missus that he hoped to get off from Colombo by the homeward-bound mail-ship, when the chief officer reported that the chief steward had gone down to the chill-room and had not come up again. Now, Sammy had been having trouble with ammonia fumes in that chill-room, and he and the chief officer looked at each other blankly for a moment and then their eyes involuntarily turned to the calendar on the wall. 'Sunday, March 11, 1917,' branded itself on their souls. With the shrug of the shoulders which is typical of an Englishman when he is about to perform an unpleasant duty which might cost him life itself, Sammy rose and followed the chief out on deck and along to number 5 hatch.

Matters had gone from bad to worse, for not only the carpenter and the mate of the hold, but the chief engineer, had

gone after the chief steward, and none of them had returned. Sammy's first order was to whip off the hatch-cover. A mist of ammonia fumes drove all hands away from the edge. A derrick was speedily swung over the opening, and, planting himself in a bo's'n's chair, Sammy was lowered into the bowels of his ship. There were any number of volunteers to go in his place; but the little man preferred to take all the risk himself. As they lowered him, the ammonia fumes were blinding, and before his feet touched bottom he was in agony. Yet he groped along toward the entrance to the chill-room, till he stumbled over a body. Grabbing it, he signaled to the men above to hoist away, and soon appeared with the chief engineer, whose life he had saved by about two minutes. Two trips more Sammy made into the depths; but he brought up only dead bodies, as the carpenter and mate of the hold had succumbed. And still there was the chief steward to be accounted for.

Realizing that the man must be in the chill-room itself, on his next trip Sammy swung himself clear of the bo's'n's chair, and on his stomach, his nose to the floor where the fumes were less pungent, he wormed his way into the room, and in the stinging darkness of that icy chamber felt about for the steward. Each second must have been torture to him, wondering, if he wondered at all in the intensity of the situation, whether the next second would find him still alive. Yet the next did, and, with the indomitable courage of the Anglo-Saxon which German terrorism cannot quell, Sammy fought on till he had got his man and dragged him to the outer hold, where somehow he tied a rope round him, and then lost consciousness himself as the limp body of the chief steward was hoisted upwards.

It was Lancaster, the second officer, who rescued Sammy himself; and as Fong, his Chinese boy, told me, exactly one hour later Sammy was at his desk again, writing his missus as if nothing had happened to mar the gloriousness of a Sabbath at sea. There's the Englishman for you! Now, if Sammy had worn the uniform of the Navy, no doubt he would have been gazetted and have got the V.C. But being only a simple merchant-skipper, who had done nothing more than transport troops overseas and dodge submarines in order that England should not starve, his risking his life as he did in number 5 hold was not glorious enough to be publicly recorded.

After leaving Colombo, the secret orders that Sammy opened once he was outside, lengthened his voyage home by sending him to Durban, Natal, for coal, and round the Cape of Good Hope rather than *via* Suez. And on Easter Sunday, 1917, in the English Channel, the Cephalonia had one of those fights with a submarine which only a merchant skipper on a poorly armed ship seems to know how to carry on. It was a two-hour fight, and, heavily laden with foodstuffs as the Cephalonia was, it was a case of touch and go with her, as she had only one gun aft and that but a 4.7, which was outranged by the gun on the U-boat. Furthermore, there was no naval crew on board except two youthful gunners who had to depend on the orders of a merchant-ship chief officer and the untrained assistance of the other officers.

The Cephalonia was in the Chops of the Channel, and all hands expected that, ere the sun had set on Easter, they would be safely tied to a dock, and that some of them would get a chance of going to church with their wives that evening.

It was Lancaster, leaning over the starboard side of the bridge-rail and scanning the white-capped sea, who

first spotted Fritz's periscope; and it was Sammy who had the Cephalonia turning toward that stovepipe inside of twenty-five seconds. If Fritz had had but another two minutes, the Cephalonia would have been abreast of him and he would have got her. As it was, he had to come to the surface to save himself from being rammed.

And then the fun began in earnest. The U-boat encircled Sammy, trying to get in a position to launch a torpedo, at the same time firing solid shells into the ship. But with every fibre in his body alert, every corpuscle in his veins fighting mad, Sammy kept swinging the sluggish Cephalonia about, so that her bow was always pointed toward his enemy; and he took the shelling until Fritz had got himself into a position where Sammy could safely swing around and give his gun-crew a chance to go into action. And zigzaging over the sea sparkling in the glory of the morning sun, running the risk of being cornered by a second or third U-boat, the Cephalonia put up such a fight that her antagonist was forced to get out of range of the 4.7 on her stern.

Yet Fritz could still reach her with his shots, which tore gaping wounds in her steel sides. Sammy took his punishment, and as his fire became less, the U-boat got more daring and ventured closer, only to be driven out of range again. As Sammy said, with a laugh, that gun crew of his were 'damned poor marksmen.' They should have sunk the blighter, and no doubt would have, if anybody had had brains enough to give merchant-ship crews a little gun instruction.

Finding that he could not get near the Cephalonia or stop her with solid shells, Fritz began to give an exhibition of *Kultur* by peppering her with shrapnel. It fell about her like hail, embedding itself in her decks, puncturing ventilators, tearing awnings into ribbons; and a piece lodged in Sammy's leg. He was the only one hit on the ship, and though he stood there on the bridge, with a pool of blood about him, the little man sent his ship this way and that for half an hour, until the Hun gave it up and made off after a tanker which had appeared on the horizon — a victim that he got, for Sammy heard the bang and saw the tower of water shoot up over her.

And this is all that happened to the Cephalonia. She made port in the dusk of Easter evening, and ten days later, although he limped badly, Sammy took her to sea again for another voyage to Genoa with T.N.T.

THE NON-COMBATANT'S MANUAL OF ARMS

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

I

In the 'Character of a Happy Warrior' Wordsworth made the ultimate answer to his own question, —

> Who is he
> That every man in arms should wish to be?

Though the poem deals quite as much with the warfare of life itself as with that of the battle-field, it stands as the classic statement of the terms on which a warrior may attain to happiness. In these days it is not an entirely simple matter for anyone but a warrior to be happy. Military duty is clear and uncomplicated — 'to do or die,' and in a cause, if it be that of the Allies, in which either doing or dying is an enviable fate. Unless the soldier be among the few upon whom rest the responsibilities of supreme decisions, his daily, his hourly task is plainly set before him. None of the distractions of domestic, professional, or business life can draw his attention from the matter in hand. They are all pushed and locked outside the doors of his consciousness. The influences which supplant them are those that go under the general and heartening terms of *esprit de corps* and morale — the common feeling of a body of men devoted to a single high purpose. So, at least, the happy lot of the warrior appears to the non-combatant, who stands so often where he does, outside the organized, concrete service of his country and of the civilized world, simply because he must.

Think of the vast number of the condemned to non-combatancy — the whole army of women, the multitudes of men who are both beyond the age of military usefulness and within the circle inescapably marked for carrying on the processes of peace, and of all the others rendered inactive through physical disabilities; think, too, of the impatient band of those whose hearts are in the fight on the issues of which all the security and satisfaction of their fulfilled manhood depend, whose souls are at their quickest to respond to the call of great adventure, but whose bodies and judgments are not yet counted ripe for the enterprise! It is a host with powers well-nigh illimitable in scope. They have not gone all unemployed in this country of ours; else there would have been no such records as those of the Liberty Loans, the Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. campaigns, the multifarious work of committees, the far-reaching agencies of mercy, the industrial and administrative achievements wrought by the hands of civilians. But with all credit for their performance, it may still leave one thinking, 'When ye shall have done all these things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.'

It is not through such things as these, such payment of notes on demand, that a people acquires merit, at least of the highest order. In the manual of arms these things, for the non-combatant, are the counterpart of the setting-up drill for the soldier. They are the preliminaries, the test and exercise of fibre. When it is well hardened,

when every muscle makes its instant, instinctive response to the command of the moment, then, your soldier will tell you, the foundations are laid for the morale on which victory is built. For the non-combatant there is no less need for a kindred drill of the spirit, a training of the mind and heart to the end of fortifying them to meet the conditions of a world abruptly torn from its settled courses, and, as it were, beginning life over again.

Of course we are not committed permanently to the present state of affairs. Peace will be restored, perhaps sooner than the wisest can foretell, — stranger things have happened, — perhaps at a far more distant day than even a rational optimist can imagine; and of all men, it should be for him especially to realize that the end is not hastened but deferred by permitting any temporary advantage over the enemy to obscure the necessity of effort, unremitting, cumulative, crescendo, until the victory is won. But whether it come soon or late, the world will not go back at a single jump into its familiar ways: the enemy, at least in the form of the principles he has represented, will still be a force to reckon with; there will still be a government to criticize; the ideas for which the fight is waging will remain to be firmly established among the real and controlling desires of mankind. The manual of arms in which the non-combatant must make himself proficient will therefore still be needed; and he who gives thought to the purpose and practice of this drill may reasonably feel that his effort is not merely for the immediate day, or month, or year.

II

What is the true place of the principle of hatred in the non-combatant's spiritual exercise? In the present death-grapple with such a foe as Germany has proved herself unequivocally to be, the injunction to love your enemies cannot be urged with any approach to literalness. The simplest word in its favor must be surrounded with all the perils of juggling with terms, of dealing in humiliating compromises and accommodations. Instead of discussing the matter at all, it is more profitable for the non-combatant to consider, as honestly as he can, where a whole-hearted — that is to say, a German — acceptance of the 'hate your enemies' principle will land him. It is the Germans who have established themselves as the masters of this weapon of warfare. It is they whose children are taught to lift their voices in a hymn of hate. It is the commanders of their submarines who so hate their enemies that, after a mockery of rescue, after extending to them a doubtful sanctuary on the wave-swept decks of their vessels, they do their perfect work by submerging and leaving their victims to the tenderer mercies of the sea.

There are other German victories than those of arms — and their possibilities are legion. There is a deadly victory of the spirit. When American non-combatants are heard, for example, to complain that their government is too lenient to aliens of an enmity quite unproved, and to urge the severest courses toward them by asking in a tone of finality, 'What would happen to an American in Germany in corresponding circumstances?' there is grave reason to fear that this victory of the spirit has been won. What would happen in Germany is precisely what should not happen in America, if our purposes in this war are what we know them to be; and the unconquered in spirit must be brave enough to say so.

Is the non-combatant, then, to go his ways in a mollifying mist of benevolence toward the foes of his country, leaving to its soldiers and sailors, whose

business it is to slay and slay until the brute force of the enemy is subdued, this practice of the very negation of the gentler principle? A thousand times, no! While the soldier is killing a man, he must not stay his hand by loving him. He can love righteousness, and hate iniquity, with all his heart; and for the sake of establishing the one and overthrowing the other, he can, and must, perform deeds which at any other moment of his life would be impossible for him. But it is not the business of the non-combatant to slay. His good fortune is that he may make some discriminations in his hatreds. He may, and should, separate, in some measure, the personal from the universal, the petty from the immense. With all the intensity of which he is capable, let him hate, with a righteous, ennobling wrath, the evil thing which men of good-will on earth have joined themselves to destroy. Even while the bitter fight is on, we cannot tell ourselves too often, what we know in our hearts, that when it is over we shall look back with less satisfaction on the smaller personal hatreds it has engendered, than on that large and truly righteous indignation which imparts strength to the fighting arm.

If the principle of hatred must be kept in its place, so too must that of generosity. Its exercise is chiefly to be found in direct connection with the exercise of criticism — that function of the non-combatant which may be turned with equal force to the purposes of help and of hindrance. In the combatant it is a function which every military law suppresses. An order is a thing to be carried out, not to be weighed, questioned, and perchance rejected. The voice of authority demands and receives unmurmuring obedience. The non-combatant is under no duress of discipline to hold him from the contrary course. Indeed, in a democracy, the opinion of the people must be sought and heard. When things are clearly going wrong, somebody should say so; and the utterance of a generous criticism has its great and obvious uses. Only let it be generous. The fatally easy thing is to see, and to say, how much better this, that, or the other might have been, if only— the sentence may be completed with any one of a hundred phrases. Seeming to have no comrades-in-arms, no superior officers, the non-combatant is nevertheless surrounded by millions of fellow-citizens for whom the conduct of the war is just as vital a matter as it is for himself, and, more specifically, by those authorities of an elected government who are intrusted with its direction. It is conceivable that the authorities, from the President down, are less high-minded, sagacious, and capable than any single critic of their conduct and motives; it is conceivable, but, in the vast majority of cases, it is highly improbable. It is, on the other hand, a matter of virtual certainty that in any given occasion for deciding upon a course of national policy or conduct, the authorities have an enormous advantage over their critics through the possession of the facts, and some knowledge of all the circumstances, in the light of which a decision must be reached. How can the critics be persuaded to remember this, and, while it is in their minds, perhaps not to suspend judgment, — that would be too much to ask, — but at least to impose a sentence with some recommendation to mercy?

This is the minimum demand of generosity. It is the fashion to separate criticism into two varieties, constructive and destructive. The average citizen is not confronted with frequent opportunities to use either of these in matters of universal moment. There is, however, a third variety — obstructive criticism — which he can practise

with palpable effect. Far too many of us are constantly employing it. The homely American adage, 'Don't shoot the pianist — he is doing his best,' expresses the national reprobation of the obstructively critical habit of mind. It is a habit which in time of war leads to consequences peculiarly dangerous. It would so wreck the discipline of an army that the first symptoms of it call for the rigorous measures by which infectious diseases are stamped out. In the host of non-combatants it must be dealt with chiefly through self-discipline; and the civilian can propose no more fruitful drill for his spirit than that which will put in the place of obstructive criticism a genuine desire to give his government credit for seeking and achieving high ends, whenever it does so, and 'getting behind' it in this effort at every opportunity. Of course he will not invariably feel that this can be done; but the raker of muck and the pilgrim to a celestial city are, in general, those who find what they are looking for.

III

What, indeed, are we looking for at the end of the road on which, as a people, we have now been traveling these many toilsome months — the same road of blood and death along which the peoples of Europe whose cause has always been ours have fared so much longer? The true objects of the war as a national enterprise have been stated again and again so clearly and completely that in this place it is needed only to consider the personal relation of the non-combatant to them. Their attainment must include many details of international arrangement; but when all is said and done, the core of the matter lies in the possibility of improving individual human conditions. It is a war for the individual, his rights and aspirations, as against the horrid doctrine that a state and its autocratic rulers are supreme in human affairs. The soldier understands this with entire clearness, and realizes its importance to his own and subsequent generations, even to the extent of staking his life that his conception of the truth, his certainty of it, may prevail on earth. It is all-important that the non-combatant should exercise his spirit in the same conception, the same certainty. The nation is fighting the war — not only the men at the front, still less exclusively the people at home; but the object toward which they are both striving is precisely one and the same. Each can help the other by keeping the simple outlines of that object unblurred and shining. From the countries that have been longer than we in the active fight comes the message that the original watchwords of the conflict are in danger of losing their potency as incentives after years of currency — just as the image, even of Liberty, on a coin that has passed too long from hand to hand, loses its first distinctness. On the youngest brother in the family of comrades-in-arms there rests peculiarly the obligation to hold the inmost purpose of the war steady and inviolate in all his thoughts. Through so doing, the non-combatant, in a thousand radiations of influence, may feel that he is doing his best toward becoming what the army designates so accurately as 'an effective.'

This unity of feeling between the fighting force and the helping, animating force behind it is indeed a matter of the utmost consequence. Though it is one of the things which are spiritual, and are therefore unseen, it must have, like all those things, its outward token, its temporal, or seen, expression. On every hand the opportunity for such expression presents itself. There is the personal pocket-book, standing in the closest possible relation to the national.

There are taxes to be paid without complaint. There are, besides, the numberless occasions for thrift arising in the daily life of everybody. Production for the purposes of war must be matched by those individual economies which make their enormous contribution to the resources of a nation. A constant revision of one's own parallel lists of luxuries and necessities tends to the increase of the one and the reduction of the other — a tendency that favors eliminations from the longer list. (To the vanishing train of physical indulgences, might not the luxury of grumbling at inconveniences, never before so trivial in comparison with the realities of pain in the world, be joined?) Then there are the inhibitions, as of alcohol, to which the soldier and sailor must submit under the pressure of law or necessity, and in which many civilians find themselves wishing to share, if only that they may come a little nearer to standing on a common footing of sacrifice. On any comparison of these matters there seems so pitifully little for the non-combatant to do that none will grudge him his drill of the spirit in seeking and finding his own occasions to go beyond the letter of the sumptuary law.

IV

When the end shall come, it will be in reality a great beginning. It has already been suggested that the manual of arms in which the non-combatant has exercised himself will still have its practical uses. There will be many personal continuations of new adjustments to new conditions. The relation between the civilian population and the millions now engaged in military, naval, and auxiliary activities, who must be reabsorbed into the civil body politic, will raise problems truly revealing the quality of the national character. The facts of this relation are for the present highly, and inevitably, colored with sentiment. The sentiment will not perish, but the facts must yet be dealt with face to face. What we now partially realize in theory must be met in practice — the signal fact that the war is now sifting out and testing the men who, when it is done, are bound to be our leaders in all the more active branches of the national life. The history of the presidency through the decades that followed the Civil War affords a sufficiently clear illustration of what may be expected. This precedent, as we are realizing all too soon, has its tragic corollary of heroic deaths, cutting short many a living leadership, to be carried on, as best it may, through the inspiration of noble memories. With those who return, to become our future leaders, we shall have to deal; and everything that the non-combatant can now do to strengthen the sympathy and enlarge the mutual understanding between him and them will work to the ultimate profit of this our land.

From the present into the future will be carried, also, some of what may be called the bettered utilities of existence. If a war like this one was needed to show us what may be done with a newly utilized hour of daylight, surely we shall not let peace take such a benefit away from us. Nor can we part with the utter discrediting of idleness. The present status of the long school and college vacation provides a notable instance of what has happened in this regard. Our spirited youth, even below the military age, are now ashamed to stand as summer do-nothings. The institutions to which they are attached have commendably employed their resources for redeeming the time of summer, with varied provisions for training that will help, in one way or another, to win the war. It is all so much better than the old practice of long-extended

idleness, that it, too, when peace shall bring its new problems, must be cherished as a saved hour of educational daylight.

Still another unrelinquishable gain has come with the proof — for which the non-combatant has been the *corpus vile* of experiment — that, even short of 'giving till it hurts,' there has been hitherto a vast unexercised force of giving which does not hurt at all. This force has lain comparatively idle in the hands of those who are now finding themselves content with a smaller annual surplus, and of that immensely greater number who have learned to extend the area of their own self-denials. The proof has been merely a part of the sorely needed lesson that the individual service of the common good can be immeasurably increased. It is not taught otherwise than by the constant drilling of the civilian population; but through its means 'the great society,' 'the kingdom of heaven,' — call it what you will, — may some day be established among men.

V

This, truly, is a quintessential object of the war. Its attainment has become possible only at the terrific cost the world is now paying for it; but the end is so supremely worth winning that the cost must be paid. There is just one thought, a thought of the cynical non-combatant, and combatant, mind, that quenches the liveliest zeal for a conclusion of the whole prodigious business. It is a thought which finds expression in the sinister phrases: 'Man always has been and always will be a fighting animal; this war will be followed by others so long as the race endures.' If that, beyond question, is the fact, no manual of arms will avail either the fighting or the helping force anything but the satisfaction of exhibition drills. One peace would be nearly as good as another; for, whatever its terms, it would be nothing but a truce. If the toll paid and still payable is exacted without a compensating hope, or faith, that nothing like it will ever again be asked of man, then indeed it is all an infinitely vain thing.

Only omniscience can pronounce the sinister saying positively false; but until it is proved true, — and there again omniscience is needed, — it is for finite minds to reject the ignominy of its acceptance. The horizon of the hopes of man is never quite so clear that the exact moment of sunrise or of sunset may be marked. But a great millennial hope is none the less to be treasured as the goal of all striving. Just when its object will be reached — if that object be an enduring peace, and if the means for securing it be that perpetual alliance of free nations which now appears to embody the most promising plan yet devised for its attainment — none may certainly declare. But whatever methods may be pursued to this end, the hope behind it, and the confidence that it is a reasonable and righteous hope, are the highest justifications for everything that everybody can do to achieve the victory of the Allies with whom our nation is joined. There is no weapon in the spiritual armor of the non-combatant that needs more constantly to be kept bright.

THE DUTY OF HATRED

BY HORACE J. BRIDGES

To live above the battle, in a private shrine of serenity and peace; to pray without discrimination that finely discriminating prayer of Christ for his enemies; to censure the raging resentment of the victims of outrages that we have not suffered, and of the witnesses of atrocities that have not offended our eyes; to set haloes on 'conscientious objectors' to the struggle that is saving our lives and the freedom of our land; to prate of pardoning the distant sinner against others, without confessing to ourselves how we should feel if his sins were committed against us: all this is feebleness and folly, or else moral treason. It is immorality using the Sermon on the Mount for smoke-screen; it is spiritual cowardice wearing the airs of Christian heroism; it is surpliced impiety and sanctimonious blasphemy. 'The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines.' Now, if ever, is the time for every heart to vibrate to that iron string.

Forgiveness is for unwitting or repented sins; not for sins conscious, deliberate, unrepented. It is the recognition that the sinner knew not what he did, with the clearly implied condition that, had he known, he would not have done it. Or it is the recognition that a professed contrition is sincere, and that an incipient amendment of life is to be lasting. Forgiveness is the highest and holiest attribute of man. It is an office that each must exercise, for all men need it at their fellows' hands. Among the radiations of soul into soul wherein our truest life consists, the most glorious rays are those that shed pardon, and the peace of pardon, and the new faith in himself that our faith in the penitent sinner engenders. Whose sins we remit, they are *pro tanto* remitted; whose sins we retain, they are, *quâ* us, and *quâ* the sinner's kindly or resentful regard for us, retained. Like so many of the Christian sayings, the force of this one is due to its human truth, its universal applicability.

But because the doctrine of the remission of sins by human pardon is so important, it is not less important that we understand it aright, that we may know when and where it is our duty to practise it, and when and why it is wrong to forgive — or pretend to forgive. And in my judgment there really is a duty of hatred, an imperative of conscience prescribing resentment, as unconditional as the very law of love itself; nay, the law of resentment is the necessary complement of the law of love and pardon. Is not this one of the 'high things' that the 'high song' taught to Thalassius? —

> He that loves life overmuch shall die
> The dog's death, utterly;
> But he that much less loves it than he *hates*
> *All wrongdoing that is done*
> Anywhere, always, underneath the sun,
> Shall live a mightier life than Time's or Fate's.

That wrongdoing is to be hated is self-evident, and denied by none. Nobody professes to love treachery, or murder, or the exploitation of the weak by the strong. Even the German U-boat commander, who sank a ship of

ours in the Atlantic the other day, had the grace to admit that he hated the dastardly deed he had to do. Any condonation of the illegal and inhuman savageries committed by our enemies in this war would be intolerable. But many counselors are reminding us of the old Church maxim, that, while we hate the sin, we should love the sinner; and because I agree with this saying in its true meaning, I am concerned to see that it is interpreted in a rational sense, and not used sentimentally as a justification for a weak-kneed and immoral attitude. What, then, does it rightly mean?

It means loving the sinner, not as he is, but as he has it in him to become. It means that one should regard the inexhaustible potentialities of repentance and spiritual transformation in him, and order one's bearing and action so as to give to these deeply interred potentialities the maximum chance of release and actualization. It does not and cannot mean loving the sinner in so far as he is still identified in will with his sin, and with the end to which his sin is the means. The sin is the outward expression of an inward and spiritual perversion; it is not severable in moral estimate from the mental or spiritual aberration that prompts it. And the hatred rightly directed against the sin cannot be, and ought not to be, deflected from the personality of the sinner, in so far as this embodies itself in the censured deed.

It is strange that Christian ethics, the most inward and spiritual portion of our ancient ethical tradition, should have been used to justify a sunderance between will and deed which is in fact impossible, and which could not be justified, even if it were possible. We live only in our deeds and in the energies which release themselves therein; and it is precisely the teaching of Christ which lodges the sin in the heart's-root of the sinner, and so justifies the belief that hatred due to an evil act is due also to the evil disposition in which the act is conceived and born. 'That which comes from within a man defiles him'; and, in so far as he is the source of this defilement, identifies himself with it, persists in it and justifies it, I am to hate him as I hate it.

There is a noteworthy discrimination concerning the dying prayer of Christ in one of the wisest studies of the Christian ethic ever made: the *Ecce Homo* of Seeley. Noting the condition attached to Christ's plea for the forgiveness of his enemies, Seeley has the courage to conclude that Christ did not forgive the enemies who *knew* what they did. The ignorant Roman soldiers, in whose eyes He was a common malefactor, and who could make no distinction between Him and the criminals at his side, were, *for that reason alone*, to be forgiven. But the traitors who had consciously handed over their innocent fellow countryman to the agents of a foreign tyranny, who acted in deliberate malice and rejoiced in their success, are not forgiven by Christ, nor does He even pray for God's forgiveness to them. The omission, it can scarcely be doubted, was deliberate and intentional; and it was unquestionably right, for to forgive the impenitent is to condone their sin, and therefore to minimize it, if not actually to identify one's self with it.

I cannot hate the act of torpedoing a hospital ship without hating the men who order it to be done. I may not, it is true, forget the possibility that those men may some day come to hate their deed as I hate it now; but it is also true that, only after this miracle has been worked, will it be right for anybody to forgive them. If I am not to share their guilt, I must both feel and express the detestation inspired in me by their deed, and by themselves so long

as they remain identified in will with their deed.

The identification of the criminal with the unrepented crime, which I am here insisting upon, is in truth an identification that everybody recognizes in the case of good deeds and of artistic achievements. Nobody proposes to love the good act without loving the actor, in so far as he is expressed in, and identified with it. In these cases, we always see the man in the deed, the poet in the poem, the artist in the picture.

Of course, we rightly reserve consideration of the latent possibilities of evil in the doer of a good deed, just as we are bound to reserve consideration of the good potencies in the wrongdoer. But it is as wrong to pretend to love the impenitent and unpurged criminal while hating his sin, as it would be to hate the doer of a deed of love while loving the deed itself.

The bearing of this brief analysis on the great moral problem of the war scarcely needs explication. Hatred, within the limits of the purpose of ending this war and all war, — hatred for the very sake of the better nature buried under the demonism of the enemy, — is not merely tolerable, but is our bounden duty. For the circumstances are such that our only chance of contributing to the release of the true and better self of our enemies is to make manifest to them the immitigable anger provoked in us by their deeds and by themselves as authors of those deeds. Such hatred is quite distinct from the blind lust of revenge, for the reason that its end is not the mere infliction upon the enemy of such savageries as he has perpetrated upon others, nor is it his annihilation. The end is such a physical victory over him as will render him impotent to pursue the course that has fired the world with a just hatred; and, to this end, the infliction upon him of so much injury as that end itself necessitates.

When the wild beast has been caged so that he can no longer burn, poison, rape, and destroy, his own reflections upon the universal detestation he has provoked, his own perception of the impossibility of his being readmitted to the fellowship of nations while he remains identified with the seven devils that possess him, will be the necessary prelude to the change of heart that would make forgiveness and restoration possible. In this process of the spiritual redemption of Germany, hatred of the wrong and the wrongdoers is a necessary factor.

The impossible pretence of loving the spirit which is expressed and embodied in the deeds we hate is a sickly and sickening sentimentality; it is, to return to Emerson's phrase, 'the gospel of love puling and whining,' and therefore it needs to be counteracted by the doctrine of a just hatred.

THE STORY OF SAPPHIRE

A TALE OF THE POLYGAMOUS CITY

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

WHEN I entered the hospital at half-past twelve, Sapphire, in white garments, was standing by the three cypress trees, in the shaded brick walk leading in from the gate. The moment I got inside the walls of the hospital garden, I began singing the song that had been in my heart all morning. I could not sing in the streets, for, in our city, even to hum is to arouse suspicion. People wonder what a woman can have to sing about, except something forbidden. And Sapphire was wondering the same thing, apparently, for, as I went up to her, she asked, —

'Miss Sahib, what you singing for?'

'Because I want to,' I replied. 'For joy, child, joy!' I nearly added, 'Not for men and money.' But after all, it was not Sapphire's fault that she had been born to her work of charming men with music, of making them stark mad, if they were rich enough to deserve the effort.

'Joy?' said Sapphire. Her voice was bitter — or wistful. 'Joy? What's joy?'

A question, to be sure. It made me daring.

'Something not found in your calling, I believe,' I answered.

'Miss Sahib,' cried my friend eagerly, 'come home with me for a while. You never come to see me nowadays, though I tell Flower every day to ask you to. You've nothing to do now. Come with me!'

'Sapphire,' I said, 'I've been teaching since six this morning, and I'm late getting home, as it is. The doctor will be annoyed that I've stayed out so long in the heat. I haven't had lunch yet. I'm tired.'

'Ah,' she replied, 'you tire so soon of us! You want a darkened house and a cool room to rest in, where there are no Indians.'

Her answer was so true that it hurt me. Of course she did not realize that talking a half-acquired language for hours might be a strain; neither did noise and dirt and heat and glare tire her. But still I could not let her say exactly what she did. I answered indignantly, —

'I'm *never* tired of you. I'm tired working. You'd be, too.'

'You can rest at my house,' she argued. 'I'll cook you a good lunch myself. The house is quiet, too. Please come!'

So I went, because I was thinking of Flower. I hated walking through the city with Sapphire, and I was ashamed of myself for hating it, for, as I told myself, I should have been thinking of something else, not of the fact that some who saw us together would say, 'Two of a kind,' because we were both dressed in white, and unveiled, and unmarried. But we walked almost the length of the city, down the broad

street which writhed in the white heat, without meeting a soul. Everyone had taken refuge from the sun behind closed doors. Turning into a narrow street, we came to a substantial brick house in a good neighborhood, entered the curtained door of the women's apartments, and were secure.

Now, Sapphire was a *conjuri*. It is a less hard word than its English equivalent, and one in common use. Mothers, seeing their wee daughters learning baby accomplishments, hug them up joyfully, crying, 'Oh, sweet little conjuri!' And schoolgirls, playing, call to each other, 'Conjuri, you!' on such occasions as used to make us exclaim, 'You horrid thing!'

Sapphire was not beautiful, but she had a fresh pink color, and a very quizzical smile which kept many people interested in it. Her father was a real gentleman, I have been assured. He lived as a gentleman should; his fathers before him had taught him to live on the wages of his daughters. His wife kept more strict *purdah* than did any woman in the city — that is, she lived in more perfect seclusion. From the day she had been brought into the house, a bride of good birth, to produce daughters, until the day of her death, she never left the high walls of the women's quarters. She had three daughters, of whom Sapphire was the eldest, — the youngest was but eight, — whose work it was to fill the outer wing of the house, where they nightly held court, with such mirth as amused their admirers.

Sapphire had learned her cunning as a child, from her aunts, who used to keep dozens of women in the house. Her indignant neighbors said that it was no half-developed art with which she charmed her victims. 'She takes the very motion songs that you teach Flower in your school,' they said, 'and she turns them into the songs which we hear all night from our roofs, and sings them so that men have no sense at all left.'

'You ought to give her credit for being more decent than her aunts,' I replied in her defense.

But I could not justify her. When from a distance I would see her walking, gaudily attired, through crowded bazaars, with brazen pleasure, I disliked her immensely. But when she was with me, and there were no women about to stimulate the defiant superiority which she always assumed in their company, her pathetic incessant appeal for my respect made me tender-hearted toward her.

I had met her first in the home of a respectable neighbor, where the women seemed to like her, and certainly to envy her her freedom. I believe she was delighted to find someone who, she supposed, was ignorant of her caste, and her manner begged my friendship. Had she not learned to read in the mission school? Was not Flower's regular attendance there, which she enforced, most commendable? She showed me her embroidery, which was unusually well done. She talked of the things that pleased me, and I never heard an indecent word from her, which was more than I could say for most of the women I knew. I lavished respect upon her. And afterwards, when she knew that I understood, she warded off any mention of her manner of life, which I imagined she loathed. When I suggested the possibility of such a thing to her merciless neighbors, they laughed wisely. But one day a bitter cry of humiliation showed me that I was right.

'Everyone despises us — they abhor us. What are such women as we in the world?' I remembered her words the day she asked, 'What's joy?'

The court we sat in, on low cots, was brick-paved, perhaps twelve feet square, and was surrounded by wide verandahs,

behind which were living-rooms. Sapphire brought me in gayly, and her mother and sisters received me most cordially, with many reproofs for not coming oftener. Sapphire cooked my lunch — the most delicious omelet I ever ate, flavored with mint and Indian spices. It was great kindness on her part, for she was almost too lazy to order her servants about. When the women, much pleased that I enjoyed their food, removed the tray from the chair on which they had placed it in front of me, I picked up an Indian doll, most cleverly fashioned by hand from white muslin, well colored, and gorgeously dressed.

'Who made this?' I asked in surprise.

'I did,' said the second sister, a red-lipped girl, extremely thin and graceful, who at fourteen was well launched in her career. 'That's nothing. I've made nicer ones than her. Shall I show them to you?'

'Do,' I said.

'You want to see mine?' asked Flower, the youngest.

She spoke shyly, as sweet little girls sometimes do.

'Of course I do,' I assured her.

In a moment both the girls were spreading out on the cot boxes full of dolls of many sizes and nationalities, and alas, alas! they were all dressed in wedding clothes, and wore the jewelry of brides.

'Are they *all* newly married?' I asked the little black-eyed child.

'Yes,' she said, 'my dollies are all married. We play they may be.'

Sapphire turned away abruptly. I could have wept. For it is only to women of their caste that marriage is denied in our city. I examined the childish stitches in the dolls' small garments, wondering that at eight one should have felt the sting of shame. We talked of everything, but the thing we were all thinking of.

But as I left that day, when Sapphire was standing in the outer door, talking nervously, I said to her, though I knew it hurt her, —

'Sapphire, give that little thing to me. I'll take her away from this, and put her in a boarding-school, and she'll forget about this. I'll marry her well. She shall be my own sister.'

'We're going to marry her ourselves,' she answered, though she knew I did not believe her. 'And anyway I can't give her to you. You know that. They would n't let her get away. They'd say you'd make a Christian of her.'

'You know you would n't care if I did,' I replied. 'Would you now?'

'No, I would n't,' she said. 'Anything would be better than this. It would be better to be a pig,' she added, because in her exhaustive vocabulary she had no word which to her seemed stronger. 'What can I do about it? It's too hot for you to be standing here. I must n't keep you.'

II

Afterwards I reflected that perhaps it had been too hot that afternoon, or perhaps it was the omelet, or other similar indiscretions. For I had two weeks of fever soon after, and was sent to the hills for the vacation that I had planned to take later. One noon after I returned, the bearer told me a servant of Judge Faiz Ali had waited a long time for me and had promised to return in the evening. When I inquired who the judge was, I was told that he was a newly appointed district official who had lately married a woman I knew. Her name was Sapphire.

I was delighted that my friend had attained so boldly the respectability she longed for. When I asked the doctor about it, she said that the city had been full of gossip about the marriage, because the men of Sapphire's family,

outraged by her unfilial conduct, had gone to law to regain possession of her. But the judge, who was a man of influence, had laughed at his relatives-in-law, and won the case.

Next day I went to congratulate Sapphire, who had done all a woman of her caste could do to put away her shame, and more than most women dared to do. But when I got within the decorous seclusion of her new home, the bubble of my gratification burst. She was sitting idly on a low cot, beneath a tree, whose branches spread to make a roof for the paved court. Richly and plainly dressed, with flowers in her gold earrings, she was stringing jasmine flowers for a wreath. In the veranda beyond, two beautiful women were sitting, sewing. Never have I been regarded with such contemptuous disapproval as that which they bestowed upon me for a moment, until they turned and went into the room behind the veranda. But Sapphire made up for their lack of cordiality.

'Don't mind her,' she said. 'I don't. She's the judge's other wife. The younger one is her daughter visiting her. Yes, I'm very happy here. He's *very* good to me. And he has the sweetest little son, just starting to school. I help him with his lessons. And I keep well here. I think this house will agree with me. The only thing is, I seldom see Flower.'

'Does n't she ever come to see you?' I asked.

'She just runs in for a minute, on her way to school. My father would be furious if he knew it. But I *have* to see her once in a while. I want her to know how happy I am. You must come to see me often, now that I live so near.'

Whenever I went to see her afterwards, she seemed eminently satisfied with herself and her circumstances. But I saw what the other wife hoped in vain to see: that Sapphire resented bitterly the snubbings which the older woman never failed to make as painful as possible. One day when we were alone she said to me angrily, —

'Why does she put on such airs? Has he not a right to marry whom he will? I'm his wife as much as she is. And the little lad loves me. She ought to be glad that I don't insist on the judge taking another house for himself and the child and me, and leaving her here alone. I will do it, if she is n't decent. She knows perfectly well I can do it. He never thinks of her, since he's known me, unless I remind him of her. And he's always kind to her. She has nothing to complain of.'

'I don't know about that,' I said. 'Just suppose someone should win him away from you. How would you like that?'

Sapphire laughed. 'Let anyone try it who wants to,' she said. 'I'm not afraid. And anyway, if I'd lived comfortably all my life, I would n't grudge another woman a little bit of comfort.'

Just then the fat little son, in fine white pajamas and shirt and a blue silk vest, with a gold-embroidered cap on his head, which was closely shaven except for a fringe of soft bangs, came in from school. He went straight to Sapphire's arms. She caressed him, and made him open his book and recite his lesson to me. This he did in shy haste, scarcely waiting to draw breath. When he finished, I praised him, and looking up, saw his mother in the doorway of her room, smiling on him with pride and tenderness unspeakable.

'Akhbar,' she said gently, 'why will you wipe your inky fingers on your shirt. You were so nice and clean this morning, and look at you now! You're so hot. Come and have lunch.'

'Akhbar,' said Sapphire deliberately, untying some coins from the end of her veil, 'take this, and go and get the Miss Sahib some lemonade.'

The boy looked at his mother.

'Send a servant,' she said shortly to Sapphire. 'Can't you see he's too hot?'

Sapphire gave the child a caress. 'Run along, king that you are,' she said lovingly.

The boy went, and the mother turned away into her room.

'Sapphire,' I said quietly, 'you needn't think I'm going to drink that lemonade. It's downright wicked of you to act that way!'

'Oh, it is, is it?' she retorted. 'I suppose it's my fault I have n't a son. Perhaps it was wrong to destroy mine, for fear they'd be girls. I suppose it's wicked to make the little son love me — mighty wicked, is n't it?'

'I'm awfully sorry you have n't a son of your own,' I replied gently. 'But that's no reason why you should torment the boy's mother as you did then.'

'One thing I know,' continued Sapphire vehemently. 'One thing I am sure of. Flower is not going to live through what I've lived through. She's like my own child. I'll — '

'What will you do?' I asked as she hesitated. 'By the time she is old enough to choose for herself legally, it will be too late.'

'Legally!' she exclaimed. 'Who said legally? I'm not English!'

But she would say no more. I was sorry that I had been so sharp with her. So I drank the lemonade which the child brought in bottles, and when I left she was mollified, and even gay. But that was because the older woman was watching her.

III

What Sapphire said about Flower stayed in my mind, for every day, as I saw the little child in school during the next three years, the problem of her future rose up and smote me. She was growing quickly into a wonderfully beautiful woman. She was slender and straight; her wavy hair, which, like her eyes, was perfectly black, made a braid thicker than her thin arm, and at her temples curled into soft ringlets. Her face, except in moments of excitement, when her cheeks grew vividly pink, was a clear ivory color, and had the fascinating fluency of expression that seems peculiarly Indian. Her girlish delight, or laughter, or annoyance, any sudden thought she had, flowed across her dimpled face as clear water flows over stones in sunlit brooks. There was no child in school who could compare with her for beauty. Watching her, I used to plan all sorts of futile schemes. And suddenly one morning, when she was about eleven, she was not to be found.

Naturally they rose late at Flower's home. Her mother, seeing the child's bed empty, supposed she had slept in the other sister's rooms, and sent her son to awaken his sister for school. But the sister, angry at being awakened, declared that Flower had not been with her since the day before.

'She will have gone to the roof,' said the mother. 'Call her down.'

But there was no bed on the roof.

'Well, she's somewhere,' the mother said, annoyed, as she began searching. Not finding her, she aroused the house.

'She must have gone to school without her breakfast,' her father conjectured.

So the brother was sent running to school, only to find that they knew nothing of her. They searched at the neighbors, vainly. A servant was sent to Sapphire, who asked haughtily why anyone supposed she knew anything about Flower. The sister came to the hospital to question us. The search spread, and continued frantically. The police were called in. They examined the wells round about. The mother wailed and fainted, and the neighbors

discussed the misfortune in anxious little groups.

The next morning, when I went to inquire if the child had been found, they told me she had not, and moreover they were angry with me. I must have stolen her away. I protested that I had done no such thing. They insisted that I must have.

'Do you think I'm lying?' I asked.

'You know you wanted her,' cried the sister.

'I *did* want her,' I acknowledged. 'I wish I had her this minute. But I have n't. Some of the men who were here last night must know something about it.'

They agreed that it was possible, and assured me the police were making investigation. They seemed to think she would be found with Sapphire or me. The inspector, however, accepted my statement, when I told him I was innocent, and Sapphire's husband refused to have her questioned. She swore to me, weeping, as she had done to her father, by the Most High God, by the Koran, by her father's beard, by her husband's honor, by her hopes of heaven, that she knew nothing about Flower.

Days and weeks passed, and Flower was not found. The excitement died away. People generally believed that the child had been kidnapped by soldiers leaving the city for the frontier. But the mother was still crying herself blind, and the father's anger was only a degree less ardent, when, a month after Flower's disappearance, Sapphire, very much dejected, and wretchedly worried about the child, returned home to stay. The Judge, she said, had grown tired of her. They had quarreled, and he had divorced her.

The fact that her home-coming comforted her mother and pacified her father did not relieve the repugnance she felt against living at home. She cried for hours together, and coughed painfully, and grew so irritable that even her father had to be careful of the tone in which he addressed her. She may have sung and danced by night, but certainly by day she was not lovely. One morning, when she came wearily to the hospital for her medicine, she answered me very sharply, and at once begged my pardon.

'Don't mind my being so cross,' she said; 'I'm miserable at home now, and I'm ill.'

'Why did n't you stay where you were?' I questioned. 'You were better there. I don't believe for a moment that the Judge divorced you.'

'Don't you?' she asked, greatly pleased. 'You knew I could manage him, did n't you? I suppose you think as the others do, that I came back to my people for love of the life!'

'I'm not judging you,' I said.

But afterwards I saw that I had been thinking that, after all, she was just a common conjuri. My interest in her rather flagged, without Flower to sustain it, and I was kept busy in the school.

IV

Three or four years after Sapphire's divorce, she came as an in-patient to the hospital, that the doctor might try a new cure for tuberculosis. She was put in the tubercular ward, which was really two stories of open-roofed verandas, sterilized daily by the sun, and sheltered by sliding screens, where I visited her daily.

The doctor, who had believed Sapphire would respond to the treatment, was much disappointed to see her weakness daily growing more painful. We were discussing her case one afternoon at tea, when our mail was brought in. There was a letter for me, an envelope addressed in English, containing a postcard covered with the scrawling writing

of an Indian child. It said, after greetings and prayers for my prosperity, 'Please tell Sapphire I have a son. I am very well. The child loves her exceedingly. Our Sahib's Memsahib made him a little shirt with her own hands. Don't let anyone but Sapphire know.'

Oh, but I was glad when I realized what it meant. I could scarcely wait until the time of evening prayers, when every patient who had strength enough even to creep hastened to join the group of women who gathered round the doctor, to hear her songs, and her very proper prayers for their recovery, and to see her beam upon them as they told her of their ailments and their improvements.

Sapphire was too weak to join the gathering of the blessed ones who could walk. But when she saw me coming up the stairs, she tried to sit up on her cot. I made her lie down, and took the fan out of her weak yellow hand. I wondered if joy would hurt her.

'I've got good news for you,' I said, smiling.

'It's from Flower,' she said; 'let me see it.'

She had risen on her elbow. She took the letter and read it three times, without looking at me. Her drawn face grew pitifully sweet.

'Flower has a son,' she said softly. 'She has a son. Is n't it sweet?' she repeated. 'A little son. It was worth it.'

'It's perfectly lovely,' I said. There was a pause. 'You don't seem surprised.'

'She wrote me a few months ago,' Sapphire said; and when she had finished coughing, she added, 'And oh, Miss Sahib, that letter came so near betraying her that I wrote her to write to you for me when she must write, and to have her husband post the letter at a distance. You don't object, do you?'

'I'm delighted,' I said. 'Would you mind telling me how you managed it?'

'I'd have told you before,' she said, 'But I knew you could n't lie well in an emergency. I decided I'd tell you before I — '

'I understand,' I said.

Sapphire seemed to be getting great pleasure out of her thoughts in the pause. Presently she began.

'When I was living in the Judge's house, I was always planning for her — was she not lovely? You remember the time I went to Amritsar with him? There was a young cousin of his in the house in which we visited there, such a nice lad, who was about to leave for his post in the forestry department away across India. He was not married. I, being his aunt, questioned him discreetly. I told him I would give him a wife lovelier than the sunrise, on condition that he kept his marriage secret. Of course he agreed. The night he passed through, I took Flower to the station — at one in the morning. She had no wedding garments, but the best veils the Judge had bought me, I gave her. In the moonlight, there where the logs were piled in the vacant lot by the station, I put on her a lavender one embroidered in gold. I kissed her much. Ah, but she was brave! She went away like a woman. I put her in the women's compartment. No one knew us — we were safely veiled. The next morning they were to get out at Delhi. I had told them how to know each other. He promised to marry her in that city.' Sapphire smiled. 'Of course I did n't believe he'd do it because he said he would, but because of his joy when Flower lifted her outer veil. Can't you imagine how she'd look — all blushing, and the gold next her hair?'

'I can imagine,' I replied.

'It must have been sweet,' she said; and she sighed.

The rest was not so pleasant.

'I got back to the house without

anyone knowing I had gone. But it was fate: the servant of that other wife had returned by the train that I sent Flower on. Next morning early, she said to her mistress, —

'"That old servant of the Judge's uncle came last night on the train I came on. He'll be here presently, most likely. Wonder why they could have sent him here?"

'But the servant never came, and at evening the other wife told the Judge that his uncle's servant had come to town by the night train, but had not come to the house all day. The Judge answered that the old servant had merely been passing through with the nephew, with whom he had been sent to the forestry station. And somehow, Miss Sahib, that fiend of a woman *guessed* that Flower had gone with the young man. She had n't a sign of evidence. She simply guessed it. And she was so sure, that she sent her old servant all that distance to spy Flower out, and bring her word. And when the servant returned, after seeing Flower, that woman said to me, —

'"You leave this house in one month, or I tell your father where Flower is. As you put the charm on my husband, you take it off. I give you one month to make him hate you."

'She had won. I did n't want to kill her. "I'll go in two weeks," I told her. "And if you or your servant tell what you know, I'll win the Judge back, and I'll live in a separate house with him and your son, and my sister will live in a separate house with your daughter's husband."

'She knew I meant it. I went home. It killed me to let a silly deserted woman like her triumph over me. But what could I do? Flower was so little, I could n't let her be brought back.' Apologetically she explained away her sacrifice. 'You know how it is with women. They're always saying to their children, "Ah, that I might take your pain, and give you my joy! Would that I might suffer in your place!" I had to do it, even if I was beginning to hope for a son of my own in those days. It might have been, for I was well. But now *she* has a son!'

The hatred died out of her face as she contemplated that glory.

'Sapphire,' I began. But Hindustani failed me. I knew there were tears in my eyes.

'Oh, it's all right now,' she said, 'now that it's over. Will you write her for me, and say that I've never been so happy as I am to-day, lying on this bed panting. You'd better tell her how it was. I don't think either she or her husband knows I'm divorced. Perhaps something will go wrong with her. He may marry again, or divorce her. What does one know of the future? And if she knows I returned home, naturally she'd return, too. But if you tell her what I did to save her, she'll never come back. I think you can make a good letter about it.'

'I think myself that I can,' I said.

'But you must n't let it hurt her too much. She's a tenderhearted little thing.' She considered a while, and added, 'But perhaps you'd better tell her I was hoping for a son. There come great temptations.' She paused again, then chuckled weakly. 'And when I'm not here to frighten her, the Judge's wife won't dare to tell, because she'd be afraid of getting the nephew tried for kidnapping. Flower is safe, and she has a son. It was worth while. It's very sweet.'

SEA-WRACK

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

SUSPENDED in the naked air eight thousand feet above New York, I look down and see the city and its inhabitants merged into one. From this height the metropolis is less interesting, and is hardly more noticeable than many tropical ants' nests which have come under my observation. Circling slowly earthward, I have watched the city split apart into its cañon streets, and have finally distinguished the caterpillars which I knew were trains, and the black beetles which must be automobiles. Last, and apparently least, were resolved a multitude of tiny specks, weird beings all hats and legs, which were undoubtedly the makers and owners of these beetles and worms and cañons.

In many similar bird's-eye views of the city, one phase of activity always amuses and thrills. Circling as low as I dare, bumped and jolted by the surging uprush of invisible spouts of warm air, I head, like a frigate-bird, straight into the teeth of the wind, and hang for a time parallel with the streaming lines of gray and white smoke. Near the margin of the city, where the glittering water reaches long fingers in between the wharves, a crowd of people push, antwise, down to the brink. Many burdened individuals pass and repass over slender bridges or gang-planks, for all the world like leaf-cutting ants transporting their booty over twigs and grass-stems. Then comes a frantic waving of antennæ (or are they handkerchiefs), and finally part of the wharf detaches itself and is slowly separated from the city. Now I can mount higher to a less dangerous altitude, and watch the ship become a drifting leaf, then a floating mote, to vanish at last over the curve of the world.

I cease chuckling into the roar of my motor; my amusement becomes all thrill. The gods shift and change: Yo-harneth-Lahai leaves me, and in his place comes Slid, with the hand of Roon beside mine on the wheel. I hasten hangarwards with the gulls which are beating toward their roosting sands of far Long Island beaches.

On some future day, I, in my turn, scurry up a gang-plank laden with my own particular bundles, following days of haste and nights of planning. I go out on the upper deck of the vessel, look upward at a gull, and think of the amusing side of all the fuss of preparation, the farewells, the departure, which sufficient perspective gives. And then I look ahead, out toward the blue-black ocean, and up again to the passing gulls, and the old, yet ever new thrill of travel, of exploration, possesses me. Even if now the thrill is shared by none other, if I must stand alone at the rail watching the bow dip to the first swell outside the harbor, I am yet glad to be one of the ants which has escaped from the turmoil of the great nest, to drift for a while on this tossing leaf.

At the earnest of winter — whether biting frost or flurry of snowflakes — a woodchuck mounts his little moraine of trampled earth, looks about upon

the saddening world, disapproves, and descends to his long winter's sleep. An exact parallel may be observed in the average passenger. As the close perspective of home, of streets, of terrestrial society, slips away, and his timid eyes gaze upon the unwonted sight of a horizon, — a level horizon, unobstructed by any obstacle of man's devising, — mental and physical activity desert him. He hibernates. He swathes himself, larva-like, in many wrappings, and encases himself in the angular cocoons furnished for the purpose, at one dollar each, by the deck-steward; or he haunts the smoking-room, and under the stimulus of unaccustomed beverages, enters into arguments at levels of intelligence and logic which would hardly tax the powers of Pithecanthropus or a Bushman.

From the moment of sailing I am always impressed with the amusing terrestrial instincts of most human beings. They leave their fellows and the very wharf itself with regret, and no sooner are they surrounded by old ocean than their desires fly ahead to the day of freedom from this transitory aquatic prison. *En route*, every thought, every worry, every hope is centripetal. The littlenesses of ship-life are magnified to subjects of vital importance; and so perennial and enthusiastic are these discussions, that it seems as if the neighbor's accent, the daily dessert, the sempiternal post-mortem of the bridge game, the home-life of the stewardess, must contain elements of greatness and goodness. With a few phonograph records, it would not be a difficult matter to dictate in advance a satisfactory part in the average conversation at the captain's table. The subjects, almost without exception, are capable of prediction, the remarks and points of view may be anticipated.

Occasionally a passenger detaches his mind from the ship and its doings long enough to take note of something happening beyond the rail — some cosmic phenomenon which he indicates with unerring finger as a beautiful sunset; frequently reassuring himself of our recognition by a careful enumeration of his conception of the colors. Or a school of dolphins undulates through two mediums, and is announced, in a commendably Adam-like, but quite inaccurate spirit, as porpoises or young whales. Mercury, setting laggardly in the west, is gilded anew by our informant as a lightship, or some *phare* off Cape Imagination. We shall draw a veil, or go below, when an 'average citizen' begins to expound the stars and constellations.

All this is only amusing, and with the limited interest in the ship and the trip which the usual passenger permits himself, he still derives an amazing amount of pleasure from it all. It is a wonderful childlike joy, whether of convincingly misnaming stars, enthusiastically playing an atrocious game of shuffle-board, or estimating the ship's log with methods of cunning mathematical accuracy, but hopeless financial results. All these things I have done, and shall doubtless continue to do on future voyages; but there is an additional joy of striving to break with precedent, to concentrate on the alluring possibilities of new experiences, new discoveries, on board ship.

If the vessel is an oasis in a desert, — or in a 'waste of waters,' as is usually announced at table about the second or third day out, — then I am a true Arab, or, to follow more closely the dinner simile, a Jonah of sorts, for my interest is so much more with the said waste, or the things in it and above it, than with my swathed, hibernating fellow mortals.

Precedent on board ship is not easily to be broken, and much depends on the personality of the captain. If he has dipped into little-known places all over

the world with which you are familiar, or if you show appreciation of a captain's point of view, the battle is won. A few remarks about the difficulty of navigation of Nippon's Inland Sea; a rebuke of some thoughtless idiot at table who hopes for a storm — such things soon draw forth casual inquiries on his side; and when a captain begins to ask questions, the freedom of the chart-room is yours, and your unheard-of requests, which only a naturalist could invent or desire, will not fail of fulfillment.

II

I am off on a voyage of two weeks to British Guiana, and I begin to ponder the solution of my first problem. The vessel ploughs along at a ten-knot rate, through waters teeming with interesting life, and stopping at islands where every moment ashore is of thrilling scientific possibility. By what means can I achieve the impossible and study the life of this great ocean as we slip rapidly through it — an ocean so all-encompassing, yet, to a passenger, so inaccessible?

Day after day I scan the surface for momentary glimpses of cetaceans, and the air for passing seabirds. Even the rigging, at certain seasons, is worth watching as a resting-place for migrating birds. The extreme bow is one of the best points of vantage; but the spot of all spots for an observer is the appropriately named crow's nest, high up on the foremast. You have indeed won the captain over to your bizarre activities when he accords permission to climb the swaying ratlines and heave yourself into that wonderful place. It is tame enough when compared with piloting a plane among the clouds, but it presents an enormous expanse of ocean compared with the humble deck view. Here you can follow the small whales or blackfish down and down long after they have sounded; with your binoculars you can see every detail of the great floating turtles. And when the sun sinks in glory which is terrible in its grandeur, you may let it fill your senses with wordless ecstasy, without fear of interpretive interruption. Save for the other match-stick mast and the spider-web ratlines, the horizon is unbroken.

Many years ago I spent a night in the torch of the Statue of Liberty, and each time I dozed, the twenty-odd inch arch through which the lofty structure swayed awoke me again and again, being changed, behind one's closed lids, into a single motion, apparently that of a gradually accelerated fall to earth. In the crow's nest, when the ship is rolling, I can often conjure up the same feeling when my eyes are shut; but now I react to a new stimulus, and instinctively reach for a steering-rod, as the sensation is that of a wing-slip, consequent upon too slow progress of an aeroplane.

Among the luggage which I take on board is always a large, eight-pronged iron grapple, with a long coil of rope. These the stewards eye askance when they place them in my cabin, and hold whispered consultations as to their possible use. It is by no accident or chance that, before the third day, I have won the attention and a certain amount of interest of the captain, and have obtained permission to put his vessel to a novel use.

About the fourth day, from the upper deck or the ship's bow, I begin to see floating patches of seaweed — gulf-weed, or sargasso, as it is called. For the most part, this appears as single stems or in small rounded heads, yellow-brown or olive-green, awash with the surface. But, as we proceed southward, larger masses appear, and with my assistant, I get my crude apparatus ready. We fasten one end of the coil of

rope to the rail of the lowest open deck forward, and then I mount the rail, securing a good grip with legs and feet. As a cowboy on a fractious horse gathers the loops of his lariat for the throw, so I estimate my distance and balance myself for the propitious moment.

Now, if not before, the audience gathers. It is flattering to see how quickly my performance will empty the smoking-room, put an end to bridge games, and fill the deck-chairs with deserted, outspread yellow backs. As dangerous rival attractions, I admit only boat-drill and the dinner-gong!

My whole object is, of course, to secure as much as possible of the sargasso-weed, together with its strange inhabitants; and to this end I have tramped the decks of steamers with the patience of the pedestrian of Chillon. I have learned the exact portion of the ship where the strain is the least, and where the water, out-flung from the bow, is redrawn most closely to the vessel's side. I have had over-heavy grapples dragged from my hand, and have barely escaped following the lost instrument. I have seen too-light irons skip along the surface, touching only the high spots of the waves. As one drops one's aerial bomb well in advance of the object aimed at, so I have had to learn to adjust the advance of my cast to the speed of the ship.

I make throw after throw in vain, and my audience is beginning to jeer and to threaten to return to the unfinished no trumps, or the final chapter of 'The Lure of Love.' Near the water-level as I am, I can yet see ahead a big 'slick' of golden brown, and I wait. But the bow dips farther and farther away, and I almost give up hope. Then I look up appealingly to the bridge and catch a twinkle in the captain's eye. Even as I look, he motions to the wheelman, and the second succeeding dip of the bow slews it nearer the aquatic golden field. Still more it swings to starboard, and at last crashes down into the very heart of the dense mass of weed. The frothing water alongside is thick with the tangle of floating vegetation, and it is impossible to miss. I throw and lean far over, dragging the grapple until its arms are packed full. Then, with all my strength I draw up, hand over hand, leaning far out so that it will not bang against the side, and dump the dripping mass on the deck. My helper instantly frees the prongs, and I make a second cast and get another rich haul before the last of the field of weed drifts astern and tarnishes the emerald foam of the propeller-churned wake.

For a few minutes there is wild excitement. My audience dances and shouts with enthusiasm from the upper rails, members of the crew appear and help me pursue agile crabs and flopping fish about the deck. Even the surly old mate roars down news of another batch of weed ahead, and I curb my curiosity and again mount my precarious roost.

In the course of several days I acquire a wonderful sunburn, considerable accuracy in flinging my octodont, and finally a series of tumblers of very interesting specimens, which furnish me with many new facts, and my fellow passengers with the means to kill much of that embarrassing concomitant of ocean voyages — time.

An amazing amount of fiction and nonsense has been written about the sargasso-weed, but the truth is actually more unbelievable. Though we see it in such immense patches, and although for days the ocean may be flecked with the scattered heads of the weed, yet it is no more at home in mid-ocean, than the falling leaves in autumn may claim as their place of abode the breeze which whirls them about, or the moss upon which at last they come to rest. Along

the coast of Central America the sargasso-weed grows, clinging, as is the way with seaweeds, to coral and rock and shell, and flowering and fruiting after its lowly fashion. The berry-like bladders with which the stems are strung are filled with gas, and enable the plants to maintain their position regardless of the state of the tide. Vast quantities are torn away by the waves and drift out to sea, and these stray masses are what we see on every trip south, which, caught in the great mid-ocean eddy, form the so-called Sargasso Sea.

Just as the unfailing fall of dead leaves has brought about a forest-loving clique of brown and russet-colored small folk, — frogs, crickets, lizards, and birds, which spend much of their life hiding beneath or living upon the brown dead leaves, — so this never-ending drift of weed has evolved about it a little world of life, a microcosmos of great intimacy, striving by imitation of frond and berry and color to avoid some of the host of enemies forever on the lookout.

It is possible to place a bit of weed in a tumbler of salt water, and have a dozen people examine it without seeing anything but a yellowish-brown frond, with many long, narrow leaves and a number of berry-like structures. Here and there are patches of shiny ivory-white shells — tiny whorls glued closely to the surface of the leaves. Yet on this same small piece of weed there may be several good-sized crabs, slug-like creatures, shrimps, and a fish two or three inches in length. Until they move, the eye is powerless to detach them. No two are alike: the little frog-fish is mottled and striped, with many small flabby filaments, and apparently ragged fins, with curious hand-like fore limbs which clutch the fronds closely; the pipe-fish and sea-horses are draped and ragged, and splashed with yellow and brown; the slugs are simply flaccid stems or leaves, and the crabs are beyond belief, living bits of weed. Some are clear yellow, others are mottled, others again have white enameled spots like the small masses of tiny shells. The little shrimps are mere ghosts of life, transparent, yielding to every movement of the water — altogether marvelous. Then there are other beings, blue like the sea, white like the foam, or translucent bits of disembodied organs. This is all absorbingly wonderful; but the unreality of this little world's existence, the remembrance of its instability, is always present, and the tragedy of the immediate future looms large.

The weed along the coast is honest growth, with promise of permanence. The great floating Sargasso Sea is permanent only in appearance; and when finally the big masses drift, with all their lesser attendant freight, into the Gulf Stream, then life becomes a sham. There can be no more fruiting or sustained development of gas-filled berries. No eggs of fish or crabs will hatch, no new generation of sea-horses or mollusks appear among the stems. Bravely the fronds float along; day by day the hundred little lives breathe and feed and cling to their drifting home. But soon the gas-berries decay, and the frond sinks lower and lower; as the current flows northward, and the water becomes colder, the crabs move less rapidly, the fish nibble less eagerly at the bits of passing food. Soon a sea-horse lets go and falls slowly downward, to be snapped up at once, or to sink steadily into the eternal dusk and black night of deeper fathoms. Soon the plant follows and, like all its chilled pensioners, dies. The supply from the Sargasso Sea seems unfailing, but one's sympathies are touched by these little assemblages, so teeming with the hope of life, all doomed by the current which

is at once their support, their breath, and their kismet.

But all these creatures, interesting as they are, form but a tithe of the life existing around and beneath the ship. Night after night I lean over the bow and watch the phosphorescence flare and flash beneath the surface, the disturbance of the steamer's approach springing a myriad of these floating mines, whose explosions, gentler than those of human make, merely vibrate into a splendor of visibility. How to capture these tiny beings which the eye can scarcely resolve is a matter far more difficult than the netting of the seaweed. I try to plan, then give it up, then walk restlessly over the vessel, seeking some method. But, as is often the case, Nature had fairly to force the solution upon me. Thoreau says somewhere, 'A trout in the milk is pretty good circumstantial evidence'; and in similar guise I saw the light.

Early one morning I was paddling in my salt-water bath, thinking of the coming week, when I should be able to dive into island harbors from the deck, when I sat up suddenly at the sight of a tiny fish disporting himself with me in the tub. At least I needed no further hint, and as I scooped up the little being, my plan was made. By exhaustive inquiry among the feminine portion of the passengers, I obtained possession of a small square of a very fine-meshed fabric something like bolting-cloth. In the evening, with the assurance of a small monetary liaison with the bath-steward, I tied this bit of cloth over the salt-water nozzle, and carefully set the faucet so that a dribble of water trickled forth. In the morning the cloth-strainer contained a small blob of grayish jelly. This I dropped into a tumbler and saw the water cloud with an opalescent mist of a myriad motes, and I knew that my plan was successful. No matter how tempestuous the sea, or at what speed the ship throbbed through the water, I would always be able to gather any amount of the wonderful floating life of the ocean — the phosphorescent *plankton* — for my microscope.

Again, aside from my own edification, I was able to give some thrills to my fellow passengers; and I have had twenty or more lined up for a glimpse at the weird things of the open sea. In spite of my reassurances, there was reported to be less enthusiasm for the daily bath, and much suspicious inspection of the clear ocean tub-water as a result of glimpses of the concentrated cosmos in my tumblers.

I can recall many similar diversions and discoveries of new possibilities of life and action on board ship, but one brings memories of especial delight.

Next to the crow's nest the bow is, for me, the place of greatest joy — the spot where each moment one's eyes reach forward into a trackless, unexplored field of view. Long had I pondered the possibility of getting nearer the fascinating bit of unbroken water just ahead. At last a scheme unfolded itself; but not until a following trip, when I had made all preparations, did I venture to ask permission of the captain. For I knew better than to wish to add anything to the responsibility of this official. When he had become used to my eccentric use of the deck and the bath-tubs, I unfolded my new plan, and, thanks to my preparation, met with no opposition. I had a waistcoat made of stout leather straps, with a heavy ring behind to which I attached a strong rope. This, tethered to the rail, in the extreme bow, enabled me to swarm safely down until I reached the flukes of the great anchor. Seating myself comfortably, I lashed my leather straps fast, and was ready for work, with glass or net or camera. Of course this was possible only on compara-

tively calm days; but when the sea was mirror-like, with only the low, heaving swells bending its surface, and the flying fish flushed before us in schools, then I had days of good sport.

III

This novel method of anchor-perching led indirectly to the solution of a very different puzzle. I had been thinking and talking of the congested turmoil of the great city far below the horizon to the north. Looking back on a year in its midst, memory, aroused by present contrasts, registered sham, insincerity, deceit, illusion, veneer, as dominant notes in civilization. In an argument one evening I had held that deceit or illusion was not of necessity evil, nor, when unconsciously self-imposed, even reprehensible.

The next day, I had instanced a very apparent example. Our very knowledge, our mental mastery, leads us to false sensory assertions, which become so universal that they seem apparent truisms. Only by a distinct effort may we summon them to consciousness and correctly place them. It is not without a wrench that we set aside the evidence of our senses, and realize the proof which physics offers. We watch the glorious 'sunset,' and to disillusion our minds require to repeat again and again that it is the earth which is heaving upward, the horizon which is eclipsing the sun and the sky of day. I once persuaded a group of passengers to speak only of the evening's 'earth-rise,' and in three or four days this term had become reasonable, and had almost lost its strangeness.

One finds numerous examples of these sensory deceits at sea; our senses are at fault in every direction. The wind flutters the fins of the flying fish and we think they actually fly. The tropic sea, under the palest of green skies, is saturated ultramarine, save where the propellers churn it to pea-green, yet in our bath the water is clear and colorless.

My most interesting oceanic illusion was a personal one, a result of memory. I looked about the ship and felt that this at least was wholly sincere; it was made to fulfill every function and it achieved its destiny day by day, finally and completely. I had never sailed on a vessel of this name before, the Yamaro, and yet at certain moments an oblique glance brought a flash of memory, of a familiar hatchway, a rail which fitted snugly under one's elbows, a stretch of open deck which seemed too much of a known path for these few days' acquaintance. As I talked with the Trinidad negro lookout on the forward deck, I saw a brass coolie plate roll out of the galley, and I wondered. There were only negroes among the crew. Then one day I donned my leather waistcoat and climbed down to my anchor-flukes, and my mystery was solved. In clear new letters the name of the vessel appeared along the side of the bow above me; but a second glance showed me something else: a palimpset of old corroded sites of four letters, painted out, which once had sent their message to so many inquiring eyes — SEBU.

Long ago, on trips of unalloyed happiness, I had traveled between Colombo and Rangoon on this self-same steamer, which now, caught in some unusual stress of distant demand of war, had with her sister ships been taken from her route in the Far East and settled to her new routine.

So even the ship beneath me was not what she had seemed; and yet her deceit and illusion were harmless, wholly without guile, and I began to wonder whether my unfriendly thoughts of the great city behind me were quite fair.

The carven Wodens and Brünnhildes, who guarded the fortunes of old Viking

ships, watched the icy Arctic waters forever cleft beneath them, and felt the sting of flying splinters of ice; the figureheads of Gloucester merchantmen of old, with flying draperies and pious hands, counted the daily and monthly growth of barnacles, and noted the lengthening of the green fronds on the hull below. One day I lay in the great arms of an anchor, beneath a prosaic bow; myself the only figurehead, peering gargoyle-wise over the new-painted steel. Far below, in place of wooden virgin or muscled Neptune, there appeared only four numbers — 2, 3, 4, and 25. Even these, however, yielded to imagination when I remembered that the light cargo which made them visible was due to the need of sugar by soldiers in far-distant trenches.

The great unlovely bow rose and reached forward and settled, until, as I lay face-downward, our speed seemed increased many-fold. And I wondered if the set wooden expression which always marked the figure-head ladies and gods had not its origin in the hypnotic joy of forever watching the molten cobalt crash into alabaster, this into emerald, then to merge again into the blue, which is a hue born of depth and space and not of pigment. And now I forgot the plunging bow beneath and the schools of toy biplanes, the strange little grasshopper-like fish which burst from the ultramarine, unstained, full-finned, and banked sharply outward for their brief span of flight. I looked up and saw pale-green shallows, a thread of silver surf, and the rounded mountains of a tropical island. And I frowned with impatience, — something that more reliable figureheads never did, — for the island, burning with interests, with exciting birds, and fascinating people, had been spoiled for me. Force of circumstance had shuffled me inextricably into a pack (I use the simile advisedly) of insufferable tourists. Effeminate men, childish women, and spoiled children diluted or wholly eclipsed every possible scene. The obvious was made blatant, the superficial was imagined subtle, the glories of silent appreciation were shattered by garrulous Nothings. At the thought of such fellow countrymen, I hid my face and strove hard to obliterate the remembrance. Soothed by the rise and thrust of the great ship's bow, and the intermittent roar of the steel-born breaker beneath, I rested motionless.

When at last I roused, it was with a start at the altered scene. It seemed as if my thought — Buddha-powerful — had actually wrought the magic of widespread change. The alabaster breaker was there, but oxidized, dulled; the cobalt had become gray-black, and by the self-same alchemy the emerald shallows were reset with a mosaic of age-dimmed jade. Most of all was the island changed. From strand to cloud-capped peak, the tone was purple. In high lights it toned to dull silver-gray; in the shadows it deadened to utter black. Rugged and sheer Mont Pelee drew upwards, its head in cloud, its feet in the sea — the shadow-gray sea. My eye strove to penetrate the cloud, and picked from its heart a thread of black among the gray lava, which, dropping downward, enlarged to a ribbon and then to a gully. In ugly angles and sharp, unreasonable bends, it zigzaged down the shoulder of the great cinderous mountain. Before I realized it, my gully became a gorge and ended at the edge of the dark waters, as black and as mysterious as it had begun.

Idly I lay and watched the silver shuttle of breakers weaving the warp of the rising tide along the whole length of shore. This seemed the only bit of land in the whole world. Was it the first — or the last — to appear above the waters? It might have been either; until, suddenly I saw a movement

among what I had taken for huge, crater-spewed boulders, but which I now knew for the weathered remains of houses. From between two walls of this city of the dead came slowly into view the last human being in the world — or so the surroundings suggested. Yet a second glance belied this, for her mission was fraught with hope. Even at this distance I could discern her stately carriage, swinging and free, her black countenance, and her heavy burden. At the very edge of the water she stopped, lifted down the basket piled with black volcanic débris, and emptied it. She stood up, looked steadily out at the passing steamer, and vanished among the shadows of the ruins.

It was startlingly like the first grain of sand which an ant brings out after a passing heel has crushed its nest. But, however vivid the simile, the dominant thought was hope. At least one ant had faith in a new ant-nest of the future, and the sombre picture of the negress, her basket of black lava poured into the equally black waters, was suddenly framed in high relief by the thought of a new St. Pierre. The great mountain still rumbled and smoked. One at least believed in a home in its very shadows.

But the end was not yet. The island had been for me unhappily visited; its passing had been a sudden, wonderfully dynamic vision. And now I shut my eyes again to strive to interpret and to fix indelibly in mind this vision and all the network of thoughts it wove. Again the roar from below and the gentle rise and forward surge calmed and rested me. And the thought of the unhappy morning had become dim and carried no resentment.

Ten minutes later I looked up, and again found all changed — no ruthless, startling shift of values, but a subtle, all-wonderful transformation. Pelee should still have loomed high; the craters and gullies were but a short distance away, and indeed all were faintly discernible. A faint veil of azure had intervened. There was no wind; it had neither drifted in from the sea, nor frayed from the edges of the dense cloud which enveloped the peak. So evanescent, so delicate, was this still-born haze, that the crater cloud was only softened, not eclipsed. From the strong sweep and stroke and virile outline of a Brangwyn, or the gnomesque possibilities of a Rackham, the great mountain softened to the ethereal air-castle of a Parrish. Between winks, as imperceptibly as the coming of twilight to a cloudless sky, the vision changed to a veritable Isle of Death. This seemed too evanescent, too ethereally fragile to endure, and yet for moment after moment it held and held; and then the mountain, — which was yet but the shadow of the mountain, — this itself dissolved, and over the gently heaving sea were neither lava-flows nor cinders, gorges nor ruins, but only a faint pearly-white mist, translucent, permeable, floating softly between sea and sky. Martinique had vanished — had dissolved; there was no longer any land above the waters.

Dusk settled quickly, and the vision remained unbroken. All my sensory reflections with the world seemed inverted. My actual contact with the island had passed into happy forgetfullness; the coastal vision was more vivid and real; and now, the essence of memory, the vital, tangible retrospect, was forever bound up in the final vanishing, the very evaporation of this island, lapped by the sea, — the sea which to-morrow's sun would fill with the glorious hue of sapphires, — the sapphires of Kashmir.

'THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS'

BY HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

I

LITTLE will be said of Henry Adams that he would not have deprecated. It is not easy to avoid misinterpretation and perversity of speech touching one who was always puzzling over life, and presenting himself, as well as the Universe, for a puzzle to his friends. Perhaps he was less of an enigma to his nieces, by blood or adoption, upon whom in his latter years he leaned so charmingly for sympathy and care. He confided in the wisdom of women, generalizing from an elder sister's happy adjustment of a plan of travel in his youth: 'It was his first experiment in giving the reins to a woman, and he was so much pleased with the results that he never wanted to take them back. In after life he made a general law of experience — no woman had ever driven him wrong, no man had ever driven him right.'

The same whimsical admiration seems to inspire his delightful appreciation of the Virgin's rôle in mediæval culture presented in his *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*, and is returned to, *con amore*, in the volume giving the title to this article. But mere man, though he feel the affection of an old pupil, must at least be honest when writing about Mr. Adams; for no member of the Adams family could endure a dishonest word spoken of him, or even of the way in which he may have posed before himself and the world.

Perhaps no other American has left such a mass of clever writing, evolved through a life of thoughtful research and curious reflection, and has died so unrecognized by the public, educated or otherwise. It was not long after the death of his brother Charles Francis, that Henry Adams said to me at his home in Washington, 'The cab-drivers point out this house as the residence of the late Charles Francis Adams!'

Is it because the serious study of American history — other than local — has so few votaries that such a work as Henry Adams's nine-volumed *History of the United States, 1807–1817*, with its ancillary lives of *Albert Gallatin* and *John Randolph*, and publication of *Documents*, should have drawn so small attention to the writer? And to one who had written admirably in the reviews, and had edited the *North American?* At all events, with the publication of these works, he abandoned the political history of the United States for the more succulent æsthetic and human values recoverable from the European Middle Ages. But Mr. Adams no longer 'published': he merely 'printed,' in order to obtain, as he said, the criticism of his friends upon the *Mont St. Michel* and the *Education*. He made no effort to be read. Did he care? He says not, in a letter: 'I am satisfied that it is immaterial whether one man or a thousand or a hundred thousand read one's books. The author is as safe as the seventeenth-century cler-

gyman who printed his Sermon on Righteousness.'

A born 'intellectual,' Henry Adams was a virtuoso in writing, caring always for form, and possessing an inborn or sedulously acquired aptitude for the phrase and for the artistic and effective paragraph. There is little more perfect in American literature than the opening chapter of the *Education*, telling of his childhood's summers passed in Quincy at his grandfather's, who did not die till Henry was ten years old.

The house was on the hill . . . with a far view eastward over Quincy Bay, and northward over Boston. Till his twelfth year, the child passed his summers there, and his pleasures of childhood mostly centred in it. Of education he had as yet little to complain. Country schools were not very serious. Nothing stuck to the mind except home impressions, and the sharpest were those of kindred children; but as influences that warped a mind, none compared with the mere effect of the back of the President's bald head, as he sat in his pew on Sundays, in line with that of President Quincy, who, though some ten years younger, seemed to children about the same age. Before railways entered the New England town, every parish church showed half-a-dozen of these leading citizens, with gray hair, who sat on the main aisle in the best pews, and had sat there, or in some equivalent dignity, since the time of St. Augustine, if not since the glacial epoch. It was unusual for boys to sit behind a President grandfather, and to read over his head the tablet in memory of a President great-grandfather, who had 'pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor' to secure the independence of his country, and so forth; but boys naturally supposed, without much reasoning, that other boys had the equivalent of President grandfathers, and that churches would always go on, with the baldheaded leading citizens on the main aisle, and Presidents or their equivalents on the walls. The Irish gardener once said to the child: 'You'll be thinkin' you'll be President too!' The casuality of the remark made so strong an impression on his mind that he never forgot it. He could not remember ever to have thought on the subject; to him, that there should be a doubt of his being President was a new idea. What had been would continue to be. He doubted neither about Presidents nor about Churches, and no one suggested at that time a doubt whether a system of society which had lasted since Adam would outlast one Adams more.

The portrait of his grandmother is a marvel of finesse and tenderness: —

The Madam was a little more remote than the President, but more decorative. She stayed much in her own room with the Dutch tiles, looking out on her garden with the box walks, and seemed a fragile creature to a boy who sometimes brought her a note or a message, and took distinct pleasure in looking at her delicate face under what seemed to him very becoming caps. He liked her refined figure; her gentle voice and manner; her vague effect of not belonging there, but to Washington or to Europe, like her furniture, and writing-desk with little glass doors above and little eighteenth-century volumes in old binding, labelled Peregrine Pickle or Tom Jones or Hannah More.

Try as she might, the Madam could never be Bostonian, and it was her cross in life, but to the boy it was her charm. Even at that age, he felt drawn to it. The Madam's life had been in truth far from Boston. She was born in London in 1775, daughter of Joshua Johnson, an American merchant, brother of Governor Thomas Johnson of Maryland, and Catherine Nuth, of an English family in London. Driven from England by the revolutionary war, Joshua Johnson took his family to Nantes, where they remained till the peace. The girl Louisa Catherine was nearly ten years old when brought back to London, and her sense of nationality must have been confused; but the influence of the Johnsons and the services of Joshua obtained for him from President Washington the appointment of Consul in London on the organization of the government in 1790.

In 1794 President Washington appointed John Quincy Adams minister to the Hague.

He was twenty-seven years old when he returned to London, and found the Consul's house a very agreeable haunt. Louisa was then twenty.

At that time, and long afterwards, the Consul's house, far more than the Minister's, was the centre of contact for travelling Americans, either official or other. The Legation was a shifting point, between 1785 and 1815; but the Consulate, far down in the City, near the Tower, was convenient and inviting; so inviting that it proved fatal to young Adams. Louisa was charming, like a Romney portrait, but among her many charms that of being a New England woman was not one. The defect was serious. Her future mother-in-law, Abigail, a famous New England woman whose authority over her turbulent husband, the second President, was hardly so great as that which she exercised over her son, the sixth to be, was troubled by the fear that Louisa might not be made of stuff stern enough, or brought up in conditions severe enough, to suit a New England climate, or to make an efficient wife for her paragon son, and Abigail was right on that point, as on most others where sound judgment was involved; but sound judgment is sometimes a source of weakness rather than of force, and John Quincy already had reason to think that his mother held sound judgments on the subject of daughters-in-law, which human nature, since the fall of Eve, made Adams helpless to realise.

Being three thousand miles away from his mother, and equally far in love, he married Louisa in London, July 26, 1797, and took her to Berlin to be the head of the United States Legation. During three or four exciting years, the young bride lived in Berlin; whether she was happy or not, whether she was content or not, whether she was socially successful or not, her descendants did not surely know; but in any case she could by no chance have become educated there for a life in Quincy or Boston.

In 1801 the overthrow of the Federalist party drove her and her husband to America, and she became at last a member of the Quincy household; but by that time her children needed all her attention, and she remained there, with occasional winters in Boston and Washington, till 1809. Her husband was made Senator in 1803, and in 1809 was appointed Minister to Russia. She went with him to St. Petersburg, taking her baby, Charles Francis, born in 1807; but broken-hearted at having to leave her two older boys behind. The life at St. Petersburg was hardly gay for her; they were far too poor to shine in that extravagant society; but she survived it, though her little girl baby did not, and in the winter of 1814–15, alone with the boy of seven years old, crossed Europe from St. Petersburg to Paris, in her travelling-carriage, passing through the armies, and reaching Paris in the *Cent Jours* after Napoleon's return from Elba. Her husband next went to England as Minister, and she was for two years at the Court of the Regent.

In 1817 her husband came home to be Secretary of State, and she lived for eight years in F Street, doing her work of entertainer for President Monroe's administration. Next she lived four miserable years in the White House. When that chapter was closed in 1829, she had earned the right to be tired and delicate, but she still had fifteen years to serve as wife of a Member of the House, after her husband went back to Congress in 1833. Then it was that the little Henry, her grandson, first remembered her, from 1843 to 1848, sitting in her panelled room, at breakfast, with her heavy silver tea-pot and sugar-bowl and cream-jug, which came afterwards to him and still exist somewhere as an heirloom of the modern safety-vault. By that time she was seventy years old or more, and thoroughly weary of being beaten about a stormy world. To the boy she seemed singularly peaceful, a vision of silver gray, presiding over her old President and her Queen Anne mahogany; an exotic, like her Sèvres china; an object of deference to every one, and of great affection to her son Charles; but hardly more Bostonian than she had been fifty years before, on her wedding-day, in the shadow of the Tower of London.

This portrait of an exquisite grandmother is a parallel to the writer's appreciation of the mediæval Virgin. There was never a touch of cynicism or disillusionment in anything he had to

say of symbolical or dead women, any more than in his conversation with their living daughters. Men were less convincingly admirable; yet penetrating and subtle sketches of men follow through this book, surpassing in charm and psychological quality those which make the oases in Lord Morley's recent volumes of *Reminiscences*. The elucidation of the character and mentality of his father, Charles Francis Adams, Senior, is very careful and quite different from the characterization of him in the writings of another son, Charles Francis. Henry writes: —

> His father's character was therefore the larger part of his education, as far as any single person affected it, and for that reason, if for no other, the son was always a much interested critic of his father's mind and temper. Long after his death as an old man of eighty, his sons continued to discuss this subject with a good deal of difference in their points of view. To his son Henry, the quality that distinguished his father from all the other figures in the family group, was that, in his opinion, Charles Francis Adams possessed the only perfectly balanced mind that ever existed in the name. For a hundred years, every newspaper scribbler had, with more or less obvious excuse, derided or abused the older Adamses for their want of judgment. They abused Charles Francis for his judgment. Naturally they never attempted to assign values to either; that was the children's affair; but the traits were real. Charles Francis Adams was singular for mental poise, — absence of self-assertion or self-consciousness, — the faculty of standing apart without seeming aware that he was alone, — a balance of mind and temper that neither challenged nor avoided notice, nor admitted question of superiority or inferiority, of jealousy, of personal motives, from any source, even under great pressure. This unusual poise of judgment and temper, ripened by age, became the more striking to his son Henry as he learned to measure the mental faculties themselves, which were in no way exceptional either for depth or range. Charles Francis Adams's memory was hardly above the average; his mind was not bold like his grandfather's or restless like his father's, or imaginative or oratorical — still less mathematical; but it worked with singular perfection, admirable self-restraint, and instinctive mastery of form. Within its range it was a model.

II

Evidently the foil to his father's personality in Henry Adams's mind, was the more resplendent figure of Charles Sumner, the object of the youth's loving, but passing admiration. According to the analysis in the *Education*, Sumner's friendship for the elder C. F. Adams seems to have rather worse than tottered when President Lincoln, in April, 1861, appointed Adams Minister to England. Ignoring or ignorant of Sumner's disapproval, Mr. Adams accepted the appointment, and took with him his son Henry as private secretary. Years of preëminent service were now to follow, rendered by the father to his country, while for the son of twenty-three they made the chief obvious episode of a life. His impression of their events is given in a tense and dramatic narrative, which, as he protests, 'is not a story of the diplomatic adventures of Charles Francis Adams, but of his son Henry's adventures in search of an education.' Yet the temperamental presentation does but enhance the master-interest of the diplomatic parable.

It opens with humorous pathos, the minister on his voyage recalling how his grandfather had sailed in 1778 'on a diplomacy of adventure,' taking his son John Quincy, then eleven years of age; how his father, that same John Quincy, again had sailed for Russia in 1809, with himself a baby, 'almost as much of an adventurer as John Adams before him, and almost as successful. He thought it natural that the gov-

ernment should send him out as an adventurer also, with a twenty-three-year-old son.'

This final private secretary had learned reticence, and not to grumble, by the time 'the party landed at Liverpool, May 13, 1861, and went straight up to London: a family of early Christian martyrs about to be flung into an arena of lions, under the glad eyes of Tiberius Palmerston.'

Lord Palmerston had arranged the ceremony, the immolation — consisting in the official announcement that England recognized the belligerency of the Confederacy. Whatever his father felt and concealed, the thud produced a dulness of comprehension in the son. He had all his thinking to reverse, and now must learn that nobody in England

doubted that Jefferson Davis had made or would make a nation, and nearly all were glad of it, though not often saying so. They mostly imitated Palmerston, who, according to Mr. Gladstone, 'desired the severance as a diminution of a dangerous power, but prudently held his tongue.' The sentiment of anti-slavery had disappeared. Lord John Russell, as Foreign Secretary, had received the rebel emissaries, and had decided to recognise their belligerency before the arrival of Mr. Adams, in order to fix the position of the British Government in advance. The recognition of independence would then become an understood policy; a matter of time and occasion.

It may be as well to remark here that the passage just quoted looks upon English sentiment from a London standpoint, and ignores the friendliness of other parts of England — of the Lancashire cotton-spinners for example, who, against their palpable interests and with ruin staring them in the face, upheld the Union cause. The private secretary stranded in London was not likely to learn of this. Officially obliged to go wherever his father or mother needed escort, the young man keenly felt his social isolation, which might also be some comfort to him as, at the end of his first season, 'he hugged himself in his solitude when the story of the battle of Bull Run appeared in the *Times*.' The minister's continuance in London seemed precarious enough. 'For the next year they went on only from week to week, ready to leave England at once, and never assuming more than three months for their limit. Europe was waiting to see them go.'

This was not to be. Even the affair of Mason and Slidell was weathered. The minister was lucky in his opponents—Mr. Mason for example. His own position in London gradually improved. At least he was not open to ridicule. Society took on the habit of accepting him, of treating him cordially 'as, by birth and manners, one of themselves.' Friends, strong and useful, began to show themselves — Monckton Milnes and William E. Forster, whose portraits are duly given. 'Milnes was the good-nature of London; the Gargantuan type of its refinement and coarseness; the most universal figure of May Fair.'

And then, those pillars of defense and engines of offense as well, John Bright and Richard Cobden. These last two 'took bluntly the side of the Union against Palmerston, whom they hated. Strangers to London society, they were at home in the American Legation, delightful dinner-company, talking always with reckless freedom.' They were friendly with the young man, who also began to make friends of his own. But he longed to break away — to go home!

'Of the year 1862 Henry Adams could never think without a shudder.' There in London he did not hate the rebels: he hated the British government — its Palmerston, and its Lord

John Russell, whose 'form of defense,' for example, in the matter of the sailing of the Alabama from Liverpool, 'covered intent to kill.' Through a mordant analysis of facts, the book shows the persistently hostile conduct of Lord John, scarcely veiled in an obliquity of statement, which Gladstone threw to the winds in his famous, subsequently apologized for, indiscretion of October 7, 1862.

Obviously Minister Adams had need of all his friends and all his collectedness to maintain himself in the face of hostile sentiment and unfriendly action. Very tense are these pages, through which may be traced the painful amelioration of the situation. We feel the anxiousness of the Minister's contention with Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, the stiffening of his support from Secretary Seward; we note the sending over of efficient Americans, like Thurlow Weed, to aid his efforts, the reaction within the British Cabinet, the resounding blows of Bright, the strengthening news of Vicksburg and Gettysburg — all of which enabled Minister Adams to win 'the battle of the rams,' and prevent the sailing, from the Lairds' yards at Birkenhead, of the two armored cruisers intended to break the blockade of the Southern coast. The crisis was past, and the four-years' tension of nerve relaxed.

III

Much could be quoted from these pages giving the turns of the diplomatic drama, and the diversions of the private secretary in the company of an increasing number of attractive friends. But the story of his further intellectual fortunes draws us on, the story of an Education, which the book professes to be.

The lessons of diplomacy had interjected queer disturbing elements into the vacuum of Bostonian adolescence. It was all unsatisfactory. The writer's frequent reiteration of his failure to get this education need not intrigue us; for the education which Henry Adams was to seek through experience of men and the reading of many books meant, not only personal enlightenment, but a rational explanation of the World. This becomes more evidently the theme of the latter half of the book, where nothing correspondingly concrete succeeds the exciting diplomatic narrative and the idyllic picture of a childhood. One may recall how the Voltairean wanderings of the second part of the *Roman de la Rose* follow the *precieux* but lovely idyl with which the poem opens.

Sir Charles Lyell was intimate at the Legation, and Henry, impelled by admiration for the great geologist, reviewed the new edition of Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, in an article for the *North American*. He became absorbed in Darwinism, which he professes not to have understood. Yet he drew the stimuli of its facts and inductions into his own perplexed thinking upon humanity. Perils attend the lay endeavor to read the concepts and principles of physical science into the lessons of human experience; they are bravely incurred by Mr. Adams. 'At the very outset Adams struck on Sir Charles's Glacial Theory or theories. He was ignorant enough to think that the glacial epoch looked like a chasm between him and a uniformitarian world. If the glacial period was uniformity, what was catastrophe?' In later life Henry Adams was to become the close friend of another geologist, Clarence King, whose memory and *mots* are still green. He does not give in his *Education* the frivolous explanation of the Boston climate offered by his friend: 'Boston was 1,387,453 years

under the ice; and then the Adamses came.'

It is well to remember that the mental progress or intellectual bafflings recorded here are given as they returned to the writer when he was an old man. Thus they came to him in retrospection when he was writing *The Education of Henry Adams: a Study of Twentieth Century Multiplicity.* He set them down as they appeared to him through the transforming distance, as he looked back upon his earlier self wandering through that faded labyrinth of fact and lucubration, seeking some light of universal, or at least rational, purpose. In the later time heart-breaking domestic affliction goaded him to the quest, yet held too sad a barrier to his eyes. The real refuge was to be consideration, and whatever else is shadowed in that St. Gaudens statue in the Rock Hill Cemetery in Washington — at the foot of which now Henry Adams also lies.

But more tangible labors had actually filled out his life and ministered to its content. For Adams was a man of industry, always doing more work than he confessed to. With him all facts had to be inter-related into meaning and significance. 'For facts as such I have a profound contempt,' he said one day in his classroom; just as in his *Education* he remarks that, 'nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts.' He taught history at Harvard from 1870 to 1877, at the latter date intimating to me, disappointed of his teaching for my coming senior year, that he had been professor as long as one ought to be. He says in his book that he left with a sense of failure; but it certainly was far from that in the convictions of his students. He was the first teacher of history at Harvard to discard the textbook, and put his students to work for themselves.

Clarence King, John La Farge, and John Hay were the chief friends and outer luminaries of Mr. Adams's later life. They made a rare quartette.

Of all the men who had deeply affected their friends since 1850 John La Farge was certainly the foremost, and for Henry Adams, who had sat at his feet since 1872, the question how much he owed La Farge could be answered only by admitting that he had no standard to measure it by. Of all his friends La Farge alone owned a mind complex enough to contrast against the commonplaces of American uniformity.

Arcades ambo! No one ever thought of plumbing John La Farge, or Henry Adams either. But the former — artist always, and wonderful discourser — 'repulsed argument.' On a trip to the South Seas taken by the two together, La Farge in the warm Tahiti nights, would tell his companion, 'Adams, you reason too much.' One night, after an argument, La Farge dreamed that he was disturbed by the *mind* of Henry Adams rattling around the room. It turned out to be a rat. Apropos of this dream and of certain chapters in our book, we may say that the Universe is so big that one's mind is sure to rattle round it, unless thought encyst itself in some strayed fragment, which it can never quite correlate with the whole. Nearer the La Fargean vein is a bit of an old man's funny letter written by Mr. Adams in April two years go: —

DEAR INFANT . . . Yesterday I walked in the spring woods, and met a fly. To that fly I said: 'Fly! do you want me to tell you the truth about yourself?' And that fly winked at me — carefully — and said: 'You be damned.' — They have told me that just seventy-eight times. They are not tired, but I am.

But the latter part of the book does not lack a potent coherency, given it by the deft union of two connected themes, both of them prophetic of the

present position and function of the United States. In 1884 Adams and his friend Hay built themselves adjoining houses on Lafayette Square in Washington, and spent there the greater part of the years still falling to them. Mr. Adams was always intimate with men who guided events in Washington, if not with the 'best-sellers' there. From these surroundings, but more distinctly from the vantage-ground of his own study and reflection, he lays before us the progressing grades of self-consciousness through which the United States came to recognize itself as a world-power and undertook to act accordingly. This theme weaves itself around an affectionate exposition — glorification, indeed — of the career of John Hay as Ambassador to England and afterwards as Secretary of State.

Even then, twenty years ago, it was the 'sudden appearance of Germany as the grizzly terror' which 'frightened England into America's arms.' 'For the first time in his life,' says Mr. Adams, 'he felt a sense of possible purpose working itself out in history.' This was also the time of the Spanish War.

Next came the summer of 1900, with its fantastic doings at Peking, followed by the astoundingly successful moves of Hay — and purpose continued to shine through history. Incidentally the work was killing Hay; but was worth it.

So the diplomatic tale progresses. America learns, and so does Henry Adams, although geology and evolution still fail to solve the riddle of the World. Indeed, the Virgin, with St. Thomas Aquinas, offers more genial comfort. Adams in two of his last chapters reaches some solution in 'a dynamic theory of history,' with 'a law of acceleration' as its pivot. 'To evolutionists may be left the processes of evolution; to historians the single interest is the law of reaction between force and force, — between mind and nature, — the law of progress.' The United States offers, to-day, a portentous example of this acceleration of the self-consciousness of national power and world-function.

Henry Adams lived to see this, but made no attempt to include it in his *Education*. That ends with the death of Hay. Life, in thought, had never been easy to him. He enjoyed taking it very hard and then lapsing into an intellectual *laisser-faire*. The latter became usual with him in the closing years. He died in his sleep. The time was that of the shattering opening of the German offensive at the end of March last. There was then warrant for what he said to his companion the day before his death: 'Life has become almost intolerable.'

Henry Adams is an example, so extraordinary as to be almost unique, of a New Englander who had perhaps over-considered the matter of his thought; a sophisticated mind, yet scarcely as disillusioned as it sought to think itself; nevertheless, a mind conscientiously posing as the spirit of a New England Montaigne. He avoided recognition willfully, not merely from the thoughtless, but from the sincerely thoughtful; and purposely he carried obliteration to a grave which has no stone to mark his name. None the less, the lack of recognition of Henry Adams throws a sort of faint sidelight on the culture of his country.

HALLOWE'EN BIRTH

BY KATHARINE BUTLER

All night against the window
Ran sweet, impetuous rain;
And with the dark morning
Still streams the pane.

The thin gold grape-leaves
And black grapes cling,
While, soaring and descending,
The strong winds sing.

Will souls walk to-night
Over watery, strewn leaves?
Shall we hear them sighing
Amid the pale corn-sheaves?

O Wanderer, will you come,
Who are younger than they,
Chosen and desired? —
For this is your day.

All souls will moan outside,
Fulfilling their long doom,
While you shall break importunate
Into our room.

Comes the early evening,
For you the fire is warm
On the four close walls
Against the threshing storm.

O child of golden leaves,
With rain-drops for your song,
Your nearing step is shy and still,
Mysteries among.

Here are three or four young cronies
Who know you well by name,
Who laugh and talk forever —
Oh, you'll be glad you came!

THE MARRYING TIME

BY HEARTY EARL BROWN

In Green Valley time is not money, and there are no 'Do It Now' mottoes on the desks of the local capitalists. Land is money, and blooded stock is money, and kinship is sometimes money; but time is everybody's property in abundance and can hardly be reckoned as a business asset. Spring comes, and comes again, and three times a day in the interval the state of the weather and the reading of the thermometer are set down in the fat little red book which lies on the stand under the clock in old Mrs. Flagg's sitting-room. The faded ink entries record the drizzling days and the blooming ones of half a century, and formed the basis of flourishing weather prognostications before the government put forth rival claims at Washington.

So all Green Valley knows that the years do go on, but there are always felt to be many more to come; and if potatoes have the blight some fall, or wheat the smut, or if the Democrats smuggle in a president, these things are borne lightly as being but temporary ills.

Occasionally, however, there is a real convulsion of nature which sets a date from which the other smooth gray years are measured. The year the post-office burned was one, and the summer Miss Abbie Barnes and Mary Sellers and Ella Flagg and a couple of the other Green Valley girls went abroad was another. In January it was noised about that they were going with a party, and it took Green Valley several weeks to be sure it approved. Ella Flagg and Mary Sellers could afford the trip, everyone knew, but Abbie Barnes had not been left well fixed, and there was more or less, head-shaking, until it was discovered that a distant cousin was sending her.

After that was settled, everybody strolled around to see the route — red-inked with pins stuck in to show the principal cities; and the Reading Cir-

cles stopped reading George Barr McCutcheon and his brother worthies, and started a fat tome called *Modern European History*. The circulating library sent away for illustrated art-books — *The Louvre* and *Early Italian Art;* and everybody who owned a friend or a relative who had crossed wrote him to send on his *Baedekers*.

Altogether it was a very busy time, and when the question of wardrobe, which had to be condensed into one suitcase and one small bag each, came up, Green Valley buzzed with interest and ideas. As small a matter as soap would seem to be, proved not small at all, for there was the whole question of the quality of the water-supply in different European cities to be considered. At the last moment, word came from the conductor to put in heavy knit sweaters to wear under coats, and that meant turning out the tinned beef.

It was fortunate that the planning began so long beforehand, because the last few weeks were full of tea-parties and sewing bees; and Isa Rann, who had led the Presbyterian choir for years, gave a musical evening at which everybody talked of the music the girls would hear in dear old Germany, until Nathan Flagg blew his nose loudly and turned the conversation to the coöperative creamery.

The last evening old Mrs. Flagg moved restlessly about her daughter's room up in the old brick house.

'Ain't you through yet?' she asked irritably. 'Goodness knows I should think you could get that little mess packed up!'

Her daughter looked up, biting her pencil.

'I was just making a diagram so I'd know where everything was if I was sick and had to ask folks to get things. I'm just about done now.'

Mrs. Flagg pulled absently at the gold watch-chain which lay heavily about her neck and connected with the big old-fashioned watch at her belt.

'Ellar,' she said, 'has Nathan been over to say good-bye to Mary Sellers?'

'I don't know, mother. Why?'

'You *know* why,' her mother answered shortly.

Her daughter followed the gaunt old figure into the hall.

'Mother, it's been a long time you 've felt that way, but I don't believe Nathan's got any notion of marrying Mary, or she him. You've got to remember we're all getting past the marrying-time.'

Her mother stepped cautiously down the first step of the steep flight, one thin hand holding the polished rail tightly.

'There ain't any marrying-*time*,' she threw back over her shoulder.

She stopped in the doorway of the sitting-room — like all the rooms of the house, high-ceilinged and square and large. Then she shoved up her heavy spectacles and, unobstructed, centred her piercing black eyes on the middle-aged back of her son, who sat reading the evening paper, his feet comfortably crossed on the little sofa in front of him. She said no word, but after a moment or so her son shifted uneasily.

'Want anything, mother?'

'No,' she asserted; but she did not stir.

Nathan turned the page noisily, and bent his head lower. One long shutter creaked in the little breeze, and they could hear Ella stepping, stepping, moving from bag to dresser, and from dresser to bag. Presently Nathan folded his paper deliberately and slowly took down his legs. He faced about to his mother, yawning a little.

'Half-past seven.'

'Yes,' she said in a significant tone.

'Guess I'll go down and see if the mail's in,' he offered, with calculated carelessness.

Old Mrs. Flagg looked at her son with faintly veiled disgust.

'I want you should go say good-bye to Mary Sellers.'

'I said good-bye to her at the Reading Circle last night, but I can do it again if you say so. If it'll make you feel any better.'

Standing on the front steps, she watched his stooped figure down the walk. A big July moon shone through the fringe of maple trees, and lit the place — the cube-like brick house which Dr. Flagg had built so long before in exact conformity with his boyish ideal of architectural beauty; and the yard, — square like a city block, — dotted with dabs of dark foliage, a honeysuckle here, a Judas tree there, and a little mound of myrtle somewhere else. Mrs. Flagg breathed in the soft air.

'It'd be a pretty night to take a little walk, — Nathan and Mary, — but Nathan'd never think of it.'

She credited her son with too little susceptibility. He walked slowly down the street. Heavy farm horses, partially unharnessed, trotted home untended through the shadows, and an occasional late wagon squeaked protestingly over the crosswalks. All the way house-doors stood open and pleasant supper smells mingled with the cool fragrance of late roses and flowering currants. With an odd recurring rhythm Mary Sellers drifted into the pattern of Nathan's thoughts and made a little rosy spot in his musings.

Mary Sellers was younger than the other girls, having reached only her forty-first birthday, and she would always be *young* and soft and influenced. She was of a frail prettiness, too, with gently graying hair, and a little-girl habit of blushing. Her grandfather had been old Judge Sellers over Colton way, whose large tract of fertile prairie-land adjoined the Flaggs' at one end.

'What more would a man want?' Mrs. Flagg was wont to ask herself; and sometimes she gave a little gesture of castigation involving the palm of her right hand, as she thought of her son.

In an odd little corner of his brain Nathan kept the consciousness that some time he would probably ask Mary to marry him; and he knew too that, if his mother had been less emphatic in her expression of opinion, he might have done it long ago. Years before, when the other boys were walking home with girls after church, his mother had jealously guarded him, insisting that he was too young for such nonsense; and he had acquired then an obstinate contradictoriness which expressed itself in silent opposition to any of her plans for his welfare. To-night, however, he forgot his mother and remembered only that a huge gray ocean would presently cut Mary off from Green Valley. Ella too — but Ella did not worry him. For the first time he wondered if there was plenty of time for everything; and he thought of a little round bald spot which it taxed his ingenuity to cover. 'Guess I'll ask Mary to walk down the Lane,' he said to himself with a little thumping of the heart; for there were no two ways about it when a couple strolled down the Lane. The Lane was a seductive willow alley, full of soft breezes and gentle shadows which walked one straight into matrimony, in Green Valley.

Nathan rang Mary's bell with a fierce burst of courage which brought her mother quickly to the door.

'Why, no, she is n't here. She 's gone down to Abbie Barnes's. You can catch her coming back, I guess.'

Nathan plunged down the steps and turned homeward, with a great feeling of relief; then he brought himself to, and swung round toward Abbie Barnes's. There were two ways, — down the street and over, or over and down, — and

Nathan chose the one he honestly thought Mary would take, feeling that the issue lay with fate. He did not meet her, and Abbie Barnes's house lay dark and silent. Then he went home to bed.

The old Grand Trunk station was a very gay place next morning, with all Green Valley down to see the girls off. Every few minutes Art Fisher's hack reeled up with another passenger and more bags, and there was a line of buggies and sprawling little automobiles picketed in the outlying trees. The girls — beveiled beyond recognition — formed the centres of three or four groups which exchanged greetings hilariously.

'Say, Abbie, take a look at the Leaning Tower for me.' — 'And oh, yes, remember me to the Pope. I have n't had time to answer his last letter.' — 'And oh, Mary, don't forget to kiss the Blarney Stone.'

A line of small boys and girls perched on the baggage truck, started up, 'My Country, 't is of Thee,' and the whole crowd joined in fervently. At this one or two of the travelers showed symptoms of breaking down. Europe and its environs seemed very far away from the sweet land of liberty. A thin line of smoke to the west saved the day. Everybody kissed everybody else, and the crowd swarmed to the last car.

'Good-bye! Good-bye! Write to us everywhere you stop.' — 'Have you got your gum for the boat?'

The engine grunted and chugged; the wheels revolved faster; there was a wild waving of handkerchiefs; they were off.

Two weeks later, Green Valley — only a few hours after the rest of the world, because the morning papers were late — heard that there was war over there in that dim region where their girls were. Little knots of women in kitchen aprons gathered all down the streets, and all the men who were not out harvesting met by chance at the post-office. They did not talk of the international situation, or of the responsibility of Germany, nor did they even glance at the editorials. The question was, how to get the girls home. At last, the town banker said importantly that he would cable; they must have landed only a day or two. Where he was going to cable, or what, Green Valley did not know, — or the banker, — but it seemed a promising step. Three or four days later somebody got a message. The party was returning.

Nathan Flagg felt a warm glow of relief and satisfaction. There had been time for everything after all, then. The girls were coming back and all would go comfortably as it had before — the Reading Circle and the Euchre Club and the pleasant daily round. Some day — when the skies smiled and his mother stopped badgering him — he would take Mary down the Lane; but there was no hurry and he was glad he had not met her the night before she went away. He was comfortable and Mary was comfortable, and it wasn't as if they did n't both have good homes of their own.

'The King of France and — how many men was it? — marched up the hill and then marched down again,' Miss Abbie sallied, as she stood on the platform of the car and waited for the porter to pull down all the bags and suitcases which had had so short a period of usefulness. The waiting group laughed back at her, and absorbed her gleefully as she climbed down to earth. The others followed, a bit grimy from traveling, their hats generally askew, and their noses red from exposure on deck; but all exceedingly glad to be safe at home, where one could sleep without fear of being chased by gray monsters of the deep.

Last of all came Mary Sellers, wearing a great corsage bouquet of violets and lilies of the valley, almost as big as

she was, pinned on her sedate gray traveling coat. Her eyes were very bright and her cheeks like a little girl's who has been caught stealing her mother's jam. Isa Rann declared afterwards that right then she felt it in her bones.

After the travelers got to their several homes, and had told of the fearful time they had had engaging passage back, and how they had had to sleep half the time in chairs on deck, and how lucky they were to get those, many very wealthy people having to go steerage, little by little it oozed out. There had been a Denver lawyer in the party — not very old, 'about our age' — who turned out to be a distant connection of Mary's sister-in-law's aunt. That made them feel acquainted with him at once. He was taken with Mary right away, — they were all agreed on that, — but he had been most kind to all of them. He was the sort of man who could be depended on to do things, — to stir people up when they were dull, — and he had looked after them all beautifully. But Mary — well, nothing was too good for her. He had bought candy enough to make them all sick, and flowers for her every day as long as he could get them; and they had walked the deck in the moonlight until Ella Flagg had thought she ought to interfere. Mary had not said a word, but it must be as good as settled, and he had a great deal of money, it was clear.

For a week letters arrived from New York for Mary every morning, — everyone knew, — and flowers, sent from the nearest big town, came on the afternoon train. Besides that, special deliveries came slipping along at all sorts of times, and even a telegram or two, until Mary's mother was scandalized at the waste. Green Valley renewed its romantic youth — this wooing was unlike anything outside of the novels, but it made them reminiscent just the same.

At last the man from Denver came himself, and everybody agreed that he had a way with him. Mrs. Sellers was reported to have given her consent.

'He sort of takes me off my feet and I say yes to everything that he and Mary want,' she said. 'He is bound to be married in a month, and I expect that settles it. Anyway, he certainly could n't think more of Mary.'

Driving in from his farm one day, when the gold and rose tints of sundown were becoming the lavenders and grays of evening, Nathan Flagg met Mary and the stranger just turning into the Lane.

'Good evening, Nathan,' Mary said; and her voice reminded him of a little bird he had just passed down the road, trilling his high clear song defiantly into the heart of the sunset.

Nathan asked himself how he would be feeling if it were he instead of the stranger who was taking Mary down the Lane. He wondered if fate had tricked him, or preserved him; and he was sure that he would never know, although there would be many quiet evenings like this when he might ponder the question peacefully. There were other nice girls in Green Valley if he were set on marrying: Abbie Barnes, — one could never be blue with Abbie, — or Isa Rann even. Then he remembered the round bald spot which was beginning to show, and the sleepiness which came on him after supper.

'I guess I've got past the marrying-time,' he said aloud, smiling a little meditatively, 'or maybe I never got to it.'

DO ONE AND ONE MAKE TWO?

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

It is now, doubtless, too late to hope, even by our improved historical methods, to recover the name of the clever individual who, perhaps in the Stone Age or earlier, arrived at the principle that one and one make two. It is evidently too late to correct him, or even to blame him adequately; and with a handicap of seventy or more centuries, one can hardly hope to undo the mischief he has done. Yet futile as the effort may prove, it is the purpose of these paragraphs to point out the shallow and delusive character of this hoary axiom, and the precarious nature of most of what has been built upon it.

Our cave-dweller Newton may have based his epoch-making equation upon that even more erroneous formula, one equals one, which had doubtless been invented — I will not say discovered — ages before his time. If not, he could have arrived at it by the simple device of subtracting one from each side of his own discovery — an easy achievement for a mind so original and profound as his. Such a performance, indeed, assumes its result before arriving at it; but that is true of not a few of our most logical processes. And it may be true, speaking quite abstractly, that one equals one. That is, one wholly imaginary unit, of a given size and sort, equals one just such unit, of just such a sort and size, under identical conditions. This is what the mathematicians mean. It is only just to them to say so. The danger is that one will forget that one is playing with imaginary values and try to deal with real units on this principle. The cavern professor can have made no such blunder. He knew that one wife was not equal to another, or one weapon to another, or one enemy to another. If he did not know this, his life was neither long nor happy.

Not that his formula had not a certain limited value. It might help him to keep count of his game, his children, or his day's journeys. But it had no such value as it claimed. It was too broadly and loosely put. Even now, when men have been trying for millenniums to believe in it and make it true, its range of valid applicability is still very limited. For it carries with it a fictitious standardization of units, which breeds a host of misconceptions. In fact, it is precisely as one reduces the application of this equation to narrower and narrower limits that one attains wisdom, culture, and character.

Scarcely had I reached this point in my reflections, when the porter came to remind me that the time changed at Buffalo, and that, if I wished to wake at seven, I must do so at six. So false is it that six and one make seven. But of course the equation is valid only if one remains stationary. It is a survival from man's immobile, semi-vegetable period.

I was confiding these heresies to a skeptical friend, as we were passing a potato-field. He challenged me at once: did not one potato and one potato make two potatoes? But suppose one potato to be sweet and sound and large, and the other to be small and wilted and Irish. They are numerically, in-

deed, two potatoes, but only for arithmetical, not for culinary purposes. And who cares for the arithmetical value of a potato?

But if one and one make two, we have at once to ask, two what? Two of whatever one is, doubtless. But which one? This is the heart of the error. One acre plus one acre makes two acres. But suppose one acre is the Isola Bella and the other is selected from the Île du Diable. Or buildings. The Pennsylvania station and the Philadelphia city hall make two — large buildings. This forgets that one exhibits genius as well as magnitude. Or statues: the Adams monument and the Bacchante — two statues certainly, perhaps two masterpieces; but that is not all, or even half. The things are incommensurable, and the sum-total is a delusion. It has no meaning or worth unless we are counting pieces for museum vigilance, or in preparation for shipment.

Even money, the final type of standardized unit evolved by our race in a last convulsive effort to make the old adage true, for all its failures — even money is not equal to the task. There is a man in California (of course he would be in California) who has to go every quarter to the bank and deposit a dividend of three hundred and fifty dollars, because once, to help a friend, he put five hundred dollars into that friend's mine. Is the five hundred dollars I lost when my bank failed four years ago equal to his five hundred, and how much are they together? Yet my dollars were just as real and just as numerous as his. There was another five hundred dollars which was not in the bank but long since invested in another mine. Yet that sum in mining stock never sends me toiling to the bank to deposit a quarterly dividend of three hundred and fifty dollars. Indeed it does not function in my daily life at all, except to illustrate poignantly the disparity of dollars and of mining stocks.

But financiers will say that this is comparing dead dollars with living ones. Then let us deal fairly with both. Does the first five dollars I earned for teaching (tutoring a fellow student in Assyrian, may Heaven forgive me!) only equal the five dollars the bank occasionally allows me on an abandoned savings deposit? The former was a bow or promise, radiant harbinger of salary checks to come. The latter was a mere nothing, parsimoniously doled out to me by a soulless financial institution, which had not yet failed. Not even dead and departed dollars are equal each to each. The dollar or two you leave behind you in the dining-car is not equal to the same amount spent on witnessing a play of Bernard Shaw's. When I was a boy, I found a ten-cent piece under a bench in a deserted picnic ground. Let no one say that any other dime in my financial history equals that one. It was a symbol, not merely of value, but of romance, of which the finding of lost treasure is one of the classical types.

Dr. John Clifford once remarked, — and as he does not recall saying it, I may appropriate it without scruple, — that the difference between one man and another is very little, but that little is of very great importance. It is just that most important little that the equation loses sight of. It assumes that one man equals another, which is surely the dullest of human blunders. As soon as we identify our units, the equation's absurdity appears. What is the sum of Mr. Hoover and Von Tirpitz? We can only say, Mr. Hoover and Von Tirpitz make two literate male human beings. But this is false, for each is more than a literate male human being. What we have been forced to do is to reduce both units to their common terms; and our equation ought, if it is to be true, to

read, 'Mr. Hoover and Von Tirpitz make two literate male human beings, plus all the elements that distinguish each of them from the other.'

There are actually people so convinced that one experience is like another, that they have lost that exquisite thing, the capacity for surprise, and go through life in a state of virtual insensibility. Some of us, who beguile our wartime evenings by appearing in moving-picture theatres disguised as those prophets of publicity, the Four-Minute Men, know that no two of these adventures are alike. Though all managers be polite and audiences patient, yet something always marks the evening with distinction. (I do not of course refer to our speaking.) It would be a pity to grow callous and lose one's sense for the variety of these new Arabian Nights.

I went into them, indeed, with my senses sharpened by a remark of our publicity chairman: 'If any of you gets heckled or shot,' said he, 'notify the Publicity Committee.' This personal interest in my fate on the part of a perfect stranger I found very moving. About the same time the London *Times* gladdened us by reporting, with pardonable exaggeration, that the Four-Minute Men were each to make ten speeches daily! The powers of the American speechmaker are fully recognized abroad; he is the automatic among orators.

I shall not soon forget my emotions as I presented myself at my first appointment and sought the manager's face. From the darkness of the spacious interior I caught the music of an organ playing a dirge, and I gained the impression that a funeral was in progress. On entering, I perceived that it was in prospect only, for the action of the drama seemed to be moving inevitably toward one. I sat down close to the screen, upon which a hungry and restless lion alternated with a toothsome child of the softer sex, in tropic garb. I became at once so absorbed in trying to comprehend the situation that I straightway forgot the four heads into which my speech, like the River of Eden, was divided.

A flash uncompromisingly labeled 'The End' awoke me to the realization that I, and not the toothsome child, was the victim of the occasion; and with the first letters of 'The United States Government Presents' — I was mounting the narrow stair and facing the terrible public. They did not at once attack me, and with a conciliatory sentence I began. Scarce was I embarked upon my first river when a star-shell gracefully ascended from the first balcony and I knew no more. They had turned the spot-light on me. I forgot my second head and desperately snatched up Hiddekel to replace it, trembling to recall that I had promised them four: four heads in four minutes. What if I had lost number 2 forever? No, it comes back to me: Gihon! What matters the transposition? War remakes geography; and so, on to Euphrates and my closing volley. Even now the lion did not attack, but spared me, rubbing his paws together in satisfaction. Such was my first escape.

I found myself one winter night pushing my way into a theatre from which an acolyte was expelling a recreant boy. A crowd of people standing before the doors showed that the house was already full. It had room for six hundred spectators and they were all there. Five hundred of them seemed to be little boys, and one hundred of these had their caps on. Little boys compose the one element in an audience which will not brook neglect. If they are present, they insist upon your addressing your remarks to them. I had learned this, and acted accordingly. Little boys are not ungrateful, and they

are in a position to acknowledge a kindness, for they are masters of the art of applause. These five hundred little boys recompensed me handsomely for my brevity, with a storm of cheers and piercing whistles. How different would have been my fate had I overlooked their highnesses and addressed my remarks to the grown-ups; or had I, like a certain Four-Minute Man I wot of, protracted my discourse to nine minutes! I shudder to think what those little boys would have done to me.

We were talking ships that week, and to my great satisfaction I had two inquirers after the meeting was over. One was a mechanic who wished to enter a shipyard. The other wanted some inside information on whether the following Monday would be heatless, as reported.

Yet ours is a Spartan discipline. The other night I descended from the platform with the warm consciousness of having done my best. In the foyer I met the courteous manager. 'I want you to meet Mr. Bumper,' said he genially. 'Mr. Bumper is one of your men.'

Mr. Bumper greeted me without enthusiasm. 'You spoke six and a half minutes,' said he reproachfully.

The manager came to my relief. 'Well, he put it over,' said he comfortingly. 'No man, I don't care who he is, can tell to a minute how long he's talking. But when they talk for nine minutes, I tell you, I lose money.'

I withdrew, crestfallen. They could not realize what an achievement it is for a professor to close in six and a half minutes.

Sometimes we are permitted to speak in theatres of the 'legit' type, and as I was about to appear in one of the largest of these, I asked the obliging doorman about the distribution of his audience. He assured me that they were all over the house, but that the calisthenics were so good that speaking in it was easy. This left me in some doubt as to what might be required of me in the acrobatic line. A picturesque youth, in a caftan and afghan, or some such casual arabesques, conveyed me across the stage to a wicket-gate in the steel curtain, through which I was propelled into the presence of the astonished public for my brief act. You remember Denry making his first speech: how hundreds and hundreds of eyes were fixed piercingly upon him, and after what seemed hours he heard some one talking. It was himself.

There is a third form of dramatic art to which in the plenitude of my powers I finally attained. It is Vaudeville. With some anxiety I looked over the bill in the evening paper, to see what the competition would be, and noted with the greatest interest that it included Jenks's Mules. Solicitous friends warned me not to get behind these animals; but when I arrived in the wings, they were stamping and rolling about the stage, and no sooner had the curtain fallen upon their antics, than the stage manager cried sharply, 'Come on; this way! You're next!'

I perceived that he was addressing me, so, while he escorted my predecessors downstairs, I set about entertaining his public; and I confess to a certain inward exultation when I saw that the really elegant audience gave me the same polite and absorbed attention they had given to Mr. Jenks's protégés. It is something to know that one can hold the pace even for four minutes with such accomplished quadrupeds. But could I have matched their Elberfeld cousins as successfully in square root?

At our weekly luncheons we exchange adventures in eloquence and accumulate courage for the week's engagements. One of our most imperturbable comrades was recently speaking in a down-town theatre when he

noticed that the audience seemed to be looking past him at the curtain behind and above his head. They next began to point to it, and finally a friend in the audience cried out, 'Look out, Jim!' He did so, and became aware that the steel curtain had been silently descending like the bed-canopy in Conrad's story, and had stopped only a few inches above his head. It reminded me of a service on shipboard, when the minister's white tie broke from its moorings and worked gradually up toward the top of his collar, while we were all dreading the moment when it should pass the summit and dangle about his neck. The point of resemblance is perhaps slight. It must be the speaker's unconsciousness of a peril which all his hearers saw but were powerless to avert.

Publicity is, of course, the very breath of our nostrils, and the other day the talk turned upon reaching the magazines. A youthful comrade across the table caught at the suggestion. 'If you will get the names of some that will take our material,' said he eagerly, 'I will write the articles myself.' I really did not know how to thank him.

One of our recent subjects was binoculars, which we asked everybody to turn in for the use of the navy. We also requested the loan of telescopes, spy-glasses, and sextants. In response to these appeals countless binoculars flowed in to the appointed dépôt, and with them a mysterious instrument which our civilian authorities turned over to the chief optician of the city for diagnosis. He unhesitatingly pronounced it a genuine sea-going sextant. So true it is that we do not always recognize the answer to our prayers.

One and one make two! It has a mathematical sound, but we have in this case dragged mathematics whither it would not. It tacitly reduces all men and events to their lowest common terms and, disregarding their differentia, tranquilly proceeds with its meaningless computation. It is the formula of the inexact, the index of

> All the world's coarse thumb
> And finger failed to plumb.

The old vulgar effort to reduce all men to a dead level of uninterest, and all experiences to a dead level of commonplace, finds its justification here. We must not lose the varied flavors of life. Above all, we must not lose discrimination of personality. That would be sacrilege. We have snatched up a mathematical abstraction, true in its limited sphere, and applied it far beyond its proper field, to our own misleading.

The truth is, we must count less. Counting seems a short way to reality. It has its place. But the deeper values of life are not so glibly determined. To this is perhaps due the widespread suspicion of statistics. We distrust these large figures because we know that from every unit covered by them there have been clipped off its distinctive traits, which are not always unessential to the problem. At the bottom of all statistics lies an illusion: that one and one make two.

It is precisely when they are combined that this fundamental unlikeness of units has its most far-reaching consequences. Chemically, one and one may make an explosion. Socially, one and one may make a scene. Spiritually, one and one may make a salvation. Who was it said, 'A skin for a skin'? He thought that one man was like another, and that one and one made two.

Hitherto I have reasoned. Let me appeal to authority. The commander of the fortress of Verdun was entertaining some literary visitors. The talk turned upon the Germans. 'Ah! the Germans!' said he. 'They are not like us. They think that one and one make two.'

HUMANISM AND FICTION

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

THERE are doubtless to be found, even now, persons who instinctively regard the novel as an insidious agency of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and, especially in English-speaking countries, the general suspicion of imaginative art held off the encroachments of modernism to a time within living memories. But, on the whole, fiction is a completely respectable institution at last, and those few who still decry it, on moral and religious grounds, have the air of incredibly quaint survivals. What they are survivals from is, of course, the Puritan rigor; and that in turn, in its hostility to the arts, was an exact survival from Hebraism, with its hatred and fear of the graven image. Both Hebraism and Puritanism, in the economy of ages, have been assimilated into everything else, so far as they were assimilable; and for the first time, as one consequence, the arts are left comparatively free to be themselves — among them the fine art of telling tales.

But it is, after all, no more than a comparative freedom into which they have entered. They are liberated in one way, only to become enslaved in another; escaping from the repressive Puritan idealism, they have fallen under the dominion of an equally, if not so tyrannously, repressive anti-Puritan materialism. And — of fiction, at least — it might almost be said that the latter state of art is worse than the former. From Puritanism the novel did at least try to escape, through sentimentalism and a sentimentalized romance. To the modern materialism, on the other hand, it obediently submits itself, with the gesture of docility which we name 'realism.' The novel has been given wings, on condition that it keep its feet on the ground; and it has not yet learned better than to plume itself on having exchanged the one inhibition for the other.

Let us try to see in some detail what has actually happened, and then, more adventurously, what force must triumph if the art of fiction is eventually to realize its wings.

Succinctly, the two philosophical forces most hostile to art have struggled together for mastery, and in the attendant confusion art has ceased to be the property of the vanquished and become that of the victor. One of those two forces is supernaturalism, of which the Puritan spirit is the great logical expression in Anglo-Saxondom; the other is naturalism, child of science, parent of efficiency, and almost undisputed tyrant of our modern life and mind. Naturalism has delivered the arts from supernaturalism, under which they atrophy; what shall deliver them from naturalism?

The answer is, in one word, Humanism; and the question, so asked and so answered, has the merit of reducing a whole span of literary history to such shapeliness as can be traced only from the outside and in perspective. Humanism is the *continuum*, the true thought, in art, the one art-making intellectual

force; a spirit sufficient unto itself, armored against every attack from every quarter; one and the same, from Homer to Mr. Hardy; a sure guide from the past to the remotest future. It alone, of the possible ways of thinking about the universe, puts its centre of interest where art must put its centre — in the here, the now, the immediate and objective; in man and his tangled life of flesh and soul. Supernaturalism affirms that man is only a caprice of the will of God, on probation for eternity and ludicrously insecure in his tenure of this world; naturalism makes man a trivial footnote to the rest of creation. In the supernaturalist's view, cause and eventual outcome are alone of supreme import; time is a nothing, a parenthesis of unreality, in the midst of eternal reality. To the naturalist, only processes and relations are momentous; man in himself is but an incident in the whole of nature. Both deny or ignore the significance of all that is most significant to the artist. Humanism alone finds its fulcrum in the instinct to affirm that a part is greater than the whole; that man is the most important thing in the cosmos — to man. And that instinct is necessarily the fulcrum of art, too; so that the triumph of humanism is the triumph of art, and the suppression of humanism is the death of art.

It may indeed be true, as I have just hinted, that of the two art-destroying philosophies, supernaturalism is ultimately the less corrosive. The conclusion is not, perhaps, one to flatter our modern self-esteem; but it is supported by a pretty decisive consideration in fact. The fiction being produced under naturalism expresses faithfully the sense and the implications of naturalism, whereas the elder fiction evaded and belied the supernaturalism to which it was nominally accountable. In other words, the elder novel was humanistic in its fundamental truth and excellence, and supernaturalistic only in the protective coloration of its superficial defects; but the new novel is honestly naturalistic all through, and seeks no escape from the philosophy which circumscribes it. The Georgian and Victorian novelists are half saved by the fact that they do not really believe in their belief. The post-Victorian is damned because he does believe, almost devoutly, in his unbelief.

This contrast is worth a moment's amplification. In specific terms, the weakness of literature aforetime was precisely the weakness of a great deal of collective and individual action: the clash between faith and temperament, between the actual and the nominal reasons for every form of human effort. The novel was written, and read, by persons who understood intuitively that a good story, like any other form of beauty, was its own excuse for being, but who were forced by the pressure of great impersonal forces to invent quite other and irrelevant excuses for the good story's existence. There really was this clash between the received theology and the trade of story-telling. Here was the artist proceeding on the assumption that our temporal life is the most important of all things, that it ought to seem so to us, and that the fortunes of mere men and women are enthralling beyond every other concern; and here was the preacher reducing that assumption to a hollow pretense in the white light of eternity. All pure art produced under a popular supernaturalism must have tacitly the nature of mere diversion or beguilement, meet at best for hours of 'moral holiday,' but inherently devoid of moral dignity, wantonly and impiously contravening the laws of the universe in the midst of which it is conceived, and imperiling the soul which dares take it seriously.

The inevitable result was that no pure art was produced; for the novelist overlaid his story with moralism, rendered lip-service to theology, and circumvented the hostility of the pulpit by making his novel ostensibly a sermon. From Lyly to Thackeray, all the Sir George Mackenzies who wrote stories insisted that the 'choicest pearls in the jewel-house of Moral Philosophy . . . were set off' to the best advantage, and appeared with the greatest lustre, when they were laced upon a Romance'; all the scandal-mongers of fiction, the Aphra Behns and Mrs. Haywoods and Mary Manleys, masked their licence as instruction by horrible example; all the Johnsons who wrote criticism worried themselves over a Shakespeare who was 'more careful to please than to instruct.' The novel was prone to purchase any cheapest sanction, if only that it might succeed in the struggle to survive at all.

'It is also believed,' says the Preface of *Alonzo and Melissa*, an 'American tale' published in 1831, 'that the story contains no indecorous stimulants.' The book is further described as 'not unfriendly to religion and virtue. . . . One thing was aimed to be shown, that a firm reliance on Providence, however the affections might be at war with its dispensations, is the only source of consolation in the gloomy hours of affliction; and that generally such dependence, though crossed by difficulties and perplexities, will be crowned with victory at last.' The greatest fiction of the century and a half after 1700 feels the moralistic impulse with less sincerity, and expresses it with more skill; but the apologetic tone is as characteristic of masterpieces as of this forgotten pious tale belonging to the outlawed underworld of sentimentalism.

All this didacticism was indisputably bad for both letters and religion. It bred unconscious hypocrisy in the writer, and furtiveness in the reader. Both traits certainly impaired the dignity of fiction — and it is notoriously bad for law to wink at the evasion of laws which are on the books. The practice and the enjoyment of fiction were sophisticated by the sentimental moralism which has also poisoned every other thing ever crossed by the trail of the serpent of Anglo-Saxon Puritanism — the Anglo-Saxon temper, so far as it is sentimental and moralistic, being the modern nemesis of 'all bright careless forms of life.'

Nevertheless, under its veneer of illusions and self-deceptions, English fiction remained strongly enough based in truth, to carry, without being entirely crushed, its burden of didacticism. It is a fortunate thing, for the bare existence at least of the novel, that no modern generation has ever taken its nominal faith seriously enough to let it curb the egoistic human love of dreaming dreams. The impulse to art is quite the strongest thing in any nature in which it is present at all; and the hold of revealed religion has usually not amounted to very much in competition with it.

Of the century of novelists from Fielding to Thackeray, very few applied their faiths more seriously to the business of writing novels than the average nominal Christian of the same period applied his Christianity to the business of ordinary living. Both Fielding and Thackeray, for example, safe moralists though they are in theory, derive from the contemplation of human naughtiness an impish delight, which must greatly have perturbed them, if their theories had really come first. No one supposes that the exquisite high comedy of Jane Austen is invalidated by the failure of its world to show any particular correspondence with the orthodoxy of her ultimate beliefs; or that the democratic vaudeville

of Dickens is greatly impaired by the Trinitarianism of Dickens.

These writers are humanists by intuition, and that is the most important fact about them. They are also supernaturalists by conviction — which is the relatively unimportant fact. Even the strong Puritanic bias of the common reader, which afflicted him with a feeling of secret sin whenever he could not help enjoying romances, was, in its way, a tribute of acknowledgment to the power of romance. The graven image of old time was no more hated than feared; for it was a very real and dangerous rival of the true God. Puritanism likewise felt the instinct to protect God by a censorship of the imagination; it perceived vaguely that the free imagination was more powerful than prescribed faith. 'All art, which strove to make the sensations of a moment soul-satisfying, was dimly felt to be irreligious; for art performed what religion only promised.'[1] Thus one modern character in fiction, himself an artist, in a passage of notable musings on the riddle of things.

Thanks, then, to what the Puritan code interpreted as the weaknesses and shortcomings of human nature, the novel did continue to exist, to wheedle a great public into enjoyment less and less covert, and to grow in truth as well as favor. The clash between the basis of religion and the basis of art was enough to keep the novel out of formal repute, enough to deny it the deep sanction of being frankly an embodiment of immediate truth about life, and to force it into a servile posture toward the prejudices which passed for ultimate truth; but not enough to evangelize its main impulse, or, more logically, to destroy it altogether. Writers who were intellectually anything but humanists profited by the extent to which they were unconscious humanists in taste and sympathy — the extent to which their temperaments failed to square with their theology.

Now, the more serious disadvantage of naturalistic fiction is that all its deficiencies are integral and wholly sincere. There is no chance of its being saved by a contradiction between what it feels and what it believes, because there is no such contradiction. The irreligion of natural law has taken possession of the artist, as the religion of revealed law never had a remote chance of doing; and his assumption of the cosmic point of view now threatens his dignity and the whole meaning of his work as crucially as ever a creed has done in time past. The naturalistic acceptance of things has been incorporated into our modern life to a single end: enthronement of the destructive material competition to survive, to exist, to get, to hold, to dominate. There is, in the ultimate view, nothing else left as a goal, in a world of individuals, classes, races, whole species seen as tossed on the surge of blind force, blind will acting senselessly. The artist of to-day is a person who has perceived that this monstrous illogicality is, indeed, the supreme logic of creation. He has seen man reduced to 'a disease of the dust,' reaching, at the highest, too puny a stature to be greatly tragic or comic; he tends more and more to interpret the spiritual in man as sentimental egoism and illusion, and the physical, the material, alone as real; and in the end he uses art to celebrate the downfall of the very faculties upon which the existence of art depends. Just as supernaturalism either stifles art altogether, or else treats it as something to be tolerated along with other mortal frailties, so naturalism tends to circumscribe art by confining it to 'realism' — either the foul realism of those

[1] *The Cream of the Jest.* By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.

who are panegyrists of the brute in man, or the sterile literalism of those who report what is, exhausting the material facts of creation while ignoring our anxiety about the possible sense of it. On the one hand, a Jack London illuminating the primordial struggle for survival, a Theodore Dreiser depicting the more civilized struggle for prestige; on the other hand, a George Gissing choosing his subjects, as we are told on good authority, because of 'his very repugnance' to them. And in our present patronizing condescension toward the arts, there is even an odd parallel to our ancestors' prolonged distrust of the novel on moral and religious grounds. The artist is trying, for the first time, to live in the same world with all the rest of us; we know instinctively that he will never be at home here, and that his rightful place is elsewhere; and we despise him for his futile resemblance to ourselves, almost as much as we used to fear him for his difference.

Naturalism develops, it would seem, a philosophical lucidity which is the negation of art. The civilized society in which art has a place of its own, is 'an organized revolt against nature,' a getting together by men to attain, as it were in defiance of the world-purpose, the things they jointly want; and the faith for art is the humanism which so affirms. It is the only philosophy which reconciles the opposed advantages, and escapes the disadvantages, of the other creeds and doubts. It is sincere and open-eyed in its acceptance of man's spiritual will as the focal point of everything, where supernaturalism is insincere and sentimentally blind. It is cognizant, as naturalism is, of the physical basis of life, without limiting its cognizance to that. Humanism is avowedly anthropocentric, as all thinking done by men has got to be; and by virtue of this very frankness of avowal, this emphasis on the inevasible condition, it enters the infinitude of our freedom for art, exactly at the point of our one greatest limitation as sentient beings. Because we can know nothing except in its relation to ourselves, we can know everything in that relation. So humanism admonishes us, as the greatest in art has always done. Humanism may almost be called the artistic temper itself rationalized. Nor need we be greatly disturbed if any one point out that, as such, it is also a philosophy based on the negation of philosophies.

II

So far the generalizing theory, negligent, as it must here remain, of side-issues uncounted, and dogmatically set forth to make it pocketable, but meant suggestively for all that. Now, for rounding out the theory, a parable of humanism in art, chosen for a double duty: first, to illustrate how humanism is indeed the *continuum*, the universal element, in literature of the imagination; secondly, to advance the argument by propounding a pragmatic method for criticism of the artist as philosopher. And, that we may deal with a figure grand enough to provide a crucial test of any such sweeping generalization, let the parable consist of a restatement from this angle of some problems and principles in the understanding of Shakespeare. Shakespeare was not, to be sure, a novelist, even of the archaic Elizabethan modes; but any imagination can bridge the gap between the sorts of plays Shakespeare wrote and the sort of novels he would have written if he had lived in the time of Fielding. Besides, it is well to give these speculations enough scope to include the whole body of imaginative fiction, of which the novel and the romance are but specialized members, having to this generation something of

the importance which the drama had to Shakespeare's.

What I have in mind is this: every scientific attempt of textual criticism to identify the meaning of Shakespeare with the tenets of any age or sect has resulted simply in the belittling of Shakespeare. Assume him Anglican, and you have cut off a part of him that we should all like to keep; assume him Catholic, and you have made him only part of what he seems to us. He is not atheist, he is not theist; that is, he is not primarily either one or the other. In his pragmatism, the question whether God made man, or man made God, makes no conceivable difference to anything that can be known or experienced. Every critic who has attempted to define Shakespeare by a definite formula of faith or of doubt, has subjected Shakespeare to a limitation unsanctioned by anything in the total effect of the plays and poems. Now, when you scan, one after another, the special and restricting interpretations and pick out the weakness in each; and when, having done that, you search for the formula which escapes all the weaknesses and leaves Shakespeare meaning the utmost that he can mean when set free to interpret himself, you find that the only theory which robs him of no glory, the only one which leaves him in full possession of all that we actually find in him, is precisely the theory of his humanism. The Shakespeare whom we know through the plays and poems was a man who could have made the epigram, 'If God had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him'; for Shakespeare had the supreme revelation that, whether God did exist or whether man did invent him, the effect on man's conscious life in the knowable world is one and the same. This is the revelation which makes our Shakespeare, not Anglican, not Catholic, not demonstrably pagan or Christian, Epicurean, or Stoic, but pragmatist by temper, and by intuition humanist.

The central disclosure of the plays to us is this: that they are the work of a man who understood — whether with the intellect as well as with the intuition makes little difference — that eternity, fate, God, the immortality of the soul, eventual punishment and reward, are in one sense, the sense of art, simply not man's affair at all; that they are fundamentally unintelligible to his finite mind, the most irrelevant, even if perhaps the most enthralling, of his concerns. These things are in the lap of the gods; and man's affair, to state it in some very modern-sounding words, is to 'will what the gods will, without, perhaps, being certain what their will is — or even if they have a will of their own.' We do not in the least know whether Shakespeare believed in the existence of God; but we do know that, if he so believed, the meaning of God was all in man's desire of him. We do not know whether he believed in the immortality of the self-conscious soul; but we do know that, if he so believed, it was the will to immortality that interested him, and not the immortality itself as a hypothesis. In every way he accepts, faithfully and joyously, the finite conditions of life here and now, the impassable bounds beyond which neither reason nor experience can penetrate. We cannot imagine him as being indifferent to anything that was human; but neither can we imagine him as being much interested in anything except *because* it was human. And when he listens to man's 'Fables of the Above,' it makes little difference whether he takes them as fables or as truths: either way, what touches him most nearly is that they are man's, wrought out of man's own desire or need.

All that need be insisted on at this moment is the extreme fitness and justice of our letting the plays read them-

selves in the light of certain ideas which greatly enhance their meaning for all time, even if we doubt whether Shakespeare understood those ideas. By way of good measure and of responsibility assumed, I like to add a personal conviction that he did understand them clearly. Either Shakespeare consciously believed those doctrines in the light of which the plays crave to be interpreted, or else he was the lightest, most irresponsible of mortals, a mere 'master of the revels,' with not a shred of consistency to identify Shakespeare the artist with Shakespeare the man. It is easier for me to believe that those two are one, than that Shakespeare was only a facile trickster, admitting no connection between the words he wrote and the man he was, and achieving by some queer accident forty complete works that just *happened* to focus themselves on an interpretation of life that he had never thought of, and on a belief that he had never held. This alternative seems precluded by the very nature of the relation between the creator and the creation, in art or in anything; and therefore, I say, the doctrines which make the plays mean most to us and, so far as we can judge, to all time, are the doctrines which Shakespeare believed. If any one likes to believe that the doctrines which do most for the plays are the doctrines which Shakespeare did not believe, he is welcome to that self-indulgence.

At all events, this hypothesis of Shakespeare's humanism can be defended historically, in terms of his own sixteenth century. The Renaissance came late to England, but with intensity. And when it came, it put England almost at once in possession, not only of the classical learning, but of all the modern humanistic embroidery thereon of a century of continental Renaissance. Every one who has studied, even superficially, the Cinquecento in Italy knows how merely nominal was the subservience of philosophy to religion, and how orthodoxy was subtly corroded by speculative doctrines preached from within the very Church, and calculated to deceive the very elect. The Church was largely given over to materialism; and, so long as its temporal power was not endangered, it was not above housing and feeding the philosophers who gave it intellectual prestige even while they undermined its doctrinal foundations. The Church was avidly making to itself, as now, friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness; and it was an age when one could hear atheism and the mortality of the soul brilliantly preached in high places, in discourse which paid to the Church no other tribute than the use of its ritual and its vocabulary.

In short, it was an age of humanism and free-thinking; and one of its chief symptoms is the delight of intellectualists in metaphysical speculation for its own sake — that is, for the training of the mind in subtlety, agility, and poise, and for sheer rapture in the sense that the human intellect could get beyond revelation, beyond and outside everything. It was an age in which both scholarship and philosophy were nothing if not humanistic; and from a thousand references in the plays and sonnets, from the general exultation of Shakespeare in metaphysical hair-splitting, sometimes almost purely verbal, one can trace his profoundly sympathetic kinship with these developments, his joy in the intellect as an instrument capable of giving man sway over space and time. Nor need we, for the present purpose, extend the ancestry of humanism to classical Greece and Rome — the great harbors of ancient cultivation, in which all that is most to be prized in the Middle Ages has its origins, and in which, rather than in the Reformation or Pu-

ritanism, the best moral and spiritual life of our time has its secure anchorage.

When, finally, we come to the supreme works themselves, we find almost everything to corroborate, almost nothing to deny. Shakespeare everywhere shows a strong tendency to let his vivid realization of man's temporal life take the form of a complete and untroubled agnosticism about everything else. There is plenty of evidence that he conceived death as a sweet oblivion, a surcease from that of which life is full enough; and the finality of that repose, the deep immobility of that sleep, immune from even the dreams which should prove life not utterly extinguished, are lyrical notes sounded always with a tenderness which must have had something to do with Shakespeare's own desire. Death is to him a 'dateless night'; and again and again he expresses the purely humanistic notion of immortality, in contexts where, if he had believed in any other notion, he must have given some hint. All his sonnets of the love of men and women are haunted by the sense that there is beauty in the very finiteness of the experience. In the sonnets of remembered love there is nowhere expressed the hope of reunion after death, or of any renewal except that of memory re-creating out of its need the desired shape, the lost presence.

All of the phrases which, isolated, bear some seeming hint of orthodox faith, seem in their contexts to require another interpretation. The exquisite antiphonal dirge in *Cymbeline* speaks of a task done, a home reached, wages ta'en; but that home, it at once appears, is the grave's 'quiet consummation,' and the wages are oblivion for the consciousness and renown in the memories of others.

> Thou hast finished joy and moan.
>
> To thee the reed is as the oak.
>
> No exorciser harm thee!
> Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
> Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
> Nothing ill come near thee!

— Such negative immortality is the reward, and the only suggestion of a positive immortality is that thoroughly humanistic faith that the living can confer perpetual life upon the dead by not forgetting their lives.

Even the famous and controverted Sonnet CXLVI, with its cry of triumph over death, —

> And Death once dead, there's no more dying then, —

seems on analysis to be a plea for intensifying the inward life of the soul by a process very like the religious ascetic's mortification of the body. This sonnet is one of many records of the duality of Shakespeare, of the perpetual conflict in his life and mind between a starry poet, dreamer, and idealist, and an earth-bound respectable citizen quite capable of taking thought for the morrow, both tenants of the same clay.

> Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
> Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?

Rather, let the soul live on the loss of its servant, the body; let the soul, renewed in its own ardent extra-physical life, glory in the body's failure and decay; do not devote the powers that are at best short-lived to making costly provision for the worms which are 'inheritors of this excess.' Instead, 'feed on Death, that feeds on men'; that is —

> Within be fed, without be rich no more.

The sonnet comes down, then, to the simple assertion that, when we live most spiritually and least materially, we rob death by leaving so much the less for palpable dissolution, and so much the more for the cherishing memories of other men to seize on; we diminish death by withdrawing his sustenance. This idealistic humanism

seems to be everywhere Shakespeare's principal thought about eternity.

In the ghosts of the plays we find, oddly, a further corroboration. It is true enough that Shakespeare may have accepted unthinkingly — or, for that matter, thinkingly — the superstition of his time. He may have believed in the reality, even in the corporeality, of spirits of the dead. But it is to be noted that that was essentially a pagan, not a Christian, superstition; a belief, not in immortal spirits, but simply in the *unlaid* ghost. Oblivion was coming; but there was some debt left unpaid in the flesh, some wrong unrighted, which stood between the tortured spirit and the longed-for 'quiet consummation' of the grave. The failure to have achieved oblivion was always in itself a disaster, and the ghost's one concern was to shake off those evil dreams of reality which had persisted even beyond the body's corruption. This done, it might lie down to an eternity of rest.

Whether or not Shakespeare did accept this superstition is a matter of the least consequence. His plays neither gain nor lose anything of moment, whether the ghosts are staged as visible apparitions, or as ideal and symbolical perceptions in the minds of the actors. For, whatever Shakespeare's own attitude toward the pagan concept of the unlaid ghost, he found the only way to cheat it of its grossness. The ghost always exists, not to show something about a life other than that of our senses, but to show something purely spiritual and moral about this life. Its revelation is of guilt or of duty here and now, not of a promised hereafter. The ghost of Hamlet's father exists for Hamlet, the ghost of Banquo for Macbeth; they exert a further pressure, the one upon a feeling of responsibility, the other upon a feeling of guilt, which feelings exist already as products of causes by no means supernatural. And so it is everywhere in the plays. The meaning is the same, whether the ghost be understood by the audience as having an objective or a subjective reality.

In fine, we make out everywhere Shakespeare's pragmatic emphasis on what things are to man and how they work in human life, and his refusal to treat any cosmic doctrine whatever except as a leverage in human thought, emotion, and conduct. In the glare of light which this reading of Shakespeare throws upon the history of fiction, the artist ought to be able to decipher a broadly complete rationale for the philosophy therein, and his critic a rationale of criticism. It ought to be possible, for example, by the same pragmatic method which snatches Shakespeare from the supernaturalists, to snatch Mr. Thomas Hardy from the naturalists. Mr. Hardy is a pessimist. Is not pessimism unconsciously a humanistic protest against modern naturalism, as Shakespeare's seeming agnosticism was against the doctrinaire parts of the Reformation and the Puritan movement? The pessimist accepts the senseless universe of natural law as a fact, but he also cries out against it as a nightmare. In that cry of despair or rage, he has set man back at the centre of everything. The very feeling that a purposeless universe is evil proves that there is a purpose, evolved by man for himself in defiance of the gods, and obscurely present in all that man does. The rational kinship of the pessimist is with naturalism, but his temperamental kinship is with humanism; he is the humanist discouraged. This second fact is the more important, for the ultimate test of art is what it makes us feel. The pessimist makes us feel that civilization is indeed an organized revolt against nature, even though it be futile and foredoomed; and

thus he shows us in a tragic light, as Meredith's optimism shows us in a comic, not any affair of remote beginnings and endings, but 'what you are now weaving.'

This one certain reality of the moment, denied by theology because it asserts the omnipotence of man and the impotence of God, denied by science because science has no instruments for measuring the imponderable phenomena of the spirit — this one certain reality is the substance and the end of creative art. And the humanism which extricates and reveals it in a clear light is the first causal principle of the creative impulse, the impulse to beauty — which is the greatest thing in the world.

FOR DEMOCRACY

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

GREAT moments have a way of simplifying the thought and the emotion of a people, sifting out the essential from the unessential, and bringing into clearer light fundamental things. In the present winnowing by the winds of destiny, much chaff is being blown away from our minds, and questions of vital importance emerge. Our country's present need of concerted thought and action on the part of its citizens brings a new valuation of that which we have been doing, a new smiting of the conscience because of things left undone. This great cause of democracy, for which our youth are going out to fight, how have we served it, each and every one of us, in times of peace?

Why, one asks now, among the many kinds of propaganda carried on in this country, on lecture-platforms, in parks and on commons, at village post-office corners, wherever men meet with men, has there been so little of the one kind of propaganda that we most need — a right and vital teaching of true Americanism? Never, except perhaps in ancient Athens, was country so belectured and harangued. Every new theory of faith or of practice has a hearing; every sort of wrong or grievance, arising from labor conditions or negligence on the part of officials, is set forth eloquently sooner or later, for the sun in its wanderings shines down upon no other people so patient under the lash of the human tongue. Work negative, work positive, is being done by economist, social philosopher, preacher, in investigating special complaint, or teaching special conviction.

But, among the many voices, the one supremely important voice has, in the past, been lacking, I do not know anyone, among the many preachers, teachers, reformers, to whom it is my privilege to listen, who has tried to teach the American public the essentials of our republican faith. Pole, Magyar, Czech, Turk, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Syrian, and innumerable others are gathered together here from the four corners of

the earth, to learn the meaning of the greatest experiment in democracy that the world has ever tried. Not only have we failed to help them in learning how to play their part in it, but we have left them, unprepared as they are for the measure of liberty which we enjoy, to become the prey of political bosses, of agitators exhorting from the cart-tail in regard to oppression, exploitation by wealth, and class wrongs, misleading their mediæval minds into the belief that something worse than old-world tyranny exists here; while no cart-tail whatsoever has revealed an equally ardent speaker, trying to make the masses understand what America stands for; what she is trying to achieve; what are the difficulties in her way. These new recruits have need of positive teaching to offset the negative doctrine of anarchist and I.W.W. leader, making them know that their whole duty is not to protest and fight; that they are citizens, members of the household, and, as such, responsible for its conduct; not angry and disaffected guests at an inn whose service does not satisfy.

A promise of better things comes in the new movement to Americanize the alien; in lending it our heartiest support we shall perhaps more effectually Americanize ourselves. We, like the newcomers, need to be enlisted in this great and still uncertain adventure of government by the people, for the people. What have we been doing, we citizens of longer standing, to whom has been intrusted the keeping of the starry flag? The luxury-loving among us, the idle rich, but also the idle poor, and the over-busy — scholars alert for the discovery of the remotest fact concerning ancient Babylon or the gases of Saturn's ring; literary folk, eager to say some new thing in some new way; business men, avoiding civic duty in order to have time for the great game of profit and loss; the pleaders of special causes, the exploiters of special wrongs, are all alike guilty.

How many kinds of exemption from service we claim! That very liberty of thought and of action which we cherish as so precious a possession has begotten in us an irresponsibility which threatens the foundations of that freedom on which we pride ourselves. Slackers, deserters, we have shirked at home and in the market-place the high task of carrying on the work intrusted to us by our forefathers. We have failed to instruct these primitive folk in the first principles of citizenship, to impart a teaching that might, in some measure, take the place of the slow centuries of development that they and their ancestors have missed, while ours, blunderingly enough, perhaps, were working out the hard task of self-government. Do we really, absorbed in class pleasures or in the privileges of our several callings, believe in democracy? Do we not, following our fancy, or intent upon business or profession, forget that mere practical or intellectual achievement may be treason, in its narrow pursuit of individual aim, its ignoring of the common good?

Times of great tragedy may, for all their darkness, flash light upon the human way; this may perhaps show us where we stand, unveil our special opportunity, our special responsibility in the long line of history. It is indeed a supreme opportunity that the present crisis reveals; and a supreme duty confronts the citizens of this country, with its peculiar achievement in the theory and the practice of democracy. As our young men fight in the fields of France for an ideal, we should be fighting at home to bring into clearer vision of ourselves and others the nature of that ideal. To this task of enlightenment we need to bend every energy, for an unintelligent democracy is the worst foe

civilization has ever had. Every artist, thinker, professional man, scholar — our lost citizens, astray among their individual interests — should make it his task to see how his special medium of expression can serve the great need; what way he can find to make the ideal of liberty and the possibility of it as a working conception come home to every one of us with new cogency, and to every stranger within our gates.

Our professional men, thus bending some of their effort to the common good, would be drawn more into the main stream of life, benefiting themselves and others; our idle rich, our scholars, and our artists could in this service open up some of the lost ways of communication between them and their kind; the privileged classes must not stay withdrawn apart; they need to learn that, in all our endeavor, we must be one and indivisible, as much as the warring masses, fighting for class-privilege, need to learn it. In a republic, every man who does not discover the common aim, and work for it, is indeed a Man without a Country.

It is time that we all realized that we are passing through a crucial period like that of the French Revolution, only incomparably greater, and time that we wakened to a sense of what the great hour demands of us. Why are not our writers finding simple ways of setting forth for the eager, misled, uninstructed populace the principles upon which depends the permanence of our institutions? Why are not our lawyers, our scholars, our editors, men of sound and balanced minds and clear convictions, instead of lingering at desk or club, deriding agitators, out on commons, in parks, and at street-corners, expounding the nature of true Americanism, teaching the populace how to rule themselves? Our educational institutions and our higher professions have produced an extraordinarily large number of critics of our civilization, in proportion to the number of those ready to perform their duties therein.

The most important of all civic tasks ought not to be left to spasmodic outbursts upon our national holiday; there is a great gap, which must be bridged, between the Fourth-of-July orator and the thinkers of the land. Our scholars, our professional men, still following the inherited tradition of their order under centuries of monarchical government, have not yet risen to the greater demands made upon them, as democracy defines their duties and their privileges in larger terms. Intellect should be made more available in this country, more disinterested, more fitted to the service of the many; the American mind should be turned, as never before, to the mental needs of the civic body.

A practical people should find little difficulty in finding practical ways to achieve this. Towns, villages, cities could organize lecture-courses, inviting the populace, and, perhaps not wholly without results, inviting the machine politicians to listen to lectures upon civic ideals and civic duties; and many another method would suggest itself to those who cared to find it. If the world could see such a phenomenon as an ardent propaganda carried on by men of sane mind and clear vision, trying to make citizens of the masses, teaching them what self-government means, this most difficult problem would already be largely solved.

We need a new kind of street orator, addressing the populace in slum district, on common, in factory towns, wherever men meet with men, pleading, with the intelligence of the scholar and the ardor of the political campaigner, the fundamental articles of belief upon which our national life rests. We need priest and prophet of democracy, if this is indeed our faith; we

need to practise this faith and to teach it, as we have never done before.

This should be expounded, not only upon the public platform: it should be the teaching, almost the most important teaching, of the schools. It is an amiable and a beautiful thing that the young should be taught to present plays, to carve wood, to do raffia work; but there is crying need of teaching that can serve greater ends than can this — ends not sufficiently recognized in present scholastic instruction. Why, with all the different kinds of knowledge imparted to them, is it taken for granted that training in the principles of citizenship will practically take care of itself, or that it can be safely left to the Fourth-of-July orator? The days that are opening out ahead of us have stern tasks for the young, both in thinking and in action, and they cannot be too early roused to a sense of their civic duty, and of the civic responsibilities that will fall upon them. Courses in civics already in existence in some schools should be increased in number and deepened in significance. Statement of fact and of theory, the mere intellectual appeal, should be blended with imaginative presentation of the difficulties and the possibilities in securing a working order for human society; conscience should be touched, and emotion quickened, to supplement the intellectual stimulus in the training of young citizens.

I know of many people agitated in various ways about the needs of the young, fearing lest they may not speak good English, lest artistic gifts may not be sufficiently cultivated; but I know of few who are profoundly concerned over the question whether they are being prepared to become worthy inheritors of democracy. Do they grasp the principles at stake in the present great crisis? Are they going to understand the long struggle of the human race toward liberty, and be ready to take their place in it? They indeed have need to be taught of what country they are citizens — less of this blundering and failing America, which has seemed to be drifting into disintegrated consciousness of the desires and demands of different classes, than of the ideal America of the future, which it is for them to make good, to bring to pass.

II

It is a crucial moment in the working out of the undying impulse toward self-government, manifest in the flickering republics of ancient time of Greece and of Rome, shining out in the Magna Charta, betraying itself in struggle through English history toward more and more freedom, more and more responsibility for the common man; the impulse that burned with passion of energy that would not be denied in the French Revolution. In this great and tragic time, the fate of the human race as capable of self-government is on trial as never before, and America's place in human history is being more fully defined. It is to this country, with its mixed population, its hordes of folk from all countries and all peoples, that the world looks for answer to the great world-question: 'Are masses of men capable of living together in peace and harmony, under principles framed by themselves, accepted by all? This faith for which the world is fighting — is it a tenable faith?'

Democracy cannot be adequately taught by the shot and shell of wartime, however necessary these may be as a beginning, or by a *laissez-faire* policy in time of peace. Therefore, here where the hope of the world is being worked out on a scale of unprecedented vastness, the masses, the intelligent and the less intelligent, old citizens and new of this republic of ours, need direct in-

struction, in civic principles, in history, in the limitations of human nature; they need stimulus to understand. They need to know something of this struggle for liberty in other times and other countries: what they achieved; who strove; wherever they fell short; of the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, which, with all its mistakes and shortcomings, has succeeded more fully than any other in creating free institutions. They need to know how this has been done, wherein the race has failed, wherein it has made good.

Both in the schools and on commons this propaganda of democracy should be a propaganda of patience, should teach the over-eager many, clamoring to grasp the fruit where the bud has hardly been formed, the need of intelligent understanding and intelligent hope in dealing with this complex, unruly, blind and headlong thing, — yet capable of divine growth, — human nature. To counteract the voices of irresponsible agitators, and the voices of many short-sighted and impatient idealists, we need to have sounding aloud, wherever there are ears to listen, voices of men of common sense and of insight, who are aware of the inevitable slow growth in human affairs. Many an agitator, many an academic theorist, with that lack of understanding of human limitation which seems to be the gift of agitators; many an idealist, dreaming of great good for abstract humanity, have done untold harm by advocating methods of revolution. It is strange and ironic that this, the era of all eras most impatient for quick results, should be the one which, theoretically, has learned the most of that long nature-patience known as evolution. It is time that the new insight into growth and slow growth in all things, the knowledge of evolutionary process, which is the chief contribution of the nineteenth century to knowledge, should be transmuted into wisdom for our use. We have need of such wisdom, and we should make haste to share it with the masses, especially with the young. In classrooms, and even in public parks, enough of history can be taught to show that the struggle for liberty is of necessity a long struggle; and something of Nature's own slow willingness to wait should go into constructive teaching that will nullify the outcries of those who berate America because the millennium is not yet here. Perhaps contemporary Russia may serve as a sad example of that which happens when the millennium comes with too great a rush.

These denunciators within our gates cannot grasp human nature in its slow maturing, cannot realize how short a time America has had to work out its democratic institutions. We have made progress, all retrogressions, evasions, and falling short admitted. Are there not potent masculine voices which can make known that, although we have failed in much, we have not wholly failed; although we have not fulfilled the perfect vision of spiritual and temporal liberty, still much has been achieved? Our disaffected citizens, our young, need to know that here in America our initial impulse was great; that our history is not contemptible; that our struggle, through unimagined difficulty, because of the vastness of the problem, has never been given up. Our agitator friends and acquaintances, who cry out that the republic is a failure, fail to realize that the republic has hardly been tried.

Recognizing the facts, it should be an humble propaganda, teaching the need of humility, confessing that in many ways we have woefully fallen short. The growing separation of interests in our country, manifesting itself in the labor troubles, in the heaping up of unjustifiable fortunes, in the self-absorption of the careless rich, of selfish

scholar or professional man, is proof enough of this. It is, perhaps, our loud self-applause, our congratulation before achievement, which has most stood in the way of our real progress in working out our full share of the problem of human destiny. Our Fourth-of-July eagle is too often given to triumphant screaming where it should be bowing its head in abasement; our loud cries of liberty, equality, and fraternity where liberty, equality, and fraternity are not yet, bewilder many of those lured by these beguiling cries to our shores. Confessing partial failure, but clinging to our unforgotten aim and our forefathers' aim, we should hold high so great a conception of America, to guide the many, that the attitude of all must needs be humble, recognizing the vast difference between possibility and present achievement.

We need thus to substitute constructive teaching for destructive, a sense of the necessity of slow development for a passion for quick change; most crying of all the needs is that of emphasizing civic principles, of educating the masses, young and old alike, in the knowledge that fundamental articles of political belief must be grasped and held, obeyed through good fortune and through bad. If there was ever a time when the world had need of a realization that government rests upon enduring allegiance to law, that a lasting faith should guide conduct from day to day, from year to year, that decisions of right and wrong should cover more than the single instance, it is now, in face of the unthinking opportunism that has governed American life in recent years.

There is crass opportunism in the financier's grasp of the immediate chance that may spell great gain for him and ruin for others; there is crass opportunism in much of the labor agitation, when the unions lose all sense of the common good in their demands in behalf of a single organization or band of men; and both forget the future. If, as Mr. Schwab asserts, labor is to rule the world after the war, what hope can there be for America unless the union members learn that their gain to-day may mean their children's loss to-morrow, if momentary material advantage is won at the expense of lasting allegiance to a governing law of conduct? If arbitration is accepted as a principle in the matter of settling strikes, it must be adhered to as a principle, whether, in the individual case, it means gain or loss. One's moral code cannot become a matter of barter in the market-place. If the country is to endure, if free institutions, becoming still more free, are to be handed on, if permanent freedom is to be secured, the power which is to control us must rise above a hand-to-mouth method, a day-to-day, make-shift policy of adopting any course of action that means immediate advantage. No opportunist conduct can make an enduring America; we have need of abiding tenets of civic faith, recognized by all, operative for all.

This propaganda should be a propaganda of intelligence, emphasizing the need of clearer and saner thinking, of more far-reaching thought, teaching the masses to reach by intellectual vision through the mood of the moment, and to know how greatly the unborn generations need our present self-sacrifice, our present self-control, our present subordination of individual demand to the good of the whole. The supremely important thing for us all to learn is that we are indeed one and indivisible. As the greater part of the agitation and unrest has come from a disintegration, a falling apart in aim and in ideal, showing in increased demands for class rights or union rights, — perhaps only natural in a country whose resources have been so largely exploited by men with strong

sense of individual power and weak sense of citizenship, — emphasis in all this propaganda should be laid upon our unity; the fact that we serve a common cause, share a common destiny. That sorry term, class-consciousness, so often on the lips of alleged friends of the people, should be buried in the ruins of old kingdoms and become a part of forgotten history.

In the pleading of special causes which has greatly increased among us in recent years, in the presentation of minor claims, how little of a genuine sense of national well-being! How much regarding the parts! How little regarding the whole! Surely this great crisis in our history, this war waged for democracy, will help do away with the talk of classes, with special demands, the agitated laborers and the complacent rich alike coming to know that they are, first and foremost, citizens of the country, and members of special clan or organization later. The moment has come when we must indeed learn to cry, 'Ay, Ay,' with one voice.

Meanwhile, the patience which we counsel must be shown by us as we face divergences of opinion and of feeling among our citizens gathered from many lands. There are those among us who have preached violent and subversive doctrine; this we should examine carefully, while teaching a different faith, to see if there is in it something that we ought to claim as part of our larger hope. If agitators trample upon and burn the flag, it is because they have not yet learned what it stands for. Their ignorance is our sin of omission; we, citizens of a free country, do not trouble ourselves to share with them our belief, nor do we rouse ourselves sufficiently to see if there be right in anything they say. Through agitation and through violence truth sometimes enters; we must try to read the face of the standard they are attempting to unfurl. Wise governments find out a way to use for great ends the roused emotion and passion of the half-thinking; Americans of longer standing and of graver mind than many of the newcomers should help in finding ways of wise restraint, of directing hope to a higher level.

III

The country is already somewhat lifted by the great war out of the region of special complaints and special demands, into a consciousness of a common duty that is beginning to unite us from shore to shore. It is a great lesson; would that it might have been taught in some less fearful way; but at least it is being learned. Now, when the sight of khaki everywhere on the street brings its symbolism of service, and the air is full of notes of exhortation and of song ushering in a new era, there is with us a consciousness of a need of reconsecration, of refreshing ourselves at the deeper sources of our national well-being, of defining afresh for ourselves and sharing with others the great and simple hope of democracy in its purity.

This is our opportunity; the country is stirred as it has not been for many years, and it will be stirred yet more deeply as our wounded come home. The moment of great and common sorrow is the moment in which to learn indeed the deeper meaning of a political faith based upon the idea of the common good. In this supreme hour we need to withdraw our minds from our old exultant sense of achievement in external matters, and our more or less unfounded sense of intellectual enlightenment as existing in this country; to strip away our prepossessions; to face, without discouragement, our failures, and without dismay, our hopes; to rediscover our American ideal in its pristine freshness, that we may carry

forward this ideal and make it a fairer hope.

Moments when we look forward are moments when, if we are wise wayfarers, we must first look back. It is increasingly evident that we need to turn to the earlier moments of inspiration in our country's life, to gain a clearer sense of those ideals for which our forebears strove; to share, in its hope and its freshness, their sense of liberty, equality, fraternity. Great is our satisfaction in what they dared and won; yet even here, in that which the advanced thinkers of the late eighteenth century said, and the best that they said, we discern a lack; for we have won some further enlightenment with the passing years, have learned through success and through failure. Adam Smith and the rights of the individual, Thomas Paine and the rights of man — surely the best among us have traveled a long road since that time! That generation did not realize that you cannot make liberty, equality, and fraternity out of the rights of man. Perhaps the French Revolution failed, bringing disillusionment to many, because its doctrine was too negative to satisfy, with too much of demand therein, and not a profound enough idea of service, of sacrifice, to meet what is, after all, the deepest need of human nature; failed, not because its hopes were too high, but because they were not high enough. For the stern fact is that — as isolated thinkers have here and there recognized, but never masses of men — true democracy is based, not upon the rights of man, but upon the duties of man. What pity that those revolutionary days did not raise up some one, — what pity also regarding our own! — to set forth with cogency the doctrine of the inalienable duties of human kind!

We of America, inheritors of the doctrine of the rights of man, have (though the finer perceptions of the few have outstripped us) added little in our hundred and twenty-five years of prosperous existence. True, we have gone a little way, but we should have gone much further, in the faith and the practice of democracy. Our forefathers fought a great fight and left us a great hope; we have not carried the standard forward as we should have done. The slogan with which they began the battle is still ours; we are still clinging, in thought and in act, to the rights of man, using violence when we think we have not got them; sitting back in passive content when we feel that we have secured them. The light-heartedness with which the wealthy go to their pleasures, the scholar to his desk, the artist to his dream, with no thought of civic responsibility, proves this. The labor unions, instead of being, as they think, in the forefront of idealistic progress, are more than a century behind the times, still clamoring for the rights of man, as are we all, the mass of American citizens, instead of crying out in times of peace — as we do, thank God! in times of war — for our duties, our renunciations, the points of danger and of sacrifice.

We need a fresh shaping of the idea of democracy, and we have great need of thinkers who can voice with power that will inspire succeeding generations this principle which is deeper than the rights of man, this principle of his duties. Even our newest idealist-citizens do not greatly help us. Certain newcomers, alien folk, coming to our shores with the shadow of old-world oppression still upon them, have set forth with poignancy their imaginative vision of what America really is, uncovering the ideal of earlier days that our forefathers held, so that many a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers is learning from the insight of the Slav more than he has ever known of what our republican faith was in its inception. Foreigners

though they be, they recall to us a sense of what we have almost forgotten, or have been too careless to learn, and we are grateful to them for a freshened sense of the greatness of our heritage. Yet here, too, we detect something of limitation, a lack of that which will make the great hope endure. Most of them come to receive liberty, not to make it; come with a sense that the struggle will be finished when they get here; greeting America joyously because of what she has to give, what they can get out of it. Both in the glad expectation and in the disappointment or the anger that follows the discovery that the struggle is still going on, there is an attitude of passivity. This is the democracy of the outstretched hand, and of the voice that cries, 'Give!'

Life is a passion of activity, or it is nothing. Genuine democracy rests, not upon an attitude of pleased expectation of receiving, not upon an irresponsible sense of liberty to work one's will, but upon unflinching self-surrender, unceasing activity in behalf of the common good. Services must be voluntarily rendered, often more strenuous than those exacted by superiors under the old feudal order. For democracy is a stern and lofty creed of willing self-denial, of responsibilities staunchly borne, or it is a chaos and a failure, a stampede of the masses for power or for gain. It is a positive something, a service as exacting as the army-service, a constant act of energetic devotion; not a state, a passive condition of *laissez-faire*. Each moment of its life needs the whole-souled search, in times of peace as in time of war, of its citizens for present duty, no matter at what cost, at what relinquishment of individual claim.

We, who talk glibly of our rights as citizens, must remember that no man has a right even to claim citizenship in a democratic country, if he fail to place the common good above his own good, or fail to lend his utmost power to bring this to pass. For us the future should be filled, less with irresponsible grasping at our full privileges, our individual liberty, or our machine-organization liberty, and more with steady striving toward the ideal democracy of gladly rendered service and glad sacrifice for the larger good, in order that this great experiment in the rights of man, America, may be for the next hundred years, and who knows how many to follow, an experiment in the glad fulfilling of the duties of man.

Realizing, then, that liberty for the individual is a lasting act of self-surrender on the part of the individual, not a sheepfold, penning him in and protecting him from the tyrants of the world, we shall perhaps reach a deeper conception of what the battle for democracy means, and know that it is not wholly a struggle against outer things, but greatly and seriously a struggle with inner inclinations and conditions. No man can become a freeman in a moment, for the hardest tyranny of all is the tyranny of the undisciplined inner self, with its exactions, its pretensions, its blind demands. The basis of our political faith must be that teaching which wise mothers impart to their children as the first and most important lesson of life, which should be vigorously and constantly taught in the schools: that their first duty is to find how their wills can be brought into accord with the wills of their fellows; thus, through the slow training of young generations, mankind may meet the supreme problem of the human race, will subdued to will, all working out toward the common good.

> By the soul
> Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

In this deeper conception, democracy may indeed have in it something of a

religion, for the trust that it implies in one's fellows, the trust that it implies in one's better self, lifts it into the realm of the spiritual, makes of it a faith. Here in America we need to teach that service to the state that means subordination of self — not to the earthly state of Kaiser and Junker, but to that inner kingdom where freedom is secured for every man by every man's renouncement of special claim and his offer of entire service for the upholding, not of a dynasty, but of an ideal.

We must match our outer greatness with an inner greatness that may meet its mighty challenge. This ideal of utmost service is one which every native son or daughter, however grown insensitive through long privilege, which every alien newcomer, Pole, Magyar, Czech, Turk, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Syrian, may understand. It is simple, as all great things are simple; it touches profounder depths in human nature than could any doctrine of rights; to it the ever-generous instincts of the poor man would be quick to respond if it could be brought rightly home. Could rich and poor alike be inspired, even in times of peace, with the idea that achievement lies in what they can do for their country, not what they can get out of it; could they but know that the whole idea of democracy is trembling in the balance, and that it is for them to help decide whether it shall live or no, the battle of democracy would be near the winning.

Hope cannot long live unless it grow greater; nor can the ideal of justice for all men, of liberty, equality, and fraternity, continue to exist save through constantly finer and finer manifestation, in theory and in practice, of the faith therein expressed. This house of life which we have inherited from our forefathers must indeed be built larger and fairer, if it is to stand; and we shall prove but unworthy descendants, if we have not grown with the growth of years and added unto it.

We have need to think of this now, and think of it all together — our more than one hundred million strong of American citizens. Making the world safe for democracy is not merely a matter of outer things, of breaking vicious systems, of removing existing tyrannical governments. The benighted and enslaved peoples of Germany will never learn from us the beauty of democracy until we, who have had the privilege so long, realize it more fully ourselves. The world will not be safe for democracy until democracy is safe within the minds of the great mass of men, in clearer vision than has ever yet been attained.

TEMPLE BAR THEN AND NOW

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

THE King of England is not a frequent visitor to the City of London, meaning by 'the City' that square mile or so of old London whose political destinies are in the keeping of the Lord Mayor, of which the Bank of England is almost the exact centre, St. Paul's the highest ground, and Temple Bar the western boundary.

It might be said that the King is the only man in England who has no business in the City. His duties are in the West End — in Westminster; but to the City he goes on state occasions; and it so happened that several years ago I was in London on one of them.

I had reached London only the night before, and I did not know that anything out of the ordinary was going on, until over my breakfast of bacon and eggs — and such bacon! — I unfolded my *Times* and learned that their Majesties were that morning going in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to give thanks for their safe return from India. It was not known that they had been in any great peril in India; but royal progresses are, I suppose, always attended with a certain amount of danger. At any rate, the King and Queen had reached home safely, and wanted to give thanks, according to historic precedent, in St. Paul's; and the ceremony was set for that very morning.

Inquiring at the office of my hotel in Piccadilly, I learned that the Royal procession would pass the doors in something over an hour, and that the windows of a certain drawing-room were at my disposal. It would have been more comfortable to view the Royal party from a drawing-room of the Carlton; but what I wanted to see would take place at Temple Bar; so, my breakfast dispatched, I sallied forth to take up my position in the crowded street.

It was in February — a dark, gloomy, typical London morning. The bunting and decorations, everywhere apparent, had suffered sadly from the previous night's rain and were flapping dismally in the cold, raw air; and the streets, though crowded, wore a look of hopeless dejection.

I am never so happy as in London. I know it well, if a man can be said to know London well, and its streets are always interesting to me; but the Strand is not my favorite street. It has changed its character sadly in recent years. The Strand no longer suggests interesting shops and the best theatres; and I grieve to think of the ravages that time and Hall Caine have made in the Lyceum, which was once Irving's, where I saw him so often in his, and my, heyday. However, my way took me to the Strand, and, passing Charing Cross, I quoted to myself Dr. Johnson's famous remark, 'Fleet Street has a very animated appearance; but the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross.' As I neared the site of Temple Bar, however, I observed that, for this morning, at any rate, the tide was setting toward the City.

My progress through the crowd was slow, but I finally reached my objective

point, the Griffin, which marks the spot where for many centuries Temple Bar stood. Taking up my position just in front of the rather absurd monument, which forms an 'island' in the middle of the street, I waited patiently for the simple but historic and picturesque ceremony to begin.

Before long the city dignitaries began to arrive. First came the Sheriffs and Aldermen in coaches of state, wearing their scarlet and ermine robes. Then a coach appeared, out of the window of which protruded the end of the great mace, emblem of City authority; and at last the Lord Mayor himself, in all his splendor, in a coach so wonderful in its gold and color that one might have supposed that it had been borrowed from Cinderella for the occasion.

While I was wondering how many times and under what varying conditions this bit of pageantry had been enacted on this very spot, a slight wave of cheering down the Strand apprized me of the approach of the Royal procession. The soldiers who lined both sides of the street became, at a word of command, more immovable than ever, standing at 'attention,' if that is the word which turns men into statues. At the same time a band began the national anthem, and this seemed the signal for the Mayor and his attendants to leave their coaches and group themselves just east of the monument. A moment later the Royal party, in carriages driven by postilions with outriders, swept by; but the state carriage in which sat the King and Queen was brought to a halt immediately in front of the City party.

The Lord Mayor, carrying his jeweled sword in his hand, bowed low before his sovereign, who remained seated in the open carriage. Words, I presume, were spoken. I saw the Lord Mayor extend his greetings and tender his sword to the King, who, saluting, placed his hand upon its hilt and seemed to congratulate the City upon its being in such safe keeping. The crowd cheered — not very heartily; but history was in the making, and the true Londoner, although he might not like to confess it, still takes a lively interest in these scenes which link him to the past.

While the City officials, their precious sword — it was a gift from Queen Elizabeth — still in their keeping, were returning to their coaches and taking their places, there was a moment's delay, which gave me a good opportunity of observing the King and his consort. He looked very like his photograph and equally like his cousin, the Tsar of Russia. The Queen looked every inch a very plain English gentlewoman.

The Lord Mayor and his suite, having resumed their places, were driven rapidly down Fleet Street toward St. Paul's, the Royal party following them. The whole ceremony at Temple Bar, the shadow of former ceremonies hardly more real, had not occupied much over five minutes. The crowd dispersed, Fleet Street and the Strand immediately resumed their wonted appearance except for the bunting and decorations, and I was left to discuss with myself the question, what does this king business really mean?

Many years ago Andrew Carnegie wrote a book, *Triumphant Democracy*, in which, as I vaguely remember, he likened our form of government to a pyramid standing on its base, while a pyramid representing Great Britain was standing on its apex. There is no doubt whatever that a pyramid looks more comfortable on its base than on its apex; but let us drop these facile illustrations of strength and weakness and ask ourselves, 'In what way are we better off, politically, than the English?'

In theory, the king, from whom no real authority flows, may seem a little bit ridiculous, but in practice how ad-

mirably the English have learned to use him! If he is great enough to exert a powerful influence on the nation for good, his position gives him an immense opportunity. How great his power is, we do not know, — it is not written down in books, — but he has it. If, on the other hand, he has not the full confidence of the people, if they mistrust his judgment, his power is circumscribed: wise men rule and Majesty does as Majesty is told to do.

'We think of our Prime Minister as the wisest man in England for the time being,' says Bagehot. The English scheme of government permits, indeed, necessitates, her greatest men entering politics, as we call it. Is it so with us?

Our plan, however excellent it may be in theory, in practice results in our having constantly to submit ourselves — those of us who must be governed — to capital operations at the hands of amateurs who are selected for the job by drawing straws. That we escape with our lives is due rather to our youth and hardy constitution than to the skill of the operators.

To keep the king out of mischief, he may be set the innocuous task of visiting hospitals, opening expositions, or laying corner-stones. Tapping a block of granite with a silver trowel, he declares it to be 'well and truly laid,' and no exception can be taken to the masterly manner in which the work is done. Occasionally, once a year or so, plain Bill Smith, who has made a fortune in the haberdashery line, say, bends the knee before him, and at a tap of a sword across his shoulder, arises Sir William Smith. Bill Smith was not selected for this honor by the king himself; certainly not! the king probably never heard of him; but the men who rule the nation, those in authority, for reasons sufficient if not good, selected Smith for 'birthday honors,' and he is given a stake in the nation.

And so it goes. The knight may become a baronet, the baronet a baron, the baron a duke — this last not often now, only for very great service rendered the Empire; and with each advance in rank comes increase of responsibility — in theory, at least. Have our political theories worked out so well that we are justified in making fun of theirs, as we sometimes do? I think not. After our country has stood as well as England has the shocks which seven or ten centuries may bring it, we may have the right to say, 'We order these things better at home.'

While musing thus, the Strand and Temple Bar of a century and a half ago rise up before me, and I notice coming along the footway a tall, burly old man, walking with a rolling gait, dressed in a brown coat with metal buttons, knee-breeches, and worsted stockings, with large silver buckles on his clumsy shoes. He seems like a wise old fellow, so I approach him and tell him who I am and of my perplexities.

'What! sir, an American? They are a race of convicts and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging.' And then, seeing me somewhat disconcerted, he adds less ferociously, 'I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another.' Saying which, he turns into a court off Fleet Street and is lost to view.

It is only after he has disappeared that I realize that I have been speaking to Dr. Johnson.

II

Just when the original posts, bars, and chains gave way to a building known as Temple Bar, we have no means of knowing. Honest John Stow, whose effigy in terra cotta still looks down on us from the wall of the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, published

his famous 'Survay of [Elizabethan] London' in 1598. In it he makes scant mention of Temple Bar; and this is the more remarkable because he describes so accurately many of the important buildings, and gives the exact location of every court and lane, every pump and well, in the London of his day.

Stow assures his readers that his accuracy cost him many a weary mile's travel and many a hard-earned penny, and his authority has never been disputed. He refers to the place several times, but not to the gate itself. 'Why this is, I have not heard, nor can I conjecture,' to use a phrase of his; but we know that a building known as Temple Bar must have been standing when the 'Survay' appeared; for it is clearly indicated in Aggas's pictorial map of London, published a generation earlier; otherwise we might infer that in Stow's time it was merely what he terms it, a 'barre' separating the liberties of London from Westminster — the city from the shire. It is obvious that it gets its name from that large group of buildings known as the Temple, which lies between Fleet Street and the river, long the quarters of the Knights Templar, and for centuries past the centre of legal learning in England.

Referring to the 'new Temple by the Barre,' Stow tells us that 'over against it in the high street stand a payre of stockes'; and adds that the whole street 'from the Barre to the Savoy was commanded to be paved in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of King Henry the sixt' (this sturdy lad, it will be remembered, began to 'reign' when he was only nine months old), with 'tole to be taken towards the charges thereof.' This practice of taking 'tole' from all non-freemen at Temple Bar continued until after the middle of the nineteenth century, and fine confusion it must have caused. The charge of twopence each time a cart passed the City boundary finally aroused such an outcry against the 'City turnpike' that it was done away with. Whoever received this revenue must have heartily bewailed the passing of the good old days; for a few years before the custom was abandoned, the toll collected amounted to over seven thousand pounds per annum.

The first reference which seems to suggest a building dates back to the time when 'Sweet Anne Bullen' passed from the Tower to her coronation at Westminster, at which time the Fleet Street conduit poured forth red wine, and the city waits — or minstrels — 'made music like a heavenly noyse.' We know, too, that it was 'a rude building,' and that it was subsequently replaced by a substantial timber structure of classic appearance, with a pitched roof, spanning the street and gabled at each end. Old prints show us that it was composed of three arches — a large central arch for vehicular traffic, with smaller arches, one on each side, over the footway. All of the arches were provided with heavy oaken doors, studded with iron, which could be closed at night, or when unruly mobs, tempted to riot, threatened — and frequently carried out their threat — to disturb the peace of the city.

The City proper terminated at Lud Gate, about halfway up Ludgate Hill; but the jurisdiction of the City extended to Temple Bar, and those residing between the two gates were said to be within the liberties of the City and enjoyed its rights and privileges, among them that of passing through Temple Bar without paying toll. Although Lud Gate was the most important gate of the old city, originally forming a part of the old London wall, from time immemorial Temple Bar has been the great historic entrance to the City. At Temple Bar it was usual, upon an accession to the throne, the proclamation of a peace, or the over-

throw of an enemy, for a state entry to be made into the City. The sovereign, attended by his trumpeters, would proceed to the closed gate and demand entrance. From the City side would come the inquiry, 'Who comes here?' and the herald having made reply, the Royal party would be admitted and conducted to the lord mayor.

With the roll of years this custom became slightly modified. When Queen Elizabeth visited St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada, we read that, the herald and trumpeters having announced her arrival at the gate, the Lord Mayor advanced and surrendered the city sword to the Queen, who, after returning it to him, proceeded to St. Paul's. On this occasion, as on all previous occasions, the sovereign was on horseback, Queen Elizabeth having declined to ride, as had been suggested, in a vehicle drawn by horses, on the ground that it was new-fangled and effeminate. For James I, for Charles I and Cromwell and Charles II, similar ceremonies were enacted, the coronation of Charles II being really magnificent and testifying to the joy of England in again having a king.

Queen Anne enters the City in a coach drawn by eight horses, 'none with her but the Duchess of Marlborough, in a very plain garment, the Queen full of jewels,' to give thanks for the victories of the Duke abroad; and so the stately historic procession winds through the centuries, always pausing at Temple Bar, right down to our own time.

III

But to return to the actual 'fabrick,' as Dr. Johnson would have called it. We learn that, soon after the accession of Charles II, old Temple Bar was marked for destruction. It was of wood, and, although 'newly paynted and hanged' for state occasions, it was felt that something more worthy of the great city, to which it gave entrance, should be erected. Inigo Jones was consulted and drew plans for a new gate, his idea being the erection of a really triumphant arch; but, as he died soon after, his plan was abandoned. Other architects with other plans came forward. At length, the King became interested in the project and promised money toward its accomplishment; but Charles II was an easy promiser, and as the money he promised belonged to someone else, nothing came of it. While the project was being thus discussed, the plague broke out, followed by the fire which destroyed so much of old London, and public attention was so earnestly directed to the rebuilding of London itself that the gate, for a time, was forgotten.

Temple Bar had escaped the flames, but the rebuilding of London occasioned by the fire gave Christopher Wren his great opportunity. A new St. Paul's with its 'mighty mothering dome,' a lasting monument to his genius, was erected, and churches innumerable, the towers and spires of which still point the way to heaven — instructions which, we may suspect, are neglected when we see how deserted they are; but they serve, at least, to add charm and interest to a ramble through the City.

Great confusion resulted from the fire; but London was quick to see that order must be restored, and it is much to be regretted that Wren's scheme for replanning the entire burned district was not carried out. Fleet Street was less than twenty-four feet wide at Temple Bar — not from curb to curb, for there was none, but from house to house. This was the time to rebuild London; although something was done, much was neglected, and Wren was finally commissioned to build a new

gate of almost the exact dimensions of the old one.

The work was begun in 1670 and progressed slowly, for it was not finished until two years later. What a fine interruption to traffic its rebuilding must have occasioned! Constructed entirely of Portland stone, the same material as St. Paul's, it consisted, like the old one, of three arches — a large flattened centre arch, with small semicircular arches on either side. Above the centre arch was a large window, which gave light and air to a spacious chamber within; while on either side of the window were niches, in which were placed statues of King James and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, on the City side and of Charles I and Charles II on the Westminster side.

The curious may wish to know that the mason was Joshua Marshall, whose father had been at one time master-mason to Charles I; that the sculptor of the statues was John Bushnell, who died insane; and that the cost of the whole — including the statues at four hundred and eighty pounds — was but thirteen hundred and ninety-seven pounds, ten shillings.

The fog and soot and smoke of London soon give the newest building an appearance of age, and mercifully bring it into harmony with its surroundings. Almost before the new gate was completed, it had that appearance; and before it had a chance to grow really old, there arose a demand for its removal altogether. Petitions praying for its destruction were circulated and signed. Verse, at least, if not poetry, urging its retention, was both written and printed.

If that Gate is pulled down, 'twixt the Court and the City,
You'll blend in one mass, prudent, worthless and witty.
If you league cit and lordling, as brother and brother,
You'll break order's chain and they'll war with each other.
Like the Great Wall of China, it keeps out the Tartars
From making irruptions, where industry barters.
Like Samson's Wild Foxes, they'll fire your houses,
And madden your spinsters, and cousin your spouses.
They'll destroy in one sweep, both the Mart and the Forum,
Which your fathers held dear, and their fathers before 'em.

But, attacked by strong city men and defended only by sentiment, Temple Bar still continued to impede traffic and shut out light and air, while the generations who fought for its removal passed to their rest. It became the subject of jokes and conundrums. Why is Temple Bar like a lady's veil? it was asked; the answer being that both must be raised (razed) for busses. The distinction between a buss and a kiss, suggested by Herrick, of whom the eighteenth-century City man never heard, would have been lost; but we know that —

Kissing and bussing differ both in this,
We buss our wantons and our wives we kiss.

No account of Temple Bar would be complete without reference to the iron spikes above the centre of the pediment, on which were placed occasionally the heads of persons executed for high treason. This ghastly custom continued down to the middle of the eighteenth century, and gave rise to many stories, most of them legendary, but which go to prove, were proof necessary, that squeamishness was not a common fault in the days of the Georges.

To refer, however briefly, to the taverns which clustered east and west of Temple Bar and to the authors who frequented them, would be to stop the progress of this paper — and begin another. Dr. Johnson only voiced public opinion when he said that a tavern chair is a throne of human felicity. For more than three centuries within the

shadow of Temple Bar there was an uninterrupted flow of wine and wit and wisdom, with, doubtless, some wickedness. From Ben Jonson, whose favorite resort was The Devil, adjoining the Bar on the south side, down to Tennyson, who frequented The Cock, on the north, came the same cry, for good talk and good wine.

> O plump head-waiter at the Cock,
> To which I most resort,
> How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock —
> Go fetch a pint of port.

This does not sound like the author of 'Locksley Hall,' but it is; and while within the taverns 'the chief glory of England, its authors,' were writing and talking themselves into immortality, just outside there ebbed and flowed beneath the arches of Temple Bar, east in the morning and west at night, the human stream which is one of the wonders of the world.

Meanwhile, the importance of Temple Bar as a city gate was lessening; 'a weak spot in our defenses,' a wit calls it, and points out that the enemy can dash around it through the barber's shop, one door of which opens into the City, and the other into the 'suburbs'; but down to the last it continued to play a part in City functions. In 1851 it is lit with twenty thousand lamps as the Queen goes to a state ball in Guildhall. A few months later, it is draped in black as the remains of the Iron Duke pause for a moment under its arches, on the way to their final resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral. In a few years we see it draped with the colors of England and Prussia, when the Princess Royal, as the bride of Frederick William, gets her 'Farewell' and 'God Bless You' from the City, on her departure for Berlin.

Five years pass and the young Prince of Wales and his beautiful bride, Alexandra, are received with wild applause by the mob as their carriage halts at Temple Bar; and once again when, in February, 1872, Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the court go to St. Paul's to return thanks for the Prince's happy recovery from a dangerous illness.

With this event the history of Temple Bar in its old location practically ceases. It was to continue for a few years longer a 'bone in the throat of Fleet Street'; but at last its condition became positively dangerous, its gates were removed because of their weight, and its arches were propped up with timbers.

Finally, in 1877, its removal was decided upon by the Corporation of London, and Temple Bar, which, from time immemorial, has been one of London's most notable landmarks, disappears, and the Griffin on an 'island' rises in its stead.

'The ancient site of Temple Bar has been disfigured by Boehm with statues of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, so stupidly modeled that they look like statues out of Noah's Ark. It is bad enough that we should have German princes foisted upon us, but German statues are worse.'

In this manner George Moore refers to the Memorial commonly called the Griffin, which, shortly after the destruction of the old gate, was erected on the exact spot where Temple Bar formerly stood.

It is not a handsome object; indeed, barring the Albert Memorial, it may be said to represent Victorian taste at its worst. It is a high, rectangular pedestal, running lengthwise with the street, placed on a small island which serves as a refuge for pedestrians crossing the busy thoroughfare. On either side are niches in which are placed the life-size marble figures described by Moore. But this is not all: there are bronze tablets let into the masonry, showing in

basso-rilievo incidents in the history of old Temple Bar, with portraits, medallions, and other things. This base pedestal, if so it may be called, is surmounted by a smaller pedestal on which is placed a heraldic dragon or griffin, — a large monster in bronze, — which is supposed to guard the gold of the City.

We do not look for beauty in Fleet Street, and we know that only in the Victorian sense is this monument a work of art; nevertheless it has the same interest for us as a picture by Frith — it is a human document. Memories of the past more real than the actual present crowd upon us, and we turn under an archway into the Temple Gardens, glad to forget the artistic sins of Boehm and his compeers.

III

Ask the average Londoner what has become of old Temple Bar, and he will look at you in blank amazement, and then, with an effort of memory, say, 'They've put it up somewhere in the north.' And so it is.

On its removal the stones were carefully numbered, with a view to reërection, and there was some discussion as to where the old gate should be located. It is agreed now that it should have been placed in the Temple Gardens; but for almost ten years the stones, about one thousand in number, were stored on a piece of waste ground in the Farrington Road. Finally, they were purchased by Sir Henry Meux, the rich brewer, whose brewery, if out of sight, still indicates its presence by the strong odor of malt, at the corner of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road. Sir Henry Meux was the owner of a magnificent country seat, Theobald's Park, near Waltham Cross, about twelve miles north of London; and he determined to make Temple Bar the principal entrance gate to this historic estate.

So to Theobald's Park, anciently Tibbals, I bent my steps one morning. Being in a reminiscent mood, I had intended to follow in the footsteps of Izaak Walton, from the site of his shop in Fleet Street just east of Temple Bar, and having, in the words of the gentle angler, 'stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill,' to take the high road into Hertfordshire; but the English spring having opened with more than its customary severity, I decided to go by rail.

It was raining gently, but firmly, when my train reached its destination, Waltham Cross, and I was deprived of the pleasure I had promised myself of reaching Temple Bar on foot. An antique fly, drawn by a superannuated horse, was secured at the railway station, and after a short drive I was set down before old Temple Bar, the gates of which were closed as securely against me as ever they had been closed against an unruly mob in its old location.

Driving along a flat and monotonous country road, one comes on the old gate almost suddenly, and experiences a feeling, not of disappointment, but of surprise. The gate does not span the road, but is set back a little in a hedge on one side of it, and seems large for its setting. One is prepared for a dark, grimy portal, whereas the soot and smoke of London have been erased from it, and, instead, one sees an antique, creamy-white structure, tinted and toned with the green of the great trees which overhang it.

Prowling about in the drenching rain, I looked in vain for some sign of life. I shouted to King James, who looked down on me from his niche; and as I received no reply, addressed his consort, inquiring how I was to secure admittance.

A porter's lodge on one side, almost

hidden in the trees, supplied an answer to my question; and on my giving a lusty pull at the bell, the door was opened and a slatternly woman appeared and inquired my business.

'To look over Temple Bar,' I replied.

'Hutterly himpossible,' she said; and I saw at once that tact and a coin were required. I used both. 'Go up the drive to the great 'ouse and hask for the clerk [pronounced clark] of the works, Mr. 'Arrison; 'e may let ye hover.'

I did as I was told and had little difficulty with Mr. Harrison. The house itself was undergoing extensive repairs and alterations. It has recently passed, under the will of Lady Meux, to its present owner, together with a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds in money.

Many years ago Henry Meux married the beautiful and charming Valerie Langton, an actress, — a 'Gaiety girl,' in fact, — but they had no children, and when he died in 1900, the title became extinct. Thereafter Lady Meux, enormously wealthy, without relatives, led a retired life, chiefly interested in breeding horses. A chance courtesy paid her by the wife of Sir Hedworth Lambton, who had recently married, together with the fact that he had established a reputation for ability and courage, decided her in her thought to make him her heir.

Sir Hedworth, a younger son of the second Earl of Durham, had early adopted the sea as his profession. He had distinguished himself in the bombardment of Alexandria, and had done something wonderful at Ladysmith. He was a hero, no longer a young man, without means — who better fitted to succeed to her wealth and name? In 1911 Lady Meux died, and this lovely country seat, originally a hunting-lodge of King James, subsequently the favorite residence of Charles I, and with a long list of royal or noble owners, became the property of the gallant sailor. All that he had to do was to forget that the name of Meux suggested a brewery and exchange his own for it, and the great property was his. It reads like a chapter out of a romance. Thus it was that the house was being thoroughly overhauled for its new owner at the time of my visit.

But I am wandering from Temple Bar. Armed with a letter from Mr. Harrison, I returned to the gate. First, I ascertained that the span of the centre arch, the arch through which for two centuries the traffic of London had passed, was but twenty-one feet 'in the clear,' as an architect would say; next, that the span of the small arches on either side was only four feet six inches. No wonder that there was always congestion at Temple Bar.

I was anxious also to see the room above, the room in which formerly Messrs. Child, when it had adjoined their banking-house, had stored their old ledgers and cash-books. Keys were sought and found, and I was admitted. The room was bare except for a large table in the centre, on which were quill pens and an inkstand in which the ink had dried up years before. One other thing there was, a visitor's book, which, like a new diary, had been started off bravely years before, but in which no signature had recently been written. I glanced over it and noticed a few well-known names — English names, not American, such as one usually finds, for I was off the beaten track of the tourist. The roof was leaking here and there, and little pools of water were forming on the floor. It was as cold as a tomb. I wished that a tavern, the Cock, the Devil, or any other, had been just outside, as in the old days when Temple Bar stood in Fleet Street.

The slatternly woman clanked her

keys; she too was cold. I had seen all there was to see. The beauty of Temple Bar is in its exterior, and, most of all, in its wealth of literary and historic associations. I could muse elsewhere with less danger of pneumonia; so I said farewell to the kings in their niches, who in this suburban retreat seemed like monarchs retired from business, and returned to my cab.

The driver was asleep in the rain. I think the horse was, too. I roused the man and he roused the beast, and we drove almost rapidly back to the station; no, not to the station, but to a public house close by it, where hot water and accompaniments were to be had.

'When is the next train up to London?' I asked an old man at the station.

'In ten minutes, but you'll find it powerful slow.'

I was not deceived; it took me over an hour to reach London.

As if to enable me to bring this story to a fitting close, I read in the papers only a few days ago, 'Vice-Admiral Sir John Jellicoe was to-day promoted to the rank of Admiral, and Sir Hedworth Meux, who until now has been commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, was appointed Admiral of the Home Fleet.' [1]

Good luck be with him! Accepting the burdens which properly go with rank and wealth, he is at this moment cruising somewhere in the cold North Sea, in command of a great fleet. Upon the owner of Temple Bar, at this moment, devolves the duty of keeping watch and ward over England.

[1] Since this was written, Sir Hedworth Meux has retired from active service.

THE BAND

BY ANNE UELAND TAYLOR

The lovely old house in the faubourg Saint-Honoré spread its French magnificence around three sides of a square, its long windows giving on a garden. At half-past five of a Sunday afternoon, there was a coming and going of butlers and flunkeys and potentates and slim girls and dowagers and animated young officers. In the left wing were spread long tables for the feast — steaming samovars, punch in deep glass bowls, wild strawberries floating in a golden liquid, golden crisp potato chips on shining salvers. On the other side, in an enormous awninged sun-room, a crush of people listened to the discourses of notables — Maréchal Joffre, the philosopher Bergson, and others. From time to time the sound of hand-clapping beat upon the still air. Along the paths outside, a dozen photographers were at their posts, anxious, haggard, and inelegant, lengthening and shortening their tripods, ducking under black cloths, climbing up on chairs.

Everything else, in the deep gardens of the Cercle des Alliés, was on a note of suavity and elegance. Purple clouds seemed to hang just over the tall treetops; an unearthly light imparted to the leaves and grass and rhododendrons a

metallic, jeweled brilliance. Still the rain held off.

A brightly colored garden-party waited there, dawdling and chattering, with much pretty bowing and saluting and waving of parasols, until the discourses should be finished, and music and refreshments be in order. It was a brilliant and cosmopolitan company, a mingling of fashion and the military, diplomacy, and war-work: gold-braided French generals, beautiful American countesses, tall Russian officers, aristocratic French-women in lacy black and pearls, decorated Serbs and decorative Italians, in their brigandish capes, high Red-Cross officials, embassy secretaries and their wives, military attachés, pretty American girls, some in gray uniforms and boyish black sailors, most of them in drooping hats and furs and slim silk garments, strolling with their young lieutenants in the upper reaches of the garden — the sort of people you see in the pages of the *Tatler* and *Sketch* and *Vanity Fair* and *l'Illustration*.

On a stretch of green lawn just beyond the path that separated house and garden, two bands were waiting amid a glitter of musical instruments: one, the band of the Garde Républicaine, in dark blue and silver, the other, the ——th Regimental Band, in khaki. The Frenchmen were middle-aged, correct, impassive, and elegantly dressed. The Americans were boys — young, excited boys in ill-fitting khaki coats, bare-headed. Looking at them, one felt their interest, their eagerness, their apprehension.

'They're North Dakota boys,' said Colonel S——, commander of the American troops in Paris. 'I talked with the leader this morning. He said they were all a bit scared at the thought of playing here next to the great French band. Said they'd do their best, and even if they did fall down, it would be a great experience. Nice chap!'

The Americans played first. It was an elaborate and commonplace march, but they took it with a good swing, a vigorous banging of brasses. In that old-world garden I suddenly fell to thinking of a circus in a little Minnesota town — elephants with their swinging trunks, great round tents, cages of wild beasts, tawdry pageants, dust, delicious youthful excitement.

Then the Garde Républicaine. Ah! the circus vanished. Here we were in the old gardens again, stately, melancholy. Old dances, minuets, fountains, powdered wigs, voluminous silks — there was the rustle and scent of all that in the grave minor music, and the melancholy of long-forgotten gayety.

The enchantment ceased. The French conductor, an elderly, stiff little man, took his seat, and the boys in the American band clapped politely, respectfully. There was a long murmur of applause. Again the American leader stood before his men — a tall, rather awkward figure, with a long neck, dark rumpled hair, a tense pale face. *Br-r-oum—za—za* went the brasses. This time it was a medley of American tunes, that went from a lively jig into a long-drawn dirge, whirled into a rag, then burst into star-spangled banners.

For the French it must have been madness, but most of the homesick Americans liked it — loved it! It was barbarous, but it meant something to them. It was the Red River Valley — it was the village band — it was the college glee-club — it was a 'sing' on the river — it was a sleigh-ride party with jingling bells and oyster stew afterwards — well, say what you like, it was America!

'Great, isn't it!' I heard someone say.

I looked around. It was one of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera.

However, not all the Americans showed their pleasure, and some were more embarrassed than pleased. Some, standing with their French acquaintance, smiled and shook their heads. There was a faint sniff of superiority here and there. The presence of sophisticated Parisians constrained a few to deprecating manners.

When, for the third number, a big-chested stoutish boy stood up before us with a cornet, I confess I dreaded the performance, because I knew it would be 'variations.' It was, on every note. It was marvelous and it was terrible. It was humorous and pathetic and wonderful. I hated myself for minding it; I hated the American officer next me who kept murmuring under his breath, 'O Lord!' I was glad when, after each tortured peroration, some American youngsters 'gave him a hand.' After a long while it was over, and there was great applause. The boy, flushed and proud and tired, went back to his place.

There had been a moment of constraint and disavowal — a dreadful little freezing breath of snobbism. I can bear to speak of it only because of what came afterwards.

Presently, while our band was playing, the Frenchmen gathered up their things to go. Our leader was marking time in silence, when the leader of the Garde Républicaine went over to him across the grass, bowed politely, and shook hands. The boy from Dakota kept on beating time with his left hand. Then our band was alone in the garden.

At once everything changed. Perhaps they had played their most showy pieces, and could now fall back on rollicking familiar airs. Perhaps the departure of the French band had relieved them of a touch of stage fright. Anyway, now they threw themselves into their performance with enjoyment and *abandon*. The leader, instead of standing stiff and grave before his men, went after them like a cheer-leader before a football crowd. He smiled, he coaxed the music out of them; now and then he crouched as if about to spring at them. They whirled into a Sousa march that made the blood leap.

This was n't performing — it was playing, gamboling, frisking. I thought of young, fuzzy-haired colts galloping around a pasture. How they bent to it, blew their hearts into it, let themselves go, in their youth and eagerness!

The regimental band. I knew what that meant. There's not much music at the front, and the men in the band, in the common course of warfare, are the stretcher-bearers. Their part is the most dangerous, their casualties the heaviest. I could not forget that, looking at those North Dakota boys playing in the French garden — with their ruffled blond heads, husky shoulders, big chests. There was something so gentle and young about them, so rude and fresh! So they'd be carrying the dead one of these days, carrying stretchers to the dying, over shell-cursed fields. That's what I thought of. It was n't to be all Sousa marches for them — not much more of this.

One came out before them to play the fife. I don't know why, but he stood for my young brother — for everyone's young brother. He had a fine golden tan, his fair hair crinkled back from his forehead, his eyebrows were quaintly turned, giving him a wild, elfin look. He was a young faun playing his reed in a glade. No, he was my young brother, and he would have to put his reed away.

The audience had been changing. The constraint, the embarrassment, the snobbishness were gone. There was nothing but lively friendliness and enjoyment in the air. The leader felt

it. He turned to us after the applause.

'I wonder if you'd care to hear a good old rag?' he drawled; 'how about it?'

Everyone shouted, 'Yes, give us a rag!'

Then, in spite of themselves, all those decorous, sophisticated, fine-mannered folk were in the grip of an intoxication they could scarcely conceal. A pied piper was making them dance — and if they never actually moved from the studied elegance of their positions (sitting in garden chairs, or dawdling in a circle about the grass), there was excitement and delight in their faces. They swayed ever so little, smiled happily — they were dancing inside to that savage, careless, devil-take-'em rhythm. Oh, the piper played and they danced!

They played 'Maryland, my Maryland,' and 'Old Black Joe' (singing bits of it in their husky deep voices), and 'Tenting To-night,' and 'My Old Kentucky Home' (that brought some homesick tears), and 'Swanee River,' and then the irresistible 'Dixie.' That was clapped all the way through.

A dignified old banker cried out, 'Do you know "Cheer, cheer, the gang's all here"?' The leader flashed around: 'Sure, we specialize in that'; and gave it to us.

By then most of the French people, and the Russians and the Italians and the English and the Serbs, had melted away home. Indeed, it was getting on toward dinner-time — seven o'clock and after. But the Americans had been enchanted by their band. Wild Gothas could n't have dragged them away. They crowded around in a close semi-circle. Ladies swished over the low foot-rail to have a word with the leader. Gentlemen ran around the sidepaths — would n't they play this? and that? and do 'Dixie' just once more?

After each piece, and sometimes all the way through, the crowd shouted out, 'Bravo!' and 'Fine!' and 'Good work, boys!' and finally joined in and sang — and even *whistled* in places!

The French butlers stood on the steps of the mansion, looking down into the garden. They were in deep trouble. They had much to do. It was dinner-time. They had to bring the chairs in. Besides, it would rain presently. The party — the real party — had been over an hour ago. But these people would n't go home.

The butlers stood in a row at the top of the steps, looking down disapprovingly, indulgently, as on a flock of children. Then I caught the murmur so familiar in my ears of late, astonished and resigned, —

'*Ah — ces Américains!*'

ONCE MORE

BY G. O. WARREN

Laden I come to that great Market-Place,
Where still unseen the secret Merchant waits
To take our wares, our hoarded joys and tears
And life and death. Not yet, not yet abates

That greed of his to sweep the harvest in.
Never a hearth or home or child or mate
But He must have it. Let one grain of sand
For hidden building be, one dream elate

With separateness from Him, and He will fold
That thrilling voice of his within the winds.
Sweeter than music, wild as lover's flute
Piercing the night, his cadence rises, binds

Our willing to his Will. Then, then like fields
Whose ripened grain bows down, like hurrying leaves
When autumn's magic woos them from the trees,
Once more we strip our wood, we yield our sheaves.

FOCH IN THE MIDST OF WAR

BY CHARLES DAWBARN

I

THE most tremendous moment in the life of Ferdinand Foch came on the night of July 14, 1918. He was waiting for the enemy attack to begin. It meant so much, the precise moment of that attack. It meant the success or failure of his plans; the safety of France was at stake; it was the crown of his career, the turn of the tide, perhaps. He knew when that attack was timed to take place. It was the mystic hour of H, which, being interpreted, meant ten minutes past midnight. He had established that fact by spies and prisoners. Only a few hours before, his patrols had caught Germans red-handed, putting the last touches to preparations. But could these indications be relied upon? Were they sure signs of enemy intentions? Of that he could not be absolutely certain. And so he asked himself a score of times during the long night whether he was right in relying on his information that the attack would take place at the hour of H. Suppose it should break out at another spot, at another time! Or it might be again postponed as it had been nine days before, his Intelligence Department informed him; and for an hour on the sixth he had rained shells of high explosive on enemy positions. These things filled the thoughts of the great chief as he interrogated his watch.

It was the night of the National Fête. A few hours before, the troops of the Allies, *poilus* and their comrades, English, American, Belgian, and Italian, had defiled in the streets of Paris. Flags fluttered and garlands still swayed in the evening breeze. An atmosphere of festival softened the asperities of war. It was a moment when even the soldier would be off his guard. Foch, who knows the German, knew he would reason thus. Could any opportunity be finer for making the gigantic effort which was to impose a peace of conquest? Assuredly not. That was the pure essence of German psychology.

Moreover, Paris was not merely the core of Entente resistance, but the head centre of the armament of war. Troops moved from it to the Front, trailing their cannon along its roads; railways radiated from it: it was the heart of the French system. Again, it was set in the midst of a vast munition area encircled by 'dumps' and drawing its industrial nourishment from the mechanism of war. And it was the greatest fortified city in the world. So unimagined profit belonged to the Boche if he could capture it — prestige beyond compare among the nations of the earth. For beneath the camouflage of feints and secondary strokes, there was ever present in his mind, hardening into a fixed malignant purpose, the humbling of Paris.

Foch knew the undying hate, the unbending ambition of the Hun. It made the hour, the hour of H, pregnant with fate, with the future, indeed, of the liberties of the world.

Foch was brooding over these things in the silence of the night in the unpretentious setting of his headquarters:

the plain office, where he transacts the vast business of his military estate, the supreme ruler of a kingdom of millions. Watch in hand, he was counting the minutes.

If only he could anticipate the Germans' plans by an hour! That was his ardent wish. He would summon the storm, that it might leap and burst in the night, but always responsive to his will.

He sat deeply cogitating as the minutes ticked away. What if he were wrong? he again asked himself; what if no attack were contemplated? if he had been tricked by spies? All these doubts assailed him as he sat weighing possibilities with the fine balance of his mind. Well, his orders had been given — Boom! the first gun had spoken out of the night, from its dark hiding-place; the French counter-barrage had begun. Of course, it might be only a futile demonstration — the planned attack might be elsewhere. Meanwhile, Parisians, late returning from the fête, heard and wondered at the guns. Surely something tremendous was afoot!

The chief's watch was again consulted. Outside, beyond the shadows, he pictured the Germans waiting and watching: a dozen divisions in the line, as many more in reserve. Presently, new voices arose in the darkness, earthquaking in their stentorian volume and intimidatory force. This time it was the German barrage. It was the sacramental hour of H. The volcano had been touched off and belched flame. It seemed as if the solid frame-work of the earth was rent asunder with dreadful thunder and lightning. This was the German preparation. Soon the field-gray waves would begin to flow over the ground.

It happened as had been arranged. The plan could not be altered at that late hour. It is one of the defects of the German machine, which grinds to powder if all goes well, but which is apt to start and jar if the least obstruction is introduced. Besides, this starting of the French fire was mere guesswork; how could they know what was in the mind of the great Ludendorff? Moreover, it was not possible that they could resist. Suddenly to change a plan needs a spirit of improvisation, which the Germans do not possess.

And so the waves rolled on, only to break, uselessly, against the front trench vacated by the French, but the range of it accurately registered by the watchful, hungry guns. When the field-gray moved on again, sadly diminished, it found itself barred by the strong defense of the second line. The French had not only anticipated the German time-table but had adopted the Hindenburg plan, which means holding lightly the front line and concentrating in the second.

Nor need we insist on that other surprise that Foch prepared, when, on the third day of the offensive, the tables were suddenly turned and the French attacked with a splendid impetuosity, catching the enemy in flank as he was bridging the Marne. How Foch conquered the initiative is told by a hundred pens. Von Boehn's army felt the blow just as Von Kluck's had, when struck by Manoury, at the other battle of the Marne. Mangin, with his Moroccans and part of Degoutte's army, made a great haul of guns and prisoners on the Château-Thierry–Soissons front; but it would not have been possible, perhaps, but for Gouraud, the lion of the Argonne, the one-armed hero of Gallipoli, who had shone in a hundred fights in Africa against Moor and negro potentate. Gouraud, keeper of the rampart of Rheims (with Berthelot and Degoutte), blocked the road to Épernay and thence the road to Paris.

That other victory of the Marne must need no refreshing in the mind of

Foch, so large was his part in it. It was there that he showed his bold spirit in action, showed that he is no slave to rules, but can break them when occasion calls. In defiance of his own teaching he withdrew a division — the famous 42d — in the midst of action, and placed it in reserve, thereby weakening his line. But the case was desperate; it was worth a risk to better it; it could hardly be worse. It was then — before Fère-Champenoise — that he telegraphed to Joffre, 'My centre yields, my right falls back. Situation excellent. I attack.' And attack he did. The Germans had already installed themselves in the town. Suddenly, an apparently new army appeared in the plain. It was the imperturbable 42d, which had made a détour behind the front and reappeared at the critical moment. It was September 9. On the morning of the 10th, when the order for a general advance was given, the battle was already won. Foch established his headquarters at Fère-Champenoise and, on the premises, captured German officers overcome with wine. Characteristically, they had celebrated their triumph in advance.

II

Foch is prepared to take risks; he incarnates the fighting spirit of his countrymen, always better in attack than in defense. The slow-grinding waiting period, the uncertainty as to where the blow may fall, is wearing to their nerves. That is not the French way; it was not Napoleon's. And Foch presents, as no modern soldier has done, the tradition and, perhaps, the genius, of the Great Corsican. For a time it seemed as if his theories had gone awry, as if the war of movement had ceased to be. War had become a sullen, sedentary battle of position. But Foch consulted the past and scrutinized the present until he was convinced that the old style of fighting, with, of course, the new instruments, would come to life again. And so he waited, confident that his hour would arrive.

He is essentially the combatant, — not the passive resister, — brilliant in sudden assault. His temper is of the sort which realizes that there must come a moment when it is absolutely fatal to give ground, when the highest prudence, as well as the highest courage, dictates a stark resistance, anchored to the ground. It is said that he told the King of the Belgians that he would lose his throne if he lost his foothold on the Yser; and everyone has heard of his midnight conversation with Lord French, in which he urged the impossibility of retreat, though the line had been pierced. The situation looked impossible, but Foch not only conjured fears of being overwhelmed by the very vigor of his words, but sent practical aid to the hard-pressed British.

That is the man. At the time of danger, when others despair, a stern unrelenting light shines from the gray-blue eyes which illumine his face. Under their deep arches they seem quiescent until suddenly aroused, and then they flame as with resistless force and resolution. And the spirit within, ordinarily so placid, because controlled by his great intellectuality, leaps to express itself in language of great energy. In these moods of fierceness, of unrelenting character and aim, his officers fear him as if they had affair with a superman. For at moments of supreme responsibility, when the last piece is thrown upon the checkered board, he tolerates no fumbling, no weakness.

Foch and Pétain, commander-in-chief and commander of the French forces, respectively, are an admirable pair: the one all fire and implacable resolve, with a masterly and yet measured serenity, as if there were moments when one must not be serene, and the other

full of the colder science of war, a man of method, an economiser of lives. But Foch, also, besides the gleam of purpose, has the quality of kindness in his eyes. They look with friendly interest and recognition on those he likes and trusts, but can be pitiless for those who have incurred his blame. A model chief: strong, resourceful, much given to reflection and solitary vigil, he is yet human and companionable and interested in many things. He is the sort of soldier the French Academy loves to honor: polished and erudite, a savant, an exquisite writer, a man who knows how to lead by force of character and brains, by a just appeal to the higher faculties.

The secret of his mastery lies, I think, not in the splendor of his talents, in the charm and persuasion of his class-room manner when lecturing (as a dozen years ago) at the High War School on strategy and the conduct of battles, but in the strength of his soul. He relies on the ascendancy of mind over matter. That is at the back of all his teaching. Battles are won because of moral qualities and lost for want of them. Nothing could be simpler or more tragically true. It was as if Napoleon were saying in our hearing, 'Vanquished those who believe themselves to be.' And the converse is as incontrovertible. He who believes himself to be invincible is likely to prove so in action.

Behind the moral is high principle — deep religion in our general's own case. He is a devout man, the son of pious parents. His life has been harmonious in its calm studiousness, in its freedom from intrigue, in its broad and lofty outlook. Somewhere he has written an exquisite page about his faith in God, and his consolation as a good Christian. 'I approach the end of my life with the conscience of a faithful servant, who reposes in the peace of the Lord. Faith in life eternal, in a God of goodness and compassion, has sustained me in the most trying hours. Prayer has enlightened my way.'

One contrasts him with Ludendorff, his antagonist, as well in the field of battle as on the plane of culture and civilization. I have never met Ludendorff, but I have studied his portrait. There is something brutal and forbidding in it; it is that of a man without much soul. That accords with his character, with his mode of making war.

Other commanders may recognize limits beyond which one cannot go, but not so Ludendorff, chief of the German Staff. If the object is attained, everything is permissible, from espionage on an extended scale to propaganda brazenly mendacious or falsely suggestive.

Foch has not the personal popularity of Joffre with the common soldier, but a prestige and renown which in themselves produce a victory. His aspect is a little cold, a little detached, the face lined with thought and care. But the eyes, I have remarked, spiritualize the face and relieve the heavy impression of the jaw. There are will-power and great intelligence written in the facial signs.

For his great office he must thank the genius of Lloyd George, quick to note the lucidity of his comments on the course of the campaign. In frequent conference the British Premier detected the superior mind behind the masterly exposition. At a late moment — the latest, alas! that was possible — he agreed with M. Clemenceau to give Foch full command. Needless to say that that veteran statesman had already realized the power of his countryman. From the moment that unity was established, the result was no longer in doubt. Victory became as certain as to-morrow's sunrise.

As to the difficulty of conducting operations when each commander had to be consulted and his *amour propre*

propitiated, Clemenceau well described it by declaring with grim humor, 'Since this war, my admiration for Napoleon has declined. He had only to fight a coalition.'

Foch's task of fighting *with* a coalition has aroused his deepest sympathy. The Germans have represented the commander-in-chief as bowed down and overpowered by the enormity of his task. They have drawn a picture of Foch falling asleep over his maps, after several nights of continuous toil. But Clemenceau's picture of such a general, which he presented to the Chamber of Deputies as a signal proof of devotion to duty, did not refer to Foch, but to a lesser light. Foch, himself, takes care not to be overburdened and to keep his mind fresh for its vast occupations. Nor is he to be imagined as listening to distractingly varied advice of his French, English, and American collaborators. He keeps himself unfettered in his relations with his organism and quietly decides the most intricate matters by resolving them into their primitive parts. Some complain that his methods are too arbitrary, and that he makes mistakes by a too great simplification. Did he not hold too lightly the Chemin des Dames on a recent tragic occasion? Is he not too concerned (insinuate Parisians) in helping the English at the expense of the French? But he has always regarded the Front as one and indivisible, not as belonging to the French, to the English, or the Belgians. That sound conception is part of the clear directness of his thought.

At his own headquarters you will not find a mass of gilded officers, but a staff of half-a-dozen specialists occupied with their departments. This is the simple lever which moves the world of the Allied armies. The advantage of the system far outweighs any likely defects from too abbreviated and sketchy plans. It is in direct contrast with that older system, which at one time prevailed, whereby even matters of diplomacy, affecting distant parts of Europe, were settled, or at least discussed, by the military chief.

Foch has not only the qualities of heart and head for command, but the sort of faith that moves mountains, however blackly set in the clouds. A year ago, Foch wrote that in every difficulty which besets a military leader there is but one sure and fruitful resource — the exclusive cult of duty and discipline. Brave words, which might well embody the fighting creed of a brave man.

THE WOMAN'S SIDE

BY AN OFFICER'S WIFE

September 20.

DEAR NAN, —

I've rented the house, sold the car, and paid that ominous installment on the mortgage. Actually! Then I drew a long breath of relief, packed four trunks with all our earthly possessions, and came on down here with Anne. Do you know, my adorable child kissed all her little chairs and her bed good-bye, and last of all hugged the porch pillars. For a youngster not yet six, she realizes things very vividly.

We are in the second-line trenches, thank you! — not the fighting line, but the supporting one, at least. I feel as if I too were at last a part of the Great War, only, as usually happens, this particular assignment is n't what I planned. We were so eager and happy to come to D——, so as to be near Jack, that details of living seemed quite unimportant. He had found us a tiny three-room apartment, and we were to get our meals at a boarding-house at the corner. I decided to knit dozens of socks and sweaters, and to teach Anne to read and write.

To my first query Mrs. Smith gave the astonishing answer, 'Dinner is at six. We don't serve lunch.' There is sometimes a providence in our disappointments. When I tasted the dinners, I was thankful they did n't serve lunches! But as Elijah's ravens were n't immediately visible, I hunted out the nearest grocery and meat-store before I unpacked the trunks. In three days I knew that, to keep Anne alive, I'd have to get all the meals. The West has not yet learned the gentle art of *keeping* boarders. But on Wednesday and Saturday, when Jack came in and beamed contentment on us, I forgot that I'd been all the week cooking meals, trying to crowd everything into the drawers of one bureau, and taking Anne out to the park. Red Cross ambitions had faded into the middle distance. The problem of one small child was rampant.

You should see our 'apartment' — you with your Eastern ideas. My dear, out here they vacate two bedrooms and put up a sign, 'Apartments for light housekeeping.' An extremely elegant affair, where part of the second floor has been reconstructed, may boast a little kitchen with a real gas-stove and refrigerator. Such is ours. Not for worlds would I suggest to Jack that we are not satisfied and happy in our dingy little three rooms, with the torn wall-paper and battered window-shades. You know we've never talked to each other about there being any sacrifice connected with this war. We simply decided it was right for him to serve, and after we'd made that choice, all the other things to be settled simply fell into their places as subordinate. Of course, we had to give up the house, but we remind ourselves of how wonderful it will be to come back some day to its orderly beauty and charm — and forget about it meanwhile. D—— and these three rooms seem home to me, with Jack only ten miles away; and so far as Anne is concerned, I have reckoned that a little less luxury and comfort

will be quite wholesome. There is even a sense of achievement in being able to give up the fleshpots of Egypt without once looking back.

But can you picture an active child romping in three little rooms — no porch or yard to play in, her only outdoors sedate walks to a park six squares away? And she has no one but me even to speak to all day long. Trying for anyone! If you could see her patiently cutting out paper dolls while Mother cleans up, or gazing dreamily out of the window, or waiting hopefully a long hour on the corner because Daddy is expected this afternoon, you would realize how little there is to fill her hungry mind. Quite suddenly, I have decided to put her in school. I'll find the right place somewhere, somehow. Supper-time! As ever,

MARGARET.

October 1.

MY DEAR NAN, —

Do you remember Thaddeus of Warsaw batting about London? That is how I felt in this strange town, knowing no one, but appreciating myself immensely as I went a-questing. The exiled prince was a modest creature compared with me. Of course, you smile. But, Nan dear, that feeling helps to keep one up, just as having one's hair neatly netted and one's shoes smartly polished helps. Also, it gets you what you want.

I found my school, the only private one in town (imagine a private school with my income!); but as its enrollment was complete, the principal did not wish any more pupils. Really, Anne is to be admitted because she is a soldier's daughter, and I am allowed to make payment each month instead of semi-annually in advance. Do I hear anyone suggest that patriotism does n't count? It is a quite wonderful place. Even in the primary they believe in teaching the youngsters to love the Flag and to speak French.

My landlady has been so kind, bestowing chow-chow (which I dislike intensely) upon me and taking in groceries in my absence, that I had to summon all my tact to give her notice. I explained how much we liked her house and her, how delightful everything was, how unwilling I was to leave, till presently I began to wonder why in the world I was going to leave. Just as breath failed me, she broke in with calm deliberation: 'Well, Mrs. L——, I think perhaps it's just as well. This apartment was never designed for a child.' (Wherein one might imagine some hidden grievance of her own.)

And so, with mutual gratitude, we parted. Children are n't wanted anywhere. It reminded me of indignant Father years ago vainly trying to find a place for a wife and seven children to board for the summer. 'Children? Oh, no!' they all said, 'we don't take *children*.' This was hospitable Virginia, too. 'Heavens!' he finally exploded; 'if it was n't for the children, we'd never come to this forsaken spot. We'd go to Atlantic City and enjoy ourselves.'

I've just heard of a young married woman, with a six-months' baby, who has followed her lieut. here. She is quite worn out looking for a place where they don't shut the door on a baby. You see, it is n't at all like the regular army, for whom the government always provided quarters. You simply scour the nearest town for a place you can afford. I have $105 a month for Anne and myself, and I am mad enough to spend $20 for her school. Take away that $20, $30 for rent, $10 perhaps for fuel, and see what is left for ice, gas, laundry, milk, food. No, it does n't scare me; it inspires me. It is a challenge to fight. I'll manage it yet. And I won't go back to a stuffy

unhealthy little apartment, and I won't put Anne in a public school with colored children and the mentally depressed.

But oh, I am sorry for the little woman with the six-months' baby — who could n't manage it!

October 7.

DEAR NANCY, —

We have cleaned house and settled. The neighborhood is unique. We are one square from the finest street in town, and on that you may observe the children's ponies quartered in the front yard, and cows contentedly pasturing in vacant lots. It gives a delightful air of informality — a kind of neighborly friendliness. You can reach in and pat the ponies. But, oh! how different from my three-room section!

We are on the fringe of this neighborhood. Ours is a car-line street, at present much torn up because they are 'improving' it in some not easily discernible way. We have a straggly unfenced yard, but to have a yard at all is unique just now. At least, it is a place for Anne to play. Such a tiny funny little cottage — semi-detached, as the English say, with five rooms, or, to be exact, four and one half, for the kitchen is minute. Of course, as is usual with a furnished house for rent, it is very complete as to luxuries, such as ornaments and fine china and family photographs, and very lacking as to necessities, such as laundry-tubs and garbage-pails. But to have achieved it at all is a triumph. The comfort and joy and sense of home that this little gray house gives us you can only guess.

October 18.

We've been out to the cantonment and stayed, of course, to mess. It was in the nature of a mad dissipation for Anne and me. In the mess-hall the furniture might be called built-in. Picture a table of well-scrubbed boards a hundred feet long, more or less. You know everything that is n't a yard or forty inches looks about a hundred feet to me. Each side of this is a board nailed firmly to supports two feet from the floor. You sit down and swing your feet over, or else you ascend and then descend to get on the tableward side. Of course, the men — and they were built for men! — can simply straddle them. Even this awkwardness, and the undeniable oleomargarine, took on a glorified tinge for us. To our surprise we were absolutely unnoticed; everyone was too busy to do anything but eat and run. Then we went over and inspected the quarters, each of the young officers eager to display to us how 'nifty' his little room looked. None of them are heated yet, and as October has been a cold month, I remembered with thankfulness the wool-wadded blankets I had started Jack off with. But, my dear, they've put the shower-baths in a separate building. Imagine the penalties of cleanliness when the thermometer gets below zero!

If I could make you feel the spirit under it all — a thing glimpsed on this little visit and better comprehended from things Jack has told me! You see them in all stages — the crude awkward young farmers making a joke of their mess-kits and banging each other's heads sportively with the collapsible frying-pans; the alert ready soldiers who enlisted before the draft and have seen two months' hard training in some older camp; the old-timers, sergeants of experience, who know enough to screen with tact the ignorance of their new officers.

One young chap Jack was rather interested in because he showed such intelligence and effort.

'How is it going?' he asked him the other day.

The boy's face lit up with real enthu-

siasm. 'Fine!' he said; 'the army for me every time.'

Another youngster, who has been in four or five weeks, Jack is going to make a corporal. When he was told he was eligible at this early date, tears of amazement started to his eyes.

'How can you do it so soon?' I asked.

'Well,' he answered, 'whatever I give that chap to do gets done and well done. He is the most dependable man in the company.'

You see? Not cleverness or physical strength or military knowledge, but just character.

Of course, there are disappointments. Young Tom Travers, after six months in a training camp in Kansas, was shifted to a company here. He came fresh from gas and bomb practice, confidently expecting to teach a squad himself. He was put in charge of the *laundry* account. I think of this boy and I think of Jack, captain of an ambulance company and mired in military detail when his soul craves surgery. I know each will find his level soon. You can't keep good men back when opportunity beckons. But think of this tremendous organization! How could it come out perfect, its first struggling year, and fit each man into the place where he can do his one best work?

We are very proud of our ambulance companies, chiefly, I think, because they have such pride in themselves. An inspecting colonel who is making the rounds of the cantonments saw them at drill. 'Well,' he said, 'I've seen them all, and there's only one other ambulance unit that can touch yours, and that's the one at C——.' You can guess that the men all heard it before the day was over. On the ground, at one side of the entrance to their barracks, is a great spread eagle, with the medical reserve insignia painted in color upon him, all done in cement. On the other side of the doorway the company number is emblazoned. It's not the artistic ensemble, but the thought and care with which the work is done, that touches you.

There's a marching song these Western boys are fond of, with this touching refrain: —

> Good-bye, Ma! Good-bye, Pa,
> Good-bye, mule, with yer old he-haw!
> I may not know what the war's about,
> But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.
> And, oh, my sweetheart, don't you fear,
> I'll bring you a king for a souvenir;
> I'll get a Turk and a Kaiser too,
> And that's about all one feller can do.

Saturday, November 10.

Sometimes I have moments of depression — only moments, my dear. They don't come because of cleaning and cooking and washing and ironing. That is all part of the game — a game to learn, if I don't know it well enough already. No! They come with the thought of France, and the vision of what Jack must see and do there. I have sometimes been so glad he is a doctor and not in the fighting line, because it is surely better to heal than to kill — even for one's country; and yet he sees the grimmest, most terrible part of it all. He misses the fierce excitement of the attack, but gets all its tragic aftermath.

This news from Italy and Russia is depressing. I know perfectly well what it means for Anne and me. A year, or even two years, added to the long separation we have already reckoned. What a great girl she will be when he comes back! And oh, what a long, long time of hardship and danger and discouragement for him!

But I rarely look ahead. I keep my mind fixed on making this little home comfortable and gay, and try to think of the pleasant things that will happen this week. I've been married nearly ten years, and yet there is a wonderful thrill to Wednesdays and Saturdays,

when Jack comes home to dinner. Saturdays he always brings two or three others with him, and we have a gay evening and a good dinner, with the best china and linen to refresh their too-much-disciplined eyes. The sense of the impending future colors all the present more richly. We have never enjoyed things together more than now. To get all the fun we can out of the next few months, so as to pile up happy memories — that's my creed at present. If I can live each day now without weakening, I won't falter when the hard time comes — the separation, and the long, long days of waiting and suspense. Courage is something of a habit.

But, oh, Nan, I'd be ashamed not to be doing my share. When I think of those wonderful Belgian and French women, or read Viviani's message in our Second Liberty Loan appeal, everything we can give seems only too little. Our men have the easier task; their land is not ravaged, their homes wrecked; they can defend us with the sure conviction that we are safe and protected meanwhile. And we women live in ease and plenty in comparison with those over there. When I think of little children starving, I am absolutely ashamed of myself for having so much. I think of this war as chiefly for the children, that they may be safe and sheltered and gay — that children may never again be touched by such agony and suffering. Of course, I try to keep all the shadows from Anne, but sometimes she feels hidden things very vividly. She broke upon me yesterday with this — out of a clear sky: 'Mother, if the Germans should win this war, I think I'd feel safer up in heaven with God!'

November 20.

Did you know that finance can be a matter of deep and absorbing interest to others of us than the Hetty Greens of life? In extreme youth, I never cared much for mathematics; but when there is a personal side to a problem, it has a new appeal. There is a certain zest in finding out into just how many parts you can divide $105. Lordly sum! It looked large to me, and perfectly adequate. Moreover, last month I came out even, or rather $2 ahead. I forgot that the milk company had failed to send in their bill, and that there were no charges against me for fuel. In the generous and magnificent glow that comes from a sense of sufficient funds, I spent $1.88 for theatre-tickets, and was even mad enough to buy a pair of shoes for Anne and gloves for myself. Last night I sat down and figured up, and the day of reckoning has surely dawned. It is like a puzzle that won't work out: rent $30, fuel $11.50, school $20, laundry $6.50, gas, electricity, and 'phone $5, milk $8. That leaves $24 for food and all incidentals; but owing to my extravagance, there wasn't $24 left. You know you can't let the incidentals devour the food-supply. So with a penitent heart I drew $10 from my tiny bank reserve, and like the knave of hearts, vowed I would steal no more.

Seriously, Nan, I've realized the truly poor as never before, and have faced straight the shadow that dogs their footsteps. The fear of sickness! They know they can get along if the worker of the family does n't fall ill or lose his job. Now, I am all right so long as I keep on my two feet. Oh, of course, you say at once that I can always draw on you or Jim. I know it. And I won't, unless I am actually down and out. Nevertheless, it is a very real comfort to know that I have you two there like a solid wall at my back. And that is something that the poor do not have. I know too that, if I were practical and sensible, I should save money instead of spending my whole income just living. Of course, that would mean giving up Anne's school, or else giving up this

little house, and boarding. No sacrifice on my part, but a very big sacrifice for either Anne or Jack. I won't do it. For as long as he is in this country, I'll make a home for him, at any cost. Whatever the future holds, we'll squeeze the present dry. Sounds American, does n't it? But I have a canny eye on the future, too. He is captain now, you know, and can give me a little more money to manage on next month. I'll probably buy a Liberty Bond!

December 20.

I must tell you the great news. The luck is with us. The government is stretching out long tentacles, feeling for the surgeons even in the ambulance section. Each company is asked to send one officer for a month's special intensive work in fractures. So, of course, Jack goes. The suspense is thrilling. It may be Philadelphia or New York, or somewhere in the dear East, and I shall see you again very soon. For, of course, Anne and I go, too. Jack wants me to go to Aunt Clara's and have a month's rest. Picture it!

January 28.

I had only time to send you my cousin's address when I found it was to be Chicago. My dear, I am no unspoiled child of nature. As between country and country town and a fair-sized city like Chicago, I'd choose Chicago every time. Things are so easy. I simply waved my wand (i.e. advertised), and found at once a charming furnished flat, and here we are having the most idyllic time. Of course, I loathe flats ordinarily, but this is the month of January and a fuel famine is on. So I look abroad over a waste of apartment houses, graciously pitying the people who must live in them, and at the same moment hug to my heart the happy vision of that warm sunny little place that is our temporary home. But for Anne we might be a newly wedded pair. To have Jack come home every evening makes me foolish with delight. He has been so happy. 'Why I have n't *thought* surgery for six months,' he said to me the first evening; 'it's like water to a thirsty man.'

And so our four weeks have come swiftly to a close. It seemed fantastically unreal that we should have to go back to D——; we were surprised at our own reluctance. After this taste of his own work, Jack was like a balky horse at the thought of the military harness of the ambulance company again. And then to-day the impossible happened! Our first week in Chicago he had put in an application for transfer to some surgical service; but nothing had come of it, and the other men in the class were inclined to chaff him for his belief in some change. On this, our last day here, he went to work with railroad ticket and trunk-check in his pocket. Just before work began, the director glanced up and said casually, 'Oh, I've a wire from you from Washington, Captain L——.' A little stir of curiosity and interest ran through the class. He is transferred to surgical service at Camp C, and leaves to-morrow for the new work. Anne and I will join him as soon as he can find us a place to stay. Are n't we really the luckiest mortals?

Little River, *March* 25.

What an odd lot of experiences I am accumulating! We are actually living in a little hotel, *née* boarding-house. Of course, it must be cheap, or we should n't be here, but the food is amazingly good. Our table is strictly military in personnel, except for an elderly female to whom we all try to be nice so that she won't feel out of it. The town has a main street three blocks long, a few shops, and many moving-picture theatres. Everyone is engaged in the lucrative business of taking

roomers and taking in the army, and they rather strike you as looking on the war as a sad affair, but, for all that, beneficial to Little River. Business is certainly booming.

It is n't because of the cramped conditions and inconveniences that I am sometimes shaken into a sudden consciousness of the strangeness of our life here. They are accidental and temporary, and do not touch the spirit. But there are trivial racking little occurrences that really distress me. One Sunday evening Major B—— came in a little before seven for supper, and was challenged by the dining-room maid for being late. She mistook her victim. He turned on her with fire, and rebuked her impertinence in a tone that brought the shamed color to her face. Only the day before, another maid had peremptorily ordered three of the boarders who work in Little River to get their breakfast at a café, because 'we are short of help and I can't do it all.'

You wonder that such things can be? Poor creatures! They themselves are often harried and hustled beyond patient endurance. The landlady is an unamalgamated Swede, who works in the kitchen with the grim determination of feeding sixty boarders and employing as little help as possible. The only thing which she regards with interest and devotion is the Almighty Dollar. One maid, a slip of a girl hardly 17, left her because she would not work for a mistress who swore at her. The good old soul who cleans our rooms said to me with tears in her eyes, 'I don't mind the work, hard as it is; if she were only a little kinder, I'd stay on.'

In the head of such a house as this, a little dignity and poise, a little tact and consideration, might make a real pleasure out of hard necessity. It is so easy to smile, so little trouble for us to make our beds and win Lena's quick gratitude for the trivial help. It is the spirit of unkindness to others which chafes and distresses me and makes life here seem unhomelike and strange.

Of course, none of these things happen to me, and I feel sure that none ever will while I stay here. I hate to have them happen to those helpless to protect themselves. Yet when the landlord opened my door yesterday to put on the window-screens, it fell to me to explain to him the necessity of knocking. He seems a simple soul — and a bully. His attitude toward Jack is that of a well-disciplined schoolboy — perhaps a German schoolboy — toward an all-powerful master; and to me he is scarcely less docile. To a harmless and well-meaning civilian I have seen him boisterously overbearing.

Why do any of us stay, you wonder. My dear, there is no other place to go. There are practically no houses to rent. The only real hotel is financially inaccessible to the likes of us. So we live on at the Gladd House — is n't the name a delicious joke? — and try to breathe wholesomely in an atmosphere of loud and thoughtless incivility.

April 7.

I feel as if I had lived here for years and nothing new would ever happen to me. And yet the people here are a continual source of surprise. There is the prosperous owner of the Élite Laundry, who constantly talks shop to his wife at meal-time. It is difficult now to get even enough girls to help in their greatly increased business. They shake their heads over the shortage of labor and deplore the war as inconvenient and disturbing. The owner of a millinery shop is anxious to sell out, and scolds at the unreadiness of investors who have put their money into Liberty bonds and hesitate before such a gilt-edged opportunity as she can offer. A young married woman discusses the kind of car she wishes her husband to

buy her this spring, and thinks young couples should not be forced to pay an income-tax. It seems as if the war had barely ruffled the consciousness of such Americans as these. I look at people absorbed in the business of getting and spending, unaware of these tremendous times, and they seem grotesque and unreal, shadowy caricatures of men and women.

Then the recollection of the Army people here comes over me with a sense of relief. I never think of them as commonplace, however they seem outwardly. The Cause has set them apart in a common sacrifice, and there is a strong sense of kinship. There may be a little jealousy of someone's quick promotion, some little bickering and divergence among them, such as come to folk too long associated in the unnatural atmosphere of a hotel; but that is all really superficial. They all recognize the hidden bond. When newly arrived little Mrs. Lansdowne told us with singular naïveté that this was not what she was accustomed to, the smile went round the circle. Pray, does she think we have always lived in a garret? But in spite of our superior recognition of her pretty Southern helplessness, everyone had a sympathetic sense that a lieutenant's pay must be stretched to tenuous and impossible thinness to provide clothes and food for four. She brought two children with her. So everyone is relieved and glad to hear that his captain's commission is coming.

These Army women don't complain. I have yet to meet one who is not a thoroughly good sport. They know well enough why they are in the struggle, and the knowledge is a kind of wholesome and sustaining spiritual food. They stiffen to their heroic best. One mother — and she hates sewing — makes all the clothes for herself and her little girl. The Southerner, too, has risen to the occasion and taken half a house for the summer, and plans to do all the work for herself and her family. We've never known her to do anything but dress herself prettily, read novels, and take the children to the movies.

And the men? A few nights ago a major in the field hospital said to me ruefully, 'I'm held here doing work a $30 clerk could do as well.' He had given up a big practice in New York to go to the Front, and he is to all appearances considerably farther from the Front than he was six months ago.

The economic waste of it all strikes one forcibly. The Medical Reserve have put aside their busy civil life and gone freely and gladly into the service, in overwhelming numbers. From no other ranks have men come in such high proportion. The money sacrifice in itself is unimportant. But all these men have spent six years, and many of them far more, in highly specialized training to fit themselves for an exacting profession. Conceive them at a military camp. One man serves as a kind of headquarters adjutant, whatever his military title may be; another has charge of the hospital exchange and sells cigarettes, candy, and puttees; a third is in command of the laundry; others, who for years have done operative work themselves, are now assistant internes in the base hospital. Surely just here lies the reason why many more medical men hesitate to join the service. Those who went in to heal wounds are kept busy tying red tape or doing desk-work instead of scalpel work. Meanwhile the greatest battle of history is raging, and these men whose help over there is so badly needed are all on the wrong side of the water.

How does Jack look on it all, you wonder. I fear he is much like all the rest: he wants to get over and get into it. For our first two weeks here he was an animated Image of Gloom. They put him in the contagious ward first, by

mistake, then the nose and throat. I confidently believe he risked court-martial for neglect of duty! But after ten years of surgery — please consider! And now at last he has charge of a surgical ward, and is like to stay there some months. The new work waked him up; here, at least, was something he could do. They have averaged a death a day this past month, and Jack is bound he will reduce that percentage and is working tooth and nail over his cases. He is trying a new solution too, that Dr. M—— is using for shock over in France, and it is really doing wonders. Fancy these fine husky chaps dying of an empyema, after pneumonia, in a base-hospital here, before they've even had a chance to go over the top! There's a kind of silent enduring heroism about it that does n't mean war-medals and the Roll of Honor, but brings a catch in your throat just the same. All the officers who know call them a sandy lot. But why need they die? says Jack to himself. It's not the operative surgery he wanted, but it is a very definite demand for skill and care. And certainly it is as high-hearted a service to save men in an American hospital as on a French battlefield.

The spirit with which he takes up his task is the spirit I see everywhere. They may chafe inwardly; outwardly they face each day with a heartening smile. And seeing these men of forty, who have already won success, putting it all by with cheerful courage and taking up their round of petty duties, do you wonder that I am out of patience with the Gifted Youth? The Gifted Youth is twenty-three. He has a complete education — chiefly in languages; he has a fine spirit and a sensitive soul. Consider his feelings on being thrust into barracks with uncongenial Italians and Swedes, men intellectually beneath him! There were even rough soldiers, who swore. This, too, is undoubtedly an economic waste. He disliked drilling, shrank from the vulgarity of the men, would have preferred a job as interpreter, to use his ready French and German. Finally he proved his superiority by refusing to obey some slightly irregular order of his lieutenant. More than this, he told his fiancée and one or two sympathetic friends all about it. The story came finally to the wife of an officer and to the officer himself. Then there was plenty of publicity. Captain and lieutenant both received reprimands for the irregularity. My chap — he had been corporal — was reduced to the ranks. The major who settled things debated long the question of a court-martial, and chose this lighter punishment. He plans soon to have a long talk with the boy, entitled the 'Spirit of the Service,' and then transfer him to another company for a fresh start. Can you guess how ill-used and unfairly rated this Gifted Youth considers himself? And all for a little matter of disobedience. It is so easy to lose sight of the big idea we are all working for, when you are unhappy and uncomfortable and have had the luck against you.

How many people I've seen, ready to do their duty provided their duty is what just suits them! The best thing about most of these boys in camp is that they take the small dull tasks and dignify them by a fine accomplishment, and to the tune of a merry whistle.

April 25.

I was playing a bed-time game of parchesi when the news came. Somehow I'd got the feeling that we'd stay on here for months, and had settled down mentally. I live so little except vicariously, experiencing myself Jack's hopes and depressions, or swayed by the emotions of the tremendous days we are going through. But I feel as if it is always a big exciting life, though

nothing happens to me. On this evening something did happen to me. My sudden joy when Jack opened the door on an unexpected Friday night quieted when I saw his face. Because of Anne he scribbled a little note, 'Base-hospital unit of 35 men recommended to-day for over-seas service, by wire. I am one of eleven for surgical service.'

Queer how you go on finishing your play and sending your child to bed, with all the blood in your body thumping in your head, and all yourself an eager cry to know more. We don't know more and shan't till the final summons comes. He is to go soon. That is all. So we are getting ready. Jack is sitting up nights over his empyema report, and I am singularly idle trying to make the most of the last flying days. Every fine day Anne and I take a jitney to camp, and spend our time in and out of Jack's tiny room. The officers' quarters and many of the hospital buildings look down on a lovely little lake at the very end of the cantonment. We dig trenches in the sand, launch fleets of ships in the lake, or, if the day is cold, cross a tiny stream on a single plank and take a bracing walk through an oak grove on the hill beyond. Through the day we see Jack only at mess; at five he is at last free for two hours. It is worth all the time of waiting to have him at the quiet end of the day. Anne goes home a tired and happy little girl.

I have much leisure to think over these two happy months past and wonder about the future. Little things keep jumping up in my memory. There was that Sunday afternoon when Jack came in to Little River at four, and we had time for a long walk and talk before supper. 'The War has brought us even closer together, has n't it?' he said. 'Did you ever think that we might be at home, merely making more money and buying more beautiful pictures and rugs, and now, in spite of the lack of money, all the really beautiful things are coming to us without any effort on our part?'

Perhaps it is that one's sense of what is really beautiful has grown so sharp and clear, has pierced beneath the surface-pleasant. I remember so well my old idea of duty as of something very ugly and disagreeable, a calamitous necessity. And now the life I find myself leading is n't merely the only right one: it brings pleasure and deep enjoyment.

The only question in my mind is, how I can help most after he goes. The important thing, Jack thinks, is n't what you are doing in the service, but that you are doing it well. After the War is over, the only lasting regret any of us will have will be not to have helped our utmost. I knew a girl at home too capable to waste her time knitting socks, the duty of the commonplace person, so she is still wondering to what lofty task she can consecrate herself — and doing nothing. I dread following in her footsteps. So perhaps when he sails I shall just go on knitting — and loving Anne twice as much, to make up for what she misses.

THE TALE OF TOTI

BY GINO SPERANZA[1]

I

I WORKED my way forward through the shifting crowd of people gathered in front of the little postcard shop in the Via Nazionale, and presently reached a position from which the window-display was visible. In the centre of the window was a neutral-tinted drawing of a Bersagliere charging over the tumbled sandbags of what had once been the parapet of a trench; and all around were rows and piles of postcard reproductions of the larger original. It was only when I drew near that I saw that the soldier had but one leg, and that the object which he was represented as throwing in the direction of the retreating enemy was a crutch.

Then I understood why the people around me were giving voice to such exclamations as '*Gamba sola!*' '*Mutilato!*' '*Poverino!*' '*Fantastico!*' and the like; but how it was that Italy was in such straits for men as to have to employ one-legged ones in the front line was not so clear. I bought one of the cards and found on the reverse the following paragraph in Italian, evidently an order accompanying the award of a medal of valor: —

ENRICO TOTI

Volunteered despite the loss through accident of his left leg; after rendering important services on Hill 70 (east of Selz) during the military engagements of April, he took part in the battle of August 6, which resulted in the capture of Hill 85 (east of Monfalcone), fearlessly advancing on the intrenched enemy although twice wounded. Mortally struck by a third bullet, with heroic exaltation he hurled his crutch at the enemy and died, kissing his helmet, with a stoicism worthy of his superbly Italian soul.

(Monfalcone, August 6, 1916; gold medal awarded, *motu proprio*, by His Majesty the King.)

Toti — the name had a familiar sound, and I even seemed to connect it with a one-legged man. But where? As the grappling-hooks of my memory were still dragging vainly for the fugitive recollection when I returned to my hotel, I sought the omniscient concierge, on the chance of uncovering a clue.

'Who was Enrico Toti, the one-legged Bersagliere who was awarded the Gold Medal for valor?' I asked; 'and tell me also, while you are about it, if it is really true that Italy has used up her men so fast that she has to recruit from the *mutilati*.'

The concierge looked at me with the same hurt expression that had come into his face when I asked him — not without reason, I thought — if the telephone system of Rome was really a contemporary of the Coliseum.

Of course the Italian government did n't recruit Enrico Toti, and of course Enrico Toti went and volunteered. And of course they told him he could be of no use in the army, and then — being Enrico Toti — of course he went and joined the army willy-nilly. The concierge was surprised I had never heard about him.

'But I think I *have* heard something about him, somewhere or other,' I

[1] Written in collaboration with Lewis R. Freeman.

said; 'tell me who he was and what he did.'

'I only know what the papers have printed,' he said; 'for though Toti was a familiar figure in his own part of Rome, — he was a Trasteverino, — it was a part that I never had occasion to go to. He lost one of his legs — in a railway accident, I believe — when he was about twenty; and yet, so strong was he in spirit and in what was left of his body, that he went right on with his life just as if nothing had happened. He had won quite a reputation in a number of branches of sport before his accident, notably in bicycling, swimming, and boxing. He still continued to ride his bicycle (though not to race, of course), and in the water he is said actually to have won a number of medals — in contests with some of the best swimmers of Rome — in spite of his lost leg. And though he was no longer able to box, his arms became so strong that he could tear in half two packs of cards. Four or five years ago he started on a tour of the world on his bicycle, and actually did manage to kick his machine through most of the countries of Europe, before he got into some kind of trouble with the Austrian authorities in Vienna and was sent back to Italy. After a few months in Rome, he again became restless, and this time went to Egypt, with the idea of cycling to the Cape through the heart of Africa. He started — '

'Egypt!'—'Cape-to-Cairo!' — 'One-legged Italian cyclist!' — at last I had 'connected up' my train of memory. I was looking from the cool, awninged deck of a Nile stern-wheeler. To the right rose the lotus-crowned columns of the Temple of Philæ, reflected in the impounded waters of the lake backed up behind the wall of the great dam at Assouan; to the left were brown-black rock hills of Upper Egypt, radiating in fluttering scarves of pulsing air the beating rays of the mid-afternoon sun. Across the face of the desert range was the gash of a road — and up this were creeping three figures which my glass revealed to be men plodding beside pushed bicycles. Two of the figures moved evenly and naturally, if a little wearedly; but the third — the leader, who was setting a by no means leisurely pace — bobbed and swayed with the unmistakable action of the vigorous cripple vaulting along on crutches.

The fluent streaming of the mirage dimmed the detail of the image in my binoculars as the leader of the little party bobbed up into silhouette against the sky-line, and I felt rather than saw the resolute set of a pair of powerful shoulders, which not even the 'hump' given them by the crutches, or the loom of a bulky pack, could quite conceal. He waited a few moments for his companions, — settling himself on his bicycle (propped up, apparently, by one of the crutches), — then shoved off and coasted out of sight where the track dipped toward the desert valley beyond.

That was my first — and indeed my last and only — glimpse of Enrico Toti, the one-legged Italian cyclist of whom I had been hearing ever since I arrived in Egypt a fortnight before.

'He is one of the most astonishing characters I have ever met,' an official of the Egyptian State Railways said to me one day in Cairo. 'He is brimming with confidence, burning with enthusiasm; more the kind of type you might imagine the early martyrs were, than a common globe-trotting vagabond. He does n't seem to care in the least for money, — beyond enough to live on, — and, with one leg and empty pockets, he is setting off as coolly for the Cape, *via* the deserts and jungles of tropical Africa, as I would start for home by the P. & O. Keep your eye open for him,

as you'll doubtless overtake him somewhere along your way to Khartum. Take my word for it, he's a chap you'll find well worth talking to.'

Toti had gathered seven recruits — all on bicycles — for his Cairo-to-the-Cape pilgrimage when he finally pedaled out past the Pyramids and off along the ribbon of macadam that leads up the Nile. At Luxor — for the roads grew soft as the metaling grew patchier — I heard of them as five; and out of Assouan only three had ridden away the night before on the burned desert track that winds up toward the barrage and Shellal. Two of them — as I learned afterwards — dropped out on the way across Upper Egypt, and it was only a famished Italian with one leg who pushed doggedly on to the Sudan border, where a kind but inexorable British official deemed it his duty to turn back a penniless cripple from a desert which even Kitchener — pushing to avenge Gordon — had refused to lead his army across before a railway had been built.

The lone pilgrim had taken the disappointment in very good part, so they told me at Atabara; but had promptly countered with a demand for 'compensation' in the form of permission to swim back to Cairo by the Nile. With the current, he had urged, he could easily make from forty to fifty miles in a ten-hour day; while as for crocodiles, he was sure his remaining leg was far too tough to tempt even the hungriest silurian. Besides, one good kick with that same leg —

'He really seemed a good deal put out,' the commissioner had told me, 'because we would not undertake to ship his bicycle and let him go ahead with the mad idea.' [1]

[1] I was inclined at the time to take this story with a grain of salt, but have recently seen a postcard from Toti to his mother, stating that he had this very plan in mind. — THE AUTHOR.

And now, it appeared, this stout-hearted cripple had just died, the most spectacular and acclaimed of Italian war heroes. Surely, if there was any way of getting the facts, an account of the way it had come about would be worth writing for the world outside of Italy. I resolved at once to make the attempt, and now, after four months, I have at least the skeleton of the record complete. My search began with a visit to a humble fourth-floor flat in a tenement near where the Porta Maggiore pierces the wall of Old Rome, and ended in a dugout amid the rocks of the shell-battered Carso.

II

In the days to come, the tourist in Rome, when visiting Porta Maggiore, will have something more interesting to see in that rather squalid quarter than the oven-like tomb of Marcus Vergilius Eurysaces, 'baker to the State' in the ancient days of the Roman Republic; for to-day, almost in the shadow of that remnant of the Claudian aqueduct rises a large, modern building wherein, until recently, lived a man of as humble origin as the millionaire baker of a past age, but of more heroic stature.

I confess that, as we climbed the whitewashed, drearily hygienic stairs of this model workmen's tenement I felt a doubt as to whether we were really on the track of such a romantic figure as Enrico Toti. But the name was on the door of the fourth flat back; and in the somewhat gaudy *salottino* into which we were ceremoniously ushered was the single-pedal bicycle of the one-legged Bersagliere; there, too, was the crutch with the sharp lance-head stuck in it, which he used to drag around on his night-prowlings on the bloody Carso, in search of adventures with the enemy.

Even this evidence, however, was somehow not convincing; neither were the medals, the diplomas, and the newspaper clippings regarding the thousand and one adventures of this singular and happy rover, which the father wished particularly that we should see. Surely all this, I thought, is not the stuff out of which was moulded that heroic soul, that daring spirit, and that almost Franciscan sweetness which blended so strikingly in Enrico Toti.

I turned rather hopelessly to the old mother.

'What sort of a boy was he when he was little?' I asked. And the somewhat bent figure in black, which had remained in the background while the men of the family were occupying the centre of that modest stage, looked intently at me, hesitating an instant before answering.

Then the tenderest smile crossed her brown face, with a real flicker of mischievousness in it, as she said slowly, 'He was — he was, my dear signore, — well, what you might call a most vivacious boy!'

And then I knew that we were at last on the golden trail of romance.

'He had a new idea every day, or planned a different adventure,' she went on; but instantly, as if a little remorseful, she explained, 'Ah! but such a good boy, and so attached to his family!'

I did not dare ask her how it came to pass that, devoted as he was to his home, he went to sea at fourteen, enlisting in the Italian navy, and roamed the ocean spaces for nine years, hoping to measure himself with some terrible pirate crew in strange, far-away waters, as he finally did in a naval engagement in the Red Sea, of which he has left us a delightfully breezy account in his travel-notes.

I did not dare ask this, but the eyes of that mother were reading clearly through my silence.

'Do you know why he tried to run away from his ship?' she asked me as if we had been speaking of his long naval career. 'He and his chum had planned to swim to land, work their way to Tierra del Fuego, and bring the light of civilization to the savages there.'

Even she smiled as we followed her gaze to the wall opposite, where hung a crayon portrait of Enrico as a gentle-eyed sailor of His Majesty's Navy.

'I have a good photograph of him — somewhere,' she said, as she went unerringly to that 'somewhere,' which she knew as exactly as she knew everything else relating to her son, and produced a group-photograph of the crew of the old cruiser Emanuele Filiberto for our admiration. She searched for her Enrico on the picture, which she held upside down.

'I can't see very well in this light,' she explained, as she passed the picture to me; 'but you can pick him out easily; he is the little boy sitting close to a big cannon.'

We talked of a hundred things about the boy, especially of his restless desire to try his hand at everything — at writing and drawing, at carving and cabinet-making, at electricity, mechanics, and chemistry.

'And he was a pretty good hand at painting,' commented the father, as he spread before us water-colors and oil canvases of Madonnas, seascapes, and African scenes.

'But as an artist,' observed the mother, with the same mischievous flicker in her eyes, 'he liked best to paint his pictures upside down; it was a different way of doing from the method of other painters.'

'When he was hurt,' I said, 'when the locomotive ran him down and — and cut off his leg — after he pulled through and came home — was he — depressed?'

The father sententiously interjected,

'He could not die; his country needed him.'

'The railroad had sent a casket for his burial,' commented the other male member of the family, who felt very seriously his rôle of official historian of his heroic brother-in-law, 'so certain was everybody that he would die. But a glorious destiny — '

'Ah! he was very blue and very sad when he came home!' sighed the little mother.

'No! No!' argued the more monumentally inclined father. 'It was like his other accident, when he was wiring the halls of the exposition buildings at Macerata and got a shock from a short circuit which knocked him down a twenty-foot scaffolding.'

'They closed the Exposition in his honor,' the mother readily granted.

'As a sign of respect for his death,' corrected the family historian; 'but after three hours of artificial respiration he came around and was back on his work in a few days.'

'He was reserved for a greater destiny!' concluded the father.

'And he did so enjoy that Exposition!' came softly from his better half.

I do not know what made me do it, and especially what made me do it with the certainty that she would not misunderstand my act, but I took her hard-worked hand very gently in both my own and said smilingly, 'Signora, it is useless, of course, to ask whether your son had any fault —'

She looked at me so seriously that it killed the smile I had scared up, as she replied, 'Oh, he had one fault, one bad and persistent fault!'

I felt indescribably ashamed at my villainy in making the mother disclose the clay feet of this idol of a nation at war.

'A persistent fault!' I queried, frightened at the thought of seeing the skeleton in the family closet.

'Yes,' replied the mother, gravely, 'I could never make him go to bed early and sleep as long as he should!'

'Two hours a night were often quite enough for him,' the father explained.

'He read works on philosophy,' added the historian, 'and thought out his inventions.'

'Don't you want to see his patents?' asked the father; and as we looked over the various devices of Enrico Toti's insatiable inventiveness, we wondered what truly helpful contrivances might have been evolved by that quick, sensitive brain if better disciplined and more fully schooled.

'I think he liked this best of all.'

It was the mother who was calling our attention to a photograph showing Toti working a combination tricycle and aeroplane of his own devising.

'He could make it fly at will,' explained the father.

'To be exact,' corrected the historian, 'at the imperfect stage at which he left his invention, it could only rise a few inches for a few seconds.'

'But that was enough for him to skim over the little streams he met in his long, solitary travels,' retorted the mother a trifle aggressively.

'Mountains were no obstacle to him, anyway,' the father commented, as he showed us a long rope with a mountaineer's hook at each end. 'He always carried this with him on his bicycle trips about the world; and when a rocky ledge tempted him as a short cut to the top of a hill, he'd cast this rope up till it caught, and then pull himself up by it instead of going around by the road.'

'You no doubt realize,' urged the family historian, 'that his inventive faculty was many-sided —'

'He was going to make us rich on this!' said the mother, with a sad little smile.

It was the advertisement of a partnership between her son and another

happy soul for the manufacture and sale of a wonderful washing-powder which her Enrico had worked out chemically. Perhaps the thought of her hard-worked hands had made him dream of it in the restless snatches of his disobedient nights!

It was at her own suggestion that we went to what had been Enrico Toti's bedroom. 'You must see his books,' proudly said this woman who could not read. 'Those on the upper shelf he bought when he was a boy; on the lower are those he got after the accident which cost him his leg.'

Even without such physical division, one could easily have guessed which beckoned his blithe spirit in the years of his physical perfection, and out of which he drew for strength in his brave adversity. Homer's Odyssey looked big and joyous on the upper shelf, and Plutarch's Lives, and a treatise on *The Rights of Nature and the Rights of Man.* But it was from the lower shelf of neatly kept volumes that his indomitable spirit seemed to ring out. Smiles's *Will is Power*, and *Character* and *Duty* by the same author; and, in close, upright formation, *How to Succeed in Life, Arise, Take up Thy Bed*, and *The Art of Renewing One's Soul and Body.*

Both upper and lower shelves contained the works of poets and books of adventure; but while the upper included burning visions of loveliness, such as D'Annunzio's *Laudi*, the lower ones held such as might tend to stimulate the delicacy of the imagination, like Carducci's *Odes.*

We see here, then, how the accident which had crippled Toti's strong body seemed to have added a new and inspiring zest to life. Success with such a handicap would now mean more than ordinary success. What he had read, what he had visioned, and what he had dreamed, shaped themselves through his adversity into a definite plan of life, and into a workable ideal; he could be an example unto men, an example of that self-will and self-strength to which all men could attain, since he, who was heavily handicapped, had achieved them wholly from within.

Thus we find him traveling on his one-pedal bicycle in Europe and in Africa, starting often without money, paying his way by exhibitions of athletic feats or by drawing and painting pictures with lightning strokes, or, as he loved best, upside down. We find him in Russia, in Holland, and in the far North, where a conscienceless German impresario robs him of all his little savings. Perhaps, in the letter he wrote home describing his loss, — a letter so pathetic that it made the mother cry even to-day at the mere remembrance of it, — we may find the seeds of that burning resentment and indignation against the lack of the sense of fair play in the Teutons, which later germinates into a throbbing hatred for the *Tedeschi*, who held unredeemed Italy in bondage.

Yet neither this incident, nor more significant ones, such as the refusal of the Austrian authorities to allow him to pedal through Vienna unless he removed the flaming tri-colored sash he wore over his bicycle jacket, to display his nationality — not even this incident, which cut short his trip, as he refused to submit to the Austrian demands, could for long depress his roving, glad spirits.

Indeed, this sense of example grew, with time, into almost an apostleship; the lovable egoism of his ardent nature turned, more and more, into as ardent altruism.

Thus, in a railroad men's union, where political machinations are driving a good man out of office, he goes to the rescue of right against might with a carefully prepared address in which philosophic and social theories blend

with a burning indignation. 'The defense of truth,' he tells his opponents, 'is the task of the just; to aspire to its triumph is the duty of the strong.'

The young, especially, appeal to his apostleship, the young with the handicaps of poverty. For them he writes a little book telling how 'the world needs men who are strong and know how to endure,' taking his *motif* from Bacon's dictum that 'man hath not the full consciousness of his powers until he tries, thinks and *wills*.'

Wishing to add example to precept, he gathered about him the boys of the neighborhood, the down-and-outs and the loafers of the streets, and started a toy industry for them.

Then came the war, and one thought, one supreme thought, possessed the restless soul of Enrico Toti: to avenge the Italian martyrs of Austrian oppression, and to raise the Italian tricolor on the historic San Giusto at Trieste.

It was the mother who gave us the picture of what happened.

'Even when Enrico applied, he knew they would refuse a cripple on general principles; so he promptly bought himself the uniform of a private in the Italian artillery, loaded his wheel with seventy kilos of everything imaginable, carefully tucked away an Italian flag under his coat, and — *addio!*'

'This,' he once allowed himself to explain, as he pointed to his crutch, 'has never taken courage from me; now I should look upon it with horror if it deprived me of the chance to fight.'

It was due to the sympathetic intuition of the Duke of Aosta, to whom Enrico Toti managed to present himself, that he was finally allowed regularly to enlist as a cyclist in the dashing Bersaglieri corps, and was assigned to the Lower Isonzo sector.

'And then,' as his mother said when she showed us his letters from the front, 'then life *really* began.'

As the men chosen for an attack file before his avid eyes, he writes, 'All walk forth with the pride of having been called to go under fire to avenge the martyrs who generously gave their life-blood for the loveliest and the highest of all ideals — the greatness of Italy!' In his watches on the Lower Isonzo he gazes on Trieste, near but still enslaved, 'Trieste, white and mystic in the sunlight, beauteous and desired! My thoughts turn again and again to her and I look and look — tremblingly.'

'When I see one of my companions obliged to do sentry-duty while suffering from physical weariness,' I find in a letter full of human compassion, 'I smile so as to hide my own weariness, and take his place with my spirit, somehow, all aglow. Then through my mind seems to unfold all the history of Italy, and my heart goes forth to her heroes and her martyrs, and nothing, nothing seems too hard to endure.'

News comes of the martyrdom of Cesare Battisti, the *Irredento*, whom Austria captured and hanged as a common criminal. Toti's long-simmering hatred breaks forth furiously, and he intensifies his propaganda along every imaginable line. To friends who cannot fight he writes, urging them to subscribe to the war loans. 'War is carried on with money,' he tells them, 'and this time we must win at any cost and no matter what the sacrifice.' To his parents, who urge him not to expose himself unnecessarily to danger, he defiantly replies, 'Those who love us should think only that for the honor of their country men die with the serenity of saints, happy to immolate themselves to an ideal which humanity has always cherished.' And to all he knows, to friends and to soldiers, he passes on the war-cry, '*Fuori i Barbari! Fuori i Barbari!*' — Out with the Barbarians!

Fortune soon smiles on him. Easter

Day sees him not only a soldier of Italy, but wounded in her holy cause. 'Wounded but not daunted!' he writes to his mother; and in five days he is back on the fighting-line. 'I am stronger than ever,' he explains; 'I have ceased to know what fatigue means. All the hardships of the trenches seem as nothing when '*Savoja!*' sounds, and we throw ourselves upon the enemy, wresting from him, bit by bit, the land which is Italy's.'

'I feel like a little Napoleon,' he informs his mother, with bubbling boyishness, 'but a Napoleon useful to his country.' *Avanti! avanti!* rings through his letters now. 'My next note I shall mail you from Gorizia. Peace is certain. My railroad pass will be useless, as it will be a quicker trip home from Trieste by boat!'

It is coming, it is coming, the day of days! 'My daring shall conquer over the cunning of the enemy. . . . I shall hold my post with the last life-throb of my being. I shall be a light and a warning to all who dare speak of human cowardice and fear. And when I come home, there will be a medal pinned to my breast; even if only a bronze medal, it will be worth bringing to you.'

Two days afterwards, when he fell, thrice wounded, dying with a gesture which will become legendary, it was the King himself, Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of fighting Italy, who decreed to Enrico Toti the highest military honor for valor on the field of battle.

The gold medal is shining in its case before us on the crowded table of the ugly *salottino*.

'When the general pinned it to my breast,' explains the father, 'I cried aloud, "My son only performed his duty. *Viva l'Italia!*" '

'The vast crowd at the ceremony,' added the family historian, 'took up the cry; it reverberated all over the park.'

But she who had loved him best, plucking the little red-white-and-green flag he had carried, — riddled and blood-stained, — and kissing it with the fervor of an ardent girl, cried out in brave anguish, 'I don't feel that he is dead! I don't feel that he is dead!'

III

I met many who could tell the story of that fantastic final charge with fine dramatic effect. One distinguished officer, who has done notable work in removing irreplaceable objects of art from the danger zone, put a poker through the plate-glass mirror of the *sala di ricevimento* of the hotel at G——, when showing me how the crutch was thrown; but in the end, it always transpired that the version had come to them third-hand or fourth-hand. Of the trench-mates of the hero I encountered none, and hope had run low, when it appeared that the last afternoon of my visit to the Isonzo Front was to be spent in going to a certain exposed sector where not much could be done in the way of inquiring after comrades of Toti.

But I reckoned without a certain watchful enemy artillery-observer, who evidently resented the careless way in which three figures were sauntering along a stretch of road which he had ranged to the last inch. One does not stand on ceremony on the stony Carso, when the progressive approach of shell-bursts gives fair warning that the enemy has deemed the interruption of one's promenade worth the expenditure of a few hundred pounds of T.N.T. Luckily, the Carso (far more dangerous though it is than any of the other fronts) provides its own antidote; for that rocky plateau is pitted with natural sink-holes, called *dolinas*, the par-

tial protection afforded by which becomes complete when the caverns opening from them have been converted into roomy dugouts.

Into the nearest one of these natural 'funk-holes' the three men, no longer sauntering, — I was one of them, — scampered at the first outburst of firing as the rabbit dives in the whins. A score or more Bersaglieri, who had been at work consolidating this particular *dolina*, had taken refuge before us, and among these, an officer told us presently, were several who had served with Enrico Toti in the lines beyond Monfalcone. It was that one of these men who knew the hero best who, sitting on a ledge with his knee pressed close against my own, spoke of such things as would come most readily to mind in the twenty-minute interval during which we waited for the shell-shower to blow over.

'I should not say that I knew Enrico Toti well,' he replied in answer to one of my first questions; 'he was a friend of everyone, but hardly an intimate of any, not even of those who slept and worked with him. He was, naturally, very much of a privileged character, — with both men and officers, — and yet he never took advantage of it. His relation with us was more like that of an elder brother, — or, I might even say, of a very stern father, — than a comrade. He was always talking to us about our country and our duty to it, and to complain of work, or hardship, or danger in his hearing was to come in for a good scolding.

'It was very amusing to see the great pride that he took in the green plumes which marked him as a Bersagliere. The hat he wore when he came to us had been bought in a second-hand shop, and the feathers were worn and moth-eaten down to faded dirty stubs. But after a while he got a new set of plumes, and these he wove together so that they could be taken off in a bunch and attached to his trench-helmet. He never missed a chance to add a new feather to the lot, and, as he took great care of them and never threw any away, it rapidly grew into a regular mop. He had twice as many plumes as any one else, and he insisted on wearing them at all times, even when they were a trouble and a danger to him. Of course, he was wearing them on the day of his last fight, and they say that he picked them up and put them on his head again before advancing, after each of the first two bullets struck him. I did n't see him do that (though a man usually does lose his *elmetto* when he is hard hit); but I did see him lying with his face buried in his plumes in the bottom of the last trench we took.

'In spite of the lost leg, he was a better soldier than any two-legged man among us. He was a first-class sharpshooter, could dig himself in with the best of us, and at crawling out at night, for scouting and wire-cutting, there was no one to compare with him. His determination, especially in carrying out some task that had been set for him, was almost terrible. I remember particularly one night when he volunteered to go alone and cut out a section-entanglement, so that it could be grappled and dragged away for a raiding-party at daybreak. He was gone so long that another man was sent out to find him. After a while they both crept back together. Toti's face was streaming blood from cuts about the mouth. Soon it came out that he had snapped off one of the handles of his wire-cutter, and rather than come back without completing his job, had been trying, not to bite the wire in two, though I have no doubt he would have tried to do that if there had been no other way, but to work the broken cutter by holding the stub of the handle in the vise-like grip of his powerful teeth. He

claimed to have been actually making some headway.

'He had made one of his crutches into a sort of bayonet, by putting a long sharp lance or spike of steel in the end; but I don't think he ever had a chance to use it.'

Unfortunately (for my story) the crash and jolt of the Austrian *arrivées* died away at about this juncture, and, with only enough time left to reach our motor before dark, we had to be getting on our way. My last question was put as, blinking in the daylight, we straightened up outside the dugout.

'You were near Toti when he fell, I believe,' I said; 'did you hear him shout "*Viva l'Italia!*" as the papers say he did?'

'I was in the bottom of the captured trench,' was the reply, 'and had just missed a jab with my bayonet at an Austrian climbing out on the other side when Toti toppled over the parapet. I have heard since that he was shouting encouragement to those around him and cheering for the King and for Italy all the way, even after he got his first two wounds; but all *I* have any recollection of hearing was "*Fuori i Barbari!*" I am sure that that was what he was shouting when he threw away his *gruccia*. It must have been covered up by a shell-burst, for we only found the one which he held on to when he fell.'

'Was he quite dead when you reached him?' I asked; 'did you hear him say anything?'

'Not quite dead, but very near it,' was the answer. 'His face was a terrible thing to see as he fell, all twisted with fury as he cursed the *Tedeschi;* but it was quite peaceful when I turned him over, and his lips were moving.'

'And could you make out what he was saying?' I cut in eagerly.

'It was something about his mother, I think. It seemed to me as if he said, "*Baccia alla mamma.*" '

That was the one thing which, most of all, I had wanted to verify; for the little old mother, with a tear trickling crookedly down a seam of her parchment-brown face, had told me that this was the message that had been sent to her in Rome. She was showing me a bundle of Enrico's cards, postmarked from a hundred towns and cities between Lapland and the Sudan, and on each of them the terse, inclusive message had ended with 'Kisses to mamma.'

'So, of course,' she had said, 'that would be his message from the battlefield, too.'

FEEDING AN ARMY

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

To the ordinary layman war is a picturesque function. Your troops are landed, they take their place in the line, and then they fight. To the soldier, however, one of the foremost questions — if not the very foremost — of a campaign resolves itself into those two prosaic words, 'Transport' and 'Supply.' Without a satisfactory solution of this dual problem, your immense modern army might just as well have stayed at home. Supply, of course, means food for man and beast, while transport is your vehicular or other means of carriage.

In the old wars, of relatively small armies, the question of supply was often solved by the natural process of 'living on the country.' Your victorious and advancing army helped itself to food; and so, the more victorious and more advancing it was, the better it fared. The defeated army starved and surrendered, unless it could retire on new armies. The question of transport, therefore, was also simplified, and the generals of those days had little need to go beyond the animals, carts, wagons, and so forth, which had been diverted from their peace-time occupations. The story that Xerxes led a million men against the Greeks, is manifestly an exaggeration. The supply and transport of such a body, even did the ancient Persian manage to subsist for twenty-four hours on a loaf of bread and an onion, would have proved a physical impossibility.

To-day, however, we have to face this problem, and even a far larger one; and in so far as the United States and the British Empire are separated by water from the common foe, the matter as it presents itself to the English-speaking Allies is more or less identical. In both cases the subsistence of the Expeditionary Force is based on sea-power, and the lines of communication start several thousand miles from the scene of action.

But let us land in France to begin with, and stand open-eyed in what is called a Base Supply Dépôt. Every one of the Allies has its bases, and the more of them there are, the easier it is to deal with our vast armies. From the base you send men and material to the Front by rail; and so, if you increase the number of your bases, you are able to double, treble, or even quadruple your effectiveness as a belligerent.

Your base supply dépôt is on the coast, and alongside the quays, piers, and wharves of a great harbor. Day and night the great ships come, unload, and disappear. They bring with them a new problem, that of Labor; and so it has come about that, beyond your army in the firing-line, and your army of transport-drivers, and your army of supply men, you need a new army to clear the holds of these great ships, to check and stack the cases, bales, sacks, drums, and barrels that are put ashore, and, further, to load the railway-trains that are for ever passing out of your dépôt.

Every one of these considerations

applies likewise to clothing and equipment, to munitions, guns, rifles, tentage, hutments, fuel, mineral and lubricating oils; to barbed wire, sleepers, rails and bridging material for the engineers. I am dealing, however, only with the food-problem, which, though all-important in itself, is but the part of a far vaster matter.

I had qualified as an interpreter in French and German, and for that reason I was suddenly requested to leave the gallant regiment I had newly joined and to proceed forthwith to France. We were untrained, we had neither rifles nor equipment — it was in the first six months of the war, when everything, though seeming chaos, was in point of fact a wise and far-seeing preparation. In two days I could get out to France, and that was exactly what I wanted. Like many another, I had the feeling that the war would be over pretty soon, long before we of 'the first hundred thousand' were fit and ready. My exact job would be to tackle the French railway authorities in their own language. Beyond that I knew nothing, and, truth to tell, cared less.

I landed at a base and was immediately posted to the supply dépôt. It was only then that I began to realize the place of food and forage in modern warfare. The French had done us handsomely, giving us ample storeroom and abundant cover — acres of it, in fact, and we needed it all.

Our ration in France in those days was, and probably still is, composed of meat (canned or frozen), bread or biscuit, bacon, jam, preserved milk, cheese, tea, sugar, salt, mustard, and pepper. To these may be added butter, fresh or dried vegetables, compressed soup-tablets, rum, lime-juice, and a tinned delicacy, familiarly known as a 'Maconochie,' — such is the most popular maker's surname, — but officially called an M. and V. ration. It is a stew of meat and vegetables, — hence the M. and V., — and like the other intermittent rations, adds a spice of variety to our menu.

The horses and mules lived then on oats, hay, bran, and maize — bulky and mountainous articles that suffer more than case goods from rain and weather.

To all this must be added fuel; for without wood, coal, or charcoal, how are you going to cook your food or make your tea?

In addition to these staple articles, and carefully protected from a pilfering world, one found a lesser dépôt devoted to what are known in the army as 'medical comforts.' In this holy of holies are stored the noble meat and drink supplied to hospitals. Cases of champagne are here, of port wine, and of stout; of tinned chicken, sago, arrowroot, jellies, soups, and what not.

Articles have been written about these base supply dépôts, their dependent bakeries, and the immensity of their dealings; about their wonderful organization, and the busy fellows who move and labor in them.

The men employed here are comfortable, but often bored. They are out of danger, as a rule; they have permanent quarters; and rumor has it that, being where food is, they have first choice of whatever comes to hand. But against this must be set off the perpetual sameness of the work, the eternal vista of beef and biscuit-boxes, the monotonous accounts, the unvarying hindquarters and fores in the cold storage. There is romance at first, as one pictures the whole wide world converging on this centre. One comes across strange and unknown grasses in the bales of hay that have crossed oceans; Chicago, South America, Australia, and even Madagascar, have slaughtered cattle for us; one discovers that the honestest and most varied jams in the

world come from British Columbia and Tasmania. But as time goes on, uneasy fellows like myself grow sick and tired of the same old story. The work here should be given to men well broken to the routine of offices and counters; the big and little business men are well at home here; with a difference, it is the same job that is done in London by a Lyons or a Lipton.

From the dépôt the loaded trains go out to railhead. At first a train was allotted to an army corps, but on my second stay in France I found that the unit had changed to a division. We had only the existing railway tracks and railway material to work with, then; to-day there is an undreamed-of network, and wagons to match. The food and forage of a division is weighed and counted out. You have your scale, and each day you are told the number of men, the number of mules and horses. These vary with the casualty lists or the drafts sent forward. A big battle may decimate your division, or reinforcements swell it. A wire comes to your dépôt, and it is up to you to collect the goods.

At first an officer and five men went with each train as escort, and I was one of those officers. We led a roving life, much like that of a ship's captain. We dealt with the French railway authorities and a host of 'dugouts' known as R.T.O.'s. Railway transport officer is the long of those initials. From them we took orders and to them reported progress. Now train-traveling officer and middle-aged 'dugout' are alike abolished, and the stuff gets to railhead more simply.

In theory a railhead stands well behind the reach of the enemy's guns, and so, more often than not, you can unload your train in peace, if not in quiet. But every now and again the German will surprise you with a long-range weapon, or his aviators will try and make a mess of you. The long-range gun is easily answered. You shift your railhead farther back, till the gun is knocked out or abolished. The aviators are a necessary evil. But all these excursions and alarums are the exception rather than the rule, and spice a life that tends to grow too civilian. It is well to remind a supply officer once in a while that he takes risks, otherwise he grows too confoundedly meticulous and full of worries.

Your railhead may feed its two or three divisions, and so one must picture an extended front as dotted with these centres of activity. But the division itself is the main unit; so, next, the contents of your train are packed into motor-lorries and borne away to the divisional dump. From all the roads that lead to railhead these lorries converge, in clouds of dust when the roads are dry, in indescribable mud when the days are wet. The supplies are checked, receipts are given, and off go the lorries in long strings again. We are now quite definitely in the war area, and sailing those crowded roads depicted in the picture-papers. The guns are thundering, the aeroplanes are up, the resting infantry is swinging back to billets, and reliefs are going forward.

You, however, are bound for the divisional dump. Follow the motor-lorries, and you come across it at a convenient spot, where traffic can enter at one side and depart at another, without much turning. As with the railway-train before them, the lorries are unloaded, and next their contents are sorted into heaps, each heap the property of a brigade. For a brigade is your next unit.

Matters are now becoming intimate. The people at the supply dépôt have no personal contact with the troops. The motor-convoys are almost as remote as they, but each division has its

divisional train, which in turn is divided into companies, each of which is attached to a brigade. The divisional train consists of horse-drawn or mule-drawn wagons. Company after company it rolls up, takes its load, and goes off to its various refilling points. These are lesser dumps, controlled by the brigade supply officer. This officer has to deal with the smallest unit on our list. His heap is subdivided into little heaps, each one the property of a battalion; and to his rendezvous comes daily the battalion transport, still horse-drawn, which makes the penultimate stage to the first-line trenches. The quartermaster is now in charge, and when night falls, the fatigue parties manhandle the food and drink that goes on its last stage to the men in front. Down the communication trenches they go, loaded and welcome. And so the company is fed, the dim platoon, right down to the last and hungriest Tommy.

II

Thus roughly I have attempted to describe the various processes that prevail in an ordered country like France, where communications are good, roads are in being, and all the ground explored. I have omitted all mention of the endless checks and counter-checks: how the battalion quartermasters send their figures to the brigade supply officer, how the latter summarizes these figures and passes them on to the divisional supply officer, who in turn sends his calculations to someone more important. A vast deal of arithmetic and paper work goes on behind the physical phenomena of supply; and here again you are up against the value of a business training.

The good supply officer is the mother of his brigade. Down at the dump he does his best for man and beast; at his own refilling point he watches over the interest of each particular unit; and I have even known him to go into the trenches, and assure himself with his own eyes that the men of his brigade are faring well and plentifully. The particular officer I have in mind was cheered by the men as they went back to billets.

In addition to the regular supply from home, the army consumes a vast amount of material purchased in the country. There are fresh vegetables, — notably potatoes, — fruit, and wine, — a hospital item, — bran, yeast for the bakeries, live sheep and goats for our Indian troops, and many another article.

During part of my stay I attended to such purchases, and officially was known as local purchasing officer. This business brings one into notable contact with the civilian, and especially the civilian who is out to make money by the war. He or she — in France, especially now, with so many of the men away, it is often she — are among my most entertaining memories. I think I thoroughly enjoyed pitting them one against the other, and still more my dealings with the right sort, who were out to help, and not to exploit, the soldier.

The French market-gardener is a wonderful fellow. Often rich as Crœsus, he receives you in his earth-stained blouse and wooden shoes. I sought him where I could, and avoided the middleman. We were, in fact, brother artists, for generally he seemed far more interested in growing his leeks, carrots, potatoes, and turnips than in selling them. The middleman or woman has no such idealism but I must except a certain dear old lady who, the moment she knew that the fruit I was buying was for our wounded in the hospitals, suppressed her husband and came down to rock-bottom prices without further

palaver. They are wonderfully frank, these Frenchwomen. Madame A——, whom I called on in quest of bran one morning, received me in her dressing-gown and explained with circumstance that she had taken a *purge*. I had to be very severe with some of these ladies who were not above using their fine eyes to further a bargain. 'How hard you English are!' they would say, when one stuck out for a fair market price; and often one's unwillingness to lose time, besides being described as *dur*, was called *brutale*. They had the leisure to bargain and discuss; I had not. One singular piece of 'brutality' on my part consisted in reducing the price of live sheep by a good percentage. I remember going off in triumph to my chief with the great news.

'To hell with you and your sheep!' he cried; and burst into tears. He had just got word that his only brother and a cousin had been killed at Loos.

I enjoyed those months and the many homes I peeped into; for here in the provinces the Frenchman usually did his business in the middle of his family. Sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, nieces, would all chime in, wine and biscuits would be produced if the affair was one of importance; yet often I had to retire empty-handed. The prices would be excellent, the delivery as good; but how lay hands on a sufficient quantity? The consumption of an army is enormous and staggers the small contractor. How many fortunes might have been made if the material at issue had been available! And in such buying, the man more deadly than all is the contractor who will promise you everything, but, when it comes to delivery, makes excuses. One had to beware of these opportunists. Even worse was a man I heard of in Greece, who sold the same parcel of hay to the buying departments of three armies, received the money thrice over, and was about to depart with his mistress for the Fortunate Isles, when a brutal embarkation officer discovered him.

The main requisite of an officer buying for an army, besides ordinary common sense, is a rather more than ordinary honesty. Half the people he deals with will try to corrupt him, by bribery, by flattery, or means more insidious. And I think, too, that I have been cured, by my experience in this direction, of any leanings towards Socialism that I may have had. The average man's attitude toward the state and its property seems not far removed from my own toward a railway company. Like most people, I have often traveled first-class with a third-class ticket, and felt that the action was rather meritorious than otherwise. The state, too, seems — especially to the civilian — fair game and outside the pale of ordinary morality. What is everybody's business and everybody's property often seems to be regarded as nobody's business and nobody's property.

So far I have discussed only the feeding of an army under conditions that are more or less constant. It is, however, when you must deal with an advance, or a retirement, or a retreat, that the problem grows really exciting. Everything is in flux, your railheads may be wiped out, uncertainty dogs you. The supply officer then does the best he can, pushing up stores, following the advance in darkness or in rain, snatching sleep where he can, and harrying the tired transport. The roads have been destroyed, his units are scattered; if he is wise he will keep a smiling face and accept disappointments and chuckle over his successes. The men have their emergency or iron ration to go on with — beef, biscuit, oxo cubes, sugar, and tea. Or, in a retreat, he may have to pack his stores and get them away, or even destroy them

or leave them to the enemy. He has a car in France, a horse elsewhere, so is spared much that discomforts the infantry; but work hard he has to, often the clock around, keeping his men going, dodging in at an opening, or saving what he cannot pass forward. There are compensations, however, even in a retirement, for I have known a supply officer and his sergeant-major hold their end up to good purpose with a mixture of champagne and stout — hospital comforts salvaged from the advancing enemy.

Perhaps the most joyous days of all are those in which your division moves from one section of the line to another. In summer, with fine weather and starry nights, there is no trek more exhilarating. The French front is businesslike, and you entrain; but in Macedonia, where much of my time was spent, you struck camp overnight and were away at dawn. The day's march was conditioned by the water-supply. You had a good horse, no cares, and saw the sunrise; your meals were a picnic on the bank of a shallow river; you slept out under the stars. Once a day, at an arranged spot, you would pick up the division's food, come up by rail or lorry. Your transport would carry your share of it to an improvised dump; your men would sort it out in readiness for the battalion convoys. These dealt with, you were free to bathe, to sleep, or, better still, to watch the jeweled dragon-flies. Every shady streamlet was bright with them — green, blue, red, gray, black, and white, they flashed in and out of the shadows. There were large frogs here, with which our French comrades supplemented their rations, and lizards and tortoises, and once or twice I saw the swift passage of a snake.

Two, three, or even four days you might trek through a beautiful country where only the squalor of the villages distressed you. Some of them, destroyed in earlier wars, were hardly more than a few ruined walls and an empty church; the Turkish villages were cleaner than the Christian. You would leave the bare, intolerable plains, the marshy lakes, and go up into wooded hills which in some regions are almost Swiss. Macedonia is ever varied, and each changing light or season marks it. The spring is a gorgeous tumult of wild flowers; the summer withers this carpet and strews it with the black patches of grass-fires; the winter brings mud — mud inconceivable, and a perpetual dewdrop at the end of your cold nose.

But one spot I shall never forget. On an August evening we topped the ridge above Lake Doiran. This lake and town are often mentioned in the newspapers, but I am going to take shell-bursts for granted; also the aeroplanes and dropped bombs. You stand high up; the lake is a circular sheet of glass below you, the little town with its white minaret tucked away in a corner; and all the wide valley to your right gives on to mountains that look like the end of the world — bare, unbroken, and impassable. A wall of iron confronts you, and only miles away you catch at a break in it — the Rupel Pass, which now guards the road into Bulgaria. You realize then why the Saloniki army has marked time in this sector.

But suppose it rains? Then the rivers that you thought to ford so easily swell to torrents, and you may even be cut off from the men and animals whose mother you are; or your sugar spoils, your bread gets spongy, your vegetables a pulp. For shelter you have a waterproof sheet supported and pegged down — it is known as a 'bivvy.' You are not exactly comfortable, but good-fellowship and the habit of the open air make light of a situation that in

pre-war days would fill one with forebodings of sciatica, rheumatics, and other damp-bred evils. And very often you strike a friend who will give you a corner of his tent; and by 'friend' I often mean a perfect stranger.

There is a *camaraderie*, a heartiness, in the front line that is occasionally to seek in the more sheltered areas. I have dropped down on many unknown hosts. There was H——, an ex-trooper of the N.W. Mounted Police; there was G——, who let me sleep on a pile of blankets in a corner of his mess after a right royal supper, and who gave me a bath in the morning; and poor C——, now bombed into the next world, who gave me a stretcher in a tent where mice (or was it rats?) played round me in the dark till I found a couple of boxes and so got off the floor and their playground.

On the march, as in fixed positions, you go buying what extra luxuries the land affords. Macedonia, unlike France, was a very poor country for such diversions. The country is depopulated, its agriculture backward, the Greek-speaking capitalist a difficult customer. The villages I struck seemed to be governed by this potentate, who might keep a wine-shop, and certainly owned the only pair of scales. I found peasants who were only too glad to accept the price I offered them in ready money; but there was usually a more important fellow, who would interfere, and who had the whole day before him. However, he would collect the hardworking and prematurely aged females of the place and set them to pick beans, collect marrows, watermelons, and cucumbers. When my limbers were full, out came the scales, and Plato would start his argument, which amounted to this. Forty miles away, at Saloniki, beans were fetching 20 lepta an oke ($2\frac{3}{4}$ pounds) more than I was offering him.

'But you've got to get them to Saloniki.'

'Yes,' he grudgingly admitted.

Meanwhile my men were weighing the stuff, and I had already settled with the one or two independent growers, who were only too glad to see me and simple enough to show it. I finished with Plato as soon as I knew the weights, and rode away with my men to the dump, rather pleased at getting fresh green stuff for the brigade. To the edge of the village Plato would pursue me. His parting thrust was always, 'What about the sixpence for the Samos you drank when you came in?' Samos is a kind of wine made out of figs, and has the merit of being wet.

You may have noticed that the wagons that we used to use in France are changed to limbers. On these bad roads and in this hilly country we found that the limber, with its two halves and simple yet tough construction, could go where the wagon failed. I do not know how many parts there are to a wagon; it is really complex compared to a limber; and in winter, and in the more mountainous country, even the limber gave way to the pack-mule, pure and simple. Our first-line transport drivers here were turned into muleteers. I often wished a cinema operator had taken pictures of the convoys as they came winding along, each animal with its load, and a picturesque ruffian to every pair. I would pass them as they crossed our road, they going away into the hills that our wheeled transport could touch only at certain places. But my own journey then was jolly enough, as we climbed upwards on the new-cut highways that Italian engineers had made. I had a sure-footed blue roan, and rode at the head of the column to avoid the choking dust we made. Often the road was precipitous, and we looked far down into the villages or up at the wooded mountain-

sides. At the dump we unloaded, then watered and fed the animals; and I used to stuff figs off the trees that grew here. Other officers strolled or rode or motored up; somewhere or other we found tea and cigarettes; the hour would go only too quickly.

Riding back in the dark, I usually left the horse to pick his way. He could see where I could not, and the old fellow knew that the day's work was done when we struck homeward. Tired, yet wonderfully fit, one rattled in with one's convoy; and before going off to one's own supper, one first of all saw that the animals were well looked after. We had been out since two P.M., and now it was past nine. You sleep the peaceful sleep of an angel after such a day. With luck you can lay in till seven; but maybe you have to take early stables at six. Still, you have no convoy on that day and can get a good nap in the afternoon.

III

So far I have dwelt mostly on supply-work, but the question of transport is ever involved in it, and is so much a part of it as to need a few pages to itself. You have your stores, your meat and drink, and what not; but, unless you can move them to the desired point, they might almost as well be non-existent.

In France this problem is now at its simplest. Railways have been doubled and even trebled, good roads are ready to take your motor-traffic and your horse wagons, and there are Decauvilles, where your trolleys can run in strings on narrow rails; and, last but not least, there are the Labor battalions to mend roads and keep the whole mechanism in order. The matter in France, except when an offensive was working with or against you, presented most of the features of an old established and finely organized business.

In Macedonia and Egypt, where I served as well, it is not so easy. There the machine is frequently replaced by the beast of burden, and the transport officer is as often as not a donkey, mule, or camel-driver.

Till I went to Saloniki I had known the mule only from hearsay; 'obstinate as a mule,' is a remark whose full significance I was yet to gather. The first one I rode — no pony being available — was a mouse-colored creature and very docile. We went along together in search of locally grown vegetables, across scorched and barren country, of which the only permanent resident seemed to be the black and yellow tortoise. I came across some French gunners at last, camped in a ruined village. When I mentioned vegetables, they laughed. There was nothing nearer than Kukus, outside the region I was supposed to ransack. They invited me in to have lunch, however, and I remember this particularly well, because one of them was a champagne-grower and a most useful fellow to have in a mess. After lunch the mule and I came to the sandy bed of a dried-up river. Instantly the mule knelt down, and almost as instantly I was off, demanding the why and the wherefore. The mule did not leave me long in doubt. There was sand, and the chance of a good roll. He let me get the saddle off him, but roll he would and did. I had not previously been aware of this habit.

Another mule I had was a confirmed convoy-follower. In company he was all right; but get him alone on the road, whether I liked it or not, I had to join up with any chance convoy that happened along. He had a mouth like iron and a will to match. I might tug at the snaffle till my hands bled; the best I could hope for was to make him go round in a circle till that convoy had

disappeared. But there were far too many of them; and after a long and painful morning I said I would rather walk. Thus I acquired Rupert, my first real 'officer's charger.'

Rupert was mine all one summer. The dumps we visited, the troops we fed, the long marches we made together! To be quite frank, Rupert was a greedy beast, with all his passions centred in his tummy. If he ever reads this, — I think I am quite safe, — I fancy he'll admit that his sole distraction in life was a good feed. Like his rider, he was middle-aged, and middle age is often the season of gluttony. He was a lazy old beast, too, and as we rode along, I would say, 'Now if I let you have a whack at yonder maize-field, will you buck up and save me the trouble of kicking you along?' He would promise anything, and bite off head after head, until I began to feel sorry for the poor Macedonian we were robbing; and even then he would reproach me all the way home for not letting him eat up half Macedonia. The only thing that could really set him going was a sharp-set morning, or a cloud of flies worrying the life out of him on a hot day. The poor beggar would try running away from them, and he had a real good trot on these occasions.

One other mount of that summer was a chestnut mare, lent me by a brother officer who omitted to inform me that she had not left the lines for three days. I set off gayly, with a loose rein, and she, seeing how matters stood, put her head between her knees and carried me over a few miles of broken country at what seemed a mile a minute, but was probably less. She took any blessed thing in her stride, and where most horses would have broken both our necks, she finished smiling, as if enjoying the blue-and-white funk of her rider. A curious commentary on the value of evidence is the fact that my servant, who had started out with us, returned to camp alone, declaring that the mare had bolted with me and that he had actually seen me thrown; which proves that imagination is far more real than lagging truth.

Here in Egypt, or rather on what is now called the Palestine Front, the problem of feeding and watering an army was complicated by the intervening desert. The Sinai Peninsula is 150 miles across, from the Suez Canal side to Rafa on the Palestine frontier, and there was no railway and next to no water. The Turk was driven back and the railway built, and a pipe-line was laid down bringing Nile water all the way to Palestine. The railway is now connected with existing lines, and from Kantara on the Canal, you can go straight on to Jaffa or Jerusalem.

So far so good; but away from the line, how are you to negotiate the sand, which changes, farther on, to dust? Someone thought of the camel, and to the camel has been added the donkey. Without the aid of these two quadrupeds, the Turk might still be in Jerusalem.

Thirty-five thousand camels, so I am told, were collected, and a legion of donkeys. The latter worked mostly in the hilly country, the camels in the plain. These accompanied the army, driven by Egyptian fellaheen. In a waterless country, they were the very thing, and they could go where wheeled transport was useless. All their equipment was a stout pack-saddle, with two stout nets slung from it, one on each side. These you filled with food or water-cans, and a good camel can take his four hundred pounds.

My last job in the field was with the camels and their Egyptian drivers. Speaking no Arabic and knowing the camel only as a beast you see in the Zoo, I was nonplussed at first. However, a

wise system gave me a week to get going, during which I lived camel, thought camel, and was completely cut off from all other interests.

I learned that the beasts ate only twice a day and drank only every third day; that they required little grooming, and thought nothing of picking you up with their teeth and shaking the sand out of you. I have never met anyone who liked a camel. He will go on till, literally, he drops dead — that is the best thing that can be said about him. Socially he is an ill-conditioned churl, and treacherous into the bargain. A mule will save up an honest grudge for months, and then take it out of you with a well-planted kick; but a camel will go for you simply because he feels like it. Our Egyptians put up with him and seemed to understand him. I had 75 of them and 150 camels. The men were the best-humored fellows I have ever worked with. They were not much to look at — so many were cross-eyed or even one-eyed; but when they stripped and gamboled in the sea, they were well-shaped and muscular enough. And they could sing in a way. The reis, or leader, used to improvise a line, and the rest of the troop would follow with the chorus. A favorite method was to make remarks about their officer, thus: —

The Reis: The officer is kind and loves us.

Chorus: So he is; so he does.

The Reis: He is strong as a lion and fears no foeman.

Chorus: So he is; so he does.

The Reis: He is beautiful to look at and gives much backsheesh.

Chorus: So he is; so he does.

The Reis: He is loved by maidens and sings like a nightingale.

Chorus: So he is; so he does.

There need be no end to this song, or to the something similar which used to accompany our work in the desert. One plaintive chorus, reminiscent of forced labor and the days of the Pharaohs, ran, 'How many days, how many nights?' It was a favorite, and must have been sung for hundreds of years. The men, in truth, had little to complain about. They were clothed, well-fed, and well paid. Their contract is for six months. I asked one of my three reises what he would do when his time was up. He would go back to his village, he said, and sit in the shade and smoke cigarettes. I can picture him, squatting outside his mud hovel on the Nile, his mind rather a blank, his body comfortable and warm, his women ministering to him. Occasionally he showed symptoms of wanting to begin in advance of his time.

The attitude of the driver to the camel often amused me. The man would put his head alongside the beast's, and drink out of the same trough. I remember one man who preferred a tin can of his own. 'You think you're too good to drink out of the same trough as your camel,' the others reproached him; and of course they had quite an argument. The camel was so much one of themselves that they would curse him as they cursed each other, beginning with the modest 'son of a dog,' and ending with '*ein al dinak*' which expresses the speaker's contempt for the camel's religion!

I show, perhaps, too great an inclination to linger over my camels and my last days of active service near the firing-line. When the push came that was to end with the defeat of Falkenhayn and the capture of Jerusalem, we old subalterns were weeded out. One seemed rather like a woman who has been made to feel that the days of her beauty are over. M——, who is fifty, and I, who am two years less, were set aside for younger and more damp-resisting bodies. Yet one thing

will always stay with me — the dun sand and the blue sky, and, silhouetted against the blue, the endless lines of camels, dun-colored as the sand. On every sky-line one saw this picture, and never tired of it. Barely it moved, and one might fancy it had stood thus for century on century, since the first caravans had gone out of ancient Egypt into the hills and deserts of Philistia, and away to distant Assyria and the far lands of Hittite kings.

I have said nothing of the risks run by your supply and transport men, except that at the base they are negligible, while farther up country, in the early part of the war, a tacit understanding seemed to prevail on either side. In those days, 'Eat and let eat' was our motto. To-day, however, all that is changed, and aeroplane and high-velocity gun do their best to cut off the supply man and the transport driver. They take their risks, and have not even the satisfaction of answering back. Of course, their dangers are never comparable to those of the infantryman; but certainly, at Gallipoli, with everything in the open and the beaches continually under shell-fire, they were not far short. At those times many a good man crawled into his forage-dump and envied the infantry in their trenches. I have been bombed from the air, and shelled at very long range. In the latter case, you soon got to learn the line the shells would take, and so you kept outside it; in the former, I was at one time glad because of my partner. He was one of those overzealous individuals who are forever worrying about nothing. A fair bombing made him realize that he was a soldier, and I admit to having taken a malicious pleasure in watching him contemplate the unpleasant possibility of a sudden extinction. It used to sober him for quite two days.

Just now, with the great German offensive on in France, the supply and transport men are getting their opportunity. They are all class B men, that is to say, men who are not good enough for the first line; but they are sticking it like heroes, and taking their convoys up, no matter how broken the roads, how severe the bursts of the big shells and the bombs dropped by the gothas. They get little credit for their work and never a chance to show their mettle in the hand-to-hand of actual conflict; there are no V.C.'s for them and precious few other distinctions. Still, they are carrying on, and munitions go up, and man and beast are fed; and if some poor devils are blown to bits, they have at least had a pretty lengthy run for their money.

I have no wish to be statistical, and figures are dull reading, but the essence of supply-work is this. Every man you have in the field means about three pounds of food a day, seven days a week and three hundred and sixty-five days a year. Every horse eats twenty-four pounds of forage a day, and eight pounds more for the big teamsters. You have to collect this material, you have to waste as little of it as you can, you have to carry it and distribute it to perhaps a couple of million mouths — day after day, week after week, month after month. It is the one job that never ceases. You want honest men for it — food and forage just now are easily what literary folk would call 'the best sellers'; you want men who are good at figures; and, thirdly, you want men who are patient and not afraid of doing to-day as they did yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'FOOL JONES'

I WAS not surprised, only proud anew, to hear of the beautiful way in which our soldiers saluted the bereaved French mother as she stood on a street in Paris. Perhaps there was more outward and courtly ceremony in their standing and doffing hats to the French lady than had ever come within my sight; but I knew well that our rank and file, whom I have seen every day for almost a score of years, had it hidden in them.

There was that soldier in Cebu some eighteen years ago, for example. I was rather new to the Army then, had much to learn about the Service, and was just beginning to get it straightened out that I must order brooms from the quartermaster and soap from the commissary. I was all the way round the world from home, the clanking of the insurrectos' chains in the Fort San Pedro frightened me into shivers, and I was learning through sickening experience that the odorous little town of Cebu was one of the hottest spots on earth. Jones, private soldier and tiny cog in our army machine, knew all these things, and being quite old enough to be my father, stood *in loco parentis* as ably as circumstances permitted.

Jones was 'striker' to the household, and a striker, as perchance all the world now knows, is that indispensable man chosen from the ranks to serve the needs, tastes, habits, and whims of an officer and his family. His jeering comrades call the striker 'dog-robber,' because of an ancient tradition — myth or not, who can say? — that the man filches from the household pet the luscious tidbits once indisputably his very own. Be that as it may, the striker becomes in some mysterious way, however tactfully concealed, the most considerable member of an army officer's household, to whose vagaries all others gracefully yield.

A long time and many, many strikers have intervened since Jones held sway in my home, but I recall with perfect precision the 'cut of his jib,' as our navy cousins have it. I had just come into the port of Cebu across a too turbulent sea, had been tossed about on an unspeakably dirty Spanish steamer by the lashing tail of a typhoon, had brushed elbows with an amazing array of poultry, goats, evil-tempered Filipino ponies, and evil-looking Filipino persons, as fellow passengers. Sights, sounds, smells, the very feel of life itself, were strange beyond description. And now I was climbing the three flights of ebony stairs leading to my eyrie in the crumbling ant-ridden house, where I was to live through exciting days and more exciting nights of Philippine insurrection.

I can truthfully say that nothing I had yet encountered seemed any more remarkable than the soldier I cornered at the top of the stairs. I am not aware that he was known to be the ugliest man in the United States Army; but I am sure that Jones could have claimed the title justly. I could scarcely believe my eyes, that anything human could possess such tallness, such thinness, so crooked and long a nose of a red beyond naming, and withal a gargoyle mouth seen nowhere this side of Notre Dame.

The agony of the cornering was so manifest, that I had the instant desire

to assuage it by pretending that there was really no soldier there. The poor trapped creature, in addition to being the homeliest of men (possibly because of it), was likewise the shyest in the presence of women. But though I took no outward cognizance of Jones at that our first meeting, I called him back to me a little later in a very fury of need.

Left alone in my new home, I was gazing out an open window at my unbelievably curious surroundings. I was finding it rather different from Tennessee. Here, in the bamboo trees beside me, were jewel-colored birds flitting about as casually as if they were humble little wrens. Out there, in the shining hot sea, was the island where Magellan had once landed, knelt, and prayed. Down below me — but what *was* below me? Hideous screams arose from the ground far beneath my window; and looking shudderingly down, I beheld the Philippine version of butchering a hog by plunging a red-hot iron down its throat. Then *I* screamed, and I screamed for Jones. He was on the floor below, and his extraordinarily long and crooked legs brought him leaping up the stairs.

'Oh, stop the fiends!' I implored him.

Jones stopped them. He whipped a revolver from his belt, pointed it at the group of butchers, and then yelled in things. He threw them language, mingled American-Spanish-Visayan — language with magic in its curdling accents, for a profound silence fell upon the Filipinos and they scattered like chaff before a wind.

'I would n't cry no more,' Jones suggested timidly, as he put his revolver back in his belt. 'I've fixed them Gugus a-plenty. I 'lowed I'd be compelled to shoot 'em plumb full of holes if they ever went to killing a hog that-a-way again. I — well — I'm here to look after you, ma'am, and ding-bust it if I ain't going to come mighty nigh doing it.'

That was the longest speech Jones ever made me, but how the man served me! Very soon he was made cook of the establishment, and set up his kitchen under the banana trees in the garden. He scoured sea and land for choice dainties, and brought home the most succulent shell-fish and the largest mangoes. He concocted dishes which I could not eat, but which he thought I could. He kicked the stupid *muchacho*, in utter disregard of my protests, to give celerity to the poor boy's service. He rounded up the Filipinos who were most expert in carving the lovely shells of Cebu, and those who wove the finest *patates*, and led them to me by the ear, if need were.

One night, when most of the troops had left the town to attend to a little business out in the hills, a band of insurrectos came in and fired upon our barracks. At the first shot I covered my head with my pillow. At the next I leaped out of bed, ran into the *sala*, and stood at the open window to see what I might see. It was brilliant moonlight, and across the plaza it was easy to pick out the white-clad Filipinos firing wildly in our direction. But before I could see the last of our soldiers rushing out of barracks to disperse the impertinent enemy, I was snatched by hard firm hands and deposited in a far corner, while Jones, in almost as complete negligée as I, was saying, imploringly, —

'For Gawd's sake, ma'am, keep clean away from that there winder, and stay where I put you!'

A moment later a stray bullet went whistling through the window from which Jones had unceremoniously borne me, and buried itself in a wooden pillar inside the house. I remember vividly how Jones swiftly melted away before my gratitude. A mere nothing, saving lives!

Another night of violent storm I was again alone and was taken very ill. Never shall I forget Jones's ministrations. He tended me as skillfully as a woman, and as a tender, gentle woman at that. When he could do no more for me, he ran out into the frightful tempest and brought back from some distance a rather sulky doctor, who opined that the case was not as urgent as 'that fool Jones' had described it.

'The blithering fool had his gun in his hand when he came in to get me,' the doctor growled. 'It was one of those murderous automatics, too. The army will go to the dogs if such idiots are turned loose in it.'

When I left Cebu for good, Jones, in an agony of confusion, shook hands with me, and to my utter astonishment and distress puckered up his gargoyle face and wept aloud.

Dear faithful old Jones! I hope — and believe — that there are tens of thousands of just such soldiers as you in this vast new army of to-day.

HOW ONE BOY WENT

On the terrace late in the afternoon, under the immensity of the evening sky, and encircled by mountains, peace engulfs one in wave on wave of ineffable tranquillity. It floats from the sky, distils out of the dark mountains, breathes up from the earth, and carries one away upon a boundless flood of life, of growth, and beneficence. The sheep with little tinkling bells crop slowly over the lawn, looking, somehow, like woolly buttons embellishing a green mantle, and tempting one to count them with the murmured tag of 'Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief'; a bird gives voice to a little half song; the swallows dip and twitter, chasing one another through the evening sky; every now and again there come wafts of spicy fragrance as the cattle trample through pennyroyal; and there, just beyond the frontiers of sight and hearing, is another world, an unseen element, which we just may not grasp. The little sheep are moving delicately to its unheard rhythm; the larkspurs stretch their blue spires up to it; the lovely tendrils of young vines fling themselves into it in an abandonment of ecstasy; and the mere faint glimpse of it so twists the heart out of the breast in a transport of love, that one would fain press the cheek against the vines, or cup caressing fingers about a flower-bell.

And what about humanity, one wonders? With nature's children, the grass and the sparrows glimpsed as so miraculous, can it really be true that we are of more value than they?

As if in answer, there is a click at the gate, and a young man stands there in the soft evening light. Looking at him, we remember with a throb that he has just received his draft call. All day, in his blue overalls, he has been at work in the fields; and then, late in the afternoon, he drew the official summons from the roadside letter-box. He must leave to-morrow morning on the early train, and he is glad. 'Yes,' his sister-in-law says, 'he's been a-wantin' to go right along. He never said nothin' on account of the old folks, but I know if it had n't 'a' been for them he'd have gone long ago.'

His blue overalls are changed now: he has on his best suit and looks extraordinarily clean and fresh, and in the poignant grace of his young manhood thrown sharply up against the horror of a world at war, extraordinarily beautiful as well. Did young men ever before seem so beautiful and so precious as they do now in these grim fighting years? He appears very gay and confident also; yet when one takes his hand to say good-bye, and wish him luck, — achingly conscious of how

little words ever really say, — his fingers are ice-cold to the touch, and it comes over one, with a grip of understanding, what tides of tumultuous emotion are racing down there just beneath the surface of that gay and confident exterior. No matter how glad a boy may be to go, it *is* upsetting to have his accustomed world turn over so suddenly beneath his feet — to be working in the tranquil fields all day, and at dusk be called upon to beat his ploughshare into a sword.

Confound the Anglo-Saxon convention of the stiff upper lip! Why must we forever cover up all emotion? Why must he pretend, and we pretend, that there is no wrench and no excitement about it, that it is all just in the day's work? Well, he really is glad to go — proud and elated and happy that Uncle Sam should touch his shoulder and say, 'I need you, my boy'; and if, in spite of himself, those icy fingers reveal other emotions as well, he would not have us guess it. 'That boy's got nerve,' his older brother exults. 'In all my life I never seen a tear in his eye!'

What he is feeling himself is his own private affair; but he has come to our gate with a request on behalf of his parents — a request so appealing, so young, so American! It seems that his father and mother — 'the old folks' — are 'all broken up' over his having to go so suddenly, and so, to comfort them, he has come to borrow our Ford car to take them to a moving-picture show in the village.

For sorrowful old hearts, a Ford and a movie!

I wonder if that fine old mother of his, in the midst of all her grief, has a moment's respite of tender mirth over youth's remedy? I suppose not. She must be too plunged in the anguish of parting from this her youngest child, whom just a few months ago she nursed back to life again through a desperate illness, to experience any of the detachment of amusement. Besides, both old people would be too loyal to their boy's offering to permit themselves even the faintest or tenderest smile.

And so, with loyal old age on the back seat, and youth and hope on the front, our little old flivver goes racing away up and down the hill-road to the village. A treat of motor-ride and show for father and mother, flung confidently, gallantly, against the tragedy of a world's disaster!

Well, we go back to the terrace and Nature's mysterious peace; but now the wonder of the sheep and flowers has dimmed a little, for one has glimpsed a more poignant beauty — that of undaunted, heroic, humanity.

Oh, yes! of more value than very many sparrows, or than a whole wide world of grass!

THE RIGGER

Swinging quickly across the yard comes the Rigger, unobserved, perhaps, by the throng; overalled like the rest; but easily singled out when one looks below the surface appearances of the flowing stream of men. Chief among his brand-marks are his keen-eyed, rollicking, fearless alertness; his belt with its single steel tool; his ability to send to a fellow workman, far above or far below, signals, simple in themselves, — a twist of the wrist only, — that convey through the hammer-din and steam or mist, most intricate directions for the arrangement of tackles of the selection of loads; and his infinite capacity for fierce, tense work and equally wild play.

Often his overalls and jumper are in one piece, and almost always stained with red structural paint. At his waist, thrust in the leather belt, is the tool of his calling, pronged at one end, pointed

at the other, fifteen inches or thereabouts from prong to point; the prong fits the steel nuts of the many tackles the Rigger uses, the point pries steel plates apart, and opens up obstinate kinks or knots in the tackles.

When called into an office before the bosses and the powers that be, he is just as alert and fearless, his job means nothing if he cannot have fair play; he may be a little quieter here but that is action thrown into thinking; he is taking in all that goes on in that office with the fearless, keen dignity of an eagle.

He is in demand all over the yard, and this makes his foreman as elusive as quicksilver when he has to be found in a hurry; for he slips from one job to another in three dimensions, gives orders, and swings off or up or down to the next.

What does he rig? Everything.

But his special joy seems to be the life overhead in the great steel structures of the craneways. There you may see him working like a tiger at some piece of construction work, with steel or wood or cable, hanging by one hand and a foot while he pulls, pushes, and pries with the others; or, in the scant time between spells of work, wrestling or sparring with a friend on a thin spider's web of a girder, with a sheer drop to the steel, ice, concrete, and hurrying dots of humanity a hundred feet or more below.

And though he never seems to think what holds him up or what margin of strength it has, he never seems to fall.

Here are three of them, straining at a taut cable that bends down over the edge of the slender platform of a crane cab; they are guiding and fending off a heavy shaft that is being hoisted into place from ninety feet below. The platform vibrates wildly under the struggle; the whole cab structure sways violently; another rigger slides over some edge above and joins them; their weight is thrown now here, now there; the load shifts and the cable slides up and up, and works back and forth on the railing. Up into sight comes the shaft, the riggers redouble their efforts, pull it this way and that, and tug it into place.

Not one has a thought of danger, or would admit that it existed even; it was an ordinary job, and it was done quickly and with a wild fierce joy in the doing.

Even on the ground he must play hard, putting a plank across a railroad iron and joyfully challenging a fellow rigger to step up. Up he steps without delay. Then, poised on the end of the balanced stick, each tries to throw the other. It is quick work, and if you're the loser you go down hard; but you won't mind, you'll just *bounce* up again — for you're a Rigger.

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M. Marcel Nadaud, aviator, retired from active service after his third wound, is the popular young novelist of aviation, whom Maurice Donnay has so happily dubbed 'the winged writer.' His *En Plein Vol* has been crowned by the French Academy, and his *Chignole* has shared with Barbusse's *Le Feu* the literary success of the past year. M. Nadaud has kindly consented to allow the *Atlantic* to print in translation the sequel of Chignole's adventures, which celebrates, under the title of *Birds of a Feather*, the hero-saga of French military aviation. **George H. Cushing,** editor of *The Black Diamond*, the official organ of the coal industry, published at Chicago, is a recognized authority on his subject, and has spoken during these last years from many platforms in furtherance of the efforts of the National Fuel Administration, under Mr. Garfield, to solve the complex and urgent problem of our coal-supply. 'I believe,' he writes, 'that this material, which explains Mr. Garfield and his board, will prove the kind of help he most needs now.' **Dallas Lore Sharp,** a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic*, lives on his farm at Hingham, Massachusetts, and is Professor of English at Boston University.

* * *

Philip H. Chadbourn has had, during these years of the war, a wide and varied experience in many lands. He took an active part in the relief work in France and Belgium under Mr. Kellogg. At the time of the Russian revolution in March, 1917, he was in Petrograd, having been sent to Russia by the United States government to inspect and report upon the camps for interned Germans in Russia. We are glad to be permitted to inform our readers that he was the author of the extraordinarily vivid and graphic description of that momentous event, printed in the *Atlantic* for July, 1917, under the title of 'The Russian Ides of March,' and there ascribed to 'Paul Wharton.' **Hascal T. Avery** is a member of the New York bar and has had some experience in newspaper editorial work, also in the field of advertising. He is now 'vice-president of a subsidiary company of one of the largest mercantile corporations of America.' 'Sarah Alden Ripley' is the third of **Gamaliel Bradford's** 'Portraits of American Women,' the second of which, 'Harriet Beecher Stowe,' we printed in July.

* * *

Ruth Comfort Mitchell (Mrs. Sanborn Young) is a well-known American writer of both prose and verse, who makes her home in California. **William Roscoe Thayer,** of Cambridge, is a historian and essayist of high repute, who has specialized in Italian history. His *Life and Times of Cavour*, published a few years ago, is his most distinguished work. **Margaret Lynn,** a member of the English Department of the University of Kansas, is an *Atlantic* contributor of long standing. **Henry P. Talbot** is Professor of Chemistry and Chemical Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His present paper is complementary to the earlier one, 'Chemistry at the Front,' printed in our August issue.

* * *

Maria Moravsky is a young Russian poetess, who came to America just before the revolution. 'She is one of the best-known of the younger Russian poets,' says a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, 'has done numerous critical essays, and published seven or eight books; but she looks like a child or a young boy in her leather cap and her great-coat.' To the editor of the *Atlantic* she writes: —

> I came to your country about a year ago with the purpose to study it. I loved America from afar and I was very happy to be sent here as a correspondent of *Letopis*, the magazine of Maxim Gorky. But very soon I lost the connection with all papers to which I used to contribute in Russia, because, you know, we have plenty of reasons for it now. Then I started to write in English. I said to myself: 'If I cannot describe America to Russians, I will try to rediscover it for Americans.' And I feel a little disappointed that my point of view is familiar to you and I could not tell you anything new. . . . I have had a hard time studying English here, after the usual 'twenty-lessons course' which the careless foreigner takes before leaving his land. . . . I must hurry to print what I write, because I have no other profession; I just know how to think, and it is quite a trial to express my thoughts in your extremely rich and complicated language; I love it so and still cannot conquer it yet!

* * *

Beatrice Ravenel is a poet of Charleston, South Carolina, and an occasional contrib-

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utor of lyrical verse to the *Atlantic* — 'For a Sun-Dial' in July, 1917, and 'Missing' in January last. **Professor William O. Stevens** has been for many years connected with the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he is now Professor of English.

* * *

M. Albert Thomas is a leading French Socialist, of that branch of the party which stands firm for a vigorous prosecution of the war. He held office as Minister of Munitions, in the ministry of M. Alexandre Ribot, immediately preceding that of M. Clemenceau. This paper was written at the invitation of the editor. **Henry B. Beston,** an American journalist, war correspondent, and author has been commissioned by the *Atlantic* to write a series of articles on various aspects of the naval activities of the Allied countries, and has been given unusual opportunities for observation. **Reverend Joseph H. Odell,** pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Troy, New York, whose vigorous appeal to his clerical brethren, 'Peter Sat by the Fire Warming Himself,' aroused such varied emotions, has lately returned from a visit to the seat of war in France. We are not at liberty to reveal the identity of the **Staff Officer,** whose letters it is our privilege to publish. **Dr. John C. Ferguson,** of Newton, Massachusetts, is a recognized authority on China, where he has lived for a generation, first in an educational capacity, and since 1902 as an official of the Chinese government in various departments. In 1917 he became adviser on foreign affairs to the President of the Chinese Republic.

* * *

From the utmost Antipodes, that is to say, from Yanghokow, Chihli Province, in the Shihpei Assistant District Inspectorate of the District of Changlu of the Chinese Government Salt Revenue Department, comes this pleasant word of appreciation: —

* * *

Perhaps it is because I am the only Caucasian in this place, not to speak of being the only American, that the June *Atlantic* filled such a big place in my life. It is hard to realise the Great War out here, in spite of one's brothers, relatives and friends all being in some kind of war service. In China, away from the foreign settlements, the European struggle is of secondary or tertiary interest only. Here the poor fishers set and haul in their nets day and night, singing their once-heard-never-to-be-forgotten fishing chant, the brigands prevent lawful use of the public roads, unmolested in their pillaging, and, higher up, the officials plan how they can borrow more money and how they can squeeze the people a little tighter, to fill their pockets and carry on their political warfare with the South.

So it is that living in this mediæval atmosphere, and serving the Chinese Government as one more or less efficient foreign tool to ensure the collection and proper use of this government monopoly, surrounded by grasping and material minor officials, the June *Atlantic* came like a refreshing shower in the desert. M. Barrès always writes beautifully and so as to make one proud of French manhood and of all the struggling, noble host battling for Righteousness in France. Peculiarly situated as I am, however, 'An Englishwoman's Message' made the strongest appeal; it is a great message powerfully put and I am a better American, a better Ally, a better man for it. I know now I can't afford to do without Mrs. Burnett-Smith's book which you say the George H. Doran Company is to publish shortly.

For fascination and beautiful English Mr. Newton's 'A Light-Blue Stocking' is worth the price of the magazine alone. We who live in China have many Russian friends, and 'The Mother of Stasya' is not only a clever story, but an excellent character portrayal. So I might go on right through the index, but I have imposed on your time already. Each month has two bright days, two brightest days I should say, one material, — pay day; the other mental, — Atlantic Day, and I need not add, that last is best even if the numbers do arrive five weeks late!!

ROPER D. WOLCOTT.

* * *

Certain esteemed correspondents have courteously called us to account for the use of the phrase 'prune themselves,' in this column in the September issue, in the sense of 'plume' or 'pride themselves.' 'It is not often,' we are told, 'that we find the *Atlantic* napping, but how did such a *twist* occur?' We are fortunate in being able to lean on no less eminent an authority than that of the *New English Dictionary*, where this use of the phrase, although rare, is distinctly recognized. Andrew Marvell, for instance, in his *Rehearsal Transprosed*, speaks of 'Divines . . . who pruned themselves in the peculiar virulency of their pens.'

* * *

We are glad to say that Miss Kirkland's paper, 'The New Death,' enlarged, and with many quotations from soldiers' letters, which could ill be spared from the original *Atlantic* article, has been published in book

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form by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company. This seems to us one of the volumes of permanent significance which the war has yielded.

* * *

The writer of the following letter expresses his appreciation of the *Atlantic* in a form which will, we trust, be as gratifying to the recipients of his bounty as it is to us.

As a matter of charity, for the sake of giving good reading matter to a rural community, and believing from long experience that the *Atlantic Monthly* is the best magazine published, I desire to subscribe for 20 copies of the magazine for a year. . . . The magazine will be sent to a minister, to be distributed by him to such people as he deems worthy.

HENRY K. MCHARG,

New York.

* * *

Mr. William C. Scully, still in happy ignorance of the battle that raged over his paper on 'The Life of the African Ostrich' in the *Atlantic* for March last, writes us, on August 4, from the outposts of civilization, at Lobatsai, British Bechuanaland: —

I am up here 'at the back of beyond.' You will never find the place on the map. . . . This place is chiefly remarkable for the number and variety of its snakes, which exist in quite embarrassing numbers. A python 26 feet long was killed close to my house, and poisonous mambas, over 12 feet long, often come in among the houses. Lions and most large game have sheered off to the westward, but leopards are a great nuisance. A beautiful cheetah was killed close by, day before yesterday. . . . Am quite alone, my wife and family being down in a civilized part. I have a small force under me, and have jurisdiction over an area about half the size of Europe.

* * *

By inadvertence, we said in this column, in the August number, that Lieutenant Nordhoff was a graduate of the Escadrille Lafayette. He writes us from France, under date of September 1: —

I have never been in the Lafayette Escadrille — which was a squadron fed from the Lafayette Flying Corps, of which latter I was an insignificant member. [He adds:] There was a single tiny misprint, too, the substitution (doubtless long before you saw the MS.) of an *n* for a *c*, making it read 'monoplanes,' instead of 'Albatross monoplaces (single-seaters). An Albatross monoplane has never, to my knowledge, made its appearance; whereas the monoplace was formerly a famous Hun scout machine.

A further chapter of Lieutenant Nordhoff's experiences may be expected in the near future.

* * *

Too late for inclusion in his paper on General Foch in the October *Atlantic*, Mr. Dawbarn sends us an additional paragraph or two adverting to the general's recent elevation to the highest military rank — that of Marshal of France — in recognition of his eminent services since he has been in supreme command of all the Allied forces. 'Foch,' he says, 'wears his laurel and oak-leaved hat as a marshal of France at the back of his head, and when he speaks, raises his arm with a free and natural gesture that has no pose in it. . . . His elevation to the rank of marshal consecrates a talent remarkable for its suppleness and richness, for its erudition, and for the wholly French quality of improvisation.'

* * *

The many friends whom Captain James Norman Hall has made for himself by his absorbing narrative of 'High Adventure' will be gratified to learn that the *Atlantic* has received a long and interesting letter in his own hand, dated July 27, from the 'Offiziers Kriegsgefangen Lager,' Karlsruhe.

Several weeks ago [he writes] I sent you a postcard which I hope you will receive before this letter reaches you. [See the *Column* in the October number.] . . .

I told you briefly, on my card, how I happened to be taken prisoner. We were a patrol of three and attacked a German formation at some distance behind their lines. I was diving vertically on an Albatross when my upper right plane gave way under the strain. Fortunately the structure of the wing did not break. It was only the fabric covering it, which ripped off in great strips. I immediately turned toward our lines and would have reached them, I believe, even in my crippled condition; but by that time I was very low and under a heavy fire from the ground. A German anti-aircraft battery made a direct hit on my motor. It was a terrific smash and almost knocked the motor out of the frame. My machine went down in a spin and I had another of those moments of intense fear common to the experience of aviators. Well, by Jove! I hardly know how I managed it, but I kept from crashing nose down. I struck the ground at an angle of about 30 degrees, the motor, which was just hanging on, spilled out, and I went skidding along, with the fuselage of the machine, the landing chassis having been snapped off as though the braces were so many toothpicks. One of my ankles was broken and the other one sprained,

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and my poor old nose received and withstood a severe contact with my wind-shield. I've been in hospital ever since until a week ago, when I was sent to this temporary camp to await assignment to a permanent one. I now hobble about fairly well with the help of a stick, although I am to be a lame duck for several months to come, I believe.

Needless to say, the lot of a prisoner of war is not a happy one. The hardest part of it is, of course, the loss of personal liberty. Oh, I shall know how to appreciate that when I have it again. But we are well treated here. Our quarters are comfortable and pleasant, and the food as good as we have any right to expect. My own experience as a prisoner of war, and that of all the other Frenchmen and Englishmen here with whom I have talked, leads me to believe that some of those tales of escaped or exchanged prisoners must have been highly imaginative. Not that we are enjoying all the comforts of home. On the contrary, a fifteen-cent lunch at a Child's restaurant would seem a feast to me, and a piece of milk chocolate — are there such luxuries as chocolate in the world? But for prisoners, I for one, up to this point, have no complaint to make with respect to our treatment.

We have a splendid little library here, which British and French officers who have preceded us have collected. I did n't realize until I saw it how book-hungry I was. Now I'm cramming history, biography, essays, novels. I know that I'm not reading with any judgment, but I'll soon settle down to a more profitable enjoyment of my leisure. Yesterday and to-day I've been reading *The Spoils of Poynton*, by Henry James. It is absurd to try cramming there. I've been longing for this opportunity to read Henry James, knowing that he was Joseph Conrad's master. *The Spoils of Poynton* has given me a foretaste of the pleasure I'm to have.

A prisoner of war has his compensations. Here I've come out of the turmoil of a life of the most intense nervous excitement, a life lived day to day, with no thought of to-morrow, into this other life of unlimited bookish leisure. We are like monks in a convent. We're almost entirely out of touch with the outside world. We hear rumors of what is taking place at the front, and now and then get a budget of stale news from newly arrived prisoners. But, for all this, we are so completely out of it all that it seems as if the war must have come to an end. Until now this cloistered life has been very pleasant. I've had time to think and to make plans for a future which, comparatively speaking, seems assured. One has periods of restlessness, of course. When these come, I console myself as best I may.

Even for prisoners of war there are possibilities of quite interesting adventure — adventure in companionship. Thrown into such intimate relationships as we are here, we make rather surprising discoveries about ourselves and about each other. I should like to write a series of articles for you about life in a prison camp, and the amazing effect it has upon different types of men. But I should need Henry James's subtlety, all of it, and something even beyond his uncanny power of analysis, to do the thing justice. There are obvious superficial effects, which I can trace back to causes quite easily. But there are others which have me guessing.

I had a very interesting experience immediately after being taken prisoner — May 7th. I was taken by some German aviators to their aerodrome and had lunch with them before I was sent on to the hospital. Some of them spoke English and some of them French, so that there was no difficulty in conversing. I was suffering a good deal from my twisted ankles, and had to be guarded in my remarks because of the danger of disclosing military information. But they were a fine lot of fellows. They respected my reticence and did all they could to make me comfortable. It was with pilots from this squadron that we had been fighting only an hour or so before. One of their number had been killed in the combat by one of the boys who was flying with me. I sat beside the fellow whom I was attacking when my wing broke. I was right 'on his tail,' as we airmen say, when the accident occurred, and had just opened fire. Talking over the combat with them in their pleasant quarters, I was heartily glad that my affair ended as it did. I asked them to tell me frankly if they did not feel rather bitterly toward me as one of an enemy patrol which had shot down a comrade of theirs. They seemed to be surprised that we had any suspicions on this score. We had had 'a fair fight on an open field.' Why should there be any bitterness about the result? One of them said to me, 'Hauptmann, you'll find that we Germans are enemies of a country in war, but never of the individual.' My experience thus far leads me to believe that this is true. There have been a few exceptions, but they were uneducated common soldiers. Bitterness toward America there certainly is, everywhere, and an intense hatred of President Wilson, quite equal in degree and kind to the hatred in America of the Emperor. . . .

Word has just come that we are to move this morning, in an hour's time. Where we are to go, none of us know. I must hurry my preparations. . . . We are permitted to receive magazines, but no newspapers. I will be very grateful for the *Atlantic*. . . . I shall never tire of reading 'Jungle Night.' I hope Mr. Beebe is to write some more papers for you.

Under date of August 31, Mr. Walter G. Smith, of the prisoner bureau of the Red Cross, writes to us from Berne that, within a few days of that time, that bureau had received news of Captain Hall's transfer to Landshut in Bavaria, where

there is an officers' camp for Americans, occupied by about twenty men at this moment. Captain Hall will have the companionship there of a number of other American aviators, among them Major Harry Milford Brown, Lieut. James E. Duke, Jr., Lieut. Henry C. Lewis, Lieut. B. W. deR. Leyson, Lieut. Harold Archibald MacChesney, and Captain Joseph F. Williamson.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1918

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BY MARCEL NADAUD

I. FOUR OF A KIND

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I. THE R.G.A.

UNDER the pavilion of the Gare du Nord, Papa Charles waited patiently for Chignole and Flagada, with whom he was to take the six-o'clock train for Plessis-Belleville. He had parted from them about midnight, after the Bassinets' dinner; a gay little dinner, at which M. Bassinet, slightly elevated, had proposed a number of rococo toasts to victory, to the soldiers 'on the job,' and especially to the aviators — 'those heerroes!' and Flagada had captured the assembly with several monologues in his best vein.

The ladies had not been so merry. Madame Bassinet bitterly bewailed her sauces, which disappointed her fastidious palate. 'But it is all your fault. A good dinner must not be kept waiting, and you were a full hour late.'

'I have already told you, Mâme Bassinet, that these children had their little special engagements. I know what it is to be young. Listen, gentlemen: I, — yes, I —' And M. Bassinet was in the middle of one of his raciest stories before a withering glance from his wife could warn him of Sophie's presence.

'O little daughter, little daughter, do hurry up and get married! Then I shan't have to be forever twisting my tongue seven times over, before I dare speak.'

'But, papa, is it I who make the delay? As far as I am concerned, it cannot be too soon. And — I think Chignole agrees with me.'

Chignole did not answer; he closed his eyes, the better to commune with his soul, and bent his head in fervent acquiescence. If the truth were told, he was a bit ashamed and secretly reproached himself: 'You have been outrageously silly, my poor Chignole, to let your head be turned till you forgot your own little Paris, Sophie, the good work-a-day life. Of course, it was the fault of that damnable climate of the Côte d'Azur, that goes to your head like a slow waltz or like one of Papa Charles's amber-tipped cigarettes. Yes, I confess; I was an ass. It is risky for a man to look on at such a fairy show as that; he wants to be somebody. — And because I dressed the part, I thought I was the hero. — Ah! such an idiot!'

No; Sophie was not to be compared to those women down there: to those

parasites, languidly parading their insatiable curiosity and their sensual nostalgia; those seaside belles, with their painted faces, flaunting their brazen wretchedness in the sun; those bold-eyed women of Piedmont gathering tuberoses in the gardens of Cimiez.

No, she was not at all complex, the little stenographer; but he knew her to be so loyal, so sincere, so devoted, so truly his own, that he could not but prefer her to those others.

'It is quite true, my children, I don't deny it; we might have taken advantage of Chignole's convalescent leave, to celebrate your marriage; but *primo*, our ace has decided to cut it short in order to go back immediately with his chief; and *deusio*, we are at war. A conventional Paris wedding — how dull! I have therefore decided.' — M. Bassinet lifted an Olympian eyebrow and emptied his glass. — 'You are never billeted on the firing-line; always some kilometres behind; so, the moment you are settled in your new quarters, we plan to arrive in the neighboring town, and there, close to the front, as gay as you please, you shall be joined together. I have said it.'

'And what if someone rings the concierge's bell while I am gone?'

'Mâme Bassinet, we can pay for a substitute. What is the sense of putting away money for our funeral, these twenty years, if we may not nibble at it in honor of little daughter and her aviator?'

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Time dragged, for Papa Charles. 'They must have forgotten to wake them. Devil take it! — we shall come out of this with eight days' close arrest.'

Cool as a cucumber, his tall figure swinging along jauntily, he resumed his stroll on the platform.

'Hue, Lolotte! — Hue!' M. Bassinet, with a flourish of his whip, urged on Lolotte, who described an elegant arc and drew up at the curb.

'Here we are!' Chignole and Flagada hurtled through the carriage door. 'Don't forget that we hit the hay rather late, old man; it took a bit of coaxing to get us up this morning.'

'Not to mention the fact that the ladies could n't let their Chignole go till they had hugged him, all round. Over and over, I protested, "You will spoil that boy!" but it was no use talking. They could n't part from him. — Women, you understand' — M. Bassinet shrugged his shoulders, a gesture of disillusion; then, 'My dear aces, don't let me delay you. I won't say, "Good luck," that's a hoodoo; but I'll think it. You are off, eh? Get at their insides — as far as it'll go — for you, and for the old jackasses like me who can't do it. And Chignole, my boy, if ever you find yourself strapped, if you need a little chink, just drop me a line, "Purse torpedoed." I shall understand.'

Arm in arm, the three friends entered the station. Chignole let his bag fall on the toes of a civilian, and the delicate little joke appealed to them all immensely.

M. Bassinet watched them disappear. 'Poor lads! Brave lads!' — With his coat-cuff he tried to wipe away the tears that would come.

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Plessis-Belleville. They leave the station, turn their backs on the village, and follow the long road leading to the offices of the *Réserve Générale d'Aviation* (*R.G.A.*).

'It's agreed, Flagada? We don't separate? I was to pass on to a Spad with Chignole, but I shall ask to stay on the Voisin. Really, you know, I do like my old cuckoo — we shall probably get our chance at night-flying.'

Flagada stammered his thanks, but Papa Charles cut him short. 'You'd better let me pull that off with the commandant. The stunt will be to make sure of the delivery of the busses, and get to the front before evening.'

'Right-o!'

'And, I say, Flagada! don't load up here with an observer. We'll try to find somebody in the squadron, who'll fit in with us.'

'Somebody who can see a joke — what? I did n't go to war to be bored.'

Rotary motors were detonating; stationary engines purring; the air reeked with the smell of burning oil; motor-cyclists, dispatch-bearers, raced toward the hangars; mechanics worked at the planes with the apparent carelessness which characterizes sustained activity. Near the shed where the anemometers and weather-gauges were set up, a group of pilots discussed the latest news by telephone from the meteorological stations.

After breakfast Papa Charles and Flagada submitted themselves to the many formalities of the organization. Chignole scrutinized the machines, detecting every possible flaw. He bound the piano wires near the propeller with twisted thread, so that if they snapped they should not get within the swing of its orbit and cause an accident. He regulated the indicators along the rim, and set in the cockpit a box containing thirteen grains of salt, the mascot that never fails.

They're off! The engines revolve. Papa Charles, his hand on the gas-throttle, listens carefully, then switches off. The purr of Flagada's machine sounds normal.

'Ready?'

'Well!'

Papa Charles signs to the mechanics to remove the blocks.

'One minute,' cries Chignole; 'there's the commandant.'

They wait for him, and he comes running. 'If you have to land *en route*, look out for jarring on bare ground. Two of your comrades were killed between Vauchamps and Champaubert. Careful, eh? Cut out the drinks.'

'That's what we're here for, sir.'

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Two hundred metres! On the right, Paris, in a veil of tawny clouds. On the left, Ermenonville, the Isle of Poplars, the empty tomb of Jean-Jacques, and the willows that bewitched Corot. Farther off, Nanteuil, Villers-Cotterets, Soissons — the Boches.

'Flagada is n't half bad,' said Chignole complacently, pointing to their friend who flew in their wake.

Meaux; they are following the Petit Morin. Papa Charles studies the route carefully.

'There it is.'

'What?'

'Where they came a cropper.'

In a meadow at the edge of the stream, a shattered aeroplane made the sign of the cross.

'Wheels in air — a regular somersault! — Engine topsy-turvy. — They must have been green hands, those fellows.'

The biplanes descended in a spiral to salute the dead bird, then rose again and flew for Vertus and Bar-le-Duc, where they were to learn their ultimate destination. Contrary to habit, Papa Charles and Chignole were silent. Their flight absorbed them, possessed them. As sailors feel the lure of the sea when they hear the booming of the great deep in the shrouds, at the crossing of the bar, so these two, once again free in space, were seized with passionate desire to ride the air. They longed to mount up forever, always higher, toward the light, in the enthralling dash of the machine.

II. FLAGADA REVEALS HIMSELF

'Oh, yes; we all know! You are aces and we are two-spots. Nobody denies it. But when it comes to night-flying — we're always at your service, messieurs les chasseurs!'

Although he had been in Bar-le-Duc hardly more than fifteen minutes, Chignole had already contrived to stir up a dispute about the respective merits of battle-planes and bombing-planes. At the pilots' mess, before a noisy but sympathetic audience, he sang the praises of the biplane with the wide wing-span.

'I know; I know; you fly zebras and we, elephants. Just the same, Papa Charles and I are still willing to do our climbing in the old family bus. — You saw? — Papa Charles was a trifle close for landing; he cut off the gas, but the mill[1] would n't stop. If we'd been on one of your planes that go slashing through the air like a razor, we should have been sliced off like a head of lettuce — while on ours we stood the shock as easily as a bird!'

'Pour him out a drink — Then he'll give you a rest from his airy romancing.'

Enter Papa Charles with Flagada.

'I have the orders. We rendezvous at Nancy, to-morrow.'

'Our old crowd?'

'Perhaps; we shall see; we should worry. This evening a squadron of Farmans is to bomb behind the front at Verdun. The commandant has asked us to join, as it is not complete.'

'And you accepted with enthusiasm.'

'Apparently.'

'Then, I pause in my discourse.'

'I was about to suggest it.'

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A pale row of acetylene lamps marked the starting-line. The two biplanes were side by side, their engines at low speed. Flagada and Papa Charles, smoking a last cigarette, placidly studied their maps. Chignole flitted nervously from one to the other.

'I don't think it prudent for Flagada to fly alone.'

'I would rather be alone than with an observer whom I don't know.'

'But how about the bombs?'

'The mechanics have placed a release close to my hand.'

'Just the same, — remember what I say, — I know a little something about night attacks; I've been there before, young fellah; you have n't.'

And Chignole swelled his chest and eyed his comrade with a fatherly air.

'The Farmans don't take any chances.'

'Hop on, Chignole!' And to Flagada Papa Charles shouted, 'I shall show a light from time to time. Try to follow us.'

'*Zou!*'

With the noise of their motors enhanced tenfold by the stillness of the night, the two machines leaped toward the huge, overgrown, yellow moon that seemed to smother out the stars scattered over the sky.

'Clear weather; luck's with us!'

'I'd prefer a few clouds. They're going to wing us, over the lines — and we're not so very far away from them.'

Papa Charles pointed out to his companion the bluish flashes from the firing of the big guns.

'Do you see the Farmans?'

'No; but they ought to be caught in the searchlights by now.'

Before them, the spindles of light wavered, crossed, pursued their fleet prey, and tried to clutch it.

'Those searchlights are on autos; they're feeble things; we should worry!'

But suddenly a beam whose brilliancy eclipsed the others ran up the sky. It turned, hesitated, lost its way,

[1] The engine, in aviation slang.

then discovered their machine and held it.

'Now's the time to show them we're not rookies!'

'Take your place for the tango!'

Papa Charles pulled the joy-stick; the aeroplane nosed up, leaped, took a tail-dive of several hundred metres. But the ray of light held on. Clinging to his course like an old sea-dog to the rudder, Papa Charles repeated the same manœuvre with variations. He would run down in daring glissades, then turn abruptly and dart up again. And always the white ray caught them again and blinded them. The anti-aircraft guns began to volley fiercely; their aim was getting dangerously accurate; the fliers could already feel the shock of exploding shells.

'What's got into them, anyhow?' growled Chignole, his face buried in his arms.

'They think they've got us, that's what! I can't see any more.'

Behind them Flagada, helpless, looked on at this duel between the dizzy moth and the devouring light. With eyes bursting in his head, he turned, swayed, climbed, fell back again into the entangling net of implacable light that was driving him to destruction.

'What to do! — What to do!'

The horror of the situation stupefied him. He looked down, despairing, on the bright spot from which the deadly rays diverged. Then, suddenly, an idea flashed into his head. 'Yes; at least I can try it.'

With the boldness of desperation he cut off the gas and dived at the searchlight. With every light out and engine stopped, he slid invisible and silent, till, at a low altitude, he poised above the projector and at one stroke released the bombs.

Broum! Broum! — Nothing more. — Darkness.

'Flagada! I guess I've put them to sleep — what!' And he turned on the wing, gained the landing-place, and awaited the return of his friends.

They were not long in coming. Chignole, greatly excited, fell upon him. 'Heh, old boy! We've had the most fantastic adventure — you could never imagine. We were caught by a search-li — '

But Flagada interrupted him: 'No, no; let me off this time. You always have some tall yarn — '

'You mean to say you did n't see us? — A searchlight caught us, drowned us — then — all of a sudden — it went out. You saw nothing? — Papa Charles will bear me out.'

'No, nothing. Sweet evening for a débutant — what?'

And Flagada, walking at a tranquil pace toward the billets, rejoiced that his friends did not know they owed their lives to him.

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'Put up the busses. Run a flashlight over the engines. Ease up my rudder. — Fill her up for ten o'clock.'

The mechanics obeyed, and their dusky silhouettes stood out, huge, against the machines shining white under the moon. Papa Charles, seated on a can of petrol, was peeling off his leather suit. Chignole, in a brown study, scratched himself behind his ear, rubbed his nose — always signs of deep perplexity with him.

'Do we go bye-low?'

'What's struck you, you dumb old oyster? Have you swallowed the cuckoo's joy-stick?'

'The matter with me, Papa Charles, is that I don't like mysteries; and we are swimming up to our eyes in a mystery.'

'I don't get you.'

'You don't? Then I suppose you find it quite natural that the search-

light should suddenly let us go, at the very moment when it had us at its mercy?'

'Oh, well, something happened, of course; but I'm not going to make myself sick hunting for the wherefore of the why. Let's go to bed, that's what we need.'

Night! the limitless plain mingling with the sky; a convoy climbing the sunken road that runs along the plateau; axle-trees groaning, wheels creaking, horses neighing, men swearing. The hangars thrust their massive, regular profiles into the gray picture, their silvered roofs billowing in the wind. A few lights mark the village of Béhone; a ray of moonlight twinkles on the weathercock on its clock-tower. The big gun keeps up its steady hammering in the giant forge that flushes red on the horizon.

'Yesterday, little old Paris — day before yesterday, back from Nice,' murmured Chignole. 'To-day, apprenticed to death. — I'm not grousing; far from it! Still, I will confess, I was afraid to come back to the front. Yes, afraid of being afraid. I got rusty in hospital, and then I had a taste of a lot of amazing things I'd never known before — and it bored me to think of leaving all that. What can you expect! I'm no hero; I've never had the training and education that give a man the nerve to react properly to such experiences. It's not hard for you two fellows to be courageous. Often, I've watched you, Papa Charles; more than once, during a raid, it almost got your goat. But then, you were not alone: Chignole was behind you with his eye peeled, and you pulled yourself together and posed — for the public! The first time a fellow leaves home, he does n't mind; he's curious, like everybody else; he wants to see what war's like. Then he's wounded, and sent back to the rear; he stops there a bit, and then's the time, old boy, when you suck the juice out of life and try all the fool things it has to offer. Me! I actually wept the first time I rode again in the Metro — and when I saw the waffle-woman at the corner of rue Coustou. Then, when you're sitting calmly at a little table on the Boulevard, with a glass of something cool in front of you, you find yourself thinking, "To-morrow I chuck all this." Well, old man, believe *me*, you feel as if your trousers were ripping up the back; and you're not happy about the way you'll break into the game when you get back to the front.'

Papa Charles turned round, took Chignole by the shoulders, studied him, tried to read his eyes, and exclaimed in a hoarse, troubled voice, 'Yes; it's true, Chignole; it's all true. But now that you're back — how do you feel?'

'Ah, good old top! It's better than it ever was. What a fool I was to dread it! How could I be such an idiot! Scare's all gone! Like a miracle! The instant I was in the bus — finished and done with! — everything else forgotten. It seemed to me I had always been a soldier, and would go on being one forever. The memory of the happy hours back there — *pftt* — gone! as at a wave of the wizard's wand. — "Vanish, little rabbit!" — Mama, Sophie, — perhaps it's silly, — but they hold only the second place in my thoughts, behind something I can't explain, something that overshadows all the rest. — Don't you know? — At midday, in full sunshine, what do you see? — The sun! — Nothing else. Well! just like that, my past dissolves, disappears, like the houses, the trees, the whole earth, under a dazzling light. Tell me what's the matter with me, Papa Charles.'

'I know — but there are n't any words for it. — *La Patrie* — France — the holy War — '

'Yes; I believe that we've had the luck to be born at the supreme moment to accomplish great things.'

They were silent, oppressed by an indefinable emotion. The wind dried the beads of sweat on their temples; the wind, that brings sick vapors from the furnaces of the battlefield, acrid odors of exploded shells and the stench of rotting flesh. Side by side they listened, deeply moved, to the voice of the great gun, now dull and distant, calling, calling them, as if it were the wounded earth that groaned.

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In the tent, they undressed quickly, for the dampness oozed through the canvas. Flagada was already sleeping peacefully.

'Well, I know I'm a bore, but the story of the searchlight is yet to be explained,' said Chignole, hitching up his suspenders with a characteristic gesture.

'It's certainly extraordinary that Flagada saw nothing.'

'Especially — come to think of it — as he was smiling when he answered our questions — a little as if he had a joke on us.'

'Well, why should n't he smile? There was nothing to cry about. Pshaw! We shall guess the riddle sooner or later, — more likely later. Douse the glim!'

Papa Charles slid shivering between the stiff, cold sheets. Chignole went to the table and took up the lamp.

'What am I stepping on? — Oh! Flagada's flight memorandum.'

'His flight-book? Pass it over! Let's see what he's put down about this evening's bombardment.'

Papa Charles turned the pages quickly, Chignole leaning over him with the light: —

'Bombardment behind the front, Verdun. Duration: 3 hours, 10 minutes. Dropped six bombs on the Boche searchlight that was bothering my pals.'

They looked at each other with wet eyes. Flagada snored.

III. THE LIGHTNING-CHANGE ARTIST

'Get up, lazy-bones!'

'What! What is it?'

Flagada and Chignole, waking with a jump, stared bewildered at Papa Charles as he slipped off his helmet and rubber coat all shiny with rain.

'While you were snoozing, I took a taxi and sized up the weather. Clouds at one hundred metres. Nothing doing.'

'Nancy is n't far.'

'What if it is n't? We must see where we're going, just the same, when we skirt the St. Mihiel ridge. As for flying at one hundred metres — when I want to cut the grass, I don't take out a new machine. It's all very well to have dual ignition; I want to know all about it before I let myself in for its eccentricities.'

'So — we're expected to get up?'

'It would seem to be indicated. It's almost noon, and you run a strong risk of not finding a crumb at the mess.'

'We should worry! We'll blow ourselves in for a tip-top dinner this evening; we'll pull it off somehow, but I can't get up a thrill over it just this minute, Papa Charles,' yawned Chignole, trying to stretch himself awake. 'Golly, but I slept! and I had a peacherino of a dream. I was sprouting wings. I soared! — I soared! — scattering all the little busses behind me as I flew.'

'Our Chignole as a rival of the Angel Gabriel — fine subject for a picture! Well, my children, I also dreamed.' Papa Charles fixed his eye on Flagada, but his voice was not quite steady. 'A very queer dream. I saw us, yesterday evening, caught in the searchlight,

blinded, done for, about to crash in a tail-spin. But a pal who was following us caught on to the situation. Despising cannon and machine-guns, indifferent to the possible smash, never stopping to count the cost, he shut off the engine and dropped down over the searchlight. And he placed his bombs so well that the horrible light was snuffed out — and we are alive. I ask you, Chignole, what you would call the fellow who would do that?'

Silence — Flagada concealing his embarrassment very clumsily and Chignole much affected.

'I should call him a man in a thousand! I should call him Flagada!' Then, as the latter tried to protest, 'Hypocrite! Sly dog! You make me sick! I shan't play with you any more.'

He leaped out of bed to hug his friend, while Papa Charles, who had got there first, gripped Flagada's hands affectionately, saying, —

'We have known one another only two days, and already we owe our lives to you. How can we ever pay our debt?'

'By never mentioning it to me again — it is agreed — never to anyone.' And Flagada began to pull on his socks.

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Down the muddy road they go, the road that leads from Béhone to Bar-le-Duc. Chignole, who is his own valet, has a horror of soiling his boots, and avoids the puddles with catlike agility, grumbling as he hops, —

'This bath-water is sickening. I never saw so much rain. We sure have a grouch against the Weather Man for leaving the sluices open all the time. Still, it's worse in the trenches, so don't let's whine.'

An imperative Klaxon warns them to get out of the way of a rapidly moving truck, which stops when it comes up with them.

'*Will you come in?*' cries the American chauffeur, in English.

'*With pleasure*,' replies Papa Charles, in the same language.

'Anything for practice in the foreign tongues,' murmurs Chignole, hoisting himself, along with his companions, into the car full of pilots of the American Escadrille. There are introductions, hearty claps on friendly shoulders, cordial greetings. Papa Charles converses; Flagada and Chignole offer their opinions freely. By the time they reach Bar-le-Duc they are all bosom friends, for Papa Charles has started the popular refrain, —

'Take me in your arms and say you love me,' —

which the Americans take up in chorus; and they cannot part until they have had several drinks all round.

'My, but I'm hungry! I could relish a little snack of something.' Chignole clicked his teeth suggestively.

'I know where there's a cake-shop; follow me,' replied Flagada.

'You know these diggings?'

'Yes; I used to come here — before the war.'

The cake-shop. A customer leaning on the counter eating with gusto. Huge, lean, all legs, his long nose sticking out like a handle above his long neck, he recalls the picture of the heron in the fable. With entire calmness, methodically, without effort, he ingulfs quantities of cakes, expediting their disappearance with frequent potations of sweetened wine.

'Have you any more frangipanes, dear madame?' he asks the proprietress, with an agreeable smile.

'Only one, monsieur.'

'Excellent; that will make it come out just even. A dozen, is n't it?'

He seizes the cake, gloats over it a moment, and in one bite it is gone.

Chignole has been staring with round eyes. 'Will you take a look at our

brother over there! Where does he put it all? Thin as a breath of wind! Whew! He likes frangipanes — what! Can you imagine what machine he flies? Where does he find a cockpit big enough to stretch his spindle-shanks? Let's get out of here! He might mistake us for cream-cakes.'

Flagada leads them through the labyrinth of the streets.

'Where are you taking us?'

'To a café, — our kind, — Café des Oiseaux.'

A huge hall. The walls are lined with showcases, in which are displayed the stuffed birds that give the place its name.

'He knows the ropes, our friend. O Papa Charles, what do you call that bird with the big eyes?'

'A grand-duke.'

'I have my doubts. He does n't seem at his ease. Heh! What's struck you, Flagada? Don't faint, what!

'A poster! — A poster!' stammered Flagada, his eyes glued to an old faded programme that hangs against a partition.

'What does it say? — Grand Concert — June 15, 1914. — That's not to-day, unluckily. One of those nifty shows — I love that kind.'

Flagada underlined with his finger a name printed on the programme: —

PATAQUES

Lightning-Change Artist

'You know him, that barn-stormer?'

'Yes; that's to say — a little. — It's me.' He hesitated; then, brokenly, 'Yes; in civil life, that's what I am. A clown at three francs a ticket, performing in the provinces and at wedding breakfasts. Lightning-Change Artist! A tenth-rate sub-Max Dearly,[1] dragging his painted wretchedness and his sinister gayety from one green-room to the next. If only I were sure I had talent! But there you are! Nothing is less certain. Now and then, not often, I was conscious of being bad enough to hiss; and there were times when the public confirmed my severe but just judgment of myself. I need only change my trade. — Quite true! Only — there you are again — I love the boards. My kind of fool is a fool for life. I'd sooner be a prompter or a property man than quit the stage. You see, your new companion is an acquisition. He's not commonplace — Lightning-Change Artist.' He laughed a forced laugh, mournfully, then sat down at a table and became lost in thought.

Enter a motorcyclist and runs to Papa Charles.

'The Chief of the Centre gave me this for you. A dispatch from G.H.Q. The reply to the request he telegraphed this morning, following your report.'

'Sshh!' Papa Charles went up to the poster and pinned the open dispatch on it. 'Flagada, — look here, old man.'

Under the name 'Pataques,' on the yellow page of the official telegram, they read, —

'Is cited in the order of the day: —

'X——, pilot in the escadrille V.B. — Under particularly dangerous circumstances, exposed himself of his own accord to save two of his companions who were about to succumb. Succeeded fully, thanks to his courage and coolness.'

Flagada trembled and tried to speak, but emotion choked him, and, to save the situation, Chignole babbled, —

'Since you love the theatre, behold, you have your reward!'

IV. AN AVIATIK RAID

The three friends were seated in one of the restaurants of Bar-le-Duc, where they had finally secured a table after

[1] The reader may here substitute the name of his favorite music-hall artist. — THE EDITORS.

interminable altercations, in the course of which promises alternated with threats.

'Oh, very well! believe it or not, as you please, the theatre has no more thrills for me.' Chignole, in difficulties with a bone from which he could not suck the marrow, paused a moment, then continued, 'The theatre! — It's nothing but lies; that's what disillusioned me. Still, when I was a kid, I adored it. But something happened that gave me cold feet. If you like, I'll tell you in five secs.'

'Anecdote!' smiled Papa Charles.

'Don't be too spiteful before a poor tyro; remember that I'm here,' Flagada murmured apprehensively.

'Well, here goes! I was somewhere about fourteen and I was working at the upper end of the rue de Belleville, in the rue des Envierges. Naturally, I used to go to the old theatre of the neighborhood, whose posters advertised the shadiest melodramas in letters of blood. And what fate decreed, befel swiftly.'

'You fell in love with a star.'

'It was my first offense. Yes; I became infatuated with the *ingénue*. Ah, my dear fellows! — Marvelous! — but she was marvelous! — One of those blondes — '

'Our Chignole already had a taste for blondes!'

'And then — as for talent — extraordinary! As Fanfan in "The Two Kids," she moved the whole house to tears, and Limace received every variety of abuse and vegetables. After having brooded long in my heart over this grand passion, I decided to unveil to her my secret soul.'

'In the words of Lagardère — '

'Don't interrupt. — I wrote her a letter carefully phrased. I might as well make a clean breast of it. I finished it this way: "You will easily recognize the admirer who will have the honor to present to you his distinguished salutations at the end of the performance. During your great love-scene of the eleventh act, he will put his legs over the edge of the proscenium rail — " '

'Irresistible attitude!'

'At midnight, very much excited, quite upset, and almost ready to throw a fit, I turned my steps toward the green-room door, which I had so often eyed with longing. Issued forth: the young hero, a regular masher; the villain, sinister; the heavy father, venerable; the duenna, sweet as sugar; the financier, all importance; the soubrette, amiable; the machinists, noisy, and the prompter, negligible. Finally, there appeared a woman; the smoky argand lamp over the entrance lighted up her features only too well. I recognized my *ingénue*, but without wig, without make-up, unadorned, showing all her years. Oh, imagine the disaster! She might have been her mother — at the very least. I left, disgusted, and I have always held a grudge against the theatre for destroying my first illusion.'

They sat silent, each one haunted by the ghost of his vanished youth. It touched them lightly, wrapped them round, caressed them, then vanished like smoke. But even when it had vanished, they felt it still, for it had left its perfume.

Papa Charles was the first to shake off the spell.

'The bill — let's get a move on. We must be in bed early; the barometer is still going up. There's more than a chance that to-morrow morning the sky'll be clear; and in that case we'll breakfast at Nancy.'

Just as they were leaving the hotel, one of their neighbors at table said to them, 'You're going back to Béhone? Look out for aviatiks.'

'Aviatiks?'

'They're out almost every evening.

Look sharp! They've no sense of humor.'

Flagada, astonished, was about to ask for fuller details, when Chignole murmured in his ear, —

'Keep your shirt on. He's a little fresh, that fellow. Aviatiks! To-night! What a crazy idea!'

They went down the avenue de la Gare at a brisk step. The night was clear.

'You see! I was right. The weather is fine; no clouds; a splendid night.'

'The moonlight flows down the steep blue roofs,' chanted Flagada.

'Halt!' cried Chignole suddenly.

'What's got you?'

'Down there in the square — a patrol — military caps, white brassards, police.'

'What of it?'

'You know very well we have no business in the streets at this hour.'

'Let's go back the way we came. We can go single file by the station — hide behind a tree — I think we can work it.

'It would mean fifteen days arrest, if those little chaps caught us. And the Provost Marshal will make it thirty days, and the military governor will raise it to sixty. — That's the tariff.'

The two patrols, approaching each other, were about to bag their helpless victims, when an automobile came down a cross street toward them, at a smart pace. Papa Charles leaped to meet it, waving his cap desperately.

'Aviation!' he roared.

The car stopped.

'Comrade!' cried the chauffeur.

A pleasant voice issued from the lowered carriage-hood: 'Be so kind as to get in, gentlemen.'

The patrols came on at double-quick. 'Stop! Stop!'

But the chauffeur, by a clever turn, escaped the mounted police, and the motor lost itself in the labyrinth of narrow streets.

The excitement over, the three companions turned as one man to the unknown who had pulled them out of this scrape; but they could not make him out under the closed top.

'Thank your lucky stars — not me. I've just come back from escorting an officer of the flying squadron, one of my friends — and I'm fortunate to arrive at the psychological moment. A little more, and undoubtedly you'd have been taken prisoners by the aviatiks.'

'What's that you say?'

'Yes; that's our nickname here for the police, because of their frequent raids. We are often the victims, for your true policeman is without pity. It's an innocent title that hurts no one. — But pardon me, I had forgotten that I am not yet presented.'

He scratched a match, lifted his cap, and in the 'grand manner,' announced himself: —

'Vicomte Jean-Léon de La Guérynière.'

'Oh, the guy of the cake-shop, who ate cream-cakes by the dozen! Well, friend Vicomte, you sure have a stomach!' cried Chignole, tapping him on the belly.

And when Papa Charles voiced their gratitude, their new acquaintance protested, —

'What sort of a cad should I have been to act otherwise? In aviation we must stand by — the wings! We have to be good sports.'

'You're an observer, aren't you?' inquired Flagada.

'Yes; I'm here at the annex of the R.G.A., on the lookout for a good pilot. Up to now, I've had only make-believes, nuts who landed on their front wheels. You can understand — I am quite willing to be scattered to the four winds by the Germans, but by a pal — it's not a pleasant thought.'

'Well, Vicomte, I am looking for an observer. — My references? — Two

hundred and seventeen hours of flight, and yesterday evening an escapade of which these gentlemen have a rather exaggerated idea. Will you make a fourth at whist? Will you change our three-handed game into a *parti carré* — of aces?'

The Vicomte scratched another match and studied the faces of the trio. — 'I'm your man. It's a go!'

'There's just one hitch,' began Chignole. 'Each one of us has a fighting name. We must baptize the Vicomte. — I have it! We'll call you Frangipane! — You don't mind?'

'Hurrah for Frangipane!'

'And the Boches had better look out — the real ones, not the aviatiks.'

Four pairs of hands clasped.

*
* *

'Red — it's rather giddy — '

'Don't you think gray would be more serviceable?'

'Well — how about tricolor?'

'Tricolor — there's no need to proclaim it — we wear it on our hearts, Mâme Bassinet,' her husband interposed sententiously, as he knocked his pipe lightly on his sole to expel the ashes.

Seated about the lamp, the three women were choosing worsteds to make a muffler.

'Daisy stitch or Tunisian?'

'Chatterboxes! Here it's taken you an hour of talk to come to an agreement. Our Chignole's knitting might have been half finished by now.'

'Pull the latch, Monsieur Bassinet, don't you hear the bell? — Ten o'clock. It's old Fondu.'

A slim silhouette is framed in the square panes of the lodge door. There is a timid knock.

'Come in, Fondu, come in, old boy.'

M. Fondu, in the employ of the City of Paris (Sewerage Department), replies to the invitation and creeps over to the stove. He is a slender little man, grotesque, of no particular age. He floats about in a great-coat of antique pattern which sweeps his heels. On his sharp knees he balances a stove-pipe hat, which, at the time of mobilization, made him the butt of the hoodlums of the neighborhood. He gazes complacently at his little-finger-nail, which he always keeps very long. He coughs, and murmurs, 'And our aces? — Any news?'

'Not yet. They only left yesterday morning. Besides, I have an idea they were going to stop off *en route* for a little spree. They've a jolly good right to it. The poor devils at the front must have their fun. They ought not to have anything to regret, if they should never come back — eh, Fondu?'

The old gentleman clucks, opens his mouth three times to speak, clucks again, and is silent. Sophie's nimble crochet needle races along the stitches; Madame Bassinet and 'Mama Chignole,' wind off a skein; M. Bassinet sucks his pipe; M. Fondu contemplates his feet. Little by little a strange purring invades the silence.

'Airplanes!'

With one bound they are at the window. Overhead, there are stars that leave their places in the sky and stray among the constellations.

'The airplanes of the fortifications.'

The women, touched to silence by a common thought, draw close together, fearfully. The men shake their heads, subdued by the sense of their unimportance.

'Ah, Fondu! We are nothing but useless old fools.'

(*To be continued*)

ENDING THE COAL DILEMMA

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

I

MENTION coal in any public forum and two groups instantly go to grips. One is a very large group led by anyone who discusses any question in broad generalities. They will say, —

'America has four thousand billion tons of "soft," or bituminous, coal in reserve. It is using but six hundred million tons a year. In a hundred and ten years we have mined less than three tenths of one per cent of our store. There is plenty here and it is easy to get at. The shortage, then, is purely artificial.'

From these facts, they make obvious deductions — that the proper development of coal is artificially throttled, for example. Expanding the theme to a world-basis, they say, —

'The world has vastly more than eight thousand billion tons of coal. Nearly all of it lies north of the Equator. The intense suffering of the Allies for coal is wholly unnecessary.'

The other, much smaller group, led by men like the late Dr. Holmes of the Bureau of Mines, admit the probable accuracy of the statistical data but insist on a different interpretation. They say,

Probably the larger half of America's coal is west and south of the Missouri River, if the unmeasured reserves of Alaska are included. That, with transportation in its present state of development, means nothing to New York, Philadelphia, or Boston.

'Also, Illinois is the third largest coal-producing state. Yet its coal is of such indifferent quality and is so difficult to manage in available furnaces, that little of it travels to market, even into the adjoining state of Indiana.

'For these reasons, the coal question is not solved by considering the quantities in the ground. It is, in both senses, a matter of availability — of being available at the point where it is needed and of being suitable for the desired purpose.'

Expanding the American illustration to cover the shortage among the Allies, this small group says, —

'Roughly the world-deposits are in America, Russia, China, Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, Japan, Australia, and some islands of the South Pacific. The deposits of China and Russia have never been developed. Japan, Australia, and the South Pacific islands are too far away. The coals of Germany, Belgium, and more than half of France were "bottled up" before December, 1914.'

These are but statements of known facts. The wealth of coal meant nothing. It was not available. The obvious truth was that the western Allies had to fall back upon the small, low-grade mines of central France and the coalfields of Great Britain. That was the situation at the beginning of December, 1914.

That state of affairs placed Great Britain in this position. An army uses, on the average, close to ten tons of steel per man per annum. It requires, on the average, about five tons of coal to produce a ton of steel. That means

that, for each soldier in action, there must be produced, in round numbers, fifty tons of coal. In England, each miner produces about 350 tons of coal per annum. Therefore, one miner can supply the coal that will support seven soldiers. (In America we estimate that one miner can support about twenty soldiers, as each produces more than 1,000 tons a year.)

Great Britain did not know about this relation between soldiers and miners until a year of modern war had taught her how much her soldiers would need. She had had experience, however, in manœuvring her navy. The coal needs there were measured almost to the pound. Accordingly she commandeered enough coal for the navy, but made no specific reservation for the army. The records of the first year of war carry hardly a mention of coal-supply; and where it was bulletined as a need, the most general terms were used. Indeed, she was so hard pressed for fighters and so little impressed with the importance of coal, that she actually called miners to the colors. This reduced her coal-supply so quickly that she was forced early in 1915 to contract sharply her shipments to export markets.

Whether Great Britain or France realized it, is not material. The fact is that, whereas demand rose steadily as the army became larger and more active, the supply diminished quite steadily. Great Britain had, therefore, an acute and growing coal-shortage from the moment of her entrance into the war. Under all the circumstances surrounding the world's sources of coal, this western European shortage could be made good by America only. So, while both countries were blissfully ignorant of its existence, the coal-shortage grew in Great Britain and was transferred instantly to the broad and willing shoulders of America. Our coal-problem, therefore, has been one which we assumed in Great Britain's behalf.

Everyone has been so easily deceived about the principal industrial problem of the Allies because no one has recognized it as a coal-shortage. Great Britain expressed it in another way, and believed that she expressed it precisely. She said that a ship of a given capacity can carry only so much freight per annum. With the number and capacity of ships limited, it would, she said, prove a waste of her most precious possession to carry five and a half tons of coal, a ton and two thirds of iron ore, and three quarters of a ton of silica sand, in order to make one ton of steel on British soil. If the steel itself were made abroad, the ships could carry more than seven times as much as could be made. So, concealed as a movement to conserve shipping, the coal-shortage of western Europe came bodily to America.

II

New England was among the first sections of America to manufacture munitions. It, sooner than any other section, began to work its factories full time, and then over-time. It, before any other district, began to invite in new workers. Therefore, it was first to feel the need of increased quantities of coal. It was the first place where the coal-shortage was felt. My records are conclusive that New England's coal-problem appeared about the middle of September, 1915.

A Richelieu, a Disraeli, or a Roosevelt sitting at the head of our State Department would have seen in the heavy buying of munitions something more than Britain's temporary unpreparedness for such a war. Especially when Lloyd George sent D. A. Thomas (later Lord Rhondda) to America to make long-time contracts for war-supplies, and to assure them even at the

cost of buying equipment for American factories, a far-seeing statesman would have realized that there was some grave and basic defect in Britain's capacity for war. He might even have analyzed back the coal-pile. Indeed, he could hardly have avoided it, since the coal-shortage in America, following so closely upon the placing of orders for munitions, had appeared in the centres where this work was heaviest. Unfortunately, the American premier, Mr. Bryan, was then in no mood to consider such things as the details of organization for war.

America was confronted at once by a stern fact with which she had to deal. Her factories had sold munitions and were manufacturing them. This called for increasing quantities of coal. As it was supplied, other users, working on goods to be used at home, began to feel the lack of coal. Even household supplies were endangered. America suddenly awoke to the fact that she was running short of the one commodity which had always been the most plentiful. The sudden transfer from too much to too little came as a distinct shock.

Western Europe was short of coal because it could not produce it. So it passed the burden to us. We too were short of coal, but could pass the burden to no one else, because we were the last resort of the world. Therefore, we must do the only thing that remained. We were forced to stimulate production. The conclusion is so obvious to everyone after three years of fumbling with the problem, that it may seem odd that our government did not at once begin to organize our mines to produce more coal.

There are two reasons why they disregarded repeated warnings and allowed coal to drift into a grave crisis. There was not in the government at that time any man sufficiently familiar with coal to recognize the gravity of the world-situation. That is quite natural, since coal had never been considered an important commodity.

What goes deeper into our national programme is that it has never been any part of our national political scheme to stimulate in any definite way the production of anything. Whenever our political thought had dwelt upon business, it had concerned itself with other aspects of the subject. Our protective-tariff policy, which was our most pronounced expression of opinion about business, had to do almost solely with the price at which commodities should sell.

The indirect purpose was, of course, to stimulate industrial growth, but the primary object was to keep prices above the level charged by the outside world. The Sherman law took root in another phase of the price question. It aimed to keep competition alive, that prices thereby might gravitate to the level permitted by the tariff wall. Thus, while our whole business scheme presupposed production on a large scale, we sought to procure it by the price policy adopted rather than by any direct or specific stimulus to production itself. So, when the need to provide for more coal came, the required action was wholly outside the realm of organized political thought. To suggest a fixed objective or programme to any industry was something we had never done. On dozens of occasions, to have resorted to such a programme would have solved our most perplexing problems in the easiest way. But we had never deserted the beaten path to try the experiment.

Vistas of interesting possibilities are suggested by this contrast of methods. We have had for years a growing need of transportation. The steam railways upon which we relied were disposed to satisfy the demand only on their own terms. Our political leaders consented

to be drawn into a controversy over terms, when they could have solved the whole problem by a definite programme to stimulate other forms of transportation, such as electrically operated railways, barge-lines on our waterways, and motor-truck haulage on good roads.

Or, confronted by a problem in copper and other semi-precious metals, we might have encouraged the leaching process for the treatment of lean ores. Instead, our political leaders tried to whip the smelter combination into a mood to be reasonable. Again, confronted by an oil-problem, we might have stimulated by a clean-cut programme the production of oil from shales, or obtained refined oils from coal by-products, and so have served all purposes. Instead, our political leaders tried to whip the oil-refining company into a mood where it would act as the politicians desired.

The outstanding fact is that, since we had never tried so simple and so effective a remedy for any public ill, we were wholly without experience in stimulating production of anything by any fixed programme. Because our political thought moved in other grooves, no one in official life could see, in the world coal-situation, any need to do something wholly new. Or, if he did see it, no one had the courage to venture upon such an innovation as to try directly to stimulate output in orderly fashion. Still, when the world needed more coal, our clearly indicated line of action was to organize in order to produce it.

It is always interesting to inquire what any state could do in such a crisis. No act of Congress had designated any bureau to stimulate coal-production. If in an emergency any department or bureau should try to assume the leadership, it would have to contend with the jealousy of the others. Also, any such assumption of power would be opposed by both coal-producers and coal-consumers. They would resent what they choose to call bureaucratic rule.

In such a crisis it would be equally difficult to find in any government the character of leadership which would be satisfactory to a majority. The United States Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines are manned by scientists who by nature and habit work along lines which are fundamentally sound. It would take them some time to get started, and results would come slowly at first. Such a policy is possible in scientific bodies the personnel of which seldom changes.

The Federal Trade Commission, on the contrary, is essentially a political body, whose personnel is constantly shifting. No member's tenure of office has covered a sufficient length of time to allow him to understand any one of the dozens of industries under inquiry so thoroughly that he could formulate a sound programme for it.

If the scientific bureaus should adopt a slow-moving but sound programme, the Trade Commission could be relied upon to complain against the absence of quick results. On the contrary, if the Trade Commission should try to force a hastily devised programme on the country, the coal men and the scientific societies would prove it unsound.

This is precisely the dilemma in which the country found itself in the first stage of the coal-shortage — from September 15, 1915, to July 1, 1917. There was only one way out of it, and that was not adopted. The Department of Commerce has from its inception neither made enemies nor aroused suspicion. Many observers believe that, without precipitating bureau jealousies or disturbing business thought, this department might have called the transportation interests and

the coal-producers into conference and persuaded them voluntarily to work in harmony. But the opportunity was neglected.

By October, 1916, the shortage had spread from New England, to embrace the territory east of a line drawn north and south through Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. It was threatening even the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, as large quantities of coal from there were being moved into the east.

Although evidences of distress were coming from every city, and although, for lack of coal, the building of the Interstate Commerce Commission was closed for three days, Washington saw no need to take definite action. It was probably held back by fear of arousing bureaucratic jealousy, although it may have been awaiting some such indication of public interest as the spectacular 'preparedness parades,' which an effervescent public saw fit to organize to warn a complacent Congress that the country was in danger. At any rate, the country had to pass through a series of weird and ludicrous contortions before it could awaken Congress to the serious situation in coal. City officials conducted investigations, and in their reports advocated that municipalities own retail coal-yards. City newspapers printed lengthy tirades against all coal men, but in particular assailed the jobbers, whom they called speculators. County and state officials conducted lengthy public investigations, and in their reports advised governors to seize the mines. To one unfamiliar with American political methods this confusion of report and recommendation must have gone further than to show dense ignorance of a fundamental question, by hinting at the absence of any sensible directing force at the capital. As plain matter of fact, this was all part of the political game — the preliminary. Our democracy was merely informing its national representatives that our people were worried about coal.

III

When this uproar had continued for some six months, war with Germany was declared. Almost at once the Council of National Defense was created, and under it a committee on coal-production, headed by Mr. Francis S. Peabody. The suggestion, both of the committee and of its chairman, was made, undoubtedly, by Franklin K. Lane, the Secretary of the Interior. No politician except the head of that department, which contains two scientific bureaus, — the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines, — would have outlined the less spectacular but deadly accurate solution of a production committee. And no head of any other political department would have chosen as chairman of that committee the most conspicuous coal-producer of the country. And no head of any other department would have cut down the list of committee members until he had some twenty men, eighteen of whom were coal-producers with remarkable records.

The Lane-Peabody committee acted on the theory that, when there was enough coal for all, prices would adjust themselves. So it centred on production, and after three months' work was showing hopeful results.

Concurrently the Federal Trade Commission, under the authorization of Congress, was investigating the coal business. It paid attention mainly to the prices charged.

The clash between the two bodies was inevitable, with the outcome hardly in doubt. The production committee was working quietly on a programme which would bring prices down ultimately. The Commission was working somewhat noisily to bring prices down precipitately. The people were restive

under the prices charged, were suspicious of coal men anyway, and were openly in sympathy with the Trade Commission. This situation led to a fatal mistake by those who were trying to do the right thing. Rather than go to the people with a frank statement of their aims, Mr. Lane and Mr. Peabody decided to forestall the Commission, which was clamoring for price-fixing by law. To that end, they called the now notorious Lane-Peabody conference in Washington on June 26, 1917, to reduce coal prices by an understanding.

This gave the Trade Commission the very opportunity it wanted. It admitted that prices were wrong and could not be rectified by the programme then being followed. It made effective use of this tentative admission, and on the point of policy involved was able to cause a split even in the President's Cabinet. Mr. Baker and Mr. Daniels agreed with the Commission, taking a positive stand against Mr. Lane. This discredited the whole production theory among the people, by misinterpreting, if not indeed misstating, the facts about the price understanding. That is, the public was given to understand that the prices named were the final concession of coal men; whereas Mr. Lane and Mr. Peabody intended that they should serve only until production costs could be determined.

The downfall of the Peabody committee ended the first stage in the coal-problem. It gave way to the price-fixing programme, which was the second stage, — from July 1, 1917, to about February 1, 1918, — and which, after a six months' trial, was commonly admitted to have failed.

If I speak plainly it must be remembered that I am dealing with a commodity which enters vitally into our war-programme, and am reciting incidents which must have their place in history. It may be unpleasant to speak with candor, but if the truth is to be told there is no other way.

The Federal Trade Commission had a well defined ambition to control the coal-industry. Indeed, William B. Colver, now its chairman, and several of its employees had, while the Lane-Peabody conference was still sitting, appeared before a Senate committee to outline their plan of control. At about that time, Mr. Colver had persuaded Senator Pomerene of Ohio to present his plan to Congress as an amendment to the Lever bill then under consideration. It is now a part of that statute.

Senator Pomerene later went on record in letters to the effect that it was never intended by the Senate committee to allow the President to name the Fuel Administrator. The Senate agreement was that the Federal Trade Commission should be given control of coal by law. When the Senate committee plans miscarried and the President was, by accident as it were, given power to nominate, Mr. Colver became a candidate for the position.

The provisions of the Lever bill become important under the circumstances. They call, primarily, for rigid control of coal-prices, and, in certain eventualities, for the seizure of the mines. As an alternative, the President may buy all the coal at the mine mouth and resell it through his own agency.

Mr. Garfield, upon being named Fuel Administrator, inherited a scheme of fuel-control written into the statute books to fit the ambitions of the Trade Commission. He has never been allowed to express his personal preference for methods, and cannot do so to-day. He was compelled to obey the statute. This instructed him to fix prices, and allowed him to fashion a scheme of distribution. If it did not happen to fit the emergency, the President might seize the mines.

By disregarding production, and by

riveting attention on prices, the political thought of Washington was at least consistent. It expressed the same theory about production that it had in the Sherman law and tariff measures. This theory, voiced so often and so eloquently since, was in substance, 'If the price is right, the production will come.'

This time-honored and slightly threadbare theory might have worked automatically to increase coal-output, if the railroads had been able to carry more coal to market; if demand had not grown too rapidly; if labor had been abundant; if the mines could have bought and used all the machinery they needed; or if an experimenting fuel Administration had not killed mine-capacity and railroad-capacity with priority orders which bred congestion in all terminals. But no price was high enough to buy a way out of this confusion. The situation called for men who could think clearly and boldly. Mere money could not bring an automatic solution.

IV

In the whirl of confusing events which followed immediately upon the introduction of the Trade Commission's price-fixing plan, the need to stimulate production was lost to sight. All efforts in that direction stopped for nearly a full year. This was, perhaps, only natural under the circumstances. The politicians were in control, with tremendous powers in their hands. Coal men did not care to oppose them. Also there were, when war came, about four thousand coal-producing companies. The heads of some of them were ambitious. Mr. Peabody's committee, however, consisted of only twenty men, so the ambitions of all operators could not be satisfied, and some jealousies arose. In time there came such ill-feeling between those who were honored and those who were ignored that, when the Peabody committee fell, its aims and ideals were buried ceremoniously with it. Since that committee had concentrated upon production, that subject became all but taboo in Washington high circles.

Thus it happened that we changed our coal-programme violently when the nation was at a critical stage in its war-preparations. Thus it happened, also, that we adopted a new and untried plan which brought on the crisis in January, when it was necessary to suspend all business for a period.

When it is recalled that our coal-shortage was borrowed from Great Britain, the event which precipitated that suspension order takes on a new and added significance. Some of the very munitions which England bought here because she did not have the coal to produce them at home, were, in January, on board ships at our Atlantic coast ports. The ships could not sail because they had no coal in their bunkers. However, an abundance of coal was at that time standing less than five miles from shore, locked in the congested railway yards. Great Britain was then preparing for the spring campaign. She needed those munitions, and was on the point of dispatching colliers to New York from South Wales carrying bunker coal. It would have proved a national disgrace if our ally had relied upon us for coal, and if we had failed to move it even to our own ports. Mr. Garfield decided to stop at nothing which would relieve those eastern ports so that the coal might get through to the waiting ships.

This congestion was the natural outcome of putting emphasis on distribution instead of production, and of trying overnight to destroy a distribution system which it had taken years to build, only to put something new and untried in its place. So the suspension

order served to prove to Mr. Garfield that the Federal Trade Commission plan was a dreary failure. He could not abandon it entirely because it was written in the law. But he could, and did, modify it radically.

The gradual return of the government to the production theory of Mr. Lane and Mr. Peabody constitutes what I call the third stage in the coal-problem. This new movement began about the end of February, 1918. It is progressing slowly — and somewhat clumsily — as I write. Mr. Garfield, informed frequently that transportation was the sole key to this complex coal situation, resolved to simplify it by limiting the movement of coal from any mine to what might be considered its natural market — to points, in other words, which required but a short rail-haul. His theory was and is that each group of coal mines shall become responsible for supplying the market immediately surrounding them. On this theory, he zoned the country. This was an attempt to increase production by trying to give the mines more cars to load. He believed that, if prices were attractive to operators and if cars were available, enough coal for everyone would be produced.

Our War Department, however, was then duplicating Great Britain's mistake of taking coal-miners into the army. It was decided to allow the draft law to operate impartially. If it took coal-miners along with clerks, it could not be avoided. We would get coal somehow. This did not work well. Indeed, Mr. Garfield's zoning plan was so beneficial to transportation, and the calling of miners to the colors was so destructive to mine-capacity, that the point was reached in spring and early summer where the railroads could carry more coal than the mines could produce. Still, on no day until the third week in July were shipments of coal to market equal to the daily requirements under the Fuel Administration's budget.

Alarmed over the fact that the potential shortage was growing daily, the United States Fuel Administration and the National Coal Association concurrently in the first week in June appointed committees to expedite production. This incidentally was the first action, since the coal-problem became acute in September, 1915, which indicated that the politicians, the scientific bureaus, and the coal men had come to agree to anything as being the true keynote of the problem, and had concurred as to what was the right thing to do. It took us almost three years to bring this agreement. Still, the fact that the cure for a coal-shortage is more coal is so obvious, that it should have been recognized after even cursory study.

V

The whole trouble, I believe, arose because everyone underestimated the intricacies of the subject. Coal had been so abundant that nearly everyone thought little about it. Those who did study it formed no high opinion of the average man they found in it. Thus the opinion grew that the coal business was crude and easily understood. So little was known about its extent or complexities, in fact, that an official of a great corporation, national in scope, called me in one day to discuss with him, seriously, his proposal that his sales-organization take over, as a side-line, the distribution of all the coal of the nation. And, in the plan which it outlined to Congress, the Federal Trade Commission actually proposed that control of the railroads, the coal-mines, and the waterways be pooled under its jurisdiction. As an alternative, it proposed that all the coal should be bought by the government at the mine mouth, and

should be distributed through the Federal Trade Commission's office.

Such ridiculous proposals could spring only from dense ignorance of the complexities of any industry which enters so intimately as does the coal industry into every phase of our national life. It was ignorance of the fundamentals of coal — coupled with a failure to understand the new international significance of American coal — which led to most of the trouble and distress. Experiments and vast experience have now proved the falsities in the original conception. As our officials have come to understand the home situation fairly well, and to comprehend, after a fashion, the international coal-situation, the need to produce more coal is openly admitted. So the major part of our troubles now has been buried with our ignorance.

Having made so much progress, we must look to the future to see what still is in store. I told a Senate committee last January, and still believe, that our gravest danger lies in 1919. The production committees are, to-day, furiously at work. But being under political influence and domination, they are a bit spectacular. Old-fashioned stump speeches, with much 'flag-waving,' are made to the miners; half-sheet, full-sheet, and two-sheet posters, filled with political maxims and catch-phrases, are hung in the mining camps; and letters are written and dinners given to the operators. Indeed, all the hackneyed claptrap of a political campaign is employed to arouse 'interest.'

Meanwhile some solid business questions remain to be solved by cool thinking and courageous acting. I may put the matter in this way. If the miners who remain outside the army are to work, they must have tools in good repair. Yet, it took three months of vigorous campaigning to persuade the Priorities Board to surrender control over mine-supplies to Mr. Garfield, that he might so organize distribution that repair parts would move expeditiously to the mines. As I write, the heads of Mr. Garfield's bureau have just been appointed.

If the miners are not available, their places must be taken by new machines or by an intensified use of the old ones. Nothing up to the date when this is written — August 1, 1918 — has been done, either to increase the supply of new machines or so to modify the rules of the miners' union as to allow constant use of the old ones.

If the machinery, finally, is to be supplied and utilized, either the old mines must be expanded or new ones must be opened. Nothing, to date, has been done along that line.

Finally, if the mines are fully manned and equipped mechanically to produce the needed coal, they must have arrangements for temporary storage of coal at the mines, to offset the irregular arrival of cars under the 'tipple.' The mines to-day have no such devices, and nothing is being done to provide them.

But, assuming that these matters are all attended to finally, it yet remains to provide cars and engines to carry that coal to market. It is safe to estimate that to keep the mines running requires fifteen times the number of cars that are required to hold the output of one day. That is, it takes each car, on the average, at least fifteen days to make the round trip from the mine to market. So the railroads must have and use fifteen cars for every car that the mines can load in a day. So far, this orderly adjustment of carrying capacity to needed coal output has not even been discussed.

Because of this complete lack of methodical preparation, I still believe that our worst coal experience will come in 1919. We can hardly hope to pass

through another disaster like that of last year without a sharp change away from the present form of coal-control. Therein lies even a greater danger than we now face. Already in Washington one hears much of an impending decision to seize the mines. Indeed, sentiment at present is setting so strongly in that direction, that it would seem to require but an insignificant clash of interests in coal and the government to precipitate that action. It may come at any time.

With what I believe to be at least a fair understanding of coal-mining, I venture to say that, if one tenth of the mistakes are made in operating the mines which were made when experimenting with distribution, we shall lose more production in six months than this nation can develop in six years. I say that understandingly. Mines are like bridges. Their strength lies in the observance of their engineering rules. Each mine has its own engineering problem. Unless worked according to its own engineering key, it will destroy itself very quickly. To tamper with the operation of these mines, without a thorough understanding of their engineering problems, is to invite disaster and to get results fatal to the American industry at the very moment when Great Britain, short of coal, is relying upon us for it. Indeed, if we do not supply it, no one else can.

THE DUTY TO DIG

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

A YOUNG man sat by the roadside, milking. And as he milked, one drove up in her limousine and stopped and said unto him, —

'Young man, why are you not at the front?'

The young man milked on, for that was the thing to do. Then, with still more slackers in her voice, the woman said a second time unto him, —

'Young man, why are you not at the front?'

'Because, ma'am, the milk is at this end,' he answered.

And the chauffeur, throwing the clutch of the limousine into third speed ahead, drove off, thinking.

But the young man milking had already thought. To milk is to have thought. If 'darning is premeditated poverty,' then there is no saner occupation for human hands, none more thought-inducing, unless it be milking. Anyhow, when the Great War came on, I went over to a neighbor's and bought a cow; I made me a new milking-stool with spread sturdy legs; and I sat down to face the situation calmly, where I might see it steadily and whole. I had tried the professorial chair; I had tried the editorial chair; I had even tried that Siege Perilous, the high-backed, soft-seated chair of plush behind the pulpit. I may never preach again; but if I do, it will be on condition that I sit on a three-legged milking stool instead

of on that upholstered pillowy throne of plush.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding? The flaming flambeaux on the Public Library say, 'The light is in here'; the ΦBK key in the middle of the professorial waistcoat says, 'It is in here.' But I say, let the flambeaux be replaced by round-headed stocking-darners, as the sign of premeditated poverty; and the dangling key by a miniature milking-stool, as the symbol of the wisdom that knows which end of a cow to milk.

Not one of those students in the University who earned ΦBK last year knew how to milk, and only a few, I believe, of their professors. One of these, with a Ph.D. from Germany, whose key had charmed his students across their whole college course, asked me what breed of cattle heifers were. Might not his teaching have been quite as practical, had there dangled from his watch-chain those four years, not this key to the catacombs of knowledge, but a little jeweled milking-stool?

I too might wear a key, especially as I came innocently by mine, having had one *thrust* upon me; still, as I was born on a farm, and grew up in the fields, and am likely to end my days as I have lived them, here in the woods, this ΦBK key does not fit the lock to the door of knowledge that life has opened to me.

I have read a little on the aorist tense, and on the Ygdrasyl tree; a little, I say, on many things, from the animal aardvark, here and there, to zythum, a soft drink of the ancient Egyptians, picking a few rusty locks with this skeleton key; but the doors that open wide at my approach are those to my house, my barn, and the unwithholding fields. I know the road home, clear to the end; I know profoundly to come in when it rains; and I move with absolute certainty to the right end of the cow when it is time to milk.

I am aware of a certain arrogance in this, a show of pride, and that unbottomed pomp of those who wear ΦBK dangling at their vests, as if I could milk *any* cow, or as if I might have in my barn the world's champion cow for butter fats. I have only a grade Jersey in my barn; and as for milking heifers with their first calves — I *have* milked them, but the boys must break in this one that we are raising for the war. Perhaps I am no longer entitled to wear a milking-stool at the watch-chain over my slowly expanding waistcoat. Breaking in a heifer is really a young man's job.

So I find myself at the middle of my years, stripped of outward signs, as I hope I am inwardly purged, of all vain shows of wisdom (quite too humble, truly!), falling in as naturally as the birds with the daylight-saving plan, and eating 'substitutes' as I have always eaten them, only refusing to call them by any such libelous name.

War cannot change the way of things here. It may take my four sons. I had hoped they might be farmers and servants of the public good. In my scheme of things there are no soldiers, although my four sons, nevertheless, have been trained to shoot and to dig themselves in, and are marching straight against some four German lads, if this war lasts long enough. And may God have mercy on the four Boches! But if they come back from the war, my four will come back here, or somewhere, to the hoe and the milking-stool. They have drunk deep of warm milk, and will never know another thirst so wholesome and so sweet to slake.

War has come, but my garden goes on as it has gone on these fifteen summers — there is a little more of it now, that is all, with a little larger yield of

its reasonableness and joy and beans. I have not had to plough up my front lawn, because years ago I provided myself with a backyard and got it into tilth, keeping the front lawn green for the cow. While only a grade Jersey, as I said, the cow is a pretty creature, and just rural enough to give a quiet ruminant touch to our approach, as lilacs would and hens, were we not obliged to keep the hens shut up on account of foxes. Staked here on the front lawn, the cow suggests war-time economy too. Thus tied, she is more than a wagon hitched to a star: for the gods not only do my mowing, but gather up and cure my hay, and turn the clippings into cream. And such cream!

Every cow, of course, gives some skim milk. Mine gives a little, which we need for the chickens, for cooking, and cottage cheese. Life is not all cream, even here. If I speak of gods doing my chores, I will say that they do not milk for me in the mornings, and that it is one of the boys who milks at night. A cow clipping your lawn is poetry and cream too, but it is often skim milk and prose to care for the creature. Milking ought to be done regularly. Get a cow and you find her cud a kind of pendulum to all creation, the time to milk being synchronized twice daily to the stars.

I did not plant war-potatoes on my front lawn, partly because they would not grow there, and partly because, in times of peace, I had prepared for war-potatoes; and partly because I think a front lawn looks better as a lawn than as a potato patch. If thou shouldst

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan . . .
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon,

should we not all live so that, when war comes, we need not plough up the beds for potatoes, where the portulaca and poppy ought to blow?

This sounds as if I believed in universal military training. The idea is hateful to me, even for six months of one year of a man's lifetime, being tantamount to war. Universal military training is Prussian, it is Bernhardi-Bernsdorff - Hindenburg - Ludendorff - Von Tirpitz - the Crown Prince - the Kaiser. Spelled that way, it sounds German and un-American. A country full of gardens is not the same as a country full of camps. If I say, in times of peace grow plenty of potatoes, it is because it takes longer to train a gardener than a soldier, to develop a garden than build a camp; and because a garden is an excellent place in which to train for the camp, digging, as in the garden, having become one of the essential ways of war, while at the same time it is the fit preparation for the ways of peace. To get your digging in a camp, however, is to leave the potatoes out of the training and learn only the ways of war.

This war was a shock to me, an awful event for which I was unprepared. But not so unprepared as Mr. Price Collier, who, in his book, '*Germany and the Germans*,' published in 1913, says of the German army, —

> It is the best all-round democratic university in the world; it is a necessary antidote for the physical lethargy of the German race; it is essential to discipline; it is a cement for holding Germany together; it gives a much-worried and many-times-beaten people confidence; the poverty of the great bulk of its officers keeps the level of social expenditure on a sensible scale; it offers a brilliant example, in a material age, of men scorning ease for the service of their country; it keeps the peace in Europe; and until there is a second coming of a Christ of pity and patience and peace, it is as good a substitute for that far-off divine event as puzzled man has to offer.

Only an honest believer in universal military training, like the Reverend

Mr. Collier or Colonel Roosevelt or General Wood, could have been unprepared to the extent of saying of the German army, 'It is the best all-around democratic university in the world . . . it keeps the peace in Europe . . . and until there is a second coming of a Christ of pity and patience and peace, it is as good a substitute for that far-off divine event as puzzled man has to offer.'

G-r-r-r-r!

I grab a grub-hoe, rush out behind the barn, and attack the earth, the stone walls — anything to calm myself when the universal trainers begin to talk.

No, I was never so unprepared for this war as was Brother Collier, for I have never been able to look at a soldier without thinking, 'How ready he is for war! readier in mind and temper even than in his gear!' I should like to see ten million American boys in uniform to-day; but when this war is over, and militarism killed in Germany, I wish to see every American boy ordered for six months to his backyard garden or the farm, there to dig under as compost the militarism that those who believe in war, and those who profit by war, would set up in America in place of the German machine.

II

Instead of universal military training, I would advocate a hive of bees for everybody, or a backyard garden. A house should have both lawn and garden, even though the gooseberries crowd the house out to the roadside, where the human house instinctively edges to see the neighbors in their new pony-coats go by. Let my front door stand open; while over the back stoop the old-fashioned roses and the grapevines draw a screen. It is between the front yard and back yard that my privet hedge shall run, behind which, as within the veil of some Holy of Holies, only the anointed of my friends, those who keep bees and go a-gardening, may enter. We shall always face a famine, a potato-panic at least, so long as our dooryards are all lawn in front and all garbage-can behind. We have farmers enough, — one to every eight of our population, I believe, — who might produce sufficient raw potatoes; but Aroostook County is barely contiguous to the United States, and such a barrage of frost was laid down across its borders this last winter that, if one brought potatoes out of Aroostook between December and March, he had to bear them in his bosom.

Aroostook County is the greatest potato patch in the world; the American imagination loves to hover over the tubered tracts of Aroostook, the *richest* county in the world; loves to feel that, not Boston only, but the rest of Ireland, could be fed from Aroostook, were it not for the triple alliance of the cold and the contiguity and a railroad that runs, if not like a broken tooth, then like a foot out of joint, into these remote dreamlands of Maine.

Woe to them that go down to the railroads for help; and stay on engines and trust in empties, because they are many; and in officials, because they are very strong. This country is too big for the railroads; so big that every house has room for a backyard, and has need to turn it into a garden, in order to save the railroads and break the potato combine in Aroostook County.

Let two or three potato-growers get together in Aroostook County, or beef-packers in Chicago, or profiteers anywhere, and a combine is sure to be in their midst. I have not had a potato from Maine this year, or a pound of beef from Chicago. I could have got on without a pound of sugar from Cuba, had I looked more carefully after my

bees last summer. I do not mean that I can handle the Beef Trust and the potato pirates and the sugar barons with my humble hoe; or snap my fingers in the face of Standard Oil, and say, 'Go to, I'll have none of your 28-cent gas!' But I do say that several million bee-keepers and potato-patchers, and hen-coopers, keeping busy in their back-yards, as I keep busy in mine, could mightily relieve the railroad congestion, and save gasoline, and cut in on the demand for Chicago beef and cold-storage eggs, and generally lower the high cost of living, to say nothing of helping to win the war.

There is this war-use for the back-yard surely; but there are older, peace-reasons for the garden, both economic and moral, that we Americans do not fully understand. We are overgiven to front lawns. We know neither the economics nor the quiet joys of dwarf fruit trees, and asparagus, and hens. Economy as a moral principle, and productivity as a personal adornment, are strange doctrines to our ears. Our First Commandment is to make money; our Second is to spend it; and if there are any other commandments in our Law and Prophets, they are to make and spend still more money — freely; but not to spend much of it on the backyard. We are not more eager for money than other nations: we only make it more easily, so easily that one of our junk-men died last week worth a million; and so freely do we spend, that to-day's papers report a lawsuit between two brothers, who do a hat-checking business in New York hotels, asking the courts to divide for them their half-million-dollar pile of tips!

I know of a young man who has made five and one-half millions in shoes and *stocks* since the war began, while I have made, among other things, 500 cabbage-heads grow in my garden. Which of us has really added to the wealth of the world, he by picking up stocks on the Curb, or I by digging cabbages out of the soil? He gave a million dollars, I hope, to the starving Belgians; I gave what I had — the surplus cabbages; and while there is little substance to be found in a cabbage, still you can live longer on it, if you happen to be starving, than you can on Wall Street stocks, even when the market is strong.

Wealth is not created, not even increased, in trade. When was one penny-weight of gold on 'change by any magic metallurgy of trade made two penny-weight? The magic of the second pennyweight is the metallurgy of the pick and shovel and cradle rocking the shining sands of the Yukon. Real wealth is circulated only in trade. It comes from primal sources — from the gold-fields, the cotton-fields, the corn-fields, the fir-clad sides of Katahdin, the wide gray waters of the Grand Banks, the high valleys of the sheeped Sierras, and from backyards, like mine, that bring forth thirty- and sixty- and an hundred-fold.

Those who produce wealth seldom possess it, the work with hoe and axe and drill and trawl being too elemental, too human and limited for that. One must handle money and not tools, to get rich; but though a man employ a million men, he does not by that produce a man or the value of a man, the world owing that debt to a mother. She produces the man; and once produced, he is absolutely nothing but a charge on the universe, except he in turn produce something, not make it — if it be only a bunch of beets.

We need the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker; and, of course, the banker to stay by their stuff; we need the policeman to stay by the banker, the prosecuting attorney for the butcher, the inspector for the baker, the tax-collector for the candlestick-maker;

and for them all, the barber, the confessor, and the undertaker. We even need the college professor — at Washington. Society is an organism, somewhat complex, with the farmer at one end, the garbage-collector at the other end, and in between a middle-man, for whom the whole body is fitly joined together; by whom each coördinating factor functions; and to whom every component part and mutually dependent organ is made vitally subservient, that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another!

The analogy might be carried further, to find society an organism in process of evolution — evolution so swift that millions of its members are left merely ornamental and idle, like the pineal gland and the vermiform appendix, society's great affliction. But it is not of the idle I am thinking; nor of any other one class; nor yet of all the classes as one; for, if they were all *one* member, says Saint Paul, where were the body? For the body is not one member, but many. We cannot all be farmers, but can we not all be gardeners? or nearly all? Cannot everybody produce some wealth, — two blades of grass for one, — and earn his salt, say, by *evaporating* it?

The food-problem before the community is not a problem of eating — of saving and substituting: it is a problem of wasting a great deal less and growing a great deal more — not more potatoes in Maine, or more beans in Michigan, but more in Hingham, where there are a few backyards quite fit for potatoes, and many yards that will produce beans. Almost any garden is good for beans, and almost any gardener. Yet beans this spring are about two for a cent!

It is not because there are 'millions in it' that I would have the banker plant his backyard to beans. Thoreau planted two acres and a half to beans and potatoes (on a weak market, however), with a 'pecuniary profit of $8.71\frac{1}{2}$.' Here is no very great financial inducement to a busy banker, or to a ward boss. Still, who better than the ward boss or the banker could afford a private beanfield?

One should pay one's way in this world, as I presume a State Street broker thinks he does, who said to me that the price of flour never troubled him. And one should have pleasure in paying one's way, too, for there are pleasures in gardening as there are in fishing, unless one has been spoiled for them by playing the stock market, or running a railroad, or otherwise helping God manage this 'automatic basement' of his great department store. The number of indispensable men nowadays, men too big for beans, though a natural development of social conditions, is a menace, a grave menace to society. A place in the sun for himself and his bean-patch is room and verge enough for one's ambitions; and an exchange of seeds and garden lore over the back fence quite as far as one needs to push one's Kultur.

III

It is not chiefly the pleasures of gardening, however, nor yet the profits of gardening chiefly, that I am writing about, real as these are and inseparable from the duty to dig — which is my theme. There are those who doubt the wisdom of digging because things can be bought cheaper at the store; and those who question their right to dig when they can hire a man to dig for them; and there are those who hate to dig, who contemn duty, who, if they plant, will plant a piece of fallow land with golf-balls only, and hoe it with brassies, niblicks, cleeks, and spooners, saying with Chaucer's Monk, —

. . . how shall the world be servèd?
Let Austyn have his swynk to him reservèd.

Golf is an ancient game, no doubt, but not so old as gardening, though golf's primordial club and vocabulary seem like things long left over, bits of that Missing-Link Period between our arboreal and cave-day past. Except for calling the cows from the meadow, or fighting in war, there is nothing we do that requires words and weapons, tools, instruments, implements, utensils, apparatus, machinery, or mechanisms so lacking in character and comeliness as the words and clubs of golf. The gurglings of infants seem articulate, even to unparental ears, compared with the jargon of golf; and as for billiard-cues, baseball-bats, pikes, spades, shillalys, and teething-rings, they have the touch of poetry on them; whereas the golf-club was conceived and shaped in utter unimaginativeness.

Golf is not an ancient game: it has the mark of the Machine upon it; the Preadamites could not have figured the game out. Gardening, on the other hand, if we trust Holy Writ, was an institution founded before the Fall, incorporated with the social order from the start — an inherent, essential element in the constitution of human things, —

Great nature's *primal* course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast, —

which civilization doth murder as Macbeth murdered sleep.

Golf belongs to civilization strictly, not to the human race, being one of life's post-Edenic precautions, like psychopathic hospitals, jails, and homes for the feeble-minded. A golf course is a little-wanderers' home; and if we must have golf courses, let their hazards be carefully constructed on worthless land, and let the Civil Service Board examine the caddies, whether they be fit guards for the golfers, lest some small boy be wasted who might have tended real sheep on Norfolk Downs or have weeded in a garden.

It is a duty to dig, to nail the Stars and Stripes to a lima-bean pole, and plant the banner square in the middle of the garden. Profits? pleasures? Both sorts will grow, especially the pleasures, which really are part of the profits, till they fairly smother the weeds; not the least of these being a sense of your right to live, which comes out of actually hoeing your own row — a literal row of beans or corn or tomatoes.

Somebody must feed the soldiers; but nobody must needs feed me. It is not necessary that I live, however necessary I find it to eat; eating, like sleeping and breathing and keeping warm, being strictly a private enterprise that nobody but I need see as necessary or be responsible for.

The soldier must carry a shovel nowadays, but he will require a hoe, too, and a pruning-hook, and a ploughshare, before he will be self-supporting. With such a kit war could support war forever, which is the Rathenau plan of war, with everything German left out, consequently everything of war left out. The soldier cannot feed himself. The crew of a battleship cannot be expected to catch their own cod and flounders. They must leave that to the the trawlers, those human boats, with human crews who fish for a living. Men of the navy must die for a living. The captain of a U.S. destroyer, writing to his wife, says, 'I think that the only real anxiety is lest we may not get into the big game at all. I do not think that any of us are bloodthirsty or desirous of glory or advancement, but we have to justify our existence.'

So does every human being; yet an existence that can be justified only by fighting and dying is too unproductive, too far from self-supporting, to warrant the sure calling and election of

many of us. No Grand-Banker ever wrote so to his wife, though he might be returning with all his salt unwet; no college professor ever wrote so, — not if he could get into his garden, — in spite of his pupils, his college president, the trustees, and Mr. Carnegie's Efficiency Board. Teaching may not justify a professor's existence, though it ought to justify his salary; so, every time I start for the University, I put a dozen or two eggs into my book-bag, that I may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

I am not independent of society. I do not wish to be independent. I wish to be debtor to all and have all debtors to me. If I ask bread of the farmer, I would not give him in return a stone. He is the last man to want a stone. Yet that is what society gives him for his wheat — the farmer, I say, not the elevator-man; society pays the elevator-man handsomely for the farmer's wheat. I owe the farmer more than money. I owe him what any beggar on the street owes me. And here is a nation to-day begging the farmer for a hand-out — panhandling the farmer, a whole world panhandling the farmer for something to eat!

What is the matter with society that this should come to pass? Nothing much, except war and business and the standards they set for society. The trouble with war is that it is busines; and the trouble with business is that it is war; and the trouble with society is that its standards are those of war and business. Society is militant; the Hun is human; and the abhorrent philosophy that he casts into great guns at Essen seems to shape everything down to the American hoe and toothpick. The people who make hoes make war on me; and every time I buy a hoe, I pay so much more for it than I ought, that I would like to use it first on its manufacturers, hoeing them up as I do the other weeds in my garden. And I am a Quaker, too! In spite of the price, I must buy my hoe, and I wish to buy it; for here on my farm I cannot make or raise hoes. But we buy too much and sell too much of life, and raise too little. We *pay* for all we get. Sometimes we get all we pay for, but not often; and if we never did, still life has so thoroughly adopted the business standard, that we had rather keep on paying than trying to grow our way.

Let the farmer grow his way; and if his existence can be justified, it will be in feeding us. 'All naval officers ought really to get killed to justify their existence,' writes the naval officer quoted above; wherein, for a moment, the officer's existence approaches that of the farmer, dying and farming being alike in that they are too personal and elemental to be done by proxy, the farmer, unlike the officer, dying all day long.

Business is a way of living by proxy; money is society's proxy for every sort of implement and tool. To produce something, however, — some actual wealth, a pennyweight of gold-dust, a pound of honey, a dozen eggs, a book, a boy, a bunch of beets; some real wealth out of the soil, out of my loins, out of my brains, out of my muscles and the sap of the maple, the rains and sunshine and the soil, out of the rich veins of the earth or the swarming waters of the sea — this is to be; and to be myself, and not a proxy, is to lose my life and save it, and to justify my existence.

I have to buy a multitude of things — transportation, coal, dentistry, news, flour, and clothes. I have paid in money for them. I have also paid in real wealth, having given, to balance my charge on society, an equivalent in raw cabbage, pure honey, fresh eggs, and the like, from my own created store. I am doubtless in debt to society, but I

have tried to give wealth for wealth, not the symbol of it merely; and last year, as I balanced my books, I think the world was in debt to me by several bunches of beets.

I do not boast of the beets, though they take me out of the debtor's prison where most of us live. I can face the world, however, with those beets; I have gone over the top, have done my bit, with beets. I subscribed to the Liberty Loans — one, two, three — and wear my buttons proudly. If I have any money my country needs, she can have it — all of it, gladly, easily; the difficult thing to give her is beets. They make you hurt all down your back, and make you sweat (which is good for the kidneys); for, as Kipling might put it, money is only money, but a bunch of beets is the beginning for a good New England boiled dinner.

The local food-administrator has just sent me a gardening blank, to be filled out with information, 'confidential and solely for the authentic knowledge of those who are compiling the food possibilities of Plymouth County and the state as a war-measure.' I wish the food-administrator had been the *Atlantic* editor, that I might boldly tell of all the things we grew here last year, from the calf to the canteloupes, from the asparagus of April around the months, summer and winter, with a garden and vegetable-cellar just like a seed-catalogue incarnated — with peaches, plums, apples, and strawberries-and-cream! My oldest boy *cleared* $136 on his chickens, besides raising his heart-full of bantams, and getting a first prize of twenty-five cents for one bantam pullet at the Hingham agricultural fair! Our winter beans were a comparative failure, but we shall sit down to our own pork and beans every Saturday night this next year, or I am no gardener.

How do I get time for all of this? To be sure, I was a trifle forehanded and got me a family of boys to start with; and of course, a college professor, whatever you say of his salary, does have some advantages over the business man in the way of vacations; so that my situation perhaps is not quite typical. I do more than the average man can. But I love to do it, and the boys love to do it; and what a man loves to do he will find the place and the time for.

Give me a garden and the wages of hoeing my row. And if not a garden, then a little house of hens, a coop of pigeons, a colony of bees — even in the city I should keep bees, if I had to keep them in the attic or on the roof. Not every one can have a garden, but every one can either plant a tree, or raise one pig, or keep a cow or goat, or feed a few hens, or raise a flock of pigeons, or do something that will bring him personally into contact with real things, and make it possible for him to help pay his way with real wealth, and in part, at least, to justify his existence.

TRIBUS GERMANICUS

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH TRIBAL PSYCHOLOGY

BY PHILIP HEMENWAY CHADBOURN

I

It was one of those rare days in June when the subtlety of the last urge of spring and the first effulgence of summer, blended and borne softly through the open windows, went to my head like wine. The ugly walls of the schoolroom blurred before my eyes. I seemed to hear in the drone of the children's voices the sound of a brook I was planning to explore after the school-bell rang for the last time.

I remember that I had my big geography propped up, and in its shelter I was drawing plans of a duck-boat that spelled untold adventure for me. My fancy took me far afield, for these schemes for camping and hunting were the obsession of my days and the dream-stuff of my nights.

In the midst of my feverish reveries I gradually became aware of a thin small voice far away, for all the world like the voices in old-fashioned phonographs. But the small voice was insistent; it grew stronger as it raced over the leagues that my fancy had put between the teacher and myself; it finally burst in upon my consciousness with a clamor, and I found myself the object of my teacher's withering glance while the tittering of the boys near me increased my confusion.

'Are you aware, Philip, that the second form has commenced its geography recitation?'

I stammered acknowledgment of the fact implicit in her question.

'What people is to-day's lesson about?' she continued.

As I hung my head in ignorance, my eyes fell upon my geography, still open and shielding my precious duck-boat. In that moment of imminent failure I noticed the right-hand page, a map,— a sprawling thing in sickly green,— and printed in large letters, the legend, 'Germany.'

'The Germans,' I blurted, grasping at any straw.

But with those eyes still leveled mercilessly upon me, I saw that I was not to be let off thus easily.

'Tell me what you have learned about the German people,' came the second question, in a soft even voice.

I felt the way a thoughtless wild thing in a trap must feel; those velvety tones fell upon my ears like the soft measured tread of the trapper, soft with alertness, measured because confident of his prey.

Thinking hard and fast, I suddenly remembered a text from a recent lesson in my copy-book. In that moment of trial that text came back. It diffused a warmth of confidence in me like the bright light which fell about the stricken stag in the miracle story, and saved it from the huntsman's fatal thrust. So I repeated boldly and word for word that which I had written over and over in my copy-book:—

'The German people are a strong race, obedient, industrious, and filled with national pride.'

The years rolled by; the schoolhouse, the duck-boat, were all but forgotten in the busy scramble of early manhood. But still, on looking back, I can remember that, when my schooling was finished and I set out to earn my living, my concept of the world at large and of its peoples amounted to little more than the epigrammatic phrases in my old copy-book. I recall, too, that nearly all my contemporaries shared my own hazy detached ideas about what lay beyond the borders of 'these United States.' But the time came when I felt impelled to push out my horizons. I 'kicked over the traces,' quit my job, and started off with a slender purse of savings and a knapsack on my back, 'the world for to see.'

The steamer on which I was a steerage passenger, ran aground in Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, near Kiel. It was a Russian ship, bound from London to old St. Petersburg, in the summer of 1913. Our pilot had given too wide a berth to one of the Sunday excursion steamers, and he put our ship fast on a bank of ooze.

While a bevy of tugs tried vainly to pull the Tsarevitch Alexi off, some of the passengers were taken in a launch to a suburban park, where a regular ferry-boat connected with the city. I remember sitting on the top deck, opposite a row of chattering schoolgirls in their 'teens. As soon as they heard me address a fellow passenger in English, they began talking about me, and went into gales of laughter over my clothes. I could appreciate their ridicule, because my tramp through Holland and England, sleeping one night in a box-car and the next in a hay-mow, had doubtless made me look like a scarecrow. So I smiled back at the young ladies debonairly, admitting that I appreciated the joke.

When we landed at Kiel I was among the last to get off. Imagine my surprise, while crossing the gangway, to hear these German girls, freed from the confines of the ferry-boat, pointing at me and yelling, 'English swine, English swine!'

II

I left the Germans to their vaulting pride in themselves and contempt for others, and sojourned among more lovable folk. The Russians took me to their heart, and made of me a son in their midst. Never extolling the great attributes of their race, — perhaps unconscious of them, — they would enumerate their faults with charming naïveté, and ask with childlike simplicity if Americans were as bad as they. I slept in their rude huts, and sometimes broke the last crust of bread; but when I went on my way, they clasped me in their arms, men, women, and children alike, and kissed me on both cheeks.

Even among the Kurds, those mongrel waifs who live by brigandage, I fared well. Disarming their acquisitiveness by my poverty, I found them very human. Ignorant beyond words, and heirs to a bigoted religion, still they were less tribal in their thought than I had imagined. Coming among them as a friend, with no ulterior motive, I was received by them as such. Even when a Turkish garrison, sent to extort taxes from their wild Kurdistan, arrested me for a Russian spy, a Kurdish chieftain interceded for me. He succeeded in getting permission from the military to keep me as his guest. While being fêted by several chiefs in turn, my Turkish guards ate what was left from our feasts, in a courtyard with the horses and mules. When we parted company, my host gave me his prayer-rug, his precious pipe, a pair of stirrups,

some metal plates and carved spoons, to show my American tribe-fellows what the Kurds could make in return for the coveted automatic revolvers which we send to them.

Pressing ever farther afield, I came in time to the Arabs. Among the nomadic tribes I found a kind of democracy that I had heard of before only in fairy tales. I have sat cross-legged with an Arab chief, an aristocrat by blood and wearer of the revered green turban, sign of his lineal descent from Mohammed. Sitting with us in a circle around a common tray of food were negroes from Nubia, coreligionists of the Arabs and black enough to put ebony to shame. Here I found the same naïveté as among the Russians, the same readiness to regard human accomplishment as well as human shortcomings as a sort of inter-racial fund from which we all draw, each nation lending to its acts the color and characteristics of its peculiar genius. An Arab would never think of holding us Americans in contempt because, as a people, we lack what Bergson calls the sixth or 'transcendental' sense. Forgetting that he excelled us in that sphere, he would be lost in admiration of our pragmatic mind, which grapples so successfully with the problems of the physical world. But when we, emboldened by success in our material field, would with carnal senses enter the realm of metaphysics and hitch our wagon to a rational god, our Arab friend has to cover his gleaming smile with a thin brown hand.

I recall a delicious dig that one old patriarch got off on me. He turned the catechetical conversation to religion, favorite topic in Arabia. Noting my increasing discomfort, he finally gave me his *coup de grâce.* He said, 'Why do your countrymen send missionaries these thousands of miles to persuade us of the divinity of that saint, Christ, before they have even convinced the chief of your own great land?'

This subtle reference to our Unitarian President, William H. Taft, from a Bedouin of the desert was too much for me. I saw there was no use trying to convince him of Western consistency, so I got on to firmer ground and told him about four-track subways, with two hundred and forty ten-car trains per hour.

III

One fine day, I found myself on an ass *en route* from the pilgrim city of Kerbela to the ruins of Babylon. German archæologists had been busily uncovering that jumbled mass of crumbling glory for more than ten years. Beside the ancient bank of the Euphrates they had built a great brick pile around a court, which they called the 'Castle.' Here they lived.

After the day's work in the excavations or over the drawing-tables, they would foregather in a common dining-room for the evening meal. Dinner finished, we would sit around the long table for several hours, smoking and chatting at random. My host, Dr. Koldewey, was quite loquacious, but with the happy faculty of making all his remarks interesting. He was the director-general of all the archæological work, and one of the world's authorities on Babylonian research. Having the additional distinction of working under the personal patronage of the Kaiser, his opinions on all subjects were given the more weight.

I remember one evening's conversation in particular, not only because I was listening to a savant of international reputation, but primarily, I think, because it was one of the milestones in my emergence from American provincialism.

To contribute my share to the exchange of ideas, I recall dilating upon

my recent experiences with the Turks. I told of their backward ways in government and business, citing some amusing peccadillos of which I had been the victim.

But Dr. Koldewey could hardly wait for me to finish. Nodding assent to all that I had implied, he said with an inclusive gesture of his arm, —

'Yes, yes, you cannot surprise me with any tales about these people. They are played out I tell you, quite finished, all of them, these Turks, Arabs, and other odds and ends of nations hereabout. I call them a "museum people." By that I mean to say that they should be thrust aside, put in a glass case as it were, for the entertainment of curious tourists. And a strong efficient race must come in and take the reins of government and put these people in the glass case where they belong.'

While still marveling at the stark boldness of his theory, and before I could formulate a defense for the peoples thus summarily disposed of, he continued, —

'Now take the French, for instance. There is another *ganz-kaput* race, decadent, effete.'

He took a draught of wine from a silver beaker; he leaned forward and reached his long arm out over the dinner-table. Speaking with slow precision and punctuating each word with a tap of his forefinger, he said, —

'Mark my word! The next time we go into France, we will take it all, all I say, to the Channel and to the Mediterranean. But we may give back Paris, perhaps, for to Germanize it would spoil it.'

I agreed with gusto to his last statement. Then he hastily resumed, set teeth showing through his smile, 'Yes, we will draw a circle around Paris, and keep it *tout-à-fait Parisienne* — a place where we can amuse ourselves when our serious work is done.'

My astonishment was doubled when I noted the exuberant approbation on the faces of all his colleagues. Had Dr. Koldewey spoken only for himself, I would have put him down for a crank; but I saw that he voiced the desire of all these archæologists and architects, men who, I had supposed, were freed by their science from the jungle code of the militarists.

Later in the evening, one of the younger men, Herr Bunte, and I went for a walk. As we strolled along the Euphrates bank, soft moonlight slid down the fronds of graceful palms and latticed the ground with a gentle glow. The quavering wail of a song came over the velvety air from an Arab hut, an oar plashed nearby, sending a phosphorescent ripple over the river's bronzy face. Everything was so quiet and peaceful; who could have held a bellicose thought?

This young scientist, Bunte, had already shown me the picture of his fiancée, a pretty German girl; but now he was expatiating upon the horrible summer climate of Mesopotamia, telling me how enervating it was. Thinking to dispel his pessimism, and especially his thinly veiled apprehension at the thought of bringing a blooming bride to this fever-ridden country, I casually remarked, —

'Your life-work is here; you say this is the original hell in summer and that white women fade out here in no time. It seems to me that you have the perfect bachelor's job. Why do you get married, anyway?'

Now Herr Bunte was a most placid-looking young man — short, pudgy, phlegmatic, with small pale-blue eyes. The very last thing I ever thought to do was to strike fire in so prosaic a morsel of human clay; but my thoughtless question seemed to electrify him. The blood rushed up the back of his neck, the straw-colored hairs on it seemed to

bristle, he flung out his fist toward the unoffending palms, and answered me in almost savage stentorian tones, —

'Why am I going to get married, you ask? To make soldiers for my Kaiser.'

IV

The world war came on apace, and a year after my visit with the Germans at Babylon, I found myself in charge of the feeding of the French civil population in the Department of the Ardennes in the invaded part of France. My headquarters was at Charleville-Mezières, with the 'Grosses Hauptquartier,' the German General Staff.

One evening in particular stands out in my memory. I was the only foreigner sitting at a long table of staff officers: old generals with the *Pour le Merite* of Frederick the Great hanging from their collars, colonels and majors with the Iron Cross, Although I was there representing a work of inestimable value to Germany, the free feeding of the people she had rendered destitute, I gradually found myself the butt of innuendo and subtle disparagement of my country. But several months in the society of German officers and under their vigilant surveillance had taught me a measure of self-control. I had become accustomed to hearing America held in contempt. The only way I preserved a calm exterior was by constantly holding in my mind an image of the French people whom I was there to serve. My task was made the easier because most of the German insults, veiled and otherwise, were on the lowest plane. That is to say, physical considerations alone were the criteria by which we were judged. Because we were ridiculously small, as soldiers and cannon are counted in Europe, by the same token we were despised, even taunted.

Toward the end of that interminable dinner of angular rigidity and clicking of spurred heels, an orderly brought in the evening's communiqué. My host read it aloud, while everyone listened intently. First came the military news: a succession of victories in Russia — countless thousands of prisoners, hundreds of cannon, mountains of booty. A whole Russian army had disappeared, it seems, in the Masurian swamps. I noted that chests were thrown out a trifle more, fingers reached for the slender stems of champagne glasses, and the eyes of the orderlies standing behind our chairs bulged with happy comprehension.

But there was more to come: my host held up one hand to postpone the toast to the victorious Hindenburg, and continued. A new note had been received by the Imperial government from President Wilson. It was the result of the taking of more American lives on the high seas. But this last note was more than a protest: it was sharper in tone, it contained a distinct warning.

My host, a German count, laid aside the communiqué which he had just finished. Leveling his malevolent eyes upon me, a guest and a foreigner, he said in a ringing voice, —

'Come on, America, weakling number seven; we will finish you up in two months!'

Still one year later, in the summer of 1916, I found myself in a tiny Russian village just below the Arctic Circle. Our ambassador had sent me off into the interior, to distribute relief-money which had come from Austria and Germany to the American Embassy. This monthly stipend of ten to twenty roubles was frequently all that stood between the unfortunate German and Austrian civil prisoners and starvation.

My secretary and I were sitting at the head of a long deal table, taking receipts for all the relief distributed,

and also receiving innumerable complaints. When the routine work was finished, the German chairman said that he and his companions would like to have me tell them about what I had seen behind the German lines in Belgium and Northern France. They said that the stories they read in the Russian press were incredible, and they wanted to hear from an eye-witness.

I admitted that the stories coming to the outside world from those wretched countries were incredible. But I further admitted that they were for the most part true. As I went on, describing the country roads lined with the charred walls of peasants' cottages, some with ugly splotches on them where whole families had been lined up and shot down by the ruthless invader, I saw that my words gave them little comfort. But I could not resist the temptation to give these people a little of the unvarnished truth, hoping that something might penetrate their national conceit. I thought their blind bigotry all the more paradoxical since many of them, having been born in Russia, spoke Russian better than German, had intermarried with Russians, and some of them had never even set foot on the soil of what they called their fatherland. And yet they nourished that vaulting pride in their nationality, a pride which permitted these otherwise intelligent adults to ascribe to their own race all the virtues, while imputing all the vices to those among whom they had cast their lot.

When I had finished my dissertation on German frightfulness, the chairman of the *Hilfs Komitet* said, —

'It is with deep regret that in listening to the American gentleman's remarks we have had our own worst fears confirmed. Here in our isolation we had hoped that all the tales we heard against our countrymen were the calumnies of our enemies. Now we see that the exigencies of war have compelled the Fatherland to thrust aside any small considerations of sentiment, so that no obstacle would stand between her and the fulfillment of her divine mission. If our guest and benefactor here has ever traveled in Germany, he will be the first to admit that we, as a people, have the most highly developed and perfectly formed Kultur that the world has ever known. Having received this heritage by virtue of the struggles and sacrifices of our fathers, it is our duty to spread it all over the world, until less fortunate peoples have come under its influence.

'Imagine the inestimable boon which our Kultur will bring in the trail of our victorious armies! Take these benighted Russians, for instance — filthy and ignorant, they are mere animals. They will not understand until years later why we have come to them, and what our nation, under the beneficent guidance of our Kaiser, has to give them.

'Or again, regard with pity and loathing that ungodly and immoral people, the French. Only after their wicked pride is broken by Germany's mighty sword, only after they have expiated their sins in years of bitter suffering, will they find the wisdom to come humbly and learn from us.

'But it is in the case of England that the hand of destiny is most clearly to be seen. Here we have a small people, small numerically, small of soul and small of mind, who, with the cunning of knaves have played the part of corsairs and buccaneers for centuries. Mimicking our noble tongue, they affect the rôle of "gentlemen," while they are in reality robbers at heart. But they will learn, as the whole world will learn, that Germany is the scourge of God, which will purge the earth of its corruption.

'We Germans have come to realize

that we are a chosen people. We have been chosen to bring to a vicious world the perfect flower of our Kultur. If other nations will not cast the scales from their own eyes, we must strip them off for them. I swell with pride each time a new foe joins the ranks of our enemies, for then I realize how universal a blessing our eventual victory will be. We cannot fail, our God is with us. He will bring us through triumphant.'

V

That expression, 'our God,' has some very interesting connotations. In many respects it is the keynote of the primitive paganism which has produced the tribal psychology of the German people of to-day. Many of the Kaiser's speeches, and the discourses of his ministers in the Reichstag and Prussian Diet, have wound up with a grandiloquent reference to 'our God,' who will see them through to victory, or to 'the old German God,' who confounds their mutual enemies. It is the concept of a distinctly tribal divinity, not a universal god. Their God is not the same one who presides over the destinies of their enemies. It is not the God of all mankind before whom they lay their cause, basing their hope for success and for divine assistance upon the inherent justice of that cause. No, it is the god of a tribe who fights with them and for them, who holds up their right arm in battle and punishes the wicked enemy.

It is one of the great paradoxes of history, that the barbarian Teutonic tribes, after the sack of Rome, should have adopted the Christian deity as their tribal fetish. It would have been so infinitely more in keeping with Germany's 'world-mission,' and with German philosophy, if they had remained true devotees nominally, as they have remained true spiritually, to Thor or Odin and the whole hierarchy of warrior gods.

Ever since the first day of the war, and even long before, the general tenor of statements from publicists and statesmen, from scientists and literati, in the press and the pulpit, has been the same. It has been the attitude of 'we Germans' as opposed to the Philistines, a chosen people pitted against a world of inferior and apostate tribes.

Meeting Germans individually, like the various persons quoted herein, one finds nothing abnormal about them until some subject is broached which has international implications. At that point an American or Russian or Arab has to part company with the German, for the former invariably finds that the German has a different set of morals for the state, or rather for his tribe, as distinguished from that code which is applicable to the individual. We can go hand in hand up the rungs of the ethical ladder, from the first rung of the little amenities of individual intercourse, on through the varying degrees of family association, as groups of friends in clubs and societies, as larger communities in towns and cities, on up to the larger group of the whole race bound up in the nation. Up to that point, we all subscribe in a general way to the same moral code; in any event, we can always find some common premise on which to build up an understanding.

But it is the step next beyond, the concept of national morals, in which the German differs from the rest of the world. It is that last and highest rung on the ethical ladder, the sphere of international relations, where the German stands forth in the eyes of all mankind, morally nude.

Notwithstanding all their accomplishment in the sciences and in the arts; notwithstanding clean streets and garden tenements, the hall-marks of

modern advance, the German people are still, to-day, absolutely tribal in their psychology. That is why they are out of joint with the times. Other nations regard them as backward in their evolution toward an international point of view, while the Germans neutralize or kill all attempts to draw them closer to a mutual understanding by their colossal and bombastic tribal conceit.

This tribal quality of German national psychology has this significance for the rest of the world. If the government of any of the internationally minded nations commits a crime against the comity of the world, or against the spirit of a 'league of nations,' that government, and inferentially the people which it represents, is sinning against light. In plain language, they are breaking the Golden Rule, and they know better. But with the German it is different. He acknowledges the Golden Rule in principle, as affecting the individual; but the state, that embodiment of him and his fellows in the tribe, is subject to no moral code, human or divine. In fact, some of Germany's greatest spokesmen have taken great pains to instruct the world that the German state is superior to ethics, or rather, that she makes her morals to suit the exigencies of her desires. In other words, the state can do no wrong.

Now the rest of the world has not the slightest objection to the German people preserving a fifth-century psychology under the camouflage of a twentieth-century suit of clothes. That is preëminently the German's own business. No one wants to drag him into the family of nations by the scruff of his neck. But the rest of the world does strenuously object, to the point of resisting with all its physical and moral strength, when the Germans presume to carry their Kultur beyond their own borders and superimpose it by force upon their neighbors.

When the idea once begins to penetrate the thick hide of German conceit, that the rest of the world repudiates their culture, that its spirit is universally regarded as an anachronistic survival of tribal days; when that time comes and an austere introspection lays its merciless scalpel upon the German national character, a new light will illumine the mind of that great people. They will storm the door of the House of Nations, and millions of scarred hands will knock furiously for admittance.

CAVEAT EMPTOR

BY H. T. AVERY

I

THIS is the story of the bartering and trading of Silas Ball's old horse Dobbin in and about Forestport, and of Squire Palmer's famous horse lawsuit: a simple statement of the facts for the consideration of the jury.

Everybody knew Dobbin, and as for Silas Ball and his good wife Mary—in the fifty years which they had spent together on the farm where Silas was born, not a shadow had fallen on their devotion to each other, not a day had passed unmarked by kindly, neighborly acts of loving-kindness.

For the last twenty of these years, Dobbin was the faithful family horse that took them on various drives for business and pleasure. Next to each other Silas Ball and his wife loved Dobbin.

It was a golden Saturday afternoon in October, with every tree on the hills and lowlands glowing with autumnal color, when Silas Ball hitched Dobbin to the time-honored family phaeton and set forth on a memorable drive to Forestport, six miles away, to collect some store-fixings for a neighborhood party which the Balls were giving on the Monday following.

Lured by the witching weather, scores of other Forestport suburbanites came to the village that Saturday, and one and all were delighted to see their good old friend Silas Ball. So, what with passing the time of day with these old-time tillycums of bygone years, Silas was unable to begin the return trip until the sun had set.

When once he had untied Dobbin, and seated himself in the roomy phaeton, and said, 'Gid ap, Dobbin boy,' the old man with smiling face leaned far back on the comfortable cushions, closed his eyes, and began to dream, knowing that Dobbin would trot faithfully along the road home. And scarcely had Dobbin started when Silas Ball dropped off to sleep.

Perhaps he had slept an hour; possibly more. No one will ever know. But somewhere along the road home, a weary blood-vessel in the good man's brain gave way, and the nap which had begun with smiling face became that long sleep from which there is no mortal waking.

Faithfully Dobbin trotted on and on until he came to the gateway leading to the Ball yard. There he turned and went straight ahead to the barn-door, where he stopped, waiting to be unhitched. How long he waited must remain a mystery, as must his actions, except in so far as Mrs. Ball was afterwards able to explain them. At the sound of the whinnying of the horse near the front veranda, she opened the door—to behold Dobbin pawing with one foot on the lowest step apparently to attract attention. A moment later, when, after trying in vain to waken him, she had caught her husband's limp body in her arms, Mrs. Ball realized that the great tragedy of her life had come.

In the lonely days that followed, it was natural that good old Dobbin should creep more and more into the

vacant place in Mary Ball's heart, and that, when she died, a short time after, she should leave a provision for Dobbin in her will.

Therein she directed that five thousand dollars be set aside for the maintenance of Dobbin, and that he be kept in peace and plenty until such time as the ravages of years should make life a burden to him, when he should be humanely put away.

The remainder of her estate was left to her only nephew, George Ball, a successful young business man in a city fifty miles from Forestport. George Ball was named sole executor of the will, and on his arrival took charge of the funeral ceremonies and the estate, with a new sense of responsibility and a peculiarly loving desire to carry out his aunt's wishes regarding Dobbin.

When he rented the Ball farm to Jethro Jenkins, he arranged for the board and care of Dobbin, with most minute precautions to insure the complete comfort and happiness of the old horse's declining years. The arrangement was made only after he had carefully investigated the tenants and had discovered that Jethro Jenkins was a reliable, industrious, and trusted citizen in the Ball community. The unanimous decision of the people for miles around was that George Ball could find no better tenant in the state, nor one to whom Dobbin could be more satisfactorily intrusted.

In discussing the daily routine in Dobbin's previous life, George Ball found that he had been used for family driving, and for light work in one-horse agricultural implements. He found further, that Dobbin, in the opinion of all the worthy farmers whom he consulted, would be happier if he were allowed to exercise in moderation, as he had been accustomed to do in the past.

So George Ball settled with Jethro Jenkins as to the amount of exercise Dobbin should have, and with all provisions made, returned to his home and business.

II

Jethro Jenkins was an energetic man, and he and his wife and children found exceptional inspiration in the comfortable home and splendidly kept farm that had passed to their care. They were eager to conduct their tenancy in a way that would justify George Ball in continuing it, for the executor had been liberal in making the lease.

One and all, the family felt that Dobbin was almost one of them, and the old horse found loving hands at the reins whenever he was driven, or allowed to haul the light cultivator, or some other tool, for a short time.

The Ball place was larger than any on which Jethro Jenkins had lived before; and whereas Silas Ball had hired two hands regularly, Jethro set forth to work the place alone, except for an occasional hired hand for a day or two, on special jobs.

The Jenkins family arose with the sun each day, and one and all spared not themselves to do the work of the big farm. Unusually favorable weather that spring made the crops grow luxuriantly, and with them the ever-present weeds kept pace. Bumper crops were sure, if only the weeds were kept cultivated out; and Jethro Jenkins energetically went about the task of accomplishing this.

Probably no horse ever lived that knew more about a horse's part in cultivation than Dobbin. He walked steadily and evenly, always kept in the middle of the row, and turned neatly into the next row when he got to the end. Holding the hands of the cultivator steadily was all the help from humans that Dobbin needed. In the rush, while Jethro Jenkins drove the team to the wheel-cultivator, Mrs. Jenkins

handled Dobbin in the light cultivator, and the farm-work went cheerfully along.

But the green-eyed monster JEALOUSY lurks ever in remote sections, even as in less sequestered places; and the success the Jenkins family were making of the Ball farm was not unnoticed by some one in the vicinity, nor was the value of Dobbin overlooked.

So it came to pass that George Ball one morning, at his business office, opened a letter which the green-eyed monster had prompted. It was an anonymous letter, which told at length how Jethro Jenkins was abusing Dobbin and working the old horse to death; and it stated that Dobbin had grown thin under the heavy burdens placed upon him.

Two days later, George Ball appeared at the home of Jethro Jenkins. Briefly, he told Jethro that Dobbin had grown thin, so thin that there was no doubt the horse had been abused.

Mr. Jenkins, with righteous indignation, denied that the horse had been misused. Further, he explained in honest detail the affectionate treatment and care which had been given to Dobbin, and he convinced George Ball that there had been no intentional neglect or over-exercise.

But Dobbin admittedly had grown thin, urged George Ball; and finally Jethro Jenkins ventured the opinion that old age was showing in the faithful animal, and that he was no longer able to build up strength and weight as rapidly as the action of time tore them down. It was then agreed that it would be humane to end the suffering of the horse, in strict accordance with the stipulations of Mrs. Ball's will.

After some consideration of the labor involved in thus bringing about the peaceful demise of Dobbin, Mr. Ball agreed to pay Jethro Jenkins six dollars for services as executioner, undertaker, and sexton; and it was agreed that Mr. Jenkins should carry out the contract on that same afternoon or evening.

Having assured himself that the wishes of his aunt regarding Dobbin were to be carried out according to both the letter and the spirit of her will, and having selected a place for the horse's grave on a pretty knoll at the far end of the orchard, George Ball started on his return home.

About four o'clock on the same day, Jethro Jenkins led Dobbin from the stable, intending to take the faithful beast out into the orchard and humanely send him to everlasting rest.

As he emerged from the barn-door, leading Dobbin in one hand and carrying a Winchester in the other, he met his brother Isaac Jenkins, who had come to swap visits for an hour or two. Ike Jenkins, totally unlike his brother Jethro, was lazy, shiftless, and irresponsible, living to-day on the wages of yesterday, except when he was able to discount the wages of to-morrow with some trusting soul.

After passing the time of day, Ike, with native curiosity, inquired what Jethro might contemplate doing with Dobbin and the gun.

Jethro patiently explained the story of George Ball's visit and the impending demise and burial of Dobbin.

A considerable parley ensued, and finally Ike Jenkins proposed that Jethro give him the contract to kill and inter Dobbin, and agreed to do the entire job in a workmanlike manner for the sum of three dollars.

Ten minutes later, Ike Jenkins, with three silver dollars jingling in his overalls pocket, led Dobbin down the road to the small farm which he rented and pretended to work, and turned him into the barnyard.

Taking a pick and shovel, Ike then proceeded to the Ball orchard, and on

the spot selected by George Ball dug a hole that should serve as a final resting-place for Dobbin. When this was done, he went back to the house, as it was supper-time. He ate hurriedly of a frugal meal, and shortly afterwards emerged from the house with the rifle which was to be the instrument of the taking-off of Dobbin.

Half-way between the house and the barnyard, he was hailed by a man who was driving down the road that passed the house. The signaler proved to be Sol Foggan, a horse-buyer from the city where George Ball lived. It was Sol Foggan's business to scour the country for miles round his home, buying horses to sell in the city market; and at least six times a year in the course of his campaign he visited the farmers about Forestport.

Mr. Foggan, in his travels, would buy, sell, or trade — it mattered not to him so long as he might turn a nimble dollar. It happened, therefore, that he was not finicky about what sort of beasts he dealt in. He would pay boot on a trade for a better horse, or swap a prime animal for an equine wreck, always in consideration of a cash difference. He was a man of financial responsibility, and known as a square trader as traders went around Forestport; but in justice to his abilities it should be said that he made it a point to emerge from a trade with a profit on his side.

Having attracted Ike's attention, Sol queried, 'Got any horses to swap?'

'Naw,' drawled Ike disinterestedly. 'Ain't got nuthin' but an old plug that I'm just goin' out to kill with this here rifle.'

'Where is he?' asked Sol with ready interest, quickened by the conviction that there was some possible margin of profit in any sort of a live horse.

Hitching his own steed to a tree, Sol followed Ike to the barnyard, where the faithful Dobbin was browsing on some clumps of clover. Critically he inspected the animal from his teeth to his tail, passing comments to the effect that the horse was thin and old and otherwise of little value.

Isaac Jenkins said not a word.

'What you want to kill him for?' Sol inquired, leading at last to the point, for he saw that conversation was Ike Jenkins's short suit.

'Family horse,' answered Ike laconically. 'Wife thinks so much of him she don't want him sold to strangers where he might be abused; and I've promised her to put him away decentlike, as a reward for his sixteen years of faithful service.'

'He must 'a' been quite along in years when you bought him, if you've only got sixteen years' service out him,' returned Sol.

'Naw, he warn't more'n a two-year-old, I reckon,' declared Ike. 'It ain't a matter of age, though, but of sentiment; so I'm goin' to put him away.'

'What'll you take for him?' asked Sol, bluntly.

'Don't want to sell,' parried Ike; 'but what'd you give if I was sellin'?'

A long conversation ensued, which finally resulted in an offer of ten dollars from Sol and a price of sixty dollars from Ike. More conversation and Sol Foggan became the owner of Dobbin, while Ike Jenkins added thirty paper dollars to the three silver ones already jingling in his overalls.

As Sol Foggan drove away from the Ike Jenkins place, old Dobbin, led by a halter, trotted cheerfully behind; and the enveloping folds of night threw darkness over the surrounding countryside.

When they had disappeared down the road, Ike Jenkins proceeded to the knoll in the Ball orchard where he had dug the grave. Bang! Bang! went the Winchester, sending echoes resounding

from the neighboring hills, and telling the family of Jethro Jenkins, who were at their tardy supper, that poor old Dobbin was no more. Then Ike Jenkins gathered some brush and stones, which he placed in the excavation to fill the space that Dobbin's corpse was to have occupied, and carefully covered them with the dirt. After this, he sodded the grave over to give final proof that he had spared no pains in giving Dobbin a decent burial. Darkness was heavy over him as, like the grave-robber of fiction, he took a circuitous route home through the back fields, clutching ever and anon his unheard-of fortune of thirty-three of those incentives that are commonly supposed to make the fabled female horse go.

III

It was about nine o'clock when Sol Foggan drove up to Watt Brick's livery-stable at Pompton, a village ten miles west of Forestport, where he engaged accommodations for his driving horse and Dobbin for the night. Then he went off to the Pompton House, to arrange for his own refreshment and lodging.

The following morning Mr. Foggan, having breakfasted, appeared at Brick's livery stable at seven o'clock, planning to continue his horse-dealing pilgrimage toward his home city.

Now, Watt Brick was a horse-dealer in a small way, who not infrequently bartered and traded with Sol Foggan; so he was interested when Mr. Foggan asked him if he had any horses to sell. Brick had none, but he did want to buy a good, safe, cheap horse that women could drive with comfort and enjoyment.

'Got just what you want!' declared Sol briskly. 'He's some old and thin, but a little rest and feeding will make him good for ten years of service. Sound in wind and limb, free traveler, true in all harness, ain't afraid of automobiles or anything, and 'll stand without hitching. Hook him up and see what a likely critter he is.'

In the next half hour, old Dobbin, hitched to a single buggy, displayed his exceptional qualities to Brick and Foggan. Mr. Foggan, after due deliberation while Dobbin was being hitched up, decided that he would ask fifty dollars for him. At the end of ten minutes his decision had been raised ten dollars. In half an hour, when Dobbin was driven back to the barn, Sol's price had risen to ninety dollars.

Considerable conversational sparring followed; but shortly Watt Brick became richer by the ownership of Dobbin and poorer by the transfer of seventy-five dollars, and Sol Foggan drove on, leisurely and not discontentedly, over the country byways, buying, selling, or trading a horse here and there as opportunity afforded.

Now, despite the fact that Watt Brick was a promoter of horses and made his living by grinding dollars from horse-flesh, he had a real consideration for the creatures, and a horse sense that made him treat any animal in his possession with humanity and consideration. For more than three weeks old Dobbin enjoyed a carefully considered rest and diet cure in Brick's comfortable stable; and as the treatment was essentially wise and superior, and Dobbin was otherwise healthy, the old horse responded promptly to his new master's veterinary skill and grew plump and youthful.

It is now necessary to explain that Pompton was an attractive place for widows and old maids, and that its chief business enterprise was a state normal school. Thus it happened that Watt Brick's livery-stable catered largely to the many female souls who broke the monotony of the little place

by frequent drives. Dobbin sprang into instant favor with this class of retired gentlewomen, and became one of the valuable productive factors of Brick's livery-stable.

Pompton was but four miles from Ashland, a modest city of about fifteen thousand population; and superior institutions native to Pompton soon gained notice in Ashland.

Hence, entirely aside from any reasonable connection with the circumstances surrounding events in the previous life of old Dobbin, Henry Green of Ashland came to a time when, endowed with a delightful wife and three children and with a substantial raise in salary, he desired to possess a reliable driving horse that would furnish outdoor recreation for his wife and his three youngsters. But Mr. Green, in his search for a steed that would fit his peculiar needs, soon discovered that horses of the type he desired were most uncommon. He canvassed the horse markets of Ashland without finding what he wanted; but the course of his search at home developed the fact that probably he could find the sort of horse he wanted at the livery-stable of Watt Brick in the neighboring town of Pompton. Whereupon Mr. Green took a day off from his work, and the morning train from Ashland to Pompton, and at noon appeared at Brick's stable.

With proper circumstance and detail Green explained to Brick the kind of horse he was seeking. Brick listened attentively, and with honesty confessed that he had no horse that would measure up to Green's desires and needs. But he had scarcely made this announcement, when a carriage drawn by a single horse drove into the barn. The solitary occupant of the buggy was a gray-haired woman, and she was obviously pleased and happy. After she had alighted and paid for the use of the horse and buggy she asked, —

Mr. Brick, what is the name of the horse I had this morning? He is the finest horse I have ever driven. He is n't afraid of anything and can travel along at a comfortable pace, and when I want a carriage in the future, I want this horse. Also, I want to know his name, so that a number of my friends can know the joy and safety of riding and driving such a fine horse.'

Mr. Brick told her the horse's name was Dobbin, and then turned his courteous attention to Mr. Green. But Green had been listening to the conversation and was so impressed that he blurted out enthusiastically, 'There's the sort of a horse I want! What do you ask for him, Mr. Brick?'

'Oh, he ain't worth much as horses go,' answered Brick, 'and I would n't sell him. Why, he's one of the best money-making horses I've got. He's old and commercially ain't worth much of anything; but for me he's mighty valuable. He earns a heap. I could n't sell him because I'd have to get eight or ten times his intrinsic worth. Why, Dobbin is the old maids' one best bet. They all want him, and he's an ideal critter for them, and he's in such demand that he's on the go all the time. If I ever sold him, more 'n twenty good women customers would never forgive me nor patronize me again.'

But Mr. Green was obdurate. He wanted Dobbin. Further, he intended to have him. He insisted that Watt Brick put a price on the horse, and, cornered at last, Brick declared that he would n't take a cent less than two hundred and fifty dollars for Dobbin, adding, 'He ain't really worth more 'n half that, and I'd hate to sell him even at that price.'

A lengthy parley followed, with the result that Dobbin passed to the ownership of Green for a cash consideration of two hundred and ten dollars.

During the next several weeks, the

Green family daily became more and more satisfied with their purchase and more and more attached to the faithful steed. It is certain that Dobbin would have lived out his worthy life as a member of the Green family, had not the green-eyed monster once more set its emerald orbs upon him.

Some one who lived near the old Ball homestead one day drove to Ashland, and after hitching his own horse to a post, observed a horse at the next post. This other horse looked strangely familiar. There could be no doubt about it—it was Dobbin, supposedly dead and buried. Further, it was all clear to the shrewd mind of the observer: he realized instantly that Jethro Jenkins had sold Dobbin instead of keeping his word to George Ball, and had pocketed a neat sum in the operation.

The observing one made suitable inquiries, with the result that he possessed himself of a part of the chain of events which attended the passing of Dobbin from Jethro Jenkins's possession to that of Mr. Green. And a few days later, George Ball, in his busy office, opened an anonymous letter which told the despicable tale of the fraud that had been perpetrated in the sale of Dobbin, and contained only the one error of accusing Jethro Jenkins of being the person who had sold the horse to Sol Foggan.

IV

Of course, George Ball was no less shocked than angry when he heard the shameful news, and forthwith took the train to Forestport to verify the story, and, in the event of its being true, to avenge the wrong, and with his own hands to carry out the provisions of his aunt's will concerning Dobbin.

At Forestport he quickly retained Squire Palmer, a fighting lawyer of the county, and together they traced out step by step the story of the exploitation of Dobbin.

Learning the truth, Ball followed the plan that Squire Palmer advised for righting the wrong. This consisted in compelling Henry Green to hand Dobbin over to Mr. Ball, as he had acquired no title to Dobbin, since the horse under the circumstances was really stolen property, and therefore the property of the person from whom he had been stolen.

Then, after securing possession of Dobbin, George Ball caused the old horse to be killed humanely, decently buried in the Ball orchard, and thus laid at rest in conformity with Mrs. Ball's will.

But the ghost of his grievance still stalked the countryside, for Henry Green, as an injured and innocent party to the affair, consulted Squire Palmer as to his own rights; and finding them clear-cut and plain, retained the squire to collect the price paid to Walt Brick for Dobbin.

Forthwith, Squire Palmer called on Brick and explained the statutes in such case made and provided, and collected the purchase price of two hundred and ten dollars from Brick.

Also Squire Palmer received a retainer from Brick to collect from Sol Foggan the money that he had paid him for Dobbin.

A brief letter explaining the circumstances, written by Squire Palmer to Sol Foggan, caused the latter to journey to Forestport, ascertain all the facts, reimburse Brick for the seventy-five dollars paid for Dobbin, and retain Squire Palmer to collect from Ike Jenkins the thirty dollars that Foggan had paid him.

At this point the horse lawsuit caught up with its shadow that had so long been projecting ahead.

But Ike Jenkins long since had spent the thirty dollars received for Dobbin,

as well as the three dollars received for dispatching the old horse. Further, he maintained that, as the horse was to be killed, no value attached to the animal and no damage had been done by selling him; and that legally he had a right to profit by his ability to make a worthless thing valuable. Also he was sure that no time was set in the contract for bringing about the demise of Dobbin, and as the horse was dead and buried, the contract that he, Ike Jenkins, had agreed to perform had been carried out.

Also, that, as Jethro Jenkins had a legal right to sublet the job of seeing Dobbin laid away under the turf, he himself was within his legal rights in subletting the contract. Also, that the doctrine of *caveat emptor* prevailed in dealing with Sol Foggan, and Foggan could cave and empt to a fare-you-well before Ike Jenkins would pay him one cent of the thirty dollars except on the tip end of an execution from the court of last resort in the state.

And so Sol Foggan, through Squire Palmer, sued Ike Jenkins in the Justice Court of Forestport for the thirty dollars. And Ike Jenkins, through Squire Pikerman, hated rival of Squire Palmer, defended the action.

A jury of good men and true was drawn, and everyone for miles around crowded the village hall of justice to hear the trial of this hotly contested horse lawsuit.

All day the bitter battle raged, with the two squires contesting every inch of the ground. For two hours each the opposing counsel addressed the jury, in pleas that sent thrills through the spectators.

Finally, almost at the witching hour of midnight, the case was given to the jury, who thereupon retired to consider their verdict.

The early hours waned and passed, while the jury wrestled with the facts and the law that the case presented. Convictions ran high. The debate was acrimonious. Hour after hour passed, and agreement grew remote.

Eventually all but one of the jurors agreed that Sol Foggan was entitled to a verdict for thirty dollars. That one, Silas Hugaboom, who had been a juror for many years and never lost a verdict, stuck by his guns, declaring that, 'This here lawsuit is one of equity, not law, and in such a case, equity must control. And equity,' he announced with finality, 'clearly provides that there is no justice in making a man pay for a dead horse.'

At nine o'clock the following morning, the tired and bedraggled jury crawled into court, announced that they could not agree on a verdict, and were discharged.

So Squire Palmer's horse lawsuit will be tried over again before another jury next Wednesday.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

III. SARAH ALDEN RIPLEY

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Chronology

SARAH ALDEN BRADFORD
Born in Boston, July 31, 1793;
Married Rev. Samuel Ripley, 1818;
Lived in Waltham, Massachusetts, 1818–1846;
Husband died, 1847;
Died in Concord, Massachusetts, July 26, 1867.

I

FEW American women of to-day know of Mrs. Samuel Ripley, but a sentence from Senator Hoar's *Autobiography* will give her a favorable introduction: 'She was one of the most wonderful scholars of her time, or indeed of any time. President Everett said she could fill any professor's chair at Harvard.' To this we may add the testimony of Professor Child, whose authority no one will question: 'The most learned woman I have ever known, the most diversely learned perhaps of her time, and not inferior in this respect, I venture to say, to any woman of any age.'

It seems worth while to know a little more about her, does it not?

From her childhood she had a passion for books and study. Every available minute was snatched for them, and some that were not available. 'I never go to Boston or anywhere else, my passion for reading increasing inversely with time,' she writes when little more than a child. In the early years of the nineteenth century, when she was growing up, New England was not very favorable to the education of girls — nor was any other place. But she was fortunate in having a father — Captain Bradford of Duxbury — who was a scholar as well as a sea-captain, and who loved her and liked to indulge her fancies.

'Father, may I study Latin?' she asked him.

'Latin! A girl study Latin! Certainly. Study anything you like.'

Whereupon she compares him, greatly to his advantage, with another father who endeavored to convince his daughter that 'all knowledge, except that of domestic affairs, appears unbecoming in a female.'

Becoming or not, all knowledge was acceptable to her. She studied Latin until she could read it like a modern tongue, Greek the same, also French, German, and Italian. She did this largely alone, German without any assistance whatever, persisting incredibly, 'working still at an abominable language without being sensible of the least progress,' she complains. Nor did she confine herself to languages. Her zeal for mathematics and philosophy was fully equal. Most of all, perhaps, she loved the sciences; and chemistry, astronomy, and especially botany, were a delight to her from youth to age.

Nor did she take her study of languages as a task simply, as an end in

itself, as so many do. It was but a means, a greater facility for getting at the thoughts of wise men and past ages. She read Latin and Greek widely as well as thoroughly. Tacitus and Juvenal must have furnished odd reflection for a schoolgirl, and it is not every infant of fourteen who regales her imagination with the novels of Voltaire.

Naturally such solitary reading in a child of that age had something academic about it, and the intellectual enthusiasm of her early letters abounds in pleasing suggestions of copy-book moralities. Yet the keen, vigorous insight often breaks through, even here. Conventional habit might lead an ordinary student to moralize on death; but few ordinary students would generalize their botanical observations into the remark that soon 'our bodies transformed into their airy elements may be converted into the jointed stalk of the rank grass which will wave over our graves.' Pretty well for a girl of sixteen!

And though she studied rules and learned traditions, and so early laid over her spirit a mighty mass of authority, she did not propose to be in any way a slave to it. When rules vex her, she cries out against them. For instance, she could never spell, and why should she? 'I wish the free spirit were not trammeled by these confounded rules.' Also, while she studies for study's sake, and could hardly be expected, in the early days, to interest herself too much in the why of it, you get singular hints of penetration where you least look for them. She asks herself whether her devotion to the Classics springs 'from pride of learning in your humble servant or intrinsic merit in Cicero, Virgil, and Tacitus.' The question is one that many an older scholar might put with advantage.

It is, above all, in the line of religious speculation that one examines most curiously Sarah's gradual change from a conventional acceptance of what is taught her to fierce, independent thinking for herself. She was brought up on by no means narrow lines of orthodoxy. But in her early letters there is a serious and earnest acceptance of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and a loyal effort to apply them practically. Gradually this unquestioning submission yields to the steady encroachment of the spirit of inquiry, the 'dread of enthusiasm, of the mind's becoming enslaved to a system perhaps erroneous, and shut forever against the light of truth.' With the process of years the emancipation grows more marked, until little of the old faith is left but the unfailing habit of its goodness.

Do not, however, for a moment suppose that this studious and thoughtful childhood was altogether lost in bookishness, that Sarah was, in youth or in age, a stuffy pedant. She was never that in the least, at any time of her life; never gave that impression to any one. She was at all points an energetic, practical, efficient, common-sense human being. She did not indeed have the eager life of sport and diversion that the girl of to-day has. No girl had it then. There was no tennis or basketball, not even skating, or swimming, or riding. These things would not have been ladylike, if they had been possible. Instead of them, there were only long walks in the Duxbury woods and the rich, wholesome flavor of the New England autumn: 'The great pear tree at the gate, full of orange pears; the ground strewed with golden high-tops; the girl in the corn-barn paring apples to dry; the woods filled with huckleberries.'

Also, there were the pressing cares of daily life, where mouths were many and means were little. Sarah had her

full share of these and met them with swift and adequate efficiency. It is true, she groans sometimes over 'that dreadful ironing day,' and rebels a little when 'Betsey, teasing to know how the meat is to be dissected,' interferes with letters filled with Greek poets and Roman historians. But she comes right down to earth and stays there, heats the irons, dissects the meat, sweeps the parlor, at proper times takes an apparently absorbed interest in shopping and ribbons and furbelows, as a normal girl should.

Even her abstruser preoccupations are put to practical use. The oldest of a large family, she imparts her own acquirements to those who come after her, not making any one the scholar she herself was, but giving them all an education exceptional in that day or any day. Also, she gave them more than book-education; for the early death of her mother left her at the head of the household, and she attended to every duty as if her beloved books did not exist at all. Nor was she moved by the sense of duty only, but by tenderness and affection, as appears charmingly in the words written by her father to her mother from over-sea: 'Tell Sarah (oh, she is a seraph!) that I thank her with my tears which flow fast as I now write and think of her good behavior, her virtues, her filial piety.'

To which let me add these further words of her father, which show that she was a live, flesh-and-blood girl and not a mere copy-book model: 'You I hope are skipping, jumping, dancing, and running up and down in Boston. This I know you are doing if you are well, for you are always on the wing.'

Souls that skip and dance and are always on the wing usually have the elements of sociability in them. In her youth, as later, Sarah was popular and beloved by those who knew her. She had a singular charm of simplicity and grace, and if she was aroused and interested, she had that social attraction which comes when quick words spring from vivid and eager thoughts. At the same time, she never sought the world and often shunned it. Her first preoccupation was with books, and she turned to them when possible. Trivial social occasions were to be avoided on principle: 'I do not intend to give up all society; I intend only to relinquish that from which I can gain no good.' Moreover, she was naturally shy and self-conscious, doubted her own powers of conversation and entertainment, her own instinct of behavior in company. A dread of impropriety, she says, is the plague of her life. And again, 'I should have exerted myself more, but I believe I shall never learn to talk.'

She was a close analyst of her sensations and experiences with others as well as alone, and this is not a temper favorable to complete social enjoyment. The hearts of those about her she read with equal keenness—a habit also not always socially fortunate. She would not for the world have hurt the feelings of a single human being; and when she reproaches herself with talking scandal, we know that it is such scandal as one might expect from a saint. But even at an early age she saw men and women as they are, and this, alas, in our mingled life, is too often to appear ill-natured. Therefore she turned from men and women to books and thoughts.

Which does not mean that she had not kindly affections, deep and tender and lasting. Here also the sharp probe of her analysis intrudes itself. To her dearest friend she says, 'I love you as much as I am capable of loving any one'; and later in life she observes, 'I have learned by experience that friendship is a plant that must be watered and nursed or it withers.'

But these self-doubting loves often

are the tenderest and truest, and Sarah's devotion to those for whom she really cared was as sincere as it was lasting. With a humility as touching as her independence, she writes to one of them, 'You are the only person who ever thought me of any consequence and I am pretty well convinced that other folks are more than half right. I want you to love me, but do as you please about it.'

These words were written to that singular personage, Mary Moody Emerson, aunt of Ralph Waldo and half-sister of Samuel Ripley, whom Sarah afterwards married. The friendship between these ladies was close and warm, and Mrs. Ripley always spoke of Miss Emerson with the greatest esteem. But one even nearer to her was Miss Allyn, later Mrs. Francis, and the long series of letters that passed between them is delightful in its simplicity, its cordiality, its curious revelation of two pure and sympathetic spirits. What an odd mixture it presents of common daily interests, of religious aspiration, of intellectual enthusiasm. New bonnets, old prayers, botany, chemistry, Homer and Tacitus jostle each other on the same page with quite transparent genuineness and charm.

The one topic supposed to be most common in young ladies' letters, that is, young men and their doings and their attentions, is quite absent here. The truth is, Sarah was not concerned with such things. There is no evidence that in her childhood and youth her heart was ever touched. When she was twenty-five years old, she married Mr. Ripley. She did not pretend that it was a marriage of love on her side. She had the greatest respect for her husband, who was a clergyman of high and noble character in every way. Her father was anxious for the match, and she yielded to persuasion. But at the time a life of solitary study seemed to her preferable, as she frankly admits. The words with which she announced her engagement, in writing to Miss Emerson, are curiously characteristic: 'Your family have probably no idea what trouble they may be entailing on themselves; I make no promises of good behaviour, but knowing my tastes and habits they must take the consequences upon themselves.' After which, it need merely be added that there never was a more devoted and affectionate wife.

II

I am going to pass at once from Mrs. Ripley in youth to Mrs. Ripley in age, because in fairness I should end with the ripe splendor of her middle years. It so happens that we have abundant correspondence of the earlier and later periods, but little between, when she was too occupied and too active to write. In age as in youth her spirit was pure, lofty, and serene; but with her temperament it was natural that the sadness of age should be peculiarly apparent. The poignancy of the contrast cannot be better illustrated than by two very beautiful passages, written fifty years apart.

In the buoyancy of early days she writes, 'A light breakfast and a ride into town in the cool morning air, stretched my existence through eternity. I lived ages in an hour.' The tottering limbs and broken thoughts of after years recall a dim echo of these raptures, how far, how very far away. 'I took a walk in the pine grove near the cemetery, yesterday morning, and crept down the hill into a deep ravine we used to call the bowl, covered with decayed leaves, where we used to play tea with acorns for fairy cups; the acorns and the cups remain, but the charm is gone never to return.'

It is in this older period of her life

that the impression of Mrs. Ripley's personal appearance survives with most of those who have told us anything about her career. It is not said that even in youth she was especially beautiful; but in youth as in age there must have been the suggestion of earnest purity and dignity, so marked in all the likenesses of her that remain. Her features are calm, thoughtful, noble, sympathetic, but with a hint of the sadness of one who has long meditated on life with vast comprehension and limited hope.

This impression of sadness is undeniably prominent in the numerous letters of her later years. 'Sorrow, not hope,' she says, 'is the color of old age.' Her sorrow never has the taint of petulance or pitiful complaining. It is even penetrated with a sweet kindliness which often amounts to sunshine. But the sorrow is there, deeply motived and all-pervading.

To her clear vision it seems that all things are falling away from her. Society? The contact with her fellows had never been the chief thing in her life. Now the few she loved are gone or going, and the many who used to excite a vague curiosity have such different ways and thoughts that she can hardly understand them any more. Her last years were passed in the Manse, at Concord, the dwelling of her husband's forefathers. The Manse was then, as it has always been, widely hospitable, and the hurry of eager feet often passed her threshold and the door of her quiet chamber. She listened to it with sympathetic tenderness, but her interest faded with the fading years.

Religion? Religion had melted for her into a great love. But of active beliefs she cherished few or none. The days of strenuous thought and fierce probing of impenetrable secrets were over. She would gladly put aside the little child's questions, if she could have the little child's peace. 'How well it is that the world is so large, that lichens grow on every tree, that there are toadstools as well as sermons for those that like them.' Newspapers? She had rarely read them in her most active days. She could find little interest in them now. Even the turbulence of the Civil War touched her but slightly. She had drunk deep of the horrors of the past and hated them. Why should she revive their torment in the present? The war, she writes, 'sits on me as a nightmare.' But like a nightmare, she shakes it off when she can.

Study? Ah, that alone is still real, as always. And she would have echoed the phrase that Sainte-Beuve loved, 'On se lasse de tout excepté de comprendre.' 'Thank Heaven,' she says, 'I led a lonely life of study in my youth and return to its rest with satisfaction.' The books on her shelves are friends and companions who will not desert her. 'When I am alive I hold audience with Plato, and when I am not, I gaze on his outside with delight.' She learns Spanish by herself at seventy and reads *Don Quixote* with relish, complaining only that the pronunciation is beyond her. Yet, after all, even books afford but a pale consolation, when life is behind instead of before. And in a dull, dark moment she confesses that she reads mainly to kill time.

As the years grow shorter and the hours longer, the one thing that she falls back upon more and more is the affections of the home. Her memory fails her, her great mental powers no longer sustain her. But, in noting this, she observes, with touching pathos, 'I may be childish, but there are no limits to love.' In her active years she had never depended upon those around her for comfort or for diversion. To her sister-in-law, who remarked that she was contented only when she had all her children in the room with her,

Mrs. Ripley said that she did not require her children's presence, so long as she knew that they were happy. But as time flowed on, her heart turned more to the contact of those she loved. It pleased her to be busy for them, when she could, though she deplored the weakness and ineptitude of age in this regard. 'It seems strange that I that have so little to do, should do that little wrong.' It pleased her to have them about her. She writes to the daughter she loved best, with winning tenderness, 'I feel a want unsatisfied, and I think it must be to see you. Now this is somewhat of a concession for one who has always professed entire independence. But there is often, nowadays, a solitude of the heart which nothing can fill except your image.'

She loved to hear the prattle of her grandchildren, to watch their pretty, wild activities, as if they were creatures of her dreams. So they were, and she regarded them, as she regarded the whole world and her own soul, with a sad and gentle curiosity. In such a tender atmosphere of thought, of love, and of memory, she faded away, in the spirit of the beautiful words which she herself wrote not many weeks before the end: 'We have kept step together through a long piece of road in the weary journey of life: we have loved the same beings and wept together over their graves. I have not your faith to console me, as they drop one after another from my side; yet my will, I trust, is in harmony with the divine order, and resigned where light is wanting. The sun looks brighter and my home more tranquil as the evening of life draws near.'

III

Now, to consider Mrs. Ripley as she was in her best years, from thirty to sixty, with all her wealth of spiritual power and practical usefulness. We find, of course, the same qualities that we studied in her youth, but amplified, enriched, and balanced by the full development of maturity and a broader contact with the world.

And first, the wife and mother and housekeeper. It must be admitted that Mrs. Ripley's natural tastes did not lie in this direction. All the more notable is it that she was as admirable and successful here as in more abstract and ambitious pursuits. She herself recognizes amply that in giving up her cherished interests for a life of active usefulness she had found gain as well as loss. 'I once thought a solitary life the true one, and, contrary to my theory, was moved to give up the independence of an attic covered with books for the responsibilities and perplexities of a parish and a family. Yet I have never regretted the change. Though I have suffered much, yet I have enjoyed much and learned more.' And housekeeping for her meant, not a ladylike supervision, but hard, perpetual labor. She rarely had a servant, she had many children, she had large social obligations, and for years she had the needs of a boys' school to provide for. Whatever her life lacked, it was not activity. The fret, the wear, the burden of all these cares she undoubtedly felt, especially as her health was never of the best. Sometimes she longed unutterably to be free and quiet. But she never complained, she never grew sour or querulous. Says one who knew her and loved her, 'In all the annoyances of an overtaxed life I never saw her temper touched. She did not know resentment; she seemed always living in a sphere far above us all, yet in perfect sympathy.'

As a wife and mother she did her full duty as if it were a pleasure. The affection, almost devotion, with which her husband speaks of her is sufficient

evidence as to her relation to him. I have already said that she did not depend upon her children for amusement; but she watched over them and entered into their lives as only her intelligence could. Her methods of training and education were those of sympathy and kindness, and better testimony to their success could not be afforded than the noble qualities and eminent usefulness of her sons and daughters.

No account of these middle years of Mrs. Ripley's life would be complete without an analysis of her contact with the world, with her fellow men and women. In one way her career was an isolated, or at least a limited one. She never traveled, knew nothing even of her own country outside the circle of her immediate surroundings. Books and talk, however, gave her a far wider knowledge of mankind than this would promise. And, though she did not go to the world, the world came to her. Her father's houses in Boston and Duxbury were always open to friends and neighbors, and during her husband's long ministration in his Waltham parish, she kept up a hospitality which never failed or weakened. All sorts of people were welcomed in her parlor, and if her thoughts were often called away to other higher or lower cares, she did not show it and her visitors never knew it.

This is not saying that her duties were not sometimes irksome. Occasionally, in her most intimate correspondence, she rebelled and uttered what she felt. 'I would there were any hole to creep out of this most servile of all situations, a country clergyman's wife. Oh, the insupportable fatigue of affected sympathy with ordinary and vulgar minds.' Yet an impatience like this was but momentary, and was in no way incompatible with the social charm which I have already indicated in Mrs. Ripley's youth, and which continued and increased with age. She certainly did not seek society, in fact preferred the multitudinous solitude of her own thoughts; but neither did she avoid her fellows, and when with them she had always the supreme attraction of being wholly and perfectly herself. There was no affectation, no convention in her manners or in her talk. She said what she thought, and, as her thoughts were wide, abundant, and original, her conversation could not fail to be stimulating. She was, indeed, more interested in the thoughts of others than in her own, and never permitted herself to be burdened with the demands of making talk where there was none.

The shyness of early years persisted in the form of quiet self-effacement. In the words of one who knew her well, 'Without being precisely shy, she often gave one the impression of an unobtrusive, yet extreme solicitude to be in nobody's way.' And this is not the worst of social qualities. It must not, however, in Mrs. Ripley's case, suggest dullness. When she did speak, it was with the ease and the fertility of a full soul. To Dr. Hedge it seemed that she had 'an attraction proceeding from no personal charms, but due to the astonishing vivacity, the *all-aliveness*, of her presence, which made it impossible to imagine her otherwise than wide awake and active in word or work.'

Yet even so, I have not quite portrayed the singular candor and impersonality of Mrs. Ripley's spirit. Her lower self did not exist for her; that is, she left it to regulate its doings by an exquisite instinct, without cumbering her soul with it. When her friends, in jest, engaged her in speculative talk and then put a broom in her hands and asked her to carry it across Boston Common, she did it quite without thought. In the same way, she carried her own external, social person through life, bearing it with the flawless and unfailing dignity that belonged to high

preoccupations, and so making contact with her one of the privileges and delights of all she met.

Among the activities of Mrs. Ripley's prime none is more illustrative of her character than her teaching. She taught boys for many years, sometimes as an assistant in her husband's boarding-school, or again simply taking pupils to tutor in her own house. I find very little evidence that she enjoyed the work. Of course, there was the rare pleasure of really waking up a soul, knowing and seeing that you had done so. But the teacher was too self-distrustful to take much credit, even in such cases. She hated all responsibility — how much, then, the responsibility of a young life. She hated drudgery, of body or soul, though her whole long existence was made up of it. And whatever pleasure there may be in teaching, few will deny that there is drudgery also. Especially she hated discipline, believed at least that she had no faculty for it, and refused to practise it in any harsher sense. It is said that, as she sat in her teacher's chair, she knitted assiduously and purposely, so that small infractions of propriety might escape her notice. It is said, also, that when such things were forced upon her, she made no comment at the time, but afterwards wrote gentle, pleading notes to the culprits, which never failed of their effect.

For, whatever she may have felt herself, her pupils thought her eminently successful as a teacher. They learned from her, they obeyed her, they admired her, they loved her. No one affords better evidence than she that the stimulus of the soul goes further than the stimulus of the rod. Most of her boys were rich, idle fellows, who had been suspended from college or had never been able to get there. Such hearts are not always bad, but you have got to touch them to help them. On this point I do not know that I can quote better testimony than that of Senator Hoar. He says of the pupils who came to her from college: 'She would keep them along in all their studies, in most cases better instructed than they would have been if they had stayed in Cambridge. I remember her now with the strongest feelings of reverence, affection, and gratitude. In that I say only what every other pupil of hers would say. I do not think she ever knew how much her boys loved her.'

I cannot leave Mrs. Ripley's teaching and practical usefulness better than with the pathos of that last sentence.

IV

There is no doubt that the chief interest of Mrs. Ripley's best years, as of her youth, is in her intellectual preoccupations. It is true that she theoretically subordinates such preoccupations to useful action, but her very words in doing this show her attitude. 'I sympathize much with your tranquil enjoyment in study. There is no enjoyment like it, except perhaps disinterested action; but all action is disturbing, because one is constantly limited and annoyed by others.' So, in spite of the immense activity that was forced upon her by her choice of life and her surroundings, she persisted day after day and year after year in grasping more firmly and more zealously the things of the spirit.

Sometimes, indeed, the difficulties were so great that even her courage faltered. 'I begin to think we must either live for earth *or* heaven, that there is no such thing as living for both at the same time.'

Her health was uncertain; her time was broken, till there seemed nothing left of it; those about her would call her attention to petty details and trifling matters, world removed from

the high thoughts she loved to linger with. It made no difference. The persistence — call it obstinacy — which others expended upon social success, upon worldly profit, upon mere, immediate pleasure, she devoted wholly to books, to study, to vaster acquisition of varied knowledge; and somehow or other she knit up the flying minutes, which many would have wasted, into connected hours of profitable toil.

Note that this spiritual effort was given to intellectual interests pure and simple. Mrs. Ripley had never any great love for the æsthetic side of life. Music, unless as a matter of analytical study, made little appeal to her. Art made almost none. 'I am not sufficiently initiated into the mysteries of art to admire the right things,' she says. Even in poetry her tastes were narrowly limited. The Classics she read because they were the Classics. To the moderns she gave little attention and less care. So with contemporary events. They passed her by almost unnoticed. Her whole thought was given to the eternal.

Note also that she did not study to make a parade of it. She was as far as possible from a pedant in her speech as in her thought. She had no desire whatever to give instruction, simply to get it. Nor did literary ambition enter at all into her enthusiasm. She never wrote, had probably no great gift for formal writing. Her one inspiring passion, from youth to age, was to use every power she had in making just a little more progress into the vast, shadowy regions of obtainable knowledge.

As I have already pointed out in connection with her young days, her intellectual appetite was universal in its scope. It almost seemed as if she did not care upon what she used her mind, so long as she used it. The truth was, that every study was so delightful that choice was hardly necessary. Language? All languages fascinated her, and she grasped eagerly at every one that came within her reach. The ethereal flights of pure mathematics and astronomy might have absorbed her altogether, had it not been that chemistry and botany offered attractions so perpetually and variously alluring. The close contemporary of Thoreau, she had none of his imaginative interpretation of the natural world; but it is doubtful whether his actual knowledge of plants and trees was more exact than hers.

On the whole, it must be said, however, that her chief interest was in philosophy and abstract thought. The intense preoccupation with heaven and hell which beset every New England childhood in those days, turned, with her, as with so many others, into a close and keen analysis of where heaven and hell came from — and where they had gone to. She read the Greek and the English and the German philosophers and meditated upon them, with the result of a complete, profound, and all-involving intellectual skepticism. Observe that this skepticism was individual, not general. She was no dogmatic agnostic, no blatant unbeliever; above all, she abhorred the thought of leading any other astray. She was simply a humble, gentle, reverent seeker, ever anxious to know whether anyone had found the light, but irrevocably determined to accept no false gleam, no deluding will-o'-the-wisp.

Even in face of the great mystery of all she would express only a deep resignation, making no pretense to a confidence she could not feel. 'Death is an event as natural as birth, and faith makes it as full of promise. But faith is denied to certain minds, and submission must take its place. The Unknown, which lighted the morning of life, will hallow and make serene its evening. Conscious or unconscious,

we shall rest in the lap of the Infinite. Enough of this. Let us live while we live, and snatch each fleeting moment of truth and love and beauty.'

It may easily be maintained that Mrs. Ripley carried intellectual sincerity too far. She was so conscientious that she made a dogma, and finally even a duty, of doubt. She too often overlooked the blessed privilege of thorough skepticism, which is that it leaves hope as permissible as despair. Yet such singular, lucid, unfailing devotion to pure truth is highly notable in any one. I do not know whether a man may be forgiven for assuming that it is especially notable in a woman.

It is in this connection that I find a peculiar interest in Mrs. Ripley's intimacy with her nephew by marriage, Emerson. It would seem as if the two must have been an infinite source of stimulus and solace to each other. That there was always the deepest affection and respect between them is perfectly evident. When Mrs. Ripley refers to Waldo in her earlier letters, it is as to a spirit inspired and almost super-earthly. And in her old age she writes of his absence, 'I miss my guide and support in many ways.' Emerson's tone is no less enthusiastic, not only in the eulogy of his friend published soon after her death, but in many passages of his Journal.

Yet, with all this, one is rather surprised to note that the two seem to see little of each other, do not seek in each other's society that constant sympathy that one would think they would have found there. The truth is, their ways of looking at life were radically different. Mrs. Ripley records a conversation between them in which she remarked that 'the soul's serenity was at best nothing more than resignation to what could not be helped'; and Emerson rejoined, 'Oh, no, not resignation, aspiration is the soul's true state! What have we knees for, what have we hands for? Peace is victory.'

This difference of attitude peeps out slyly in a touch here and there in Mrs. Ripley's letters. It is glaringly marked in the study of her, printed at large in the sixth volume of Emerson's Journal. He does, indeed, repeat, with entire sincerity, much of his former praise. But he adds these somewhat harsh comments: 'She would pardon any vice in another which did not obscure his intellect or deform him as a companion. She knows perfectly well what is right and wrong, but it is not from conscience that she acts, but from sense of propriety, in the absence, too, of all motives to vice. She has not a profound mind, but her faculties are very muscular, and she is endowed with a certain restless and impatient temperament, which drives her to the pursuit of knowledge, not so much for the value of the knowledge, but for some rope to twist, some grist to her mill.'

Few spiritual touches could be more instructive than this conflict of minds so akin in many interests and so closely thrown together. A certain justice in Emerson's complaints is undeniable. Mrs. Ripley's was in no way a creative, original intelligence. She knew that it was not, and perhaps we may say, did not wish it to be. Her mental activity does at times appear an effort at diversion and distraction, rather than a passionate struggle toward the ultimate ends of thought. Yet it is hard to be satisfied with Emerson's criticism, when one reads passages like the following: 'Religion has become so simple a matter to me — a yearning after God, an earnest desire for the peace that flows from the consciousness of union with him. It is the last thought that floats through my mind as I sleep, the first that comes when I wake. It forms the basis of my present life, saddened by past experience. It bedims

my eyes with tears when I walk out into the beautiful nature, where love is all around me. And yet no direct ray comes to my soul.'

The true cause of the difference between Mrs. Ripley and Emerson was that her unconquerable, uncompromising dread of illusion did not suit his persistent and somewhat willful optimism. The lucid shafts of her penetrating intelligence drove right through his gorgeous cloud-fabric. Doubtless she listened to his golden visions with the profoundest attention and respect. But she was ten years older than he, she had known him as a boy and from boyhood, and she read the boy in the man and the angel, and he knew she did.

I have no direct evidence whatever, but I am inclined to suspect that she regarded those eager pages, peppered with capitalized abstractions, as Waldo's pretty playthings, which amused Waldo and could hurt nobody.

Emerson's verdict on Mrs. Ripley's moral character also, if not unjust, is misleading. It might naturally be expected that skepticism so complete would have some moral effects; but in this case those mainly perceptible are a divine gentleness and tolerance. Theoretical disbelief is apt to blight action. But action was so forced upon Mrs. Ripley all her life, that she could neither shun it nor neglect it. As to her moral instincts, Emerson himself indicates their sureness and delicacy. They never failed her in any connection. It was far more than a negative correctness of conduct. It was the most subtle and pervading sympathy with purity, holiness, and sacrifice, wherever they might be found. Above all, there was in her letters as in her life — and this Emerson fully recognizes — a singular tenderness, a pervading grace of comprehension, that endeared her to all who knew her. And hers is the saying, notable in one who so greatly prized all honesty and veracity, 'The law of love is higher than the law of truth.' In short, it may well be said that she believed in nothing but goodness, kindliness, the dignity of virtue and the unfailing delight of the pursuit of knowledge. Even as to these things she had her doubts, though they were clamped with iron tenacity to the inmost fibre of her soul, as to the existence of which she doubted also.

But, however great the charm of Mrs. Ripley's pure and saintly external life, the chief interest of her character, and of her example, must always lie in her extraordinary devotion to intellectual matters. It is to be observed that from her childhood to her age this devotion was absolutely disinterested. Most men who make a business of study combine it with some ulterior object, either professional success, or financial profit, or the glory of literary achievement or of scientific discovery. This woman never entertained the slightest suggestion of such advantage. With her there was but one aim, the pure exercise of thought for itself, the perpetual probing a little deeper and a little deeper and a little deeper into the vast, elusive mystery of existence. Such a tremendous and unceasing voyage of discovery carried its own triumph and its own satisfaction with it, and its resources of desire and delight were as varied as they were inexhaustible.

In Pater's *Imaginary Portrait*, Sebastian van Storck says to his mother, 'Good mother, there are duties towards the intellect also, which women can but rarely understand.' No man ever understood those duties to the intellect better than this woman understood them.

JANE ADDAMS

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Remember Botticelli's Fortitude
In the Uffizi? — The worn, waiting face;
The pale, fine-fibred hands upon the mace;
The brow's serenity, the lips that brood,
The vigilant, tired patience of her mood?
There was a certain likeness I could trace
The day I heard her in a country place,
Talking to knitting women about Food.

Through cool statistics glowed the steady gleam
Of that still undismayed, interned desire;
But — strength and stay, and deeper than the dream —
The two commands that she is pledged to keep
In the red welter of a world on fire,
Are, 'What is that to thee?' and 'Feed my sheep!'

HISTORY — QUICK OR DEAD?

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I

A CRITIC, reviewing my biography of Cavour, said in substance: The author plunges us back into the very life of the period he describes. He makes us feel the passions of the persons great and small who played in the drama of the Risorgimento. We are infected by their prejudices; we take sides; we almost forget ourselves and become, temporarily, a part of the titanic conflict. This is not History.

Such a frank assertion forces us to ask, What is History?

The streets of Naples are paved with slabs of lava, quarried at the foot of Vesuvius. If you wished to write an account of an eruption of the volcano, would you visit the Chiaja, notebook in hand, measure the lava paving-stones, analyze them with a microscope, and make any other examination you thought proper; or would you assemble all the reports of witnesses of the eruption; climb Vesuvius itself; trace the streams of lava; look into the crater; observe the changes caused by explosions and by the caving-in of walls; and so saturate yourself with the records and the setting of the event that it became real and living and visible to you? Only on these terms can you make it real and living and visible to your readers.

But my critic declares that history must be dead, and there can be no question that a great part, perhaps four fifths, of the history written up to the present time has been dead.

Still, may there not possibly be need, and perhaps an opening, for a minimum of live history? May we not, by accepting too narrow a definition, shut out one branch of history which not only has a right to exist but does exist, and may bear under favorable conditions the finest fruit on the tree? The penalty of exclusiveness is deprivation. We ought to recognize that the writing of history embraces work of many kinds, some higher, some lower, all honorable, all necessary. But this recognition must not blind us to the fact that there is a distinction between the lower and the higher. The architect who designs a cathedral is held, deservedly, in far different esteem from the masons who lay the physical foundations, or the hodmen who carry the mortar to bind stone on stone.

Speaking broadly, historical workers may be divided into two great classes — first, the men whose interest lies chiefly in *facts;* and next, the men who, having ascertained the facts, cannot rest until they have attempted to interpret them. These two aims — information and interpretation — should not be regarded as mutually hostile, but as mutually complementary.

The worship of Fact, which must not be confounded with Truth, does not lead us far. To know that Columbus discovered America on October 12, 1492, or that the Declaration of Independence was made on July 4, 1776, or that Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo on June 18, 1815, is interesting; but unless these statements are reinforced

by much matter of a different kind, they are hardly more important for us than it would be to know the number of leaves on a tree. And this is true though the facts be indefinitely multiplied. I have read, for instance, an account of the American Revolution in which the uncontroverted facts followed each other in as impeccably correct a sequence as the telegraph poles which carry the wires over the eight hundred and fifty miles of the Desert of Gobi. The paramount interest in this case is not the number of poles but the purport of the telegrams flashed along the wires.

That may symbolize the difference between the historian of Information and the historian of Interpretation. Not for a moment, of course, does anyone deny the usefulness of the former. But we shall not be able to penetrate far into Man's historic past by the method of counting telegraph poles or of measuring the distance between them. The message borne by the telegram, the meaning of the sequent or scattered events in any historic movement, be it of long duration or merely a fleeting episode — that alone can have significance for us.

Viewed thus, history is a resurrection. The dead actors in remote dramas come to life; the plot, the meaning emerge, as when an electric current is turned on and lights up the pieces of fireworks set in many patterns. In one sense history resembles an autopsy, for it usually deals with cadavers; but whereas the physician makes his post-mortem to see what the patient died of, the historian examines, or should examine, to discover how his subjects lived. Life, evermore Life, is the imperial theme for those who live; Life, in which Death is the inevitable incident, often tragic, sometimes pathetic, but never so significant as Life. The maladies of nations and of institutions, and even the diseases of which they died, form much of the material of history; but you cannot isolate them from the large living organism in which they appeared. Gibbon followed through thirteen hundred years the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; and yet each symptom of imperial decay which he described coincided with signs of the growth of new forces, new states, new ideals; so that you may read his monumental and matchless work either as a funeral oration over the grandeur that was Rome, or as a chronicle of the springing into life of the world of Christendom which replaced Rome.

Without a sense for transformation we shall not come far, either as students or as critics of history. Gibbon possessed that sense in a superlative degree, although he emphasized the negative transformation of dissolution, instead of its positive counterpart, which traces all the stages from birth to prime. There will be no more Gibbons, because the accumulation of material would crush any daring persons who should attempt to survey history by the millennium, as he did; but no one deserves to be called a historian who lacks this sense.

In the world of nature outside us, vast processes are continuously going on — an endless dance of atoms; a passing out of one thing into another, and from that to a third; a hide-and-seek of phenomena; night chasing day; the fruit replacing the flower; the stalk, yellow with full-eared corn one week, stubble the next; fruition only another name for beginning, for a new seed-time; and so on forever with this cosmic transformation, in which the sun also and the stars take their turn, on a scale beyond our human comprehension. And in this protean masquerade, forces do not act singly, but several may work through the same body simultaneously, each toward a different end.

Until you perceive that mankind, like inanimate matter, is the medium through which a similar array of intellectual and moral forces shuttles, perpetually, you will get nothing from history except the foam and bubbles that float on its surface. It is because these forces, which are often mutually repellent or seem to neutralize each other, pursuing their way at different rates of speed, and apparently capable of unnumbered transformations, never stop, that Life, manifold and complex Life, is the substance of human history: and the representation which the historian makes of any fragment or series of this boundless evolution must possess, first of all, life, the stuff out of which the original flows.

We need have no fear, therefore, that a history can ever be too lifelike. Compared with the actual which he wishes to portray, the utmost the historian can compass is like an eight-by-ten-inch painting of Niagara to the Falls themselves. He must use the devices which Art supplies, in order to represent his subject on such a scale and in such a manner that it will make on the mind of his readers an impression equivalent to that made by the original. The art which the historian must employ is Literature — the art of conveying by words, in the best way, human facts, ideas, and emotions.

Whoever uses speech, written or oral, must obey the laws of speech; he cannot claim exemption on the ground that he is a 'scientific historian,' amenable only to the laws of science. For every man of science, if he treat his special subject by writing, and not by technical symbols and diagrams, is bound by literary laws. It makes no difference whether you put out to sea in a dory or in an ocean liner, the laws of flotation will inexorably govern you. Protesting that you are a landsman and not a mariner — a devotee of Science and not of Literature — will not save you from capsizing. That the large concerns of science may be treated with literary excellence without losing their scientific quality, the works of Buffon, Faraday, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall show.

The war which once raged over the question whether History is a science seems to have reached a truce — the truce of indifference, in which each side is attending to its business as if peace were restored. Like the ancient feud of the Classicists and the Romanticists, this also tends to reduce itself to a matter of terms. If you mean that history is a science like chemistry or optics or algebra, you mistake. The algebraic formulas were as true in B.C. 5000 as they will be in A.D. 5000. You can predict that the molecules of hydrogen and oxygen, combined in the same ratio, will always form water. But you can predict nothing about the action of human ingredients. On the afternoon of April 14, 1865, nobody foresaw that within the next twelve hours Abraham Lincoln would die by assassination; nor could the effect of his death be foretold. None of us knows what will happen next week, much less next month or next year. This ignorance is not science: it renders science impossible.

So we must abandon the delusion that history can be a science: for science deals with elements which are constant and verifiable, while history deals with human motives and will, and the atoms — that is the individuals — which compose society. These can never be completely measured, nor do they combine with or react on each other in precisely the same way. Even if it were possible to get a formula for an individual in his normal state, we should still be unable to guess what he would do if he suddenly went crazy. Molecules of oxygen never go crazy: the

chemist knows how they will behave under any given conditions. This liability to insanity is only one of a thousand facts which prove that human beings cannot be 'explained' by the laws which govern material atoms.

II

But though history can never be an exact science, the historical student will follow the scientific method in his investigations. He will search for his materials as patiently, analyze them as carefully, and draw his conclusions from them as candidly as the chemist does his materials. He has no instruments of fixed capacity to work with. His insight and judgment must serve him instead of microscope or burette, blow-pipe or acid test.

We must not forget that the partisans of history as a science are inspired by the noblest motive — the sense of justice. Except duty, no other attribute is so august as justice, no other demarks so clearly the difference between man and animals. The beasts of the field share with us, according to their kind, love and hate, courage and fear; they are sly and mean, they are cruel; but, so far as appears, they are unmoved by any desire for justice for themselves; nor do they question the Universe. Even among men, this desire developed late, and the cheeriest optimist would hardly claim that it has yet dominated the dealings either of individuals or of nations with each other.

Under one aspect, justice is at the heart of every modern religion. From Job to Milton, and so on down to today, thinkers and moralists — and how many perplexed nameless souls besides? — have busied themselves trying to justify the ways of God to men! The entrance of morality into human affairs brought with it the recognition of justice. When lightning sets fire to a house, or earthquake destroys thousands of human beings; when a tiger leaps upon and slays a huntsman, or a pernicious microbe spreads an epidemic over a whole city, the man of science, unless he be unscientifically eager to prove a pet theory, will record the happening without bias. It is unmoral, — even the legal fiction which regards unpreventable natural calamities as acts of God does not give a moral complexion to them, — and he remains dispassionate. But suppose an incendiary started the fire, or that an anarchist set off the bomb which killed a crowd, or that a highwayman garrotted a passer-by, or that a German poisoned the milk-supply — the case would be altered completely. The act would be human; we should examine it under its moral aspects; and Justice, seeking to appraise it, would go behind the legal fact, to determine, if possible, the motive.

So we are brought back to my earlier remark, that motives constitute the ultimate stuff of history. Motives, of course, presuppose a *moral* standard. The scientific historian sets up the judge as his model because he reverences fairness, impartiality: but perhaps he fails to see that the judge himself is already biased, being bound to investigate each case and to interpret it according to existing statutes. In this respect the man of science does not differ from the judge.

Is not the chemist also bound rigidly by laws? Does he not try, by every device, to lessen the possibility of error which may lie in his personal equation? And yet what are his laws, or the judge's, or those of moralists and of priests, but conclusions reached and demonstrated by their forerunners and accepted by their fellows?

The 'personal equation'! Is it not just that, if it be of the proper kind,

which makes the great discoveries? How many million apples had dropped meaningless to the ground before the one which fell within sight of Newton? And what except Newton's personal equation made that the most significant apple in history? And what makes an opinion handed down by John Marshall a law which will bind men as long as they acknowledge its force — what but his personal equation?

If this personal equation plays such a part in matters as positive as the physical sciences or the law, how much more must it influence the work of those who deal directly with human nature — that elusive, erratic, volatile, protean substance, which is, notwithstanding, the most enduring of all? When we come to the arts, — to music, poetry, painting, — the personal equation *is* the artist. And how often is this true in medicine, where the master of diagnosis perceives, as if by divination, the cause of a disease, which his colleagues, equally learned as he in medical laws and practices, had been blind to?

By this road, too, the road of science, we arrive at *Interpretation* as the highest office of the historian. And how could it be otherwise, since History most nearly concerns the motives and deeds of men? What the scientific historian means is that historians should aim at the fairness and impartiality of a judge, and should employ the scientific methods of investigation which promote the highest accuracy. To this, we all say Amen. The ideal was not invented by Ranke or any other modern: it has inspired every true historian since Herodotus. Do you suppose that Thucydides was not immensely concerned to know and state the truth? Do you suppose that the contemporary professor of scientific history, who, in his effort to depersonalize and dehumanize himself to the level of a material instrument, puts on an asbestos shirt, to keep enthusiasm from leaking out or in; who stuffs his ears with cotton, wears goggles of a neutral tint, and has non-conducting glass castors to his chair; who dips his pen in colorless ink, subjects his papers to a formaldehyde bath, and keeps a carbolic spray playing in his study — do you suppose that he succeeds in eluding *his* personal equation? Far from it: all his attempts to depersonalize himself simply record the limitations of his personality.

In our daily life, if anybody adopted these methods toward us, do you think that he would get within recognizing distance of your heart or mine? Does such a nature inspire confidences? You smile. And yet there are doctrinaires who suppose that the people of history — who were at least as human as we — can be understood, measured, explained (if you will) by men and methods before whom you and I would remain unresponsive and dumb.

The other day I read the report of a lecture by a professor who said that it was not the business of the historian to be interesting, all that he has to do is to describe events as they really happened. Remarks like this shake our faith in the mental capacity of the scientific historians. Translate the professor's saying into the terms of another art, if you would see their absurdity. Imagine a painter telling his pupils, 'Color does n't matter, perspective does n't matter, drawing does n't matter; your whole business is to paint the portrait or landscape just as it is.' I decline to use the epithet which his brother artists would deservedly apply to one who should utter such nonsense; and yet I regret to say that the warning — 'Don't be interesting' — stands high up among the articles of the creed of the scientific historians. The humor — or the pathos — of it is that seldom has a warning been so little needed.

What conception of human nature

must a professor have who warns his pupils against being 'interesting'? Does he suppose that Thucydides, or any other historian, murmured to himself before sitting down to write: 'Go to! I will be interesting'? Can those who have it not, simulate charm, or those who have it, hide it? Can November's stubble fields and stripped branches simulate the bloom of May or the exuberant leafage of June?

'Just describe events as they really happened' — could anything be more naïf? That is the tantalizing task of the historian as it is of the portraitist. But no two persons see an event or a face from exactly the same angle, with identical eyes, much less with identical preparation. One sees color, the other sees form; one divines character, the other trusts to documents. Rembrandt and Van Dyck paint the same person: which portrait is right? In truth, half a dozen might be right, if they were painted by masters of equal, though varying glories.

III

So no history is final. How can there be finality to anything that touches us mortals who, like amphibia, move in two worlds — the Finite and the Infinite? The Stream of Time bears us onward, like the first voyagers on the River of Doubt. We know not what lies ahead. We are absorbed by the country on either bank. We have survived rapids, cataracts, falls; and as we look back, the receding landscape takes other shapes. What seemed yesterday a mountain range has melted away; cliffs that we thought an impassable barrier before we came to them, divided and let the stream and us through. Mankind sweeps on, and with each advance its perspective changes and shows historic personages and events in different size.

Perspective! that is the historian's compass. Without it, he will magnify the trivial and slight the significant. I am not sure that it can be taught. For lack of it, Kinglake, who possessed many rare qualities as a historian, devoted eight volumes to the Crimean War and four hundred and fifty pages to the battle of Inkerman. An American who should summarize our War of 1812 and the Battle of Lundy's Lane on that scale would be laughed at; and yet, war for war and battle for battle, the American was at least as important as the European.

Perspective implies election, to make which will call on every native or acquired trait you have. But instead of drawing up a list of the qualifications of a historian, I will read you one made long ago, and apparently forgotten.

He is requir'd to be a Man born with all the Felicities of a lively penetrating Wit, and unbounded Genius: Formed by great Study, Experience and Practice in the World; one that is both a Scholar and a Man of Business; a good Geographer, Chronologist, Antiquary, Linguist; conversant in Courts, Councils, Treaties, in Affairs Military as well as Civil, and in short in every thing that is the Subject of History; furnish'd with all proper Materials and Records, and a perfect Master of all the Graces of the Language he writes in. This is a great deal, but not enough; for what is yet more extraordinary, he must have no Passions or Prejudices, but be a kind of Deity that from a Superior Orb looks unmov'd on Parties, Changes of State, and Grand Revolutions. And yet you are to suppose him bless'd with Health, Leisure, and Easie Fortune, and a steadfast Application to his subject. After which, the Perfections requisite in his Performance are almost innumerable; a judicious Proportion of all the Parts of his Story; a beautiful Simplicity of Narration; a noble, yet unaffected Stile; few and significant Epithets; Descriptions lively, but not Poetical; Reflections short and proper; and lastly, besides a multitude of Particulars which

cannot be mentioned here, a good Conduct thro' the whole, and an animating Spirit that may engage the Reader in every action as if personally concerned, and give him the firm assurance that he sees things in their own Light and Colours, and not in those which the Art or the Mistake of the Writer has brought upon 'em.

That was not written recently — as the firm yet rich texture of the language and the continuous robustness of the thought reveal; but could any teacher of history to-day define better what a historian should be? Our contemporary would probably leave out 'the lively and penetrating Wit,' and the training which included 'Experience and Practice in the World'; as well as those preparations which form the masterly writer. For even in the literary courses our universities teach much about the art of fiction and the trick of writing short stories, but little about the fundamental art of expression; and in the history courses, the shovel and pitchfork have usurped the place of a 'penetrating Wit,' and of 'a noble yet unaffected Stile.'

The distinguished professor mentioned above warns his pupils against being interesting. Bishop Kennett, whose great passage I have just quoted, published his *Compleat History of England*, to which it serves as a preface, in 1706, when he was about forty-six years old. If we were to judge him and the contemporary professor by their expressed ideals, we should conclude that the Queen Anne man had vision, while our contemporary, steeped in Germanizing erudition, has none.

Happily, we are not always as bad as the doctrines we profess. Some 'scientific' historians who shudder at the thought of being 'interesting' are read because, in spite of themselves they have literary aptitude; some 'literary' historians are welcomed even in the ranks of the Philistines. The greatest surprise of all awaits the American who is taught to go to the German for models of scientific objectivity. He goes, and finds them anything but objective: he finds Treitschke a glorified partisan pamphleteer, Von Sybel a subsidized eulogist of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and even Ranke and Mommsen taking little pains to disguise their prejudices. All of which means that the instrument, being human, will more or less affect the work it produces. Were it otherwise, it might be possible to degrade man to the level of a machine, as soulless and as correct as a cash-register.

Contemporary verdicts and statements are proverbially incomplete, if not inaccurate or downright false. Therefore, argue the advocates of dead history, history must be written after the evidence is all in, as a lifeless chronicle which is as irrevocable as the entries in the Book of Judgment. To this the believer in quick history replies: all that the accumulation of evidence has done has been to put us — years, or, it may be, centuries after an event — into the position of an omniscient contemporary observer. We know both sides, all sides, better than the actors themselves could know them. Our increased knowledge enables us to see a living picture of the event, to appraise the motives of the men and women, to see how the episode fits into the larger sequence of history. Until a historian looks upon his testimony as alive, he cannot present it truly — for life is the fundamental truth underlying human facts. To suppose that by regarding his material as dead the historian will be more likely to tell the truth is a delusion. The quality of truthfulness is in the man — not in the material.

Turn over the pages of any life of Mary Stuart if you would disabuse yourself of the idea that even the advocates of dead history are out of danger of being galvanized into a simulation of

life. To come at any decision of your own in regard to a still vaster subject — Napoleon — you must read not only the documents, but his chief defenders and his chief detractors. His manners had their bearing on his career: does Madame de Rémusat or Alfred Lévy tell the truth about them, or do both?

If you are really bent on getting to the source of a man's life, or of an historic episode, you will very soon discover serious gaps in the evidence, and then you will be surprised to find that a historian as rigidly 'scientific' as Freeman takes you comfortably over the chasm of ignorance on a bridge of conjecture. This too is a tribute to history as an art: for Freeman's conjectures, coming from his wide erudition, and fused in his passionate mind, are often worth more than other men's facts. He conjectures valiantly, and scorns to prefix to his statements the specious 'perhaps,' by which nowadays timid historical writers hope to preserve their reputation for impartiality.

After all, if a man write honestly, his personal bias will never deceive his readers. Only those — and they are wretches, indeed — who falsify or omit or garble the evidence, do harm, and they are perjurers, not historians. I do not believe that anybody was ever misled by Macaulay's Whiggism, or by Gibbon's skepticism, or by Carlyle's hero-worship, or by Treitschke's magnification of Prussian absolutism. And why should we not wish to hear the opinions of masterful men in regard to important historical events? In literature, we set the highest value on what Sainte-Beuve thinks of a book or of an author. The masters of literature stand each for some unborrowed point of view. Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Meredith — we would not have them alike; each sees Life originally, and tries to describe it honestly, and so adds to our knowledge of it.

In its more recent manifestation fiction seems to be so closely engaged in a competition with the kodak that it matters little who writes it: for the personality of the man who holds the camera counts for little. But some of us still prefer a painting to a photograph or a snapshot: not only because a painting has color, but because it has the personality of the painter behind it. We know that Rembrandt or Turner put on his canvas something that the photographic plate could not see.

I say this, not to urge that the historian should make a purely subjective figment of his material, but to remind you that the personal equation may — nay, must — determine the value of the completed book. Whatever be our theories which our practices may improve on, no man fit to be called a historian ever finished his work without feeling the inadequacy of his own powers, or of any conceivable human means, to reproduce the little fragment of history which he has chosen. And no historian can work far or deep without being conscious that he is reporting from the heart of human life matters too sacred to be twisted in the narration to suit his private opinion. He is conscious of the manifestation of mighty forces — of forces mightier than those which drive the Mississippi from Minnesota to the Gulf or which swing the oceans to and fro in their tidal pendulation. He feels, though he cannot see, Presences which lead the actors of the everlasting human drama on and off the stage; Spirits which teach them their parts and prompt them when they falter; Furies which pursue, punish, and avenge; Fates which accomplish their tasks as dispassionately as heat or cold.

In the calendar of nature four seasons fill the measure of each year: each merges in the next; and though there may be slight annual variations, no

year passes without completing its circuit of spring, summer, autumn, winter. In human evolution there is no such sequence. If there be seasons, they are of such vast duration that we have not yet observed them. There is no recurrent return to the starting-point. Each race passes through the order allotted for all living creatures: first birth, then growth, prime, decrepitude, and death; but no race, in expiring, bequeaths its hoard to another. Generally, there is the slow obliteration through blending: and where a race grows strong by conquest, its strength is often sapped by the process of merger with the weaker conquered. The Roman Empire was in no sense the heir of Athens; nor Catholic Spain of the Saracens; nor England of the Northmen who, as Normans from France, conquered the Saxon kingdom. Doubtless the new combinations are conditioned by the remains of the old elements, but there is no lineal descent. In races which at different epochs occupy the same region, there is rather such a law of succession as we find among our forests: when the primeval pines go, oaks shoot up; and after the oaks, beeches and birches follow.

What determines the handing on of the torch from race to race? We assume, because we men are incorrigible optimists, that every transmission means advance; but this is not true. Often a race lower in everything except brute force subdues a higher. There is a deeper principle at work. Sometimes the baffled historian concludes that our human life, and that consecutive essence of it which is History, can be explained only by physical reactions. A drought in Central Asia causes the raid of Tartar hordes into Europe, with all that follows; the Venetian Republic languishes and dies because the discovery of a new ocean route diverts the commerce of the world away from her.

But even as he acknowledges these facts, which seem to reduce man to the level of an automaton, the sport of purely material agents, the historian remembers the saints and heroes before whose spiritual potency Matter is as yielding as glass is to sunshine.

This is the high mission of the historian. He starts out to narrate a section of history, aiming only at describing what he sees, without plea or prejudice. Narration is his chief concern, but through it he will reveal, unconsciously it may be, the forces which impel the flow of events, the deeps from which human acts emerge and into which they return and dissolve. He must have no specialty except truth; and yet, though he must write neither as poet nor as dramatist, neither as philosopher nor as man of science, he will need at times the skill of each of them; they will all find in his history, as in life itself, the substance of their specialty. For he is always aware of the Presences — invisible and immaterial — ceaselessly passing, shaping, completing, and renewing: not merely weavers at the loom of Destiny, but Destiny itself — and he seeks in human motives to discover the Transcendent Motive, the Living Will, which causes and sustains the world.

THE MOURNERS

BY MARGARET LYNN

I

'And — what hour have you set for the service, Mrs. Chase?' asked Mr. Upton hesitatingly. His manner had been hesitant and tentative all through. In all his pastoral experience with houses of grief he had never had an interview more difficult.

'It will be on Thursday afternoon,' said Mrs. Chase quietly and definitely.

Her sister-in-law, playing a subordinate and silent part through the call, made a gesture as though she saw reason for speaking.

The minister forestalled her, though even his response came slowly.

'Mr. Jordan's funeral will be on Thursday afternoon. I don't know whether you have heard — in your own trouble — '

'Yes, I know,' answered Mrs. Chase gently. 'It will be a great loss.'

The marked stillness of her attitude and manner seemed to be a refuge to which she had betaken herself and from which she feared to break away.

'The passing of two men of such prominence so near together was very remarkable,' said Mr. Upton. 'I have never known anything like it.'

He knew the flatness of his remark and the awkwardness of its suggestion, but he was hampered by the difficulty of finding anything right to say. He had visited many widows in their affliction, but none who sat so palely quiet, yet controlled, as this one. Active grief seemed as remote from her as everything else.

The troubled sister-in-law quivered a half-smile, acknowledging his speech, but Mrs. Chase showed no response. She said only, 'What time will Mr. Jordan's funeral be?'

'At two. There are relatives and some public men, I believe, to take an afternoon train.'

'Then would four do? It is late, I know. And would that be too hard for you?'

'That is no consideration, believe me. Your wish and convenience are the only important thought.'

In his embarrassment he clumsily fell into mere social phraseology.

He went on to make competent suggestions for her help — for the form and circumstance with which we pursue the dead with earthly things. His sympathy was urgent, but it furnished him with neither religious thought nor human feeling to meet a grief so complicated and qualified as this. He went away mortified at his own inadequacy. 'And I a minister to souls!' he rebuked himself.

'Might you not have waited, Katherine?' asked the older woman unhappily. 'To put the two funerals side by side, like that — '

'The contrast is there anyway,' said Katherine with a sharp intensity she had not yet shown. 'We can't make it any greater. I won't have any shrinking or hiding about it.'

She made a passionate unpurposed movement, like a demand for escape, and then with abrupt control turned and sat herself down at her desk.

There she stayed until every detail of arrangements had been provided for, she herself directing telephone orders and dictating messages, forcing herself to plan everything on a conventional and consistent scale. There must be, for his sake, no sign of apology or of shamefacedness. It was his last claim on her, and she involuntarily rose to meet it. She took on herself duties that would usually have gone to friends, gently putting aside their offers since she could not guess how willingly or perfunctorily they were made. In the developments of the past week, whom could she ask for the friendly offices and the show of esteem with which we adorn the closing life? How could she know who had been injured, or how far-reaching was the cause of estrangement, or who would be bitterest in condemnation?

It was late in the night, at last, when she put her lists and notes in order on her desk and went up through the thick quiet of the house to the empty silence of her own room. She paused outside the door behind which her husband lay, and stood leaning her forehead against the cool white door-frame. Then, with a profound sigh and slack despairing gesture, she went on her way.

As she closed her door, she seemed to be shutting in with herself a mass of facts and emotions which she must now assort and put into relation. Such a poignant complexity of feeling she had never dreamed of. She wished longingly for a simple grief, for a single unmodified regret. Most women could mourn their husbands in that way — mourn a loss and a subtraction from their lives, love left on their hands while the object of it passed away. But she — what had death brought to her? She held up her loss and looked at it, bewildered.

For hours she had been looking forward to this time when she could close her door upon herself and balance her humiliation and her grief. There had not been a moment since the two blows fell — almost simultaneously — that she could give entirely to thought of herself. Men had brought him home ill from the bank and had waited, reluctant and awkward and ill-at-ease, until she had cared for him, and then had told her, clumsily and incompletely, something of the uncovered crime. While she yet stared unsteadily at their revelation, trying to relate herself to this impossible thing, the doctor brought his verdict. His blow seemed to her to fall on a numbed surface, as if she could not quite feel it as she should. Yesterday she had been anxious because Stephen said he had a slight headache, and had been urgent with care and remedies; to-day she looked upon his utter need in a sort of paralysis of effort.

Memory told her little now of those hours of watching. She hoped that she had not been lacking in signs of tenderness; she believed that she had not, so ingrown a habit were they. He yielded to her attentions with his old gentleness, saying only, 'I must get better,' and again and again, ever more urgently, 'I must get better,' each time he roused himself. In the first grayness of a cloudy twilight he looked at her suddenly with more than physical anguish in his eyes and said, 'I must get better — *Katherine* — I must get better'; and then sank lower in the pillows, and so on into the long unconsciousness from which he never wakened.

During those hours while there were needs to be answered or invented, — she would have no nurse brought into that strange time, — she felt always as if, even in this fearful commingling of griefs, she were having a moment of reprieve — a postponement kindly to her. Just beyond this — however it

might end — lay the completion of the facts she must have, and the analysis of her feelings when she should take these apart, and look at them bare, and know their relation to the new terms of her life. The facts she now had, — she had sent for the men this morning, — the amount of defalcation, the period, the conditions. She could easily see how it might all be paid back: there was the car, the hateful insurance, land, perhaps the house. No one need suffer in the least except herself — and she wished to suffer in this way. How many of her pleasures must have come from that money — she never knowing!

She had consciously dedicated this night to her own feelings. When she went up to her room, she went as one keeping an appointment with herself. When morning came to her still-open eyes, she was not disappointed to find that she had not slept. She had not planned to sleep.

But where she had hoped to bring order out of turmoil of feeling, she reached only worse perplexity. There were long, exquisitely poignant memories of years bursting with happiness, of constant generous giving and equally generous taking, of the sweetness of daily meeting a need for her, gently but eagerly urged — and after such memories the abrupt question, what was this man after all? And then he suddenly turned a stranger to her, a man who stole, who deceived, who failed. Her new conception of him was unrecognizable. The gay bravado of life which had made him so lovable and so cheering — what unscrupulousness lay beneath it? The richness of interest and sympathy which made living with him so joyous — what selfishness did it cover? The pleasures she had shared so lightly and confidently were taken from the needs of others.

But that brought her back again to the happiness of that sharing. No man understood companionship better. The gay hours they had had — the sweet hours — the high hours! He had said this, or done that, or looked thus. She lost hold of analysis in utter grief.

And then she came around the circle once more to the burning realization of disgrace, of humiliation. Even this week, while he died, talk of his sin must have gone from lip to lip all through the town. And to-morrow men would speak of his foolishness, and women of his dreadfulness, and some would be anxiously fearing that they were to suffer through him.

She flung herself from the bed and went to the window, as if freer air might give her some clearness. On the slope opposite, beyond the little park that lay between, a light was burning, as one burned on the floor below her. She knew that that was where Gregory Jordan lay dead, while the whole town mourned his going. He had been in the last thought of many for nights past and in their first morning question. Men grieved for the passing of his generosity, his eagerness for public good, his energetic righteousness, his great friendliness. And while they mourned for him, their thoughts, she knew, would turn to Stephen Chase.

She thought of Mrs. Jordan, older than herself by more than twenty years, and of the dignity and fine graciousness that life had wrought in her. What richness of satisfaction her grief must hold! She had not been robbed of her present and her past at one stroke. For her, pride in what had been would color all the grief of the present.

Through the next day and the next, amidst her own decisions and arrangements, Katherine's mind carried on constantly a bitter comparison with the corresponding scenes in the great Jordan house. She could imagine the comings and goings there, the scale which all feeling would take on: a sort

of heartiness and thankfulness which would run through all regret; the efforts of friends and neighbors and lovers of good to make a last showing of long-felt esteem. No one could guess how many men were indebted to Gregory Jordan for help, for sympathy, for a hand upward toward righteousness or a check on feet slipping downward. They would all be uniting to form such an atmosphere about that home as would make life, and death too, a sort of human triumph.

But in her house, where another man lay dead, what reserve, what embarrassment! She smiled bitterly at the predicament of friends and acquaintances, who knew not how fully to speak or what to pass over. She could take no words simply, but in spite of herself found some perfunctory or ungenuine, and others clumsy in their masking of a real sympathy. Relatives and early friends brought by the occasion wore an air of silently asking, 'How did this come about?' The whole relation of things about her was so strained, so full of angles and repulsions, that she found no stable point in it for her feelings to rest on.

On Thursday afternoon, while she sat in her shadowed room waiting for her own hour, her mind constantly went in intolerable envy down to the crowded church, — not even his spacious home was adequate or fitting for Gregory Jordan's funeral, — to follow in imagination the scenes there. It would be a great gathering, men coming together in friendship or praise or mere awe of death. Great words would be spoken, high praise from public men, messages from laborers for righteousness and good. Better than all would be the quiet satisfied approval of those words from the onlookers of his life. Mr. Upton would speak of that life, — 'The real flowers on a man's tomb are his own good deeds,' — he was fond of saying words like that. Exaltation and pride would be the note of the service.

And the next hour — what cruel juxtaposition! She could foresee sensitively the generalizations, the incomplete statements. And all those hearing would fill out the reservation and supply for themselves the unsaid thing. Many would come, embarrassed but conscientious. They would hasten from the church, with the high sense of life they had reached there; and as they came they would say to each other, 'What a difference here!' She had abated not one touch of the publicity proper, or of obvious respect short of display. But she knew that the man lying there, of whom they were taking leave, would have changed suddenly, for most of those present, from the gay and gentle friend, the successful man they had known — to a criminal. It would be with half-averted faces that they would lay him away.

II

It was all over, and she was alone in the thickening twilight, when someone came to her, moving quiet and unannounced through the empty rooms. Katherine rose and waited, but the other woman did not speak until she had come close and laid hesitant hands upon hers.

'It is Mrs. Jordan,' she said. 'Forgive an older woman for coming. And forgive my selfishness in wanting you to comfort me with a grief greater than my own is.'

'How can that be,' said Katherine, 'with your loss? — so great? And *what* is my grief?' she cried vehemently, impetuously, to her own surprise breaking suddenly the silence of the whole alien week. 'I don't know.'

'What is it made up of?' asked Mrs. Jordan after a pause.

'I don't know. Oh, Mrs. Jordan! —

I have n't talked at all — shall I seem brutal if I talk it out? You have lived so wisely, you must understand different kinds of suffering.'

'I know more than one kind,' she said.

Katherine looked at the gray hair showing through the dimness, and at a kind of magnificence of expression and bearing which she had always recognized in Mrs. Jordan, and she seemed to stand before triumphant experience. This woman could never have been humiliated by events as she was now.

'But what kind do I have? It is not merely that I have lost my husband, but I've lost all the life that went before. I never had it at all. I thought I had, but where is it now? There is no happiness in remembering any past days, because the whole thing breaks down and falls away. I don't know what I am mourning.'

'Can you doubt it?'

'I doubt everything. I used to have a notion of making a sort of collection of memories, to put away for old age or sickness or something, storing up my life. After something fine I would say, "I'll put that away" — that was one of the little joking sayings we had; and some day, when we needed them, we were to take them all out and look at them. This is the need, but what happiness will there ever be in them now? They simply were n't there when I thought they were. What have I at all now?' she ended with a cry.

The other woman wearily made a little movement, a change to alertness or energy, as if she found that the interview made more call upon her than she had expected. 'You have all you ever had,' she said, 'except that it is ended. You will add no more to that part of your store.'

'But it never was. All that was built on love — I could n't tell you how perfect it seemed. But when you take respect and pride from love —' She stopped in shame. She had not been so definite even with herself before. — 'Oh, Mrs. Jordan! Don't think it is the outside of this that is so hard for me. I can stand the talk and the pity and the disgrace. And I can pay the money back and do without things and be glad to do it. But the part that is taken from me, myself — how can I stand it?'

The older woman gave a little sigh, as if she unexpectedly found before her a thing to which she must set her reluctant hand.

'We all want to choose our tragedies just as we choose our joys,' she said, with a dreariness of her own in the saying. 'We want a big clean admirable tragedy where we can have feelings to match. We don't choose shame or limitation in it. What if your husband had lived after you knew what he had done? How would you have felt toward him?'

Katherine stopped the little nervous movements of her slender hands, as if arrested in her thinking, and said slowly, 'I never thought of that. It all seemed to be an inevitable set of things that had to go together. If he had lived — and I had known,' — she considered earnestly, — 'I should have been shocked — and disappointed, but not angry; and I should have tried to keep him from knowing how much I felt. And at last —'

'In the end you would have forgiven him.'

'Yes,' she said simply, after a pause. 'He would have made me.'

'And he would have lived himself back into his place with you — and with the world.'

Katherine was silent, withholding acquiescence.

'This was only a temporary thing,' Mrs. Jordan went on. 'Men who use money like this rarely mean to defraud.

It is dishonesty, but not the deliberately selfish kind, that really intends to deprive someone else. It is done many times without final injury to anyone. He meant this to be such a time.'

His wife recalled his anguished '*Katherine* — I must get better.' For the first time she began to see, pitifully, the troubled way he had come — and gone.

'But you wanted him to be perfect, as you thought him.'

'Oh, Mrs. Jordan,' cried the younger woman again, lapsing back in her feeling, 'if you knew how I have envied you all day! Yours is such a clear open sorrow— not *muddied* like mine!'

Mrs. Jordan looked at her with pity and human tolerance in her expression. 'Would you change places with me now — my years and all?'

'*Yes!* See what you have had! Even these last older years side by side! And what you have heard about him in these last few days! If I were you I should be so proud that sorrow would n't count.'

'Would you?' cried Mrs. Jordan, with a sudden breaking into intensity. 'Can't you imagine being willing to exchange pride for grief? Can't you imagine longing for an absorption of sorrow that would swallow every satisfaction? You've envied me in your humiliation — do you know that I have envied you, even this week?'

Katherine Chase roused herself, in an amazement that for the first time took her mind from herself. In the growing darkness of the room she strained her eyes to watch the passionate gesture and bearing of the gray-haired woman. She had a strange feeling as if an actress long-matured were suddenly taking a youthful emotional part.

'I believe it is thirty years since I had a feeling that shook me and tore me and absorbed me as yours now does you. The strongest feeling I've had in all that time was discontent. I wish I could have a drowning sorrow. *My* sadness is that I can't mourn enough.'

'I don't understand,' said Katherine, bewildered, 'after such a life.'

'Such a life, yes. I was a good wife and Gregory was a good husband — and a good man, in and out. Everything said to-day was true, if it said enough. But in all personal feelings we lived with our pulses low — he did, and I came to do so after a while, reluctantly, always on a level. Our moments of higher feeling all belonged to general things, principles and discoveries and movements and thought. He had warm enough enthusiasm for those. And he had wonderful talent for friendship. He had such clear and kind and lasting relations with men. But he did n't seem to need much more than that, I found. I was his best friend; but when it was analyzed, that was all. I don't think he knew the difference. The selfish element in love, the demand and appropriation, he did n't understand. He was perfect in everything except a selfish want of me. I don't think it was my fault,' she added presently; 'I don't think he would have needed anyone more. Did your husband always ask for you the minute he came in?'

'Yes,' said Katherine quickly, 'he used to call, a perfect hullabaloo, if he came in ten times a day. I could n't break him of it.'

'I thought so. Gregory always went to the library and waited until I came — then he was glad to see me. We were always settled down in our ways, after the very first. I used to watch your husband and you. He had an air always of making another engagement with you before he let go of that one — like a boy. I suppose,' she said wistfully, 'there was n't the least little corner of his life that you had n't been into, invited into.'

'Except one,' said Katherine bitterly.

'One — that was for you too.'

'I was n't asking for money. He was quicker to plan spending than I.'

'Yes, but to give you the scale of life that he wanted to. In this, I suppose something did n't turn out right and he could n't bear to have your life, even temporarily, less rich than it had been. I have n't lived much but I have watched a great deal. I understand how he wanted to give and give. And he expected to pay this back — they always do.

'We don't want men to sin, and I'm a good woman; but, after all these years, I covet the impulse that made him willing to do it. Don't you see what I've envied you — your richness of feeling all through? You know you never, to the last, wore down a sort of expectancy with your husband. He made you feel that old experiences could always be fresh and new. I could see it — anybody could who was looking. Even driving down for him in the afternoon was an event. It would have been amusing if it had n't been so enviable. You could have for everyday fare what I wanted once in a while.

'I saw myself getting to be an old woman, and I wanted to feel once, *hard*, before the quiet of age. I wanted one hill-top in the level. I don't think you understand. When I knew that death had come, I thought that this was to be my great experience — it ought to be. But you see how I mourn. I am deeply sad and lonely. But I have lost the power to feel more — and I wanted to feel once to the very utmost, even in suffering. It was my last chance —'

She stopped abruptly.

'But,' said Katherine gently, returning in part to her wonted thoughtfulness for others, 'you said you came for comfort. If I could —'

'Yes — it was absurd and gigantically selfish. Oh, I did wish to tell you not to grieve too much over the bank affair — I wanted to say that. But I thought the sight of your pain might make me a little contented that I was not suffering so much. Forgive such brutal egotism,' she said, rising and taking on something of her usual quiet fineness of manner. 'And forget my unreserve. It is once in a lifetime.'

'Oh!' cried Katherine, with an eager movement of detaining hands. 'Let me say — oh, you have shaken things into relation for me — I can't tell you.'

'Have I?' asked Mrs. Jordan, pausing.

'I was so stunned and selfish and I had only one narrow sight of things. I can see all around again after this. You've given me back so much that I thought I was never to have again! I see what it is now. — You've given me grief, but all that goes with it, too.'

'I am glad,' said Mrs. Jordan wearily. But she laid on the younger woman's shoulders the gentle comforting hands of older years.

Then Katherine took her silently through the hall and let her go as quietly as she had come.

But she herself hastened back to the library as one eagerly keeping an appointment. She turned on soft accustomed lights in the long-used room. She felt as if a presence had been restored, a presence for days rebuffed and set aside, now restored to its right — a right of which grief was the greater part.

CHEMISTRY BEHIND THE FRONT

BY HENRY P. TALBOT

I

When war clouds gather, and the thoughts of the nation turn to questions of preparedness for the impending struggle, consideration is instinctively first given to those problems which relate to the enlistment and training of the military and naval forces, and their adequate equipment with arms and ammunition. Momentarily, the problem of feeding the guns seems more imminent than that of feeding the men. But these days have long since passed, in the present war, and the various restrictions under which we live to-day, notably as to foodstuffs and fuel, have furnished abundant evidence that there are other and equally serious tasks to be met, in order that civilian life may continue a course as nearly normal as is consistent with the unusual demands upon our resources. With a rapidly diminishing supply of laborers, and an equally rapidly mounting cost of all commodities, the situation presents many complexities; and there can be no doubt that, as the war continues, the limitations imposed must become more exacting and burdensome. Most of the remedial measures are included in the general term 'conservation,' and in this field the chemist and chemical engineer must play an increasingly significant part.

The problems which confront us are almost without number, and of widely varied types. Of them all there are none more vital to the nation than those which have to do with our available supplies of certain soluble nitrogen compounds, and of potash salts for agricultural needs. The problem of a supply of these soluble nitrogen compounds is often referred to as the 'nitrogen question.' It has an unfamiliar sound, but it underlies all that pertains to the feeding of guns or men, whether at home or at the front, or in the homes of our allies. In its simplest form, it is a question where we can obtain, in sufficient quantities, nitric acid and ammonia. Why these are so urgently needed will best be understood by reviewing the uses to which these substances are put in military operations and in civil life.

Nitric acid is involved in the manufacture of nearly all materials used as explosives, whether as propellants in guns, as bursting charges in shells, or as dynamite, or other like substances, used in mining operations. The nitric acid is allowed to react upon such materials as cotton (cellulose), glycerine, or toluene, in the presence of strong sulphuric acid, the products of such reaction being, respectively, guncotton (nitrocellulose), nitroglycerine, and trinitrotoluene (T.N.T.). Without nitric acid, then, there could be no explosives, and the nation would be at the mercy of its enemies; a paralysis of both defense and offense would inevitably follow.

But there has been no scarcity of nitric acid evident in the past; why is it to be feared now? The danger lies in the remoteness of the supply of raw material from which the nitric acid is

manufactured. This material is known as saltpetre (sodium nitrate), and the only available natural deposit in quantity is located in Chile. The nitrate is very soluble in water, and can exist only where there is little or no rainfall. The nitrate is mined and shipped to the United States, where it is treated with concentrated sulphuric acid, and the more volatile nitric acid is distilled off and condensed.

Commercially, the process is simple, and no difficulty exists so long as the nitrate is supplied regularly and adequately. But, in the first place, there is no evidence that the natural processes by which the Chilean nitrate beds were originally formed are now going on; and, although some other deposits of nitrate have been found, they are of uncertain extent and inaccessible. As early as 1898, Sir William Crookes, in an address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, sounded an alarm as to the possibility of the exhaustion of the visible supply of nitrates in a period of from fifty to one hundred years. This, of itself, and with respect only to the peace-time demand for explosives for the world, was quite sufficient to call for careful scientific thought, which, as will be seen, it has duly received.

But there is a much more immediate danger, which is completely exemplified by Germany's condition since 1914. The restriction of the free movement of ships would mean for us, as it has meant for her, a sudden and complete elimination of the Chilean deposits as a source of the all-important nitric acid. Our own situation has not as yet become similarly acute from this cause, but it still remains true that, even under more favorable conditions as to transportation facilities than now exist, it is doubtful whether it would be possible to import the Chile saltpetre in sufficient quantities to meet the unprecedented demand for explosives for ourselves and our allies, and for our domestic needs. To this must now be added the possibility of enemy U-boat bases on the Pacific coast, of hostile intrigues with the Chilean authorities, and of strikes, or fuel shortages, or the destruction of plants which would restrict the output of the mines. Reserve stocks of saltpetre were naturally accumulated at the approach of war, but these were pitiably small in comparison with the visible demand. Obviously the situation was unsatisfactory, for we must be self-supporting as to nitric acid. This, then, was one vital phase of the nitrogen question as it existed in 1917.

II

Why is ammonia so important? First, because nitric acid can be made from it; second, because with nitric acid it forms ammonium nitrate, which, when mixed with trinitrotoluene, constitutes the most available explosive charge for use in shells; and, third, because, in combination with sulphuric acid, as ammonium sulphate, it is one of the most important ingredients of fertilizers. The second of these grounds has recently acquired great importance. The unprecedented expenditure of shells in the present war had created a demand for trinitrotoluene which bade fair to outrun the entire available supply of toluene. It is also relatively expensive. While ammonium nitrate is not, by itself, ordinarily regarded as an explosive, when mixed with trinitrotoluene it serves well, and a competent military authority has asserted that, with respect to military operations, the war will be won largely through the use of the cheaper and more available ammonium nitrate. So much for the military uses of ammonia.

The necessity for increased crop-production is sufficiently emphasized by

the daily press. It can be accomplished by increase of acreage, or by more intensive agriculture; preferably by both together. How does the ammonia supply help in this emergency?

Soils are formed by the disintegration of the rocks as the result of weathering, that is, the action of the moisture and carbon dioxide (often called carbonic acid) in the atmosphere. This action is slow, but it has been going on for geologic ages, and on an enormous scale. The soils retain most of the constituents of the rocks from which they originate, but some are removed by solution in water.

Plant-life demands for its support moisture, compounds of carbon, and, in smaller measure, soluble compounds of nitrogen, potassium, and phosphorus. The necessary moisture is supplied chiefly by rainfall, and the rain and snow bring with them small amounts of soluble nitrogen compounds. The carbon compounds are obtained partly from the soil and partly from the air. The remaining items in the plant dietary come from the soil, and, in virgin soils, are to be found in adequate amounts, if due account is taken of variations in the demands of plants of different types. If, however, crops of a particular sort are repeatedly grown in, and later removed from, a soil, there is no opportunity for a replenishing of the ground, such as would occur if the plant lived out its life, and decayed at the place of its growth. The soil is accordingly impoverished, and must be enriched before satisfactory crops can again be obtained.

The commercial fertilizers intended to supply these deficiencies contain soluble compounds of nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium in varying proportions, according to the demands of the crops to be grown and the character of the soil in question. Nearly all contain some soluble nitrogen compounds, usually ammonium sulphate, as the nitrates formerly used are now so valuable for other purposes that their use in fertilizers is largely restricted to special brands. Some idea of the significance of the nitrogen question in its agricultural bearing may be gained from the statement, made from reasonable premises, that, if fertilizing materials were available in this country at a cost no greater than that prevailing in Germany at the beginning of the war, the value of our crops could be increased by a billion dollars annually. It has also been asserted that at least half of the increased productivity of lands in Germany since the war has been due to the use of fertilizers.

The problems of preservation and transportation of foodstuffs are, of course, no less important than those of adequate production. In these, again, ammonia plays a large part, for it is through the use of liquefied or highly compressed ammonia that the low temperatures are produced which are required for the production of artificial ice, and for refrigeration plants used on land and sea for the storage and transportation of foods. On account of the necessity for the conservation of ammonia, the Food Administration has taken steps to minimize the number of cold-storage plants. It is also said that many avoidable losses of ammonia which have formerly occurred in the operation of these plants have been obviated.

Such are the uses of ammonia and its compounds which especially concern us. What is the available supply, and why is it now limited?

Ammonia is obtained as a by-product chiefly from the manufacture of illuminating gas and coke. These are made from soft coals, which contain small amounts of nitrogen compounds; and when such coals are heated out of contact with the air, these nitrogen com-

pounds are decomposed and ammonia is formed, which passes off with the gas. Ammonia could not, of course, be tolerated in illuminating gas, as it does not burn readily and would soon make its presence disagreeably noticeable by its pungent odor. Its removal from the gas is, however, easily accomplished because of its ready solubility in water. It is necessary only to pass the gas up through a tower in which a spray of water is falling, to take out all the ammonia. The water solution thus formed becomes the principal source of the ammonia supply. Incidentally it may be noted that garbage, animal scrap, or slaughter-house waste, when they are similarly heated out of contact with air, also yield ammonia, and the aggregate amount obtained from garbage cremation plants is considerable, although small compared with that obtained from coal.

To understand the past and present limitations in the production of ammonia from coals, it is necessary to realize that it has been a by-product in connection with the gas and coke industries, and therefore the amount produced has been determined by the demand for the main products, more especially coke. Coke is required in very large amounts in the iron and steel industries, but, unfortunately, much of this coke has been made in a form of retort, or oven, from which the volatile gases were allowed to escape into the air, where they took fire and were utterly lost. This economic waste, which has been going on for many years, has been enormous, as it has included, besides the ammonia and illuminating gas, the coal-tar, of which more will be said later. Since the beginning of the war these wasteful ovens have been rapidly replaced by the so-called 'by-product ovens,' which provide for the recovery of the volatile products. This has resulted already in a greatly increased ammonia output, and, in normal times, this would go far toward satisfying the natural requirements; but even this fails to meet the extraordinary demand, especially for ammonium nitrate in shells, as mentioned above.

It would at first appear that a solution of this problem might readily be found by increasing the amount of coal subjected to the coking process. But this would obviously further complicate the fuel situation, and would, moreover, result in the accumulation of large unused stocks of coke, with the consequent storage burden and the tying up of much capital. While, therefore, the national resources with respect to ammonia are not subject to the same sort of risk as those which attach to the Chilean nitrate beds, a supplementary source which will not draw on the coal-supply is highly desirable.

III

Having thus outlined the seriousness of the problem of the nitrogen-supply, let us see how the chemists have sought to remedy the situation.

We live in an ocean of atmosphere some six or seven miles deep, composed essentially of nitrogen and oxygen. The nitrogen alone exerts a pressure of about seven tons upon a single square yard of the earth's surface: enough to correspond to about fifty tons of living matter if the nitrogen could be harnessed for service. We breathe in this nitrogen and exhale it unchanged, because, in gaseous form, it is inactive. If, however, some way could be found to change this nitrogen from the inert gaseous form, which the chemist calls the molecular form, into atoms of nitrogen, and then to cause these atoms to combine with atoms of other elements, it would at once become available for many purposes.

The specific task to which the chemist and physicist addressed themselves was that of finding some way in which this great reservoir of inert nitrogen gas about us could be tapped to obtain these active nitrogen atoms which, combined with oxygen and hydrogen atoms, make up nitric acid, or, combined with hydrogen alone, constitute ammonia. The various procedures which have been worked out to accomplish this end are collectively known as 'fixation processes,' and the expression 'fixation of atmospheric nitrogen' has found its way frequently into everyday print. The details of these processes do not lend themselves to description in non-technical terms, but they may be understood in outline.

The atmosphere, as already stated, consists essentially of oxygen and nitrogen, and more than a century ago Cavendish found that, if electric sparks were passed through a confined volume of air, some of the oxygen and nitrogen would enter into combination, forming a compound known as nitric oxide. But so little of the gases would combine that the procedure had only a scientific interest. A renewed study of this phenomenon, under the incentive of Sir William Crookes's warning, developed the fact that, if the sparks were spread out into a species of electric flame by means of electro-magnets, the story was a different one, and processes have been worked out on this principle which are commercially important. From the oxide of nitrogen thus produced and water, it is possible by a series of operations to obtain the coveted nitric acid. Here, then, has actually been found a means of securing nitric acid, which is not dependent upon the imports of saltpetre and does draw its nitrogen from the atmosphere. The commercial process is known as the Birkeland-Eyde process. Unfortunately, however, the amount of electrical energy required to operate this process is very large as compared with the output, and it can be a commercial success, as compared with other fixation processes, only if this electrical energy can be generated by water-power, of which there is not much to spare in our own country. It has found its greatest development in Norway. There appear, however, to be possibilities that the process may be modified in such a way as to increase its efficiency, and this is just now the subject of careful scientific investigation. While it has not yet served to meet our own emergencies, it still has much potential value.

But, fortunately, researches along other lines have been more immediately productive of commercially feasible fixation methods. In these the immediate product is ammonia, which, as has been stated, is a compound made up of nitrogen and hydrogen. In all the processes by which the nitrogen of the atmosphere is fixed in the form of ammonia, it is necessary to separate the oxygen from the nitrogen; for oxygen is as active as nitrogen is inert, and would seriously interfere with the fixation processes. It is interesting to note how this may be accomplished by first liquefying the air — a procedure which is not considered difficult or expensive. The liquid air is really a mixture of liquid nitrogen and liquid oxygen, which may be compared with a mixture of alcohol and water, containing a considerable proportion of alcohol. If such a mixture is heated, the alcohol, being more volatile, boils away first, the water remaining behind. If the alcohol which thus boils away were collected, it would be found to be nearly pure. In an exactly similar way nitrogen boils away first from the liquid air, if this very cold liquid is allowed to warm up a bit; and the nitrogen can be collected in a condition of such purity that the

removal of the remaining small amounts of oxygen is easily accomplished.

Having succeeded in the isolation of the nitrogen from the atmosphere, the chemist has found that it can be made to combine with hydrogen, the other constituent of ammonia, by bringing these two gases together at a high temperature, and under high pressures. This commercial process is known as the Haber process. It was 'made in Germany,' but has been improved, by the General Chemical Company, and offered to the government. This offer has been accepted, and a plant is being built at Sheffield, Alabama, which will have an output of twenty thousand tons of ammonium nitrate per year, and will soon be in operation.

The Haber process is the only one in which ammonia is directly produced. There are three others in which an intermediate nitrogen compound is first produced, which, when treated with water, yields ammonia. Of these processes the most important at present is that known as the cyanamide process. It utilizes cheap raw materials, — lime, coke, and nitrogen, — and gives promise of yielding ammonia at the lowest cost of all fixation processes. The government is erecting a cyanamide plant to cost some $20,000,000, with a capacity of 110,000 tons of ammonium nitrate per year, at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, and has authorized the erection of another of equal capacity in Ohio. It is stated that this is the process most generally used in Germany for the production of ammonia, which also means nitric acid; for, as has been briefly stated, ammonia may be converted into nitric acid.

Some twenty-five years ago, Wilhelm Ostwald, then well known as one of the pioneers in physical chemistry, discovered that under certain conditions the same oxide of nitrogen which has been mentioned in connection with the Birkeland-Eyde process could be obtained from a heated mixture of air and ammonia. It has already been pointed out that nitric acid can be made from this oxide of nitrogen. Thus an ammonia supply becomes also a source of nitric acid, and it would be difficult to overestimate the influence of this discovery of Ostwald's upon international affairs to-day. Without it, or its equivalent, Germany, cut off from the Chilean nitrate beds, would have to rely upon the costly and relatively inefficient methods of the Birkeland-Eyde type for her entire supply of nitric acid for the manufacture of ammunition. With it, she has been able to supply herself with explosives, and to utilize the ammonium products as fertilizers for her lands, to her great advantage. It is now our task to turn this discovery to equally good account, for through its aid we, too, must render ourselves independent of the Chilean nitrate beds, by being able to produce within our own borders nitric acid sufficient for even emergency needs.

The seriousness of the 'nitrogen problem' was recognized early in the war, — even before our participation in it, — and the National Research Council appointed a committee to make a careful study of the situation. This committee made an extensive report, which has already been of great value. The work of the committee is now perpetuated through advisory relations with the Nitrate Division of the Ordnance Department. Extended investigations have been undertaken by the Bureau of Mines, and various phases of the problems involved are now being studied by experts in the laboratories of the universities and technical schools of the country. This is as it should be, for the problem of nitrogen fixation will not lose its significance for us as a nation with the ending of the war.

Our newspapers frequently mention

the necessity for a careful husbanding of the stocks of metallic platinum now in the country. As this question closely associates itself with the nitrogen question, it is of interest to examine into the real situation. Platinum is needed for two exceedingly important processes, namely, the manufacture of sulphuric acid, and the conversion of ammonia into nitric acid. It is also required for other processes, but these two will serve as illustrations.

Platinum is not a part of either sulphuric acid or nitric acid, but, curiously, when the materials from which these acids are made are brought together, they react very much faster if platinum is present. Many instances of this sort are known, and the phenomenon is called catalysis and the platinum a catalyst. In a crude way the platinum may be compared to the oil on the works of a clock — it lubricates the chemical change and hurries it on to completion. Now, we need to increase our output of sulphuric acid by a considerable amount, for the manufacture of explosives and fertilizers, which means the erection of new plants; and there are as yet no plants at all equipped to convert ammonia into nitric acid. For all of these, platinum, in its rôle of lubricant, is absolutely necessary. The only considerable supply is in Russia, which is now closed to us. Certain deposits in Colombia are of doubtful extent and availability. While it is true, on the one hand, that the catalyst platinum is not consumed in the manufacturing process which it promotes, yet there are unavoidable mechanical losses, which are considerable in the aggregate. There are no known occurrences of platinum within the United States which promise to yield any significant amounts.

Under these conditions, it is evident that the greatest caution must be exercised in conserving all available supplies of this metal. An additional reason is to be found in the fact that, because of its high melting-point and chemical inactivity, platinum is the only available material for many utensils used in chemical and physical investigations and in control laboratories of many industries. The government has already commandeered the available stocks of platinum and placed them under restrictions, and the amount held by the government or under its control may suffice for the immediate emergency; but the outlook for the future is not encouraging, and the situation calls urgently for an increasingly enlightened general interest, and perhaps a spirit of sacrifice. However much we may admire the artistic forms in which this metal is offered by the jewelers, the present and future national need of platinum for essential manufacturing operations which are vital in the present emergency is so great, and its use for research, which is no less vital, so important, that all who have the national interest at heart will, for the present, discourage the continued manufacture of platinum into articles of personal adornment.

IV

As already stated, soluble compounds of potash and phosphorus are the other ingredients of commercial fertilizers besides soluble nitrogen compounds. The phosphorus is in the form of 'superphosphate'—a soluble calcium phosphate, made from phosphate rock by treatment with sulphuric acid. There is no dearth of phosphates. The large deposits in the South and some in the West are abundant. Nevertheless, the situation is not without some complications owing to the difficulty in securing sulphuric acid. The demand for this acid in the explosive industry has enormously increased, and, at the same

time, the supply of the mineral pyrites, from which sulphuric acid is made, has decreased on account of limited ocean tonnage for its importation. There is as yet, however, no serious shortage of superphosphate.

But the situation with respect to potassium salts is entirely different. The 'potash question' ranks closely in importance with the 'nitrogen question.' They are similar, in that both exist because of our dependence upon natural mineral deposits outside of our own control.

For many years the potassium salts used in the fertilizer industry, and for the production of potassium compounds in general, have been imported from Germany. There occur at Stassfurt and Leopoldshall salt deposits some thousands of feet in total depth, the upper layers of which contain potassium compounds. These German deposits are exceedingly valuable, not only because of their high content of potash salts, but also because these salts can be readily separated from the admixed material in a state of purity, which makes possible their marketing at a low cost, and at a material profit to the producers.

Germany has been keenly alive to the importance of these deposits. They are, or were, under the control of a syndicate known as the Kali Syndicate, and this, in turn, is well under government control. In 1912 the situation as between the German interests and the American buyers was the subject of many discussions and, finally, of diplomatic exchanges between the two governments. New contracts were finally arranged, which presumably were not to the disadvantage of the German interests.

With the outbreak of the war in 1914, and the restriction of German shipping, the potash situation in the United States rapidly became acute. There are important deposits of potash salts in Alsace-Lorraine, — also under German control, — and others are reported in Galicia and in Spain, but neither of the two last-named, even if accessible, has any considerable output. The accumulated stocks in this country were not large, the crops must not fail for lack of fertilizer. What could be done?

The potash requirement for successful growth varies widely among plants. It is notably large for garden-crops, and is particularly high in the case of tobacco. Moreover, the soil seems to supply the plants with available potash for a longer time in some localities than in others. Very little potash is required, for example, in the Western States, whereas much is necessary in the East; a fact which must be kept in mind in considering the available means of securing a potash-supply for this country.

For some time the Bureau of Mines of the Department of the Interior and the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture had been prospecting for promising sources of potash, and examining processes for its recovery from rocks or brines; but in spite of this, and of the existence of some hundreds of patents covering such processes, the war emergency found us without commercially workable procedures at hand. Miners, chemists, and chemical engineers combined forces to relieve the situation. It may be stated at once that the ultimate production of potash-salts in sufficient quantities from materials to be found in the United States is essentially a commercial question; that is, a question of cost of production as compared with what the product will command. It can be done, if it will pay to do it. Just now emergency conditions prevail, and costs must be met; but the conditions after the war are so problematical that capi-

tal has been somewhat slow to embark in these enterprises.

Unfortunately there are no known salt-deposits in the United States comparable with those at Stassfurt. Of the brines found in our salt lakes, those of Searles Lake in California and certain lakes in Western Nebraska have been utilized, and about 80,000 tons of potash-salts were obtained from these sources in 1917. But some of this material contained admixed borax, which is said to have proved injurious to plant-life.

A second source of potash has been found in the dust which collects in the stacks leading from the kilns in which Portland cement is made, and also in the flues leading from blast-furnaces where cast iron is produced. These sources give much promise of large yields as soon as the necessary installations can be made.

Still another — and quite different — source of potash-salts is the Giant Kelp, a sea-plant on the Pacific coast. This plant takes potassium chloride from sea-water, and, after drying or burning the plant, the salt is easily leached out. The partially dried plant can also be used directly as a fertilizer. But unfortunately this source of potash is far removed from the markets of the East, where, as already stated, it is chiefly consumed. The latter conditions apply also in the case of the deposits in Utah and Nevada of a mineral called alunite, which is something like an alum in character, and easily yields a soluble potash-salt. This deposit is, however, said to have considerable commercial promise.

The sugar industry also comes to the rescue of the potash situation. Molasses is the mother-liquor from which all crystallizable sugars have been removed, as far as possible. It still contains some of the other ingredients of the juices from which the sugars have been separated, and particularly in beet-sugar molasses there is a considerable proportion of the potash which the beets have taken from the soil during growth. After fermentation for alcohol, the molasses residue can be burned and the potash-salts leached out. Nearly ten per cent of the potash produced in the United States in 1917 was obtained from sugar residues.

The textile industry also aids with its contribution from wool-scourings, which may be treated in such a way as to yield soluble potassium compounds.

Finally, in the stock-taking of our domestic resources, we must not overlook wood-ashes, the household source of potash (from pot-ashes) for the manufacture of the soft soap, which was so generally made and so highly prized by our grandmothers. Applied on a commercial scale, this leaching of wood-ashes yielded some seven hundred tons of potash in the year 1917.

The total potash-production for the last calendar year was about thirteen per cent of the normal consumption of potash during the years immediately preceding the war. Small as this percentage at first appears, it is a real tribute to the skill and activity of the chemical engineers of the country, and it is full of promise for the future. The hindrances due to the inaccessibility of locations of plants and the imperfect development of commercial processes have been peculiarly serious; and to these must, of course, be added the trials common to all industries in shortage of labor and transportation. Potash-production is just acquiring its real impetus, and, at the same time, under the stress of necessity, it has been found that satisfactory crops can be secured with less potash than was formerly deemed essential. It is, therefore, probable that our dependence upon foreign supplies will be permanently less than at the opening of

the war, and may vanish altogether, with a corresponding assurance of permanent returns for invested capital.

V

Of the numerous crises which confronted our industries at the beginning of this war, none received greater emphasis than that of the dye-stuff shortage, which threatened to paralyze many of our textile industries. The undeniable fact that Germany held the leadership in the development of this branch of chemical production, so far as the coal-tar dyes were concerned, was regarded by many as an example of her superiority in all that pertains to technical chemical development, and as an indication of a corresponding general inferiority on our own part which is far from the truth. This view overlooked the fact that the synthetic-color industry is of a highly specialized character. It calls for a large number of highly trained specialists — university-trained men capable of research work. These Germany had in abundance, and their services were to be commanded at salaries which were far below those paid for less skilled workers in the United States. She had also a relatively large supply of raw materials. This, in itself, may be considered to be our fault, for there has been a sad waste of these raw materials in the same process which has resulted in a waste of valuable ammonia, namely, the use of the 'bee-hive oven' for the coking of coals, alluded to above. The coal-tar was burned outside these ovens and was lost, with the ammonia. The substitution of the closed 'by-product oven' for the 'bee-hive' type, will conserve the raw materials for dye-stuffs as well as the ammonia.

The coal-tar from the ovens is refined, and from it is first obtained what are called the 'intermediates,' such as benzol, toluene, naphthalene, and anthracene. These, in turn, become the starting-point for the production of the various classes of coal-tar colors, which are of such importance to-day. But the processes are extremely complex, and require exact conditions for their successful operation. They do not lend themselves to description, even in outline, within brief limits. But the fact that to-day standard dye-stuffs of first quality are being produced in quantities which not only are sufficient to meet a normal demand, but have supplied the enormous additional requirements for the production of uniforms and other war-materials, is a splendid tribute to the energy and resourcefulness of the chemical profession.

Coal-tar furnishes also the raw materials for many synthetic drugs, which have become standard remedies in the hands of our physicians. Like the dye-stuffs, many require highly skilled and specialized workers for their production, and our supplies of these drugs were drawn to a considerable extent from Germany; but to-day many of them are obtainable, of American manufacture. A notable case in point is that of salvarsan, the specific discovered by Ehrlich for the alleviation and cure of syphilis. The cessation of a supply of this drug was fast causing a critical situation in our hospitals; but this has been largely relieved through the efforts of American chemists. In the large-scale chemical industries, such as sulphuric acid and soda, we have long ago demonstrated our ability to defy comparison with other nations.

The production of alcohol on an industrial scale, quite apart from the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, has recently acquired added importance on account of the use of alcohol in connection with the manufacture of explosives and in the dye-stuff industry. Indeed, low-priced alcohol is an important fac-

tor in the production of moderate-priced dye-stuffs in the United States. Alcohol was formerly produced to such a large extent by fermentation of grains that it acquired the name of grain-alcohol, to distinguish it from other alcohols, as, for example, wood-alcohol, which is made by the heating of hard woods. Other materials than grains have, however, been used — potatoes among the rest.

But a notable and significant recent advance has been made by the development of processes by which waste wood, such as sawdust, can be converted into substances resembling sugar, and these can be fermented by yeasts, with alcohol as one of the main products. The principles of this process were known before the present emergency arose, and the recent chemical developments have been mainly those required for production on a larger scale; but they are, nevertheless, of marked importance.

This potential source of alcohol in large amounts has an important bearing also upon the increase of the available fuel-supply for use in internal-combustion engines, and is in this way closely connected with another serious problem, namely, the gasoline-supply. Although less volatile than gasoline, alcohol can be used in its stead, if necessary. Gasoline is not a chemical entity. It is, rather, a generic term covering mixtures of volatile substances, composed of carbon and hydrogen, and known to the chemist as hydrocarbons. Formerly these were obtained wholly by the refining and distillation of the crude petroleum oils found in the earth's crust. The consumption of gasoline increased from 7,000,000 barrels in 1899 to 41,500,000 barrels in 1915; and it was plain that the natural supply might be exhausted within a measurable period, even if due allowance were made for the discovery of new petroleum fields, and the perfection of methods for working up the oil-shales, that is, rocks impregnated with petroleum. This was true without taking into account the war demand for use in airplanes and war-craft, a demand the magnitude of which still remains to be determined.

Shortly before the war began, methods had been worked out on a tentative scale, by which the less volatile components of petroleum, such as the kerosenes, or even the crude petroleum itself, could be converted into volatile compounds which, while not identical with those in natural gasoline, serve equally well as fuels. Much of the liquid fuel obtainable on the market is made by mixing these very low-boiling substances with others more like kerosenes. Data are not obtainable to permit accurate judgment as to the extent to which chemistry has been able to provide for the fuel need under the present extraordinary circumstances; but the outlook is far less disturbing than it would have been without these expedients. The greatly increased production of benzol from coal-tar — probably in excess of the demand for dye-stuff manufacture — may also help, as this substance can also be used as a fuel for gas-engines, although, like alcohol, it is less volatile than the gasolines.

Glass for optical instruments, including field-glasses, periscopes, range-finders, and many others required in large quantities by the exigencies of the war, was very largely imported. When the supply was cut off, experiments were at once undertaken by the Carnegie Geophysical Laboratory at Washington, making use of data and experience which had been acquired in years of experimental research in the chemical processes which accompany mineral formation in nature; and the prompt outcome was the production of substitutes for the imported glasses which are

entirely satisfactory, and the manufacture of them on a large scale is now in progress.

Conservation is the order of the day. The warning to abandon our national habits of wastefulness had been heard, although indistinctly by many, before the war sounded it in trumpet tones. It was a call to arms for chemists, for in no respect can chemical science do more for the nation than by devising means to avoid waste, and increase productive efficiency. This includes, of course, just now, the provision of the best available substitutes for those materials which must be diverted to military uses, or sent where they are more vitally necessary than in our own homes and factories. Olive oil, for example, is scarcely obtainable, and lard must be conserved. The purified cotton-seed oil which the chemist has provided is an acceptable substitute for the former, while lard may be replaced by corn oil, or by the hydrogenated oils, known by the trade names of 'Crisco,' and 'Kream-Krisp,' in the manufacture of which the chemist utilizes some of the hydrogen which formerly was a waste product from the bleaching industry.

How extensive the loss of utilizable material may be in commercial operations is well illustrated by the amount of sulphur-dioxide gas (from which sulphuric acid is made) which passes into the atmosphere from a single large stack at a smelter at Anaconda, Montana. The gas is produced by the roasting (that is, heating in air) of ores containing compounds of sulphur, as a first step in the smelting operations by which the metals are obtained from these ores. The sulphur-dioxide gas which issues from this single stack in twenty-four hours occupies a volume of 23,243,000 cubic feet and weighs 2,093 tons, or sufficient to produce 3,427 tons of concentrated sulphuric acid daily. Incidentally, the escape of this gas into the atmosphere destroys vegetation utterly for miles around.

These figures are significant here chiefly as an indication of the magnitude of the problems to be met; for it must not be supposed that this particular problem has lacked attention. Processes have, indeed, been devised for the utilization of these chimney-gases to produce sulphuric acid; but unless this acid is consumed near the point of production, the transportation charges become prohibitive; and the economical utilization of such enormous quantities of acid as could be produced from the gases issuing from this one stack is not a simple matter.

Such are some of the factors of the conservation problems in the large-scale industries; but the domestic problems of less magnitude are not always of less importance, and chemistry must be of assistance alike to the housewife and the captain of industry.

VI

Thus are the chemist and the chemical engineer wrestling with the problems behind the Front. Only a few of these problems, which are of broad national interest, have been outlined or even hinted at. Many of lesser magnitude are equally vital. It is fortunate that the Secretary of War has issued definite orders that trained chemists who are drafted shall be assigned to those forms of military service at home, or with the Expeditionary Forces, for which their training especially fits them, and that there are signs of an increasing tendency to allow deferred classification for chemists in the essential industries of the country.

But even when those fortunate days arrive when there will be no 'Front' and no war-emergency, there will still be an endless vista of home-problems.

There should now be created chemical reserves for those days as well as for the duration of the war. To this end, it is essential that the young men and women who are now attracted to chemistry as a profession in greatly increasing numbers, should be encouraged, or even commanded, to persist in their training until and unless they are definitely called into national service. The urgency of this is not now sufficiently grasped by these young men and women, or by their advisers. It cannot be too strongly emphasized, if a critical shortage is to be avoided in the future.

And besides man-power, there must be improved methods, which must be dictated by the thoroughness born of the spirit of research. As a nation we have failed to understand this: we have had 'limitless' resources, and we have wasted them because of inefficient methods and superficial thinking. Academic research must be more generously endowed and industrial research developed. The industries must contribute to the educational institutions and research laboratories, not eventually as a philanthropy, but in their own interests; and the institutions must see to it that their trusteeship is discharged with credit and efficiency, and that traditions do not stand in the way of progress.

THE GREENHORN IN AMERICA

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

I

'Oh, I cannot live here, I am always late! Everybody runs ahead! The crowd on the street is so restless! Why are they hurrying so?'

This is the first complaint which hospitable America hears from the Russian immigrant. We are a slow, quiet nation. One of our national stories illustrates this.

'Ivan, Ivan,' says the mistress to her servant, 'give a handful of hay to the horses, and take a rest.'

After two hours she calls again, —

'Ivan, Ivan, shut the door of the stall, and take a rest.'

Three hours later, —

'Ivan, look at the church clock, and tell me what time it is, and take a rest.'

The Russian people have a contemplative soul and are rather lazy. We are nearer to primitive life, when man worked as much as was absolutely necessary to cover his important needs, when he ate, slept, hunted, picked flowers, and had nothing more to do. The sweet remembrance of that plain life lives in the half-oriental soul of the Russian people, and its traditions are potent.

When a few Europeanized Russian manufacturers tried to transplant Taylor's system into their country, there resulted innumerable strikes, and the poor bosses, who were too advanced for our labor-environment, were carried out of the factories on wheelbarrrows.

Such a shame!

The circumstances under which the

workingmen of Russia can work are usually as follows: —

They come to the shop or factory half an hour late; and sometimes after a family holiday the delay is greater. At other times, after they have been thoroughly scolded by the boss, the delay is shorter, but as a rule they are late.

Before going to work they drink their tea. Do you know how we Russians drink tea? It resembles a religious ceremony; one must not hurry, when he drinks his tea.

After that they would begin to work. Of course, they did not work very quickly. They would take a rest as often as Ivan did in the story. The boss tried to cheer them up at such times. Every day you would hear a nice conversation between administrators and the employed. I must confess that it was not a literary talk, although very flowery; they blamed each other artistically. They would discover so many new and amazing words! Our people are talented, you know.

I must admit that they were always underpaid and had long hours of work. Naturally, they were not interested in 'doing their duty.' The conditions in our factories were beneath criticism: the choking air, the dirt, and the small working-rooms. Nobody, not even the most patient and humble Russian peasant, could stand it without making a protest. And as they were not strong enough to protest openly, they practised the Italian strike, which became the habit, the second nature of the Russian worker.

The same traditions of delay prevailed in our offices, in our schools, everywhere! We did not appreciate the value of time; or, perhaps, we appreciated it too much to waste it on boring everyday work. It depends on one's point of view.

The same advanced bosses who tried in vain to teach Taylor's system to Russians, attempted to abandon our tradition of delay. In a few offices were established automatic clock-machines, to note the time of the worker's arrival. This was instituted in wartime. I remember the big munition factory where that 'devilish American invention' appeared for the first time.

The workers held a meeting and found the remedy for defeating the enemy machine.

'I will throw sand in its mouth,' said one of the bravest.

So he did. The expensive clock was destroyed by sand and the small stones which were dropped into its mechanism. The tradition 'to come a bit later' was saved once more.

Here in America such a thing would be impossible.

I notice, to my great surprise, that not laborers only, but even 'professionals,' must do their work scrupulously on time, and hurry, hurry, always hurry! How terrible for a genuine Russian greenhorn!

It was a great shock to me when I was called for the first time to an American magazine office, to translate from Russian to English. The editor telephoned to me, —

'Will you kindly undertake that little work? It has to be done pretty soon.'

'All right. Please send it to me by mail.'

'No!' answered the editor indignantly; 'you had better come to the office immediately. We are in a hurry.'

It struck me as a shot. He could not wait even a few days, although it was not for a daily paper! It amazed me.

Mechanically I put on my overcoat and went to the office; but all the way I murmured to myself with a deep disapproval, 'Why on earth are they in such a hurry?'

I bet you cannot understand my feeling. The poor greenhorn must worry alone: the natives would laugh

at her troubles. But I want to describe to you a little scene in the Russian office, so you may see the big gulf between your life and mine. It is difficult for the Russian immigrant to jump across it at once.

The young man comes to the Russian editor. The latter summoned him two days before — by mail, of course, because there is not a telephone in every flat in our cities. The young writer is out of work, but the day before he had a headache and a 'rendezvous,' so he was too busy to come at once.

The editor begins, —

'How do you do, dear Petr Petrovich? How is everything at home? Take a seat, please.'

'Thank you. Mother is preparing a new sort of jam. Do you like the jam made of the rose-petals? Come and taste it some time. Mother makes it splendidly.'

'Thank you very much. Will you take a glass of tea?' (In Russia we drink it in glasses.) 'Ivan, fetch the samovar.'

After the third glass of weak tea (the Russians have to drink it weak — another important remark), and a little talk about politics, the editor says, —

'By the way, I have a little work for you. Would you like to translate that section of the English book? Just for quotation, you know.'

'Sure! How soon do you need it?'

'Oh, we are in no hurry — a week, or two.'

'I have nothing to do now, so I can do it at once.'

'So much the better. You will send it next week, then?'

What do you think of such a life, my dear American friends? I am conscience-stricken to have to confess that my comrade-greenhorns remember it as a lost paradise. Theoretically I always disagree with them. Very often I would talk and write, that our slowness and laziness ruin Russia. Russian writers always used to write about it. The famous Goncharoff's *Oblomoff* is a novel about our national laziness. Our literature, which is called the 'conscience' of our nation, was always fighting against that 'tradition of rest.'

I myself wrote a book, which should have proved by statistics the number of hours we lose daily, weekly, and monthly. There were dreadfully eloquent strings of figures, and they proved to my countrymen, without doubt, that we were always at the tail of every civilized nation, because of our bad habit of delay; and that now we are many centuries behind the time. (It was written before the present revolution.) There was a lot of good advice in my book, and it would have been very helpful to my countrymen; but, I regret to say, it was never printed, owing to a few mathematical mistakes: in some parts of my work there were too many 00000, in others too few of them. You understand, they are such trifles, these 00000; but my publisher (he had a dry heart) said to me, —

'My dear Miss Moravsky, you would do better to continue writing poems and fiction; statistics are not your element.'

So my rôle of social reformer was stopped at the beginning.

But let me drop those disagreeable personal recollections. I will continue more objectively.

My people would never be capable of such a heroic deed as to be at the office on time. Never! Nobody! Even the Bolsheviki, who are in such a hurry and have tried to solve twenty-seven big social reforms daily. I bet you that neither Mr. Trotzky nor Mr. Lenine are on time at their headquarters in the Kremlin. It would be against all their habits. I know the Bolsheviki; I was a Bolshevik myself, when I was fifteen.

I remember the secret meetings of our revolutionary students, belonging

to different parties, which were held at night in the University of Odessa. Our president was a Bolshevik.

There was no light in the large hall (we were cautious enough and realized that the light might betray us). A few of us carried small dark lanterns, the speakers talked from the marble table on which the medical students used to chop corpses, and I enjoyed it immensely, because everything recalled to me stories of pirates. (I always had an entirely boyish imagination.)

The seventeenth of the youthful speakers had repeated for the seventeenth time that Tsarism should be overthrown at once, when our watchman came and, approaching the president-Bolshevik, said with a slightly trembling voice, —

'Comrade president, the police have been told about our meeting. A comrade from the telephone station overheard it; the order to arrest us was given five minutes ago.'

There began a little disorder among the conspirators. They stood up, and a few of them moved toward the entrance. But the president-Bolshevik said, —

'Five minutes ago — hum — we have plenty of time to finish our meeting; our police is slow enough. Please, comrade, continue your speech, but keep closer to facts. We all know perfectly well that Tsarism must be overthrown. But state your practical proposition about that newly organized district.'

The meeting continued. Half an hour later the second watchman entered and said breathlessly, —

'Comrades, it is high time to flee! The regiment of Cossacks is ordered to seize us.'

We began to move again; but the Bolshevik-president lifted his hands calmly and commanded, —

'Be still! Say, comrade watchman, where is that regiment of Cossacks located?'

'On the Kulikovo Pole.'

'That is a long distance from here, seven or eight versts, and they have to dress themselves and to lead out their horses.'

'But the order was given twenty minutes ago!'

'Be quiet, comrades, we have time yet. Don't you know our Cossacks?'

And he knew them well. After nearly half an hour of talking, we left the hall; and after we had parted peacefully, some of us met the Cossacks and gendarmes approaching the university building at full speed. They seemed to realize that they were a bit late!

II

We Russians were used to that kind of slow work, even under the pressure of danger. We never accomplished very much in a short time. But the results depend not always on the quickness of work. On the contrary, it is impossible for people who are always in a hurry to do things thoughtfully and carefully. It is impossible for a political party; it is impossible even for a trade company!

For instance: goods manufactured in America with such tremendous speed are made unskillfully, crudely; they are expensive and yet are not durable. I am talking about the clothes, the toilet articles, and generally about the things which I examined in everyday use. They are far inferior to the French and Russian goods. A pair of Russian shoes could be worn two years, and yet they cost less than American shoes. The delicate hats made in Paris last twice as long as American hats. The good silk dresses from Japan last several years; fur coats from Siberia are handed down from grandmothers to grandchildren as good as new. But

here the dainty silken frocks often last no more than five or six months. This is the result of your speedy industries.

If the result of the speed is so bad for the mere goods, how much worse it must be for politics and art! I will not talk about politics — it is war-time, you know. But I think I may safely tell some bitter truths about your current literature, and your theatre.

I made an experiment: I exchanged the ends and the beginnings in some American short stories from the popular magazines — the parts fitted to each other perfectly after that vivisection. Is not that horrible? The stories made to order, made by dozens, like the machine-made shoes!

Of course, America has her great writers, admired by all the world. But their best works were never made in a hurry for the Sunday paper. And many of these writers died in poverty, like Edgar Allan Poe, because they were not suited to your modern speedy civilization.

The American theatre is not a temple, as in Russia, but merely a place of amusement. Can you Americans send your young people to see the modern drama, with the purpose to enrich their souls? No, your theatres, although rich in scenical effects, have not high enough standards. You yourself would laugh if one should call your theatre the school of life. Many of your comedies remind one of ready-made clothes. You have books which teach the beginner how to make a successful drama. But no one book can teach people how to make a good drama. Your writers think too much about quick success and money, and too little about sacred Art.

'Oh, the greenhorn begins to preach!' says the reader. 'Is it not too bold for a newcomer to criticize our hospitable country?'

I know it may look too bold. But I criticize America with a loving heart. I do want to see her perfect, because she was the land of my dream, long ago before I came here; and it is so hard to be disappointed with one's long-kept dream!

But the half-disappointed greenhorn loves America in spite of all her faults, and this is the reason she publishes her experiences; perhaps they may be of some use for her American friends.

I always suffer when I see how they spoil, with the best intentions, their art and their goods, their love and their digestion; all because they always hurry so much!

They are especially unkind to their poor stomachs.

A friend of mine, a very stolid and serious person, repeated to me when we happened to dine together, —

'Eat slowly. Sir Gladstone ate slowly. Every healthy great man ate slowly. Don't spoil your stomach.' (He was a physician.)

I came almost to hate him. He used to chew his meals as slowly as a whole herd of cows. But now, in America, when I see in the restaurant the crowd of people who devour their lunches with the speed of a first-class automobile, and who ruin daily their tired stomachs, because of their habit of hurrying, I recall my doctor friend with a grateful feeling. And I think it would be very helpful to your nation to have hung in every lunch-shop a cartoon with these words, —

GLADSTONE ATE SLOWLY

It would be even better, although more expensive, to print the portrait of Sir Gladstone in full and to put below, —

HE ATE SLOWLY!

But I leave the details of my genial proposition to the city fathers.

The laws of the stomach are violated

in America no more often than the laws of the heart.

When I came to America I heard about the enormous percentage of divorces here. I was surprised, and for a short time I formed a bad opinion about American husbands and wives. But I realize, now, that it was a wrong opinion of a greenhorn, who did not get the spirit of the new country. Now I know better; surely American husbands, and especially American wives, are regular people, but the trouble with them is that they hurry too much when marrying.

They are used to hurry all their lives, and it is a dangerous habit, when one must arrange a marriage, which is supposed to be a lifelong business. One must be cautious in such a case, and slow. 'Think before marrying' is no less necessary a slogan than 'Think before speaking.'

Even if an American marriage is a happy one, the couple have not time enough to enjoy their happiness (unless they are millionaires). How many nice women confessed to me here that they can see their husbands just five minutes a day.

'He loves me dearly, you know, but he is so busy! Very often we cannot even dine together, he is always in such a hurry!'

Business before pleasure, business before joy, business before love; one must hurry if one wants to succeed. Don't you think it is a bit cruel, that genuine American creed?

I feel that I begin to talk with bitterness, but I have my personal reasons.

When I was quite a green greenhorn, entirely green, fresh from the steamer, I fell in love with an American.

Oh, it was a terrible experience! I know now how it seems when some one dear to you counts his future appointments, and draws his watch from his pocket every moment when you are happily together. Six days a week he belongs to his work, and on Sunday only to you. But Sunday is always such a dull day in America: everybody makes love to his sweetheart on that day, so one feels to be in the general parades of lovers. Every nice eating-place is overcrowded, and every cosy bank in the park is inhabited by two or three couples. Even up the Hudson River, even at the Bear Mountains. No, I will never love a businesslike American — never again, thank you.

'Work must be done quickly.' Oh, how I hate that heartless sentence! Especially on a sunny spring day, when the only duty of every human being should be, 'Sing and love.'

How many clerks, shut in dusty offices, would agree with me! How many young girls from shops and factories would shake hands with me on a glorious day of May and say, —

'Oh, you have spoken the very truth: we must not hurry to work now. You are a clever girl, although only a greenhorn.'

When the greenhorn in America complains to me of his hard time, when he bemoans loudly about his 'lost paradise,' his slow work in Russia, I agree with him at times; in spite of my great respect for the business ability of Americans.

In Russia we have often nothing to eat, and the rent is unpaid for a long time. (By the way, we pay rent every month, every three months, or once a year — never for a week, as here. This little fact proves once more that our life is much slower.) We are often out of work, but we have always plenty of time to dream, to love, and to live. The real Russian does not think that work means life: he considers it only a necessary evil. In the depth of his soul he always dreams of a five-minute work-day.

Sometimes he can work passionately,

however. He would throw all his life into his task. He can write a book night and day, and forget sleep, and food. He can work on his field from twilight to sunset, if it is necessary for saving the harvest. He would organize the revolutionary movement, and stand it many years; and be put in jail, and be sent to Siberia, and run away, and start all anew. He would emigrate to a new country, and overcome thousands of obstacles; but he is incapable of one thing, steady and speedy work.

The steady hours of common, unromantic and hurried work, are killing for him. Only in the country, in the forest, and in the field, can he stand it. But you must remember that the country work is not so monotonous as that of the office or factory; the great variety of Nature cannot tire people like always-the-same surroundings of four walls. The spring work and the autumn work is hard, but it is — different. And in the long winter evenings the contemplative soul of the Russian peasant has its long-desired time of dreams. Then he composes songs, poems, stories — probably all the beautiful folk-songs were created during the long lazy season of winter.

The Russian peasant can carve amazingly artistic figures of wood; he can paint and make fantastic designs. The hand-work of our peasants is appreciated in all Europe! But — that is not a steady, common work, with a foreman behind your back to hurry you up. It is a free creating.

Our artists were always poor pupils in school. Many of the great writers were expelled for laziness; and still they could work passionately. Our vagabonds, exiled to the province near the Black Sea, built many successful towns, as Odessa, our first-class port. The immigrants and criminals of Siberia, 'lazy people,' who could not undertake any steady work in cultured cities, created the new, sane, healthy and wealthy life over there. Our Siberian towns are our pride; their originators were able to work sufficiently, but not as steady machines.

Perhaps Russians, with their blind protest against any kind of steady work, are nearer to the ideal life of humanity. I should think so. I believe that all the work of humanity should be not a hurried job, undertaken for money, but a free, joyous and thoughtfully slow Creation.

THE SWAMP

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

Love called me like a beacon on a hill,
With all the flickering odors of the dark,
And the sharp spurt of fireflies, spark on spark,
And beckoning glimmer of the window-sill;
Low, like his arms, the skyward branches came,
Outlined in down of flame.

I dug my face in leaves. The hovering tree
Laid his swift hands on me,
His careless, thousand-fingered, merciful touch.
The wind that wearied him from side to side
Washed through me like a tide,
And led me past the taloned shadows' clutch
Where the slow swamp lies ambushed to the South.
My feet took hold on their accustomed trace.
And lo, at last I guessed Love's secret face
And the forbidden kisses of his mouth.

Like a cold knife lay on my throat the dew,
Leaves on my lids, and on my slackening heart
The silence, beating like another heart.
Less and less near the need of living grew.
The weary night dragged like a tale of years
Her tense, unresting planets overhead;
The keen grass murmured of the happy dead
That never know its rustling in their ears.
Through the desirous grass my will might seep,
Delicious, irresponsible as tears.
Love, the great lover, my submission bore
Surely to some good ending, safe and deep;
Dead Love, that giveth his beloved sleep —
He that hath nothing better, nothing more.

Almost I slipped my hand in his to go;
When lo, a little dawn-wind like a child
Came singing, and the feathery rushes piled
Their plumes together singing. To and fro
The gray veils of the cloistered moss bowed low
In endless adoration. Lines of white
On Gothic brambles, truculent and wild,
And roots like cunning carvings of delight
Breathed out, because the very dawn had smiled,
Seeing the miracle of the swamp in spring;
The sacred, seven-veiled lustre of the light
Walked on the water, kindling ring on ring.

The water broke in irised arc and shoal —
Green snakes with touches exquisite and long;
More rhythmic than the fresh-of-morning song,
The mocking-bird jets spattering from the brake.
Like some squat Eastern god, macabre, droll,
The alligator shot a silvery wake.
Small outcast creatures quavered into sight
Through elf-lock tangles of the lily-stem,
And pelted me with childish gifts of seeds
Until I noticed them,
The wonderful, the holy little weeds.
Gnats woke the air to fluting spray of gold.
The buzzard floated with an angel's flight
On motionless wide wings,
Effortless, far above our windy strife. —
For God, being God, who said, 'Let there be Light,'
Cannot at all withhold
Some beauty from abominable things,
Some good from life, yea, even from my life.

Death called me like a beacon on a hill,
But smokily, as wood-fires dim and drowse
In sunshine when the early wind is still —
I lit the patient hearth-fire in the house.

DEMOCRACY IN THE NAVY

BY WILLIAM O. STEVENS

One Easter Sunday, more than thirty years ago, I landed on the island of Perim, at the southern end of the Red Sea. The visit of a few hours impressed my boyish imagination with two things. One was the unspeakable dreariness of the spot — a mass of black rock baking under a tropical sun, with not a green thing save about a square yard of turf, imported from the mainland, which the handful of British soldiers at the post tried to keep alive. The other impression was the sacredness of military caste, due to a story told in my hearing about a subaltern who had recently been in command.

The poor fellow had grown so desperately lonely in that forsaken spot, that he summoned his sergeant, and, after pledging the man to secrecy, asked him to dinner. Some time after, while in liquor, the sergeant boasted of his distinction. The matter was investigated, the subaltern was proved guilty of the horrible crime, and dismissed from the service. When I heard the story, I could not understand what there was so awful about the young officer's conduct, but was ashamed to betray the fact by asking questions. In later years, on coming in contact with the military, I was given to understand that, while democracy may be all very well in politics, it has no place in the army or navy.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the leaders of democracy in our history have always looked coldly upon professional armies and navies. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the cry was that they were 'instruments of tyranny' and 'dangerous to liberty.' These sentiments sound absurd now; but it is only fair to remember that Napoleon was a contemporary warning and example. At any rate, it was due to this feeling against armaments that we were so badly unprepared for the War of 1812. After that war the charge that the navy was an 'instrument of tyranny' ceased to be popular; and every war since then has aroused enthusiasm for both our military organizations; but during the long interims of peace there has always been an undercurrent of suspicion or resentment. At bottom the sentiment seems to have been, that our army and navy are organized on traditions that are not only foreign to America, but also hostile to democracy. In our own times that sentiment has apparently been directed chiefly against the navy.

To be perfectly candid, the traditions on which our navy was founded were both foreign and undemocratic. These traditions do not hark back to the Revolution. The truth is that our Revolutionary navy was not conspicuous for discipline or efficiency. For example, the precious rascals who composed the crew of the Ranger demanded, in Bolshevik style, that every order involving the destination of the ship be put to vote of the crew; and Paul Jones maintained discipline only by sheer force of will and the iron rod.

After the Revolution what was left of the navy became extinct. The navy of to-day dates from 1798, when a

fleet was created to deal with the French privateers in the Caribbean. In that campaign our ships coöperated with the British, and it naturally came about that we borrowed outright the regulations of the British navy, and with them the British traditions of rank and discipline. In fact, we did not even have a distinctive uniform for our officers until the close of the War of 1812.

Many of the Revolutionary captains were merchant-skippers, who, as Paul Jones complained, were scarcely able to spell out the oath at a court-martial. Jones, who had once been a midshipman in the British navy, insisted, in a letter to the Marine Committee, that 'none other but a gentleman is qualified to support the character of a commissioned officer in the Navy.' It would be interesting to know his idea of a gentleman. He himself was the son of a gardener, but he secretly believed that he was the illegitimate son of the Earl of Selkirk, and his raid on the earl's estate was for the purpose of kidnapping the old gentleman and forcing him to acknowledge the paternity. Although there is not a shred of evidence to support the idea, it doubtless gave Jones great satisfaction to believe that half of him was, not only gentleman, but noble.

In 1798 only the ablest of the Revolutionary officers were chosen for our new frigates, and the midshipmen appointed that year represented the 'first families' of the Atlantic states. At the same time, the men of the crews came from the back alleys of the seaport towns. Thus at the outset there was a social chasm between commissioned and enlisted grades, which was perpetuated by the traditions which we borrowed from the British navy.

In recent years changes have taken place which have tended to bring the banks of the chasm so close together that it can easily be jumped. In the first place, the midshipmen have long since ceased to represent the 'first families.' The officers of the present American navy hail from every grade of life, from millionaire to bootblack. In the second place, the immense improvement in the treatment accorded to the enlisted men has resulted in a corresponding improvement in the character of the bluejacket. The sailor and the officer may come from the same rank of society. What is more important, there are a hundred vacancies at the Naval Academy open to enlisted men who can pass the entrance examinations; and since we went to war many a warrant officer, who had risen from the enlisted grade, has won temporary promotion to the commissioned ranks.

All this is anathema to the navies which still cling to the old aristocratic traditions. Our navy is 'too democratic,' our officers are 'not gentlemen,' and our enlisted men are so ruined by consideration that we do not know what discipline is. A German Naval Reserve officer obligingly informed me some years ago that we had no discipline in the American navy; and his opinion was eloquently confirmed by another German officer, about the same time, in an interview with an American lieutenant at Port-au-Prince. The American had gone ashore, leaving his boat to wait for his return. While he was gone, a German officer arrived at the same landing with his boat. Apparently the American sailors did not make way for his boat fast enough, for the Teuton was so enraged that he gave up his errand ashore and waited till the American officer returned. Then the storm burst. The statement of grievances ended thus, —

'You do not in your navy know vot discipline iss! Look, I vill show vot it in our navy iss!'

Thereupon the German rose in his boat and proceeded to smite the two sailors who faced him on the thwart, beating upon their cheeks with the full sweep of his arm till he was out of breath.

'Ha, you see?' he panted, as he settled himself in the stern sheets again; 'dot iss Cherman discipline!'

Strange to say, however, while our navy has been damned by the foreigner for its democracy, it has been criticized by our own people for being undemocratic. The phrase 'instrument of tyranny' long since yielded to 'naval snobbery.' This feeling is due chiefly to the fact that, despite the democratization of the commission, the tradition of social superiority in the commissioned grade has held fast. One of the ablest officers in our navy since the Civil War brought a storm of unpopularity upon himself and the service by a published statement opposing the idea of opening commissions to the enlisted grades, on the ground that 'the naval officer should be a gentleman.' Unfortunately, as the country knew, this particular officer was the son of a day-laborer.

This insistence on a caste distinction between the commissioned and enlisted grades has no foundation in the naval Regulations; it is merely tradition, and a tradition borrowed, as we have seen, from the British over a century ago; but it has had the force of law. Not long ago, a naval officer took a prominent official to task because he had addressed an assembly of recruits as 'young gentlemen' instead of 'my lads.' To the ordinary American citizen it is not clear why it should be a misdemeanor to call these recruits 'gentlemen,' in view of the fact that there would have been no criticism of the term if the same men had been in civilian clothes. The word does not mean much, but the discrimination seems to make the sailor's uniform a humiliating kind of livery. If the enlisted man is not a gentleman, it follows that he is not fit to associate with gentlemen; and it is worth while to call attention to the fact that all attempts made by the authorities to punish restaurant and theatre managers for discriminating against the enlisted man's uniform are futile so long as the distinction is drawn by the service itself.

The invariable retort of the naval man has been that this distinction was necessary to discipline. And discipline in this connection seems to mean the prevention of 'undue familiarity' between the one who issues commands and the one who obeys. In the world of education, the word discipline has been associated with subjects that have been handed down by tradition but have no justification in usefulness; and it is quite possible that much the same thing is true of the caste line in the navy. For instance, there is little 'undue familiarity' between the ensign and the rear admiral, but there is no artificial barrier, as between Brahmin and pariah. They are both 'gentlemen,' but the ensign is expected to obey his superior with the same promptness that is expected of the seaman.

On the other hand, it is not fair to attribute the existence of the caste idea entirely to the native or acquired snobbery of the naval officers and their wives, as certain newspapers and Congressmen have intimated from time to time for many years. It is true that some youthful members of the service — especially brides, daughters, and midshipmen — have a careless way of referring to all who are not of the elect as 'only civilians,' or 'only reserve officers,' or 'only enlisted men.' But that air of superiority is not to be taken seriously, for it does not represent the navy as a whole. As a matter of fact, during normal peace-times the line of

social cleavage between officers and men has fallen close to such a line as would naturally and unconsciously be drawn in social intercourse for men in business or the professions. Although a midshipman may be a pretty rough specimen when he enters the Academy, his four years' course applies a sandpapering process which gives him an immense social advantage over his brother who enters the navy by enlistment. It is also worth noting that in fleet athletics the officers play on the same baseball and football teams with the men, and that the captains of these teams are usually enlisted men. This is one of the horribly democratic blemishes of our navy which have worried officers of European navies.

The most probable reason for the survival of the caste tradition is that it fits in with the naval idea of 'rates.' The chief criticism of our new reserve officers is that 'they don't understand rates'; in fact, it is hard for any outsider to regard these things as seriously as the naval man does. Rates are the unofficial but inflexible privileges that accompany each grade in the service. When a midshipman enters the Academy, he learns to his sorrow that he 'rates' nothing but the title 'Mister.' For example, he does not rate walking in Lover's Lane, or using certain convenient stairs in the dormitory, or taking any of the short cuts through the Yard. But as he progresses from class to class he adds to his rates till, as First Classman (Senior), he rates every privilege that the midshipmen can devise without colliding with the Regulations.

The system of unofficial rates prevails also in the fleet. To the naval man, with his passion for orderliness, nothing seems more fitting than a place for every man and every man in his place. One side of the ship is as good as another, but commissioned grades come aboard on the starboard side and enlisted grades on the port side. The 'Old Man' takes his exercise on the starboard side of the quarterdeck; the other officers take theirs on the port. A man's place is one part of his rates. The other part comprises the privileges that accompany the place. The ordinary seaman sleeps in a hammock and has no handle to his name. The petty officer has a stateroom but still no handle to his name. The warrant officer, by virtue of his braided coat, attains the dignity of 'Mister,' but he and his wife are not on the officers' calling list; and so it goes. Naturally, the social distinction between commissioned and non-commissioned grades came to be regarded as one of the many rates, to be accepted, like the rest, without question.

The shock of this war, however, has upset the tidiness of the military systems at home and abroad. When, in 1914, Great Britain had to expand her professional army to unheard-of dimensions, it is said that even the fashionable boys' schools, like Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, were combed for material for officers, in order that the commissions should still go to 'gentlemen.' As the slaughter of officers went on, stern necessity forced promotion from the ranks. Correspondents reported that at first the 'gentlemen' officers averted their eyes and haughtily strode out of the cafés whenever a 'ranker' presumed to enter. At the present stage of the war, however, it is not likely that much of that spirit survives; certainly the Australians and the Canadians did their bit to kill it.

The change is reflected also in India. Before the war neither a native nor a Eurasian could rise above the non-commissioned grade, because neither — except the native princelings — was considered a gentleman in Anglo-Indian society. To-day both natives and Eurasians are serving as commissioned officers in the British army. Since the

British navy has neither expanded nor suffered like the army, it has probably changed little in this respect. But after the disappointments and failures of this war, the English public has come to suspect that, though the old-school officer in either service did well enough in campaigns against the Burmese or the Basutos, when it comes to fighting Huns, gentility in the commanding officer is not so important as certain other qualities.

In the case of our own army the professional caste traditions have been pretty well swamped by the draft. Our army is a civilian army, and, on the whole, more democratic than any other, save possibly the French. As it happened, our navy was large enough to meet the war demands by an expansion of the regular organization. It is true that there are many more reserve officers in the service now than there were professional officers at the outbreak of war; and, as we have seen, many of these reserve officers seem unable to appreciate the sanctity of rates. But the great shock to the caste idea has come through the war enlistments. The popularity of the navy was never better demonstrated than by the flood of volunteers that poured into the naval recruiting stations at the declaration of war. Large numbers of these men came from the colleges and universities, and many were wealthy. It did not occur to these ardent young patriots that they were making themselves social outcasts by putting on the sailor's uniform. On the contrary they were extremely proud of it, and that sentiment was heartily shared by their friends.

The consequence was that the enlisted man's uniform appeared in every hotel, at every club, at every dance. In every navy-yard town sailors drove their high-powered motor-cars through the streets on the way to the country clubs. Some of the older officers shook their heads; this sort of thing was 'bad for discipline'; but what can a man do when there is nothing in the Regulations to give him a handle?

An officer of my acquaintance found himself obliged one evening to invite a newly enlisted relative of his to dinner at a hotel. The youngster had often dined with him before, and cheerfully accepted. As the hotel was in a navy-yard town, and other officers were present, the officer did not enjoy the meal. He felt that the morrow would bring a summons to appear before the commandant. But, sad as the breach of discipline was, according to the old standards, not a word was said about it. A few months later the papers contained the announcement that the commandant of a certain naval station had invited to dinner at his quarters twelve enlisted men and warrant officers!

In short, this war has removed the stigma on the seaman's uniform because the finest of our youth are now wearing it. If caste distinction be essential to discipline, as we have heard for over a century, the discipline of the American navy has now gone to ruin.

Of course, the conditions of to-day are abnormal. After the war, college men are not going to flock to the navy. But it is safe to predict that the caste idea will never be the same as it was before the war. In the past, the type of enlisted man improved whenever the conditions and the opportunities of the sailor's life improved. In the future, with the large number of vacancies in the Naval Academy reserved to enlisted men, more ambitious youngsters will realize that the recruiting office is the best gateway to Annapolis. And if the Secretary's recent recommendation is put in force, requiring every midshipman to spend a year as a seaman in the fleet before he can get his commission, little will be left of the prejudice against the bluejacket's uniform.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY ALBERT THOMAS

I

WHEN the League of Nations was a new phrase, those persons who welcomed it enthusiastically heard themselves dubbed fools by those who were known as skeptics and as wise men.

At that time the skeptics were, as they are always and everywhere, in the majority; for faith is a rare quality, whereas doubt is the most eminently judicious attitude — the attitude in which one runs the least risk of compromising one's self.

'A League of Nations! — Tell me, do you believe in it?' said a French statesman of light and leading to a Dutch journalist, to whom he had granted an interview. To him, the idea was a Utopia — nothing more.

The wise men adopted a less scornful tone; they replied, with sober faces and after mature reflection, 'The League of Nations is an excellent idea. But before we think of putting it in effect we must bring the war to an end and arrange the terms of peace. Then, and only then, can we give our minds to the creation of any kind of league between all nations. But if we should succeed, doubtless it will mean the entire avoidance of war in the future.'

This dictum of wisdom, which savors of hypocrisy no less than of caution, was that pronounced by Chancellor von Hertling in his reply to President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George. And it may be that this Teutonic interpretation of the idea has brought some valuable additions to the category of fools, who have finally found themselves in most excellent and illustrious company.

Indeed, fools are sadly calumniated: elder brothers of the poets, eager to live what the latter content themselves with singing, they are the men who march in the van on the road whereon mankind progresses only by defying the unknown and believing in the future. It is the fools, the idealists, who guide the world.

One day there arrived in France a message sent by a man who had labored alone and had reflected profoundly in his White House, on the other side of the ocean: it was the noble message of President Wilson concerning the League of Nations.

From that moment the idea began to make headway. The fools have become so numerous that they are now regarded as sensible folk. Now that the heads of the governments of the United States and Great Britain have pronounced in its favor, and the principle has been accepted from the tribune of the French Chamber, by Premier Ribot, no one would venture to call the League of Nations a Utopia.

To-day no one denies the principle; but the criticisms, or reservations, relate simply to the possibility of giving it effect, to the method of applying this scheme to the difficulties of the present situation. Those who put forward these criticisms and reservations consider themselves realists, because they claim to concentrate all their attention on the practical details of a tangible

and legal organization. In reality they hypnotize themselves by evoking imaginary obstacles; and we can fairly say of them that they have eyes but see not, and ears but do not hear.

The League of Nations is not yet in power; it is not strong enough; it cannot, to-day, enforce its determination to do justice and its higher law. Nevertheless, it already exists. Its origin and the origin of the present war derive from the same sources; and it has not ceased to develop *pari passu* with the development of the war itself.

Let us recall the beginnings of the great conflict which for four years past has drenched with blood all the battlefields of Europe. It began with the attack of the imperialist states, Germany and Austria, upon Serbia, a small nation without adequate means of defense, which was prepared to make all reasonable concessions to preserve the peace. A few weeks later, its scope was broadened because the German army, in utter disregard of treaties, in violation of the law of nations, forced its way into Belgium. And it was because of this violation of Belgian neutrality, because Germany disavowed her own signature, that Great Britain entered the war.

Months, years pass. The war drags on, spreads out. Germany, thinking only of multiplying her means of attack and defense, constantly commits new violations of the law. In contempt of all international agreements, she inaugurates submarine warfare; and then it is that free America, across the Atlantic, rises in her turn in defense of the Right. Thus, by three stages, — because the rights of the free peoples and international law were violated, — the war broke out, and its contagion spread, as a result of the claim of the Central Empires to universal domination established at the expense of all other countries.

On the other hand, why, and in the name of what undying principles, have these Empires, in their aggression, been confronted by an opposition, by a will to fight, ever more powerful and more obstinate to persevere until victory is declared? Of course, the states directly attacked took up arms in defense of their independence; but still, in the course of that defense they have always declared that, if the destiny of arms should turn in their favor, they would use it solely to reëstablish outraged Right, never to inflict upon their enemies the evils which the latter had in store for them.

On the day when France, brutally attacked by Germany, issued the decree of mobilization, on that day, when five millions of Frenchmen rushed to the colors, our claim to Alsace-Lorraine was brought to our mind anew — that is to say, the claim of the right of all French peoples to decide their own fate. This right was violated in 1871, when the people of the two conquered provinces heard themselves described as 'cheap cattle,' and were compelled to pass under foreign domination. At that time Germany appealed fraudulently to the theory of nationalities, declaring that the Alsace-Lorrainers ought to be incorporated in the German body politic, even against their will, because they were Germans in race and in language. The theory which France alleged in opposition was that of the French Revolution, so clearly and emphatically defined by Fustel de Coulanges.

> That which distinguishes one nation from another is neither race nor language. Men feel in their hearts that they are of one and the same people, that they have a community of ideas, of interests, of inclinations, of memories, and hopes. This is what constitutes the country. This is why men wish to march together, to work together, to fight together, to live and die for

one another. The country is the thing that we love. It may be that Alsace is German in race and language; but in the spirit of nationality, in love of country, she is French. And do you know what made her French? It was not Louis XIV, but our Revolution of 1789. Ever since that time, Alsace has shared our destiny. She has lived our life. All that we thought, she thought. All that we felt, she felt. She has shared our victories and our defeats, our glory and our errors, all our joys and all our sorrows. She has nothing in common with you. In her eyes the *patrie* is France. In her eyes, Germany is a foreign land.

These words may be said, at the present moment, to represent the universal thought which is the logical consequence of the whole development of our French Revolution. Just as the preëminent dignity of the human person was recognized then in our laws and our codes, so to-day, in the immense revolution which this war really is, the preëminent dignity of each nation must be recognized, the rights of all nations must be reaffirmed and consecrated.

II

It is in obedience to this spirit of justice, to reëstablish outraged Right, and to restore to the injured nations their national integrity, that great nations like Great Britain and the United States have intervened in the war although not directly attacked. Neither Great Britain nor the United States dreams of setting up its own hegemony in opposition to the hegemony of Germany. With them, as with all the members of the Entente, the essential object of this conflict, its reason for being, is not to bring about the triumph of one domination, European or other, rather than another, but to make Europe and the world, once for all, safe from such disruptions; it is to confront the Right of Might with the Might of Right.

If this spirit of justice did not inspire all the nations of the Entente, — if the United States, Great Britain, France, and Italy, entertained the same purposes as the guiding minds of the Central Empires, the same profound contempt for the rights of nations, the same trust in brute force, — it is probable that peace might very easily be made; that it might already have been made. According to the theory on which the old treaties were negotiated, it would have been easy to arrange terms of peace at the time of the Russian breakdown: the states of the Entente had but to be guided by the method adopted by Prussia, Russia, and Austria in a celebrated instance, toward the end of the eighteenth century. They would then have proposed to the Central Empires to divide with them, not a modest little Poland, but the domain, the immense booty of Russia in Europe and in Asia, which would have been practically defenseless against so powerful a combination.

But the bare suggestion of such a detestable solution is enough to disclose how absolutely opposed it would be to all that the nations of the Entente have sought and desired in their action throughout this conflict. Such a solution could be imposed only by violent means upon the peoples who would be the victims of that shameful jockeying. And even if we admit that the efforts of all the states joined and combined could triumph over their victims, how long would such a result endure? How could any twentieth-century people, subjected by force to the domination of this or that power, consent to undergo such a fate? The diplomats of an earlier time had the presumption thus to redraw the map of Europe. In 1815, by the Treaty of Vienna, they disposed arbitrarily of states and peoples. But not many years after, in Germany, in Austria, in Italy, revolutions broke out.

The crime of 1815 led very speedily to the convulsions of 1848.

It would be the same to-morrow if the present-day problems should be solved summarily according to the old methods. New disputes would very soon arise — internal disputes, in which the subjugated populations would strive, by insurrections, to make their disregarded rights effective once more; disputes between the nations which had managed the partition and which would all have reasons for fighting among themselves, as do bandits when they come to a division of the spoil.

To arrive at the durable peace which is the common goal of all the nations of the Entente, we must repudiate the method of violence in any degree whatsoever; we must abandon all idea of founding the guaranties of national security upon force. Even if we should succeed in achieving by military and diplomatic pressure the rehabilitation of the invaded countries, the object that we pursue would not be attained. The destruction of the German army, even the dismemberment of Germany, would not suffice to ensure the safety of France. The past teaches us the worthlessness of the strategic precautions of the conqueror when he is in a position to impose his will upon the vanquished.

In the triumphant hours of 1806, when Napoleon I had Prussia under his heel, he thought to reduce the Prussian army to helplessness by limiting it to 40,000 men under arms. The Prussian generals who were forced to submit to these harsh conditions speedily caused the whole civilian population to submit to military training; and in 1813, it was a whole militarized nation that confronted the tyrant at Leipzig.

III

Such is the lesson of history. It teaches us that the Great War, the crusade of the nations of the Entente to ensure the reign of liberty and justice throughout the world, cannot be brought to an end by a peace negotiated after the manner of the treaties of an earlier time.

What confidence could we have in a final treaty analogous to those which our enemies have treated as 'scraps of paper,' rather than allow themselves to be impeded by them in their brutal aggression? The moment their validity was put to the test, the treaties bearing the signature of Germany and purporting to guarantee the independence and neutrality of Belgium became, in the eyes of German statesmen, mere scraps of paper. And that shocking phrase was not, mark you, a hasty exclamation, uttered in a moment of intense excitement by a minister whose imagination led him to partake of the savage enthusiasm of the invading troops; no, it expressed succinctly the German will and the German purpose, in their conception of the relations of the strongest nation with the weakest.

In the past four years innumerable acts have confirmed and emphasized the iniquitous remark of the German Chancellor; and German jurists have undertaken to justify it in their writings. Listen to the words of a German 'intellectual,' Joseph Köhler, Professor of International Law: —

> No law is so sacred that it must not yield to necessity; and this act, performed under the pressure of necessity, does not constitute a violation of law. . . . The irresistible force of war and conquest takes possession of countries and peoples; that is one of the fundamental principles of international law. . . . Let us not lend an ear to the voices of those who emphasize the difficulties to which annexation would give rise in the victorious state, on the pretext that it would come in collision with alien elements which might offer resistance. That idea may terrify a weak and timid people, but a youthful and sturdy one is content to

thrust aside obstacles of this nature: the great Siegfried does not allow himself to be frightened by a recalcitrant population.

This is the sort of thing that German jurists are writing after four years of war! According to them, justice no longer preoccupies any but weak and timid nations! The great Siegfried, for his part, proposes to crush beneath his heel the liberty of those peoples who attempt to resist him! That is why, when the hour of peace shall have struck, the signature of the great Siegfried will not be enough for us. What we must have is, as President Wilson has said many a time, an international treaty, in which all questions shall be submitted to a supra-national authority which, on the one hand, will be charged with the duty of defining the rights of the nations, and on the other, will have at its disposal the means to secure the recognition of those rights by force.

Face to face with a foe who has not disarmed, who has renounced none of his schemes of domination, the only guaranty is the union of all nations, the creation of a supreme tribunal clothed with the duty and the power to enforce respect for the conditions upon which peace shall seem possible to us. This necessary solution is within our reach, since the essential mutual understanding is already achieved by the impressive union of the greatest nations of the world, leagued together in defense of liberty.

Before studying the first traces of the existence of the League of Nations in the past, and before discussing its probable future, we have thought it well to show that it does already exist. It was born of the very excess of suffering and tyranny imposed upon the world; it has grown in the bosom of our worst distresses, as the noble prophetic verses of Victor Hugo proclaimed more than a half-century ago: —

Dès à présent dans nos misères
Germe l'hymen des peuples frères;
Volant sur nos sombres rameaux,
Comme un frelon que l'aube éveille,
Le Progrès, ténébreuse abeille,
Fait du bonheur avec nos maux.[1]

IV

The experience of Rome in ancient times shows us what the Empire of the Cæsars did for the enfranchisement and peace of the universe, so long as it continued to be a league of nations. The peoples which made up that Empire did not depend upon an Emperor, but upon a political association, a body of senators, magistrates, and citizens; and they realized that they had at the same time a great and a smaller country.

This happy equilibrium was destroyed on the day when the Roman Empire undertook to transform itself into a single entity; when it ceased to be an organization of different nations and cities, and mingled all that it included in one confused whole, without proper differentiation.

In the Middle Ages we have the example of the Church, which exercised rights of sovereignty in each of the states under its jurisdiction. Its rôle in the termination of wars, in the conclusion of treaties, affords an example of numerous supra-national interventions which were effective down to the period when religious authority was checkmated by the coming of modern times and the development of lay elements.

More recently still, it has been impossible to disregard the scope of international conventions: for example, those which were created to abolish slavery and to establish the Universal Postal Union.

[1] Even now, in our desolation, the union of the brother-nations is germinating; flying over our darksome state, like an insect awakened by the dawn, Progress, an obscure honey-bee transforms our misfortunes into good fortune.

Since the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Conference at London, that is to say, from 1841 to 1910, there have been 175 inter-governmental conferences, some of which have met with quasi-regularity; for instance, there have been fifteen geodesic conferences, thirteen sanitary, and eight penological.

Lastly, there have been the conferences at The Hague, where we find a significant alignment of the powers in making important decisions. When, in 1907, the nations had assembled to enter into compulsory arbitration treaties among themselves, the main principle was ratified by thirty-five votes, with only five in opposition — those of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Greece, Roumania, and Turkey. That is to say, only eleven years ago, at the time of signing the arbitration treaties, the Entente stood almost solidly on one side, with the neutrals, while on the other side were the Central Empires and their allies. In these beginnings, made in the face of opposition, we see the first form of that League of Nations which, since the war began, has resolved itself into the present system of inter-Allied relations. In the federation of all the nations who are fighting for the Right, not one is, at this moment, acting with entire independence. They must, one and all, unite and act together, not only in what concerns their armies, but also in respect to the general conduct of all the diplomatic and political affairs of the Alliance.

In face of the unity of control of the enemy, the restrictions upon their individual sovereignty to which the Allied nations assent go constantly deeper and deeper. Every day further progress is made among them toward a closer and closer bond of union, a subordination of all alike to the common, higher interest which guides them and unites them in this conflict.

This bond of union, freely accepted, and this subordination of all to the general interest, have extended from the general conduct of the war to the domain of supplies, of finances — in a word, step by step, to the whole life of the nations

The reciprocal oversight thus exercised does not appear in the light of an annoyance or an encroachment but, on the contrary, as a guaranty and constant assurance of the continuity and fair distribution of the efforts of each one of the nations in the common struggle.

In this closely knit bond of the Entente, the smaller nations are neither sacrificed, nor even subordinated more than the greater ones, to the general interest. But they feel that they stand on an equality as to their rights, no less than as to their duties, in the councils which decide upon the common action and upon the means of putting it in execution. It was these councils which reached an agreement to define our war-aims. They will lay down our terms of peace also, which will include no private terms for any member of the Entente.

We see, then, that it has been found to be necessary, in order to bring the war to a successful issue, to establish between the various nations of the Entente a system of international relations, more strictly defined and more restrictive of their individual sovereignty than would be possible in times of peace. And this is the decisive, peremptory argument which answers by anticipation all the objections as to practical obstacles in the way of the creation of the League of Nations. What remains to be solved is nothing in comparison with what has been solved and with the benefits we may expect to derive therefrom.

If the League of Nations had been in existence in August, 1914, Germany

probably would not have declared war; but even if she had dared to do so in defiance of the conventions signed by her, all the nations which are willing to guarantee justice and the law would have found themselves compelled to enter at once into the conflict. Instead of intervening without concert and one by one, all the nations of the Entente would have come forward together, armed and ready to defend the Right, at the precise moment in August, 1914, when the crime was committed.

Such is the world-organization at which we aim, and which has been proved to be practicable by the experience of four years of war. It is in process of realization; to perfect it, nothing more is needed than perseverance on the part of the governments, and the concurrence of all the free nations.

Then will come true the old dream of all the great minds which in times past have aspired to the enthronement of justice. Listen to Kant, whose thought is distinctly adverse to Germany in the *Essay on Perpetual Peace:* —

> No treaty of peace can be considered as such if either party to it secretly reserves some ground for renewing the war. . . .
>
> No independent state (whether large or small makes no difference) can be acquired by another, whether by inheritance, exchange, purchase, or gift. . . .
>
> No state should intervene by force in the polity and government of another state. . . .
>
> No state, at war with another, should be guilty of such hostile acts as, on the return of peace, would make mutual confidence impossible: as, for example, the employment of murderers or poisoners, the violation of a capitulation, or an attempt to spread treason in the state with which it is at war. . . .
>
> The civil constitution of every state should be republican. . . .
>
> The law of nations must be based upon a federation of free states.

All the great revolutionary spirits have declared that the rights of the peoples collectively must be recognized in society, even as the rights of man have been recognized.

It was Victor Hugo who, as a Deputy in the Assembly of 1848, said: 'The French people have hewn from imperishable granite, and laid, in the centre of the old monarchical continent, the first stone of the vast edifice which will some day be known as the United States of Europe.' And it was Lamennais who, in his *Words of a Believer*, replied thus to the question, 'Young soldier, whither goest thou?' — 'I am going to fight for justice, for the holy cause of the nations, for the consecrated rights of the human race.'

This reply our soldiers translated into action, when, in August, 1914, all France rose to defend itself against the German aggression. All our soldiers, all the workingmen, peasants, tradesmen, merchants, and professional men of France, when they were called upon to fight for the freedom and independence of their native land, had another idea as well. When, on receipt of the order of mobilization, they joined their regiments, one and all exclaimed, 'We propose that this shall be the last war!' Since then many of them have fallen on the battlefields of the Marne, the Yser, Verdun, and the Somme. But those who remain preserve the memory and the determination of those dead heroes who saved France, and they are resolved to fulfil, over and above the salvation of their country, the noble humane dream of their vanished brothers.

V

The fulfillment of this dream is the only clearly defined object which the proposed supra-national organization will set before itself at the beginning. Its first duty will be to eliminate, or at all events to reduce as far as possible, the chances of another war. It will suc-

ceed in that object by creating a system of rights between nations like that which the State, among civilized peoples, creates between individuals.

It is a difficult task. To progress from the anarchical condition of the world before the war to a complete organization deserving the name of a League of Nations in the fullest sense of the word — that will unquestionably be a long, long road; but we can clearly make out the first stage, which we can traverse during the war.

A court of arbitration must be set up — that is to say, a method of procedure for settling controversies between nations, analogous to that which has already been resorted to in a certain number of cases. But to avoid the repetition of an experiment which was tried in the last decades of the nineteenth century, and of which the acid test of this war has demonstrated the inadequacy, we must invest the tribunal with the function of drawing up the rules to be applied, and reinforce it with the power to execute them.

In reply to President Wilson's eloquent appeal in favor of compulsory arbitration, we saw last year the Central Empires, and even the Sultan of Turkey himself, give in a solemn adhesion to the principle. There was just one small restriction: the principle of arbitration was accepted by the representatives of our adversaries only with reservation of the 'vital interests' of either of the three Empires concerned. We know to-day, by the example of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, what those Empires mean by their 'vital interests,' and how far they carry their contempt of the most legitimate interests of other nationalities.

Of course, nations more considerate of the rights of others might refrain from such excesses; but we must recognize none the less that an attitude of distrust with respect to any given system of unconditional arbitration is altogether justifiable, even for states honestly well disposed to the principle.

The supra-national organization should therefore take for its immediate task to establish the essential rights likely to be agreed upon by the participating nations. General formulæ are not enough. Upon general formulæ the whole world may declare itself to be in accord — even Chancellor von Hertling and President Wilson; but as soon as we come to precise applications, unconquerable opposition appears.

The supra-national organization will have to study one after another, in connection with the great principles offered for its scrutiny, the formulæ and the rules capable of transforming a general platonic ideal into a workable law, susceptible of practical judicial execution.

This scheme may seem over-ambitious, and so it would be, in fact, if it were proposed to solve all questions at a single stroke; to secure at the first attempt a complete code of relations between the different states. But we consider, on the contrary, that, in this more surely than in any other matter, the questions to be solved must be divided into categories. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Let us give to this organization, to begin with, the general commission to establish and maintain between its constituents, as well as with regard to all others, the law of nations as defined by parties contracting under it.

This would relieve us from the necessity of bothering our minds immediately about a host of problems, and would also enable us to promulgate the most essential and most urgent rules looking to the conclusion of the present conflict.

But when these rules shall have been once laid down, when the law of nations shall have been formulated, there will still be left for us to face the

most serious difficulty of all — the stumbling-block which has thus far caused the breakdown of all the plans of the pacifists: that is to say, the creation of an executive force at the service of this law, and of penalties to be imposed upon those who may be tempted to violate it.

Such penalties are possible; different categories have been suggested. The first, which have sometimes aroused a smile of incredulity, have nevertheless real merit. They take the form of an appeal to be made to public opinion, to the opinion of the whole world. Our adversaries, who, at the beginning of the war, defied this opinion so far as possible, have finally recognized its importance. They have put forth their utmost efforts, by means of a propaganda no less false than frantic, to reverse, not only in neutral countries, but among the Allies, the moral judgment which they saw to be altogether adverse to them. They have resorted to all possible methods to cast upon us the responsibility for the conflict, or, at least, for its continuance. And this fact demonstrates the unquestionable efficacy of moral penalties.

There are also the economic penalties, the most potent of which are the boycott, reprisals, expulsions, sequestrations, judicial isolation, the economic blockade, and the abolition or restriction of international commerce.

All these methods, which have been utilized during the war, must be retained after the war, against powers which might still claim to dominate the world; which should refuse to recognize the rules and principles established by common action. Our adversaries attach very great importance to this species of coercion. They are tremendously anxious to find out to what extent and for how many years the 'economic weapon' will be used against them after the cessation of hostilities.

It is certain that this economic weapon is to-day, and will remain, a most powerful one in the hands of the Allies. But in order to assure the possibility of its employment as long as may be necessary, we must be prepared to support it at need by military force.

At this point, we have to deal with the problem of creating a military force in the service of the law of nations, whose duty it shall be to compel obedience to the decisions made by the League of Nations; and we find ourselves confronted by two equally vital requirements which seem contradictory. On the one hand, we are convinced that, if this war does not result in lessening for the future the burden of an armed peace, we shall have accepted to no purpose all the sacrifices which it has already cost us. And, on the other hand, unless we are to fall asleep prematurely in the delusions from which our Russian friends have just had such a cruel awakening, we face the necessity of maintaining, in the service of the very peace that we seek to establish, a force strong enough to punish infractions of plighted faith.

But these two requirements are not so incompatible as they seem at first sight. If the limitation of armaments were imposed on every state, we can readily see that the sum of the forces of all the others exerted against an isolated state would be irresistible. It would be essential, of course, that there should be perfect coördination between these forces — a connection so intimate as to assure their immediate, simultaneous, and therefore effective employment. But there would be no need to place all the national armies under a single, absolute supra-national command; it would suffice to maintain, in times of peace, the close relation which already exists between the Allied armies.

Whatever the difficulties in the way of carrying through such a scheme, the

fact remains that we cannot evade the problem. If we do not solve it, we shall fall back sooner or later into the condition of rivalry and competition in armaments with which the world was familiar before the present war.

Doubtless the composition of this international military force will be the most delicate question for the League of Nations to settle. But other essential questions will demand settlement with equal urgency, immediately upon the advent of peace, and even before it is concluded.

Provision will have to be made for the economic life of the nations which have taken part in the conflict, and for distributing among them raw materials and the means of subsistence.

Finally, there will have to be provided a supra-national authority which will be indispensable in the matter of liquidating the finances of the various states and enabling them to return to a normal economic régime after the tremendous upheavals caused by the war in the economic life of the whole world.

Again, it will be necessary to appeal for the intervention of the supra-national authority to settle many peculiarly delicate and complex questions, as, for example, ensuring the neutrality or the freedom of the Dardanelles.

Here, then, are certain very urgent, very clearly defined tasks, which we offer for the action of the League of Nations. It alone can perform them, and reëstablish order after the immense upheaval which will leave in utter disarray the men and the bodies politic of the world before the war. On all sides new problems and duties arise, and it is enough to enumerate them, to show that, beside the skeptics who do not believe in the League of Nations, beside the wise men who postpone them to a later date, if we are idealists, — in other words, fools, — we are very positive idealists.

VI

We have not failed for an instant to base our arguments on facts. Always, in every sort of process that we have discussed, we have sought only to continue what has already been begun during the war and for the purposes of the war, adapting it to the new necessities and to the lasting conditions of a state of peace.

Here is no question of creating, in the air, as it were, and without precedents, institutions still untested, which would justifiably arouse distrust: here is a question of stabilizing the various categories of inter-Allied institutions which are already functioning and growing ever more effective as the war goes on.

Moreover, America has heretofore exhibited a noteworthy example of an international organization in the Pan-American Union, which does not constitute a new state, for it has no supreme tribal or sovereign power; but, thanks to its periodical conferences and to its permanent bureau at Washington, it already forms a sort of administrative, scientific, and economic union, complete in every detail.

There has been a deal of discussion as to whether Germany should be admitted to the League of Nations, or be debarred therefrom. It is for her alone to furnish the reply.

It is quite evident that imperialist and militarist Germany, which assumes to impose her domination upon Europe and to hold the civilization of the twentieth century under the perpetual menace of her big guns, could find no place in a league of nations destined to establish and maintain respect for the Law. But we should commit a serious mistake if we imagined that Germany forms a single mass, inspired solely by the ideal of its General Staff, and sharing all its aspirations. However feeble the reaction in

Germany may be, it exists; numerous strikes offer to the observer unmistakable signs of internal disturbances, and presage, if not a revolution, at least an evolution.

It is this evolution which the world awaits. It is this evolution which President Wilson predicts in the masterly address delivered on July 4 last, at the tomb of Washington:—

'The blinded rulers of Prussia have roused forces they knew little of — forces which, once roused, can never be crushed to earth again; for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph.'

Lord Grey of Fallodon, in a pamphlet recently published, declares that the Allies cannot save the world if Germany herself remembers nothing of the lessons of the war; if she does not realize that militarism is the deadly enemy of mankind.

To the same purpose Lord Curzon said in a recent speech in the House of Lords, 'It is essential that there shall be a general agreement among the nations; and to obtain a useful result, all the nations on earth must become parties to it.'

From all these solemn and impartial declarations it follows that we must not only conquer Germany, but convert her. And that will be the great, the supreme victory to which President Wilson beckoned us when he defined the principles of the League of Nations.

These same principles were put forward more than a half-century since by the philosopher Jules Barni, at the Peace Congress which he convoked at Lausanne. He made numerous and illustrious converts: Victor Hugo, Edgar Quinet, Élysée Reclus, and the great English philosopher, John Stuart Mill.

But Barni met also with a refusal to accept his ideas from a man whom no one can suspect of mental timidity, but whom we admire to-day rather for his courageous keenness of vision — the Italian revolutionary Mazzini, who argued that peace could not become the law of human society until that society had passed through a conflict which should establish life and association on the foundation of justice and liberty.

Mazzini concluded with these words: 'Duty points the way to the object we should seek: that is, the triumph of the moral law, and the suppression of whatever stands in the way of its fulfillment; the reconstitution of Europe; the sovereignty of the free and equal associated nations; aid from all to all for the emancipation of those who are oppressed, for the relief of those who suffer, and for the education, the independence, the armament of all.

'This object — why not say it? — is a last great holy crusade, a battle of Marathon in the service of Europe for the triumph of the principle of progress over the principle of inertia and reaction.'

These admirable sentences point us to the duty we are carrying out to-day. The hour has struck of the last holy crusade for the liberation and independence of all peoples. The consecrated army is forming, majestic and formidable, in the blood-drenched roads leading to the luminous heights of the future. And to bring succor to those who are engaged in the struggle, to acquit our debt to those who will never return, we must strive to instill into all minds, to infuse into all the nations, the two essential virtues, energy and faith.

WITH THE AMERICAN SUBMARINES

BY HENRY B. BESTON

AN HEROIC JOURNEY

A LONDON day of soft and smoky skies, darkened every now and then by capricious and intrusive little showers, was drawing to a close in a twilight of gold and gray. Our table stood in a bay of plate-glass windows overlooking the Embankment close by Cleopatra's Needle. We watched the little double-decked tram-cars gliding by, the opposing, interthreading streams of pedestrians, and a fleet of coal barges coming up the river, solemn as a cloud.

Behind us lay, splendid and somewhat theatric, the mottled marble, stiff white napery, and bright silver of a fashionable dining-hall. Only a few guests were at hand. At our little table sat the captain of a submarine who was then in London for a few days on richly merited leave, a distinguished young officer of the 'mother ship' accompanying our under-water craft, and myself. It is impossible to be long with submarine folk without realizing that they are a people apart, differing from the rest of the naval personnel even as their vessels differ. A man must have something individual to his character to volunteer for the service, and every officer is a volunteer. An extraordinary power of quick decision, a certain keen, resolute look, a certain carriage; submarine folk are such men as all of us like to have by our side in any great trial or crisis of our life.

Guests began to come by twos and threes — pretty girls in shimmering dresses, young army officers with wound-stripes and clumsy limps. A faint murmur of conversation rose, faint and continuous as the murmur of a distant stream.

Because I requested him, the captain told me of the crossing of the submarines. It was the epic of an heroic journey.

'After each boat had been examined in detail, we began to fill them with supplies for the voyage. The crew spent days manœuvring cases of condensed milk, cans of butter, meat, and chocolate down the hatchways — food which the boat swallowed up as if she had been a kind of steel stomach. Until we had it all neatly and tightly stowed away, the Z looked like a corner grocery store. Then, early one December morning, we pulled out of the harbor. It was n't very cold, merely raw and damp, and it was misty dark. I remember looking at the winter stars riding high just over the meridian. The port behind us was still and dead, but a handful of navy-folk had come to one of the wharves to see us off. Yes, there was something of a stir — you know, the kind of stir that 's made when boats go to sea: shouted orders, the plash of dropped cables, vagrant noises. It did n't take a great time to get under way; we were ready, waiting for the word to go. The flotilla — mother-ship, tugs and all — was out to sea long before the dawn. You would have liked the picture: the immense stretch of the grayish, winter-stricken sea, the little covey of submarines running awash, the gray mother-ship

going ahead, as casually as an excursion steamer, into the featureless dawn.

'The weather was wonderful for two days, a touch of Indian summer on December's ocean; then, on the night of the third day, we ran into a blow, the worst I ever saw in my life. A storm — oh, boy!'

He paused for an instant. One could see memories living in the fine, resolute eyes. The broken noises of the restaurant, which had seemingly died away while he spoke, crept back again to one's ears. A waiter dropped a clanging fork —

'A storm. Never remember anything like it. A perfect terror. Everybody realized that any attempt to keep together would be hopeless. And night was coming on. One by one the submarines disappeared into that fury of wind and driving water, the mothership, because she was the largest vessel in the flotilla, being the last we saw. We snatched her last signal out of the teeth of the gale, and then she was gone, swallowed up in the storm. So we were alone.

'We got through the night somehow or other. The next morning the ocean was a dirty brown-gray, and knots and wisps of cloud were tearing by close over the water. Every once in a while a great hollow-bellied wave would come rolling out of the hullabaloo and break thundering over us. On all the boats the lookout on the bridge had to be lashed in place, and every once in a while a couple of tons of water would come tumbling past him. Nobody at the job stayed dry for more than three minutes; a bathing-suit would have been more to the point than oilers.

'Shaken, you ask? No, not very bad: a few assorted bruises and a wrenched thumb; though poor Jonesy on the Z3 had a wave knock him up against the rail and smash in a couple of ribs. But no being sick for him; he kept to his feet and carried on in spite of the pain, in spite of being in a boat which registered a roll of seventy degrees. I used to watch the old hooker rolling under me. You've never been on a submarine when she's rolling, — talk about rolling — oh, boy! We all say seventy degrees, because that's as far as our instruments register. There were times when I almost thought she was on her way to make a complete revolution. You can imagine what it was like inside. To begin with, the oily air was none too sweet, because every time we opened a hatch we shipped enough water to make the old hooker look like a start at a swimming tank; and then she was lurching so continuously and violently that to move six feet was an expedition. The men were wonderful — wonderful! Each man at his allotted task, and — what's that English word? — carrying on. Our little cook could n't do a thing with the stove, might as well have tried to cook on a miniature earthquake; but he saw that all of us had something to eat — doing his bit, game as could be.'

He paused again. The Embankment was fading away in the dark. A waiter appeared, and drew down the thick, light-proof curtains.

'Yes, the men were wonderful — wonderful. And there was n't very much sickness. Let's see, how far had I got? — Since it was impossible to make any headway, we lay to for forty-eight hours. The deck began to go the second morning, some of the plates being ripped right off. And blow — well, as I told you in the beginning, I never saw anything like it. The disk of the sea was just one great ragged mass of foam being hurled through space by a wind screaming past with the voice and force of a million express trains.

'Perhaps you are wondering why we did n't submerge. We simply could n't use up our electricity. It takes oil and

running on the surface to create the electric power, and we had a long, long journey ahead. Then ice began to form on the superstructure, and we had to get out a crew to chop it off. It was something of a job; there was n't much to hang on to, and the waves were still breaking over us. But we freed her of the danger, and she went on —

'We used to wonder where the other boys were, in the midst of all the racket. One ship was drifting toward the New England coast, her compass smashed to flinders; others had run for Bermuda, others were still at sea.

'Then we had three days of good easterly wind. By jingo, but the good weather was great! Were we glad to have it? — oh, boy! We had just got things shipshape again when we had another blow, but this second one was by no means as bad as the first. And after that we had another spell of decent weather. The crew used to start the phonograph and keep it going all day.

'The weather was so good that I decided to keep right on to the harbor which was to be our base over here. I had enough oil, plenty of water; the only possible danger was a shortage of provisions. So I put us all on a ration, arranging to have the last grand meal on Christmas day. Can you imagine Christmas on a little storm-bumped submarine some hundred miles off the coast? A day or two more and we ran calmly into — shall we say, "deleted" harbor?

'Hungry, dirty; oh, so dirty! We had n't had any sort of bath or wash for about three weeks; we all were green-looking from having been cooped up so long, and our unshaven grease-streaked faces would have upset a dinosaur. The authorities were wonderfully kind, and looked after us and our men in the very best style. I thought we could never stop eating, and a real sleep — oh, boy!'

'Did you fly the flag as you came in?' I asked.

'You bet we did!' answered the captain, his keen, handsome face lighting at the memory. 'You see,' he continued in a practical spirit, 'they would probably have pumped us full of holes if we had n't.'

And that is the way the American submarines crossed the Atlantic to do their share for the Great Cause.

INTO THE DARK

I got to the port of the submarines just as an uncertain and rainy afternoon had finally decided to turn into a wild and disagreeable night. Short, drenching showers of rain fell, one after the other, like the strokes of a lash; a wind came up out of the sea, and one could hear the thunder of surf on the headlands. The mother-ship lay moored in a wild, desolate, and indescribably romantic bay; she floated in a sheltered pool, a very oasis of modernity, a marvelous creature of another world and another time. There was just light enough for me to see that her lines were those of a giant yacht. Then a curtain of rain beat hissing down on the sea, and the ship and the vague darkening landscape disappeared — disappeared as if they had melted away in the shower. Presently the bulk of the vessel appeared again. At once we drew alongside, and from that moment on, I was the guest of the vessel, recipient of a hospitality and courtesy for which I here make grateful acknowledgment to my friends and hosts.

The mother-ship of the submarines was a combination of flagship, supply-station, repair-shop, and hotel. The officers of the submarines had rooms aboard her, which they occupied when off patrol, and the crews off duty slung their hammocks 'tween decks. The boat was pretty well crowded, having

more submarines to look after than she had been built to care for; but thanks to the skill of her officers, everything was going as smoothly as could be. The vessel had, so to speak, a submarine atmosphere. Everybody aboard lived, worked, and would have died for the submarine. They believed in the submarine, believed in it with an enthusiasm which rested on pillars of practical fact.

The chief of staff was the youngest captain in our navy; a man of hard energy and keen insight; one to whom our submarine service owes a very genuine debt. His officers were specialists: the surgeon of the vessel had been for years engaged in studying the hygiene of submarines, and was constantly working to free the atmosphere of the vessels from deleterious gases and to improve the living conditions of the crews. I remember listening one night to a history of the submarine, told by one of the officers of the staff; and for the first time in my life I came to appreciate at its full value the heroism of the men who risked their lives in the first cranky, clumsy, uncertain little vessels, and the imagination and the faith of the men who believed in the type. Ten years ago, a descent in a sub was an adventure to be prefaced by tears and making of wills; to-day submarines are chasing submarines hundreds of miles at sea, are crossing the ocean, and have grown from a tube of steel not much larger than a lifeboat, to underwater cruisers which carry six-inch guns.

Said an officer to me, 'The future of the submarine? Why, sir, the submarine is the only war vessel that's going to have a future!'

On the night of my arrival, once dinner was over, I went on deck and looked down through the rain at the submarines moored alongside. They lay close by, one beside the other, in a pool of radiance cast by a number of electric lights hanging over each open hatchway. Beyond this pool lay the rain and the dark; within it, their sides awash in the clear green water of the bay, their gray bridges and rust-stained superstructures shining in the rain, lay the strange, bulging, crocodilian shapes of steel. There was something unearthly, something not of this world or time, in the picture; I might have been looking at invaders of the sleeping earth. The wind swept past in great booming salvoes; rain fell in sloping, liquid rods through the brilliancy of electric lamps burning with a steadiness that had something in it strange, incomprehensible, and out of place in the motion of the storm.

And then a hand appeared on the topmost rung of the nearer ladder, and a bulky sailor, a very human sailor in very human dungarees, poked his head out of the aperture, surveyed the inhospitable night, and disappeared.

'He's on Branch's boat. They're going out to-night,' said the officer who was guiding me about.

'To-night? How on earth will he ever find his way to the open sea?'

'Knows the bay like a book. However, if the weather gets any worse, I doubt if the captain will let him go. Branch will be wild if they don't let him out. Somebody has just reported wreckage off the coast, so there must be a Hun round.'

'But are n't our subs sometimes mistaken for Germans?'

'Oh, yes,' was the calm answer.

I thought of that ominous phrase I had noted in the British records, — 'failed to report,' — and I remembered the stolid British captain who had said to me, speaking of submarines, 'Sometimes nobody knows just what happened. Out there in the deep water, whatever happens, happens in a hurry.'

My guide and I went below to the

officers' corridor. Now and then, through the quiet, a mandolin or guitar could be heard far off twanging some sentimental island ditty; and beneath these sweeter sounds lay a monotonous mechanical humming.

'What's that sound?' I asked.

'That's the Filipino mess-boys having a little festino in their quarters. The humming? Oh, that's the mother-ship's dynamos charging the batteries of Branch's boat. Saves running on the surface.'

My guide knocked at a door. Within his tidy little room, the captain who was to go out on patrol was packing the personal belongings he needed on the trip.

'Hello!' he cried cheerily when he saw us; 'come on in. I'm only doing a little packing up. What's it like outside?'

'Raining same as ever, but I don't think it's blowing up any harder.'

'Hooray!' cried the young captain with heartfelt sincerity; 'then I'll get out to-night. You know the captain told me that if it got any worse, he'd hold me till to-morrow morning. I told him I'd rather go out to-night. Perfect cinch once you get to the mouth of the bay; all you have to do is submerge and take it easy. What do you think of the news? Smithie thinks he saw a Hun yesterday. Got anything good to read? Somebody's pinched that magazine I was reading. Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen — that ought to be enough handkerchiefs. Hello, there goes the juice!'

The humming of the dynamo was dying away slowly, fading with an effect of lengthening distance. The guitar orchestra, as if to celebrate its deliverance, burst into a triumphant rendering of Sousa's 'Stars and Stripes.'

My guide and I waited till after midnight to watch the going of Branch's *Z5*. Branch and his second, stuffed into black oilskins down whose gleaming surface ran beaded drops of rain, stood on the bridge; a number of sailors were busy doing various things along the deck. The electric lights shone in all their calm unearthly brilliance. Then slowly, very slowly, the *Z5* began to gather headway, the clear water seemed to flow past her green sides, and she rode out of the pool of light into the darkness waiting close at hand.

'Good-bye! Good luck!' we cried.

A vagrant shower came roaring down into the shining pool.

'Good-bye!' cried voices through the night.

Three minutes later all trace of the *Z5* had disappeared in the dark.

FRIEND OR FOE?

Captain Bill of the *Z3* was out on patrol. His vessel was running submerged. The air within — they had but recently dived — was new and sweet; and that raw cold which eats into submerged submarines had not begun to take the joy out of life. It was the third day out; the time, five o'clock in the afternoon. The outer world, however, did not penetrate into the submarine. Night or day, on the surface or submerged, only one time, a kind of motionless electric high noon, existed within those concave walls of gleaming cream-white enamel.

Those of the crew not on watch were taking it easy. Like unto their officers, submarine sailors are an unusual lot. They are *real* sailors, or machinist sailors — boys for whose quality the navy has a flattering, picturesque, and quite unprintable adjective. A submarine man, mind you, works harder than perhaps any other man of his grade in the navy, because the vessel in which he lives is nothing but a tremendously intricate machine.

In one of the compartments the

phonograph, the eternal, ubiquitous phonograph of the navy, was bawling its raucous rags and mechano-nasal songs, and in the pauses between records, one could just hear the low hum of the distant dynamos. A little group in blue dungarees held a conversation in a corner; a petty officer, blue cap tilted back on his head, was at work on a letter; the cook, whose genial art was customarily under an interdict while the vessel was running submerged, was reading an ancient paper from his own home town.

Captain Bill sat in a retired nook, if a submarine can possibly be said to have a retired nook, with a chart spread open on his knees. The night before, he had picked up a wireless message saying that a German had been seen at sundown in a certain spot on the edge of his patrol. So Captain Bill had planned to run submerged to the spot in question, and then pop up suddenly in the hope of potting the Hun. Some fifteen minutes before sundown, therefore, the Z3 arrived at the place where the Fritz had been observed.

'I wish I knew just where the bird was,' said an intent voice; 'I'd drop a can right on his neck.'

These sentiments were not those of anybody aboard the Z3. An American destroyer had also come to the spot looking for the German, and the gentle thought recorded above was that of her captain. It was just sundown; a level train of splendor burned on the ruffled waters to the west; a light, cheerful breeze was blowing. The destroyer, ready for anything, was hurrying along at a smart clip.

'This is the place all right, all right,' said the navigator of the destroyer. 'Come to think of it, that chap 's been reported from here twice.'

Keen eyes swept the shining uneasy plain.

Meanwhile, some seventy feet below, the Z3 manœuvred, killing time. The phonograph had been hushed, and every man was ready at his post. The prospect of a go with the enemy had brought with it a keen thrill of anticipation. Now, a submarine crew is a well-trained machine. There are no shouted orders. If a submarine captain wants to send his boat under quickly, he simply touches the button of a Klaxon; the horn gives a demoniac yell throughout the ship, and each man does what he ought to do at once. Such a performance is called a 'crash dive.'

'I'd like to see him come up so near that we could ram him,' said the captain, gazing almost directly into the sun. 'Find out what she's making.'

The engineer lieutenant stooped to a voice-tube that almost swallowed up his face, and yelled a question to the engine-room. An answer came, quite unheard by the others.

'Twenty-four, sir,' said the engineer lieutenant.

'Get her up to twenty-six.'

The engineer cried again through the voice-tube. The wake of the vessel roared like a mill-race, the white foam tumbling rosily in the setting sun.

Seventy feet below, Captain Bill was arranging the last little details with the second in command.

'In about five minutes we'll come up and take a look-see [stick up the periscope], and if we see the bird, and we're in a good position to send him a fish [torpedo], we'll let him have one. If there is something there, and we're not in a good position, we'll manœuvre till we get into one, and then let him have it. If there is n't anything to be seen, we'll go under again and take another look-see in half an hour. Reilly has his instructions.' (Reilly was chief of the torpedo-room.)

'Something round here must have got it in the neck recently,' said the destroyer captain, breaking a silence

which had hung over the bridge. 'Did n't you think that wreckage a couple of miles back looked pretty fresh? Wonder if the boy we're after had anything to do with it. Keep an eye on that sun-streak.'

An order was given in the Z3. It was followed instantly by a kind of commotion — sailors opened valves, compressed air ran down pipes, the ratchets of the wheel clattered noisily. On the moon-faced depth-gauge, with its shining brazen rim, the recording arrow fled swiftly, counter clockwise, from seventy to twenty, to fifteen feet. Captain Bill stood crouching at the periscope, and when it broke the surface, a greenish light poured down it and focused in his eyes. He gazed keenly for a few seconds, and then reached for the horizontal wheel which turns the periscope round the horizon. He turned — gazed, jumped back, and pushed the button for a crash dive.

'She was almost on top of me,' he explained afterwards, 'coming like hell! I had to choose between being rammed or depth-bombed.'

There was another swift commotion, another opening and closing of valves, and the arrow on the depth-gauge leaped forward. Captain Bill was sending her down as far as he could, as fast as he dared. Fifty feet, seventy feet — ninety feet. Hoping to throw the destroyer off, the Z3 doubled on her track. A hundred feet.

Crash! Depth-charge number one.

According to Captain Bill, who is good at similes, it was as if a giant, wading along through the sea, had given the boat a vast and violent kick, and then, leaning down, had shaken her as a terrier shakes a rat. The Z3 rocked, lay on her side, and fell through the water. A number of lights went out. Men picked themselves out of corners, one with the blood streaming down his face from a bad gash over his eye. Many of them told later of 'seeing stars' when the vibration of the depth-charge traveled through the hull and their own bodies; some averred that 'white light' seemed to shoot out of the Z3's walls. Each man stood at his post waiting for the next charge.

Crash! A second depth-charge. To everyone's relief, it was less violent than the first. A few more lights went out. Meanwhile the Z3 continued to sink and was rapidly nearing the danger-point. Having escaped the first two depth-charges, Captain Bill hastened to bring the boat up to a higher level. Then, to make things cheerful, it was discovered that the Z3 showed absolutely no inclination to obey her controls.

'At first,' said Captain Bill, 'I thought that the first depth-bomb must have jammed all the external machinery; then I decided that our measures to rise had not yet overcome the impetus of our forced descent. Meanwhile the old hooker was heading for the bottom of the Irish Sea, though I'd blown out every bit of water in her tanks. Had to — fifty feet more, and she would have crushed in like an egg-shell under the wheel of a touring-car. But she kept on going down. The distance of the third, fourth, and fifth depth-bombs, however, put cheer in our hearts. Then, presently, she began to rise; the old girl came up like an elevator in a New York business block. I knew that the minute I came to the surface those destroyer brutes would try to fill me full of holes, so I had a man with a flag ready to jump on deck the minute we emerged. He was pretty damn spry about it, too. I took another look through the periscope, and saw that the destroyer lay about two miles away, and as I looked she came for me *again*. Meanwhile, my signal-man was hauling himself out of the hatchway as if his legs were in boiling water.'

'We've got her!' cried somebody aboard the destroyer, in a deep American voice full of the exultation of battle. The lean rifles swung, lowered. 'Point one, lower.' They were about to hear 'Fire!' when the Stars and Stripes and sundry other signals burst from the deck of the misused Z3.

'Well, what do you think of that!' said the gunner. 'If it ain't one of our own gang. Say, we must have given it to 'em hard.'

'We'll go over and see who it is,' said the captain of the destroyer. 'The signals are O.K., but it may be a dodge of the Huns. Ask 'em who they are.'

In obedience to the order, a sailor on the destroyer's bridge wigwagged the message.

'Z3,' answered one of the dungaree-clad figures on the submarine's deck.

Captain Bill came up himself, as the destroyer drew alongside, to see his would-be assassin. There was no resentment in his heart. The adventure was only part of the day's work. The destroyer neared; her bow overlooked them. The two captains looked at each other. The dialogue was laconic.

'Hello, Bill,' said the destroyer captain. 'All right?'

'Sure,' answered Captain Bill, to one who had been his friend and classmate.

'Ta-ta, then,' said he of the destroyer; and the lean vessel swept away in the twilight.

Captain Bill decided to stay on the surface for a while. Then he went below to look over things. The cook, standing over some unlovely slop which marked the end of a half a dozen eggs broken by the concussion, was giving his opinion on destroyers. The cook was a child of Brooklyn, and could talk. The opinion was not a nice opinion.

'Give it to 'em, cooko,' said one of the crew, patting the orator affectionately on the shoulder. 'We're with you.'

And Captain Bill laughed to himself.

THE RETURN OF THE CAPTAINS

The breakfast-hour was drawing to its end, and the very last straggler sat alone at the ward-room table. Presently an officer of the mother-ship, passing through, called to the lingering group of submarine officers.

'The X4 is coming up the bay, and the X12 has been reported from signal station.'

The news was received with a little hum of friendly interest. 'Wonder what Ned will have to say for himself this time.' 'Must have struck pretty good weather.' 'Bet you John has been looking for another chance at that Hun of his.'

The talk drifted away into other channels. A little time passed. Then suddenly a door opened, and, one after the other, entered the three officers of the first home-coming submarine. They were clad in various ancient uniforms which might have been worn by an apprentice lad in a garage: old gray flannel shirts, and stout grease-stained shoes; several days had passed since their faces had felt a razor, and all were a little pale from their cruise. But the liveliest of keen eyes burned in each resolute young face, eyes smiling and glad.

A friendly hullabaloo broke forth. Chairs scraped, one fell with a crash.

'Hello, boys!'

'Hi, Ned!'

'For the love of Pete, Joe, shave off those whiskers of yours; they make you look like Trotsky.'

'See any Germans?'

'What's the news?'

'What's doing?'

'Hi, Manuelo,' — this to a Filipino mess-boy who stood looking on with impassive curiosity, — 'serve three more breakfasts.'

'Anything go for you?'

'Well, if here isn't our old Bump!'

The crowd gathered round Captain

Ned, who had established contact (this is a military term quite out of place in a work on the navy) with the eagerly sought, horribly elusive German.

'Go on, Ned, give us an earful. What time did you say it was?'

'About 5 A.M.,' answered the captain. He stood leaning against a door, and the fine head, the pallor, the touch of fatigue, all made a very striking and appealing picture. 'Say about eight minutes after five. I'd just come up to take a look-see, and saw him just about two miles away, on the surface, and moving right along. So I went under to get into a good position, came up again, and let him have one. Well, he saw it just as it was almost on him, swung her round, and dived like a ton of lead.'

The audience listened in silent sympathy. One could see the disappointment on the captain's face.

'Where was he?'

'About so-and-so.'

'That's the jinx that got after the convoy sure as you live.'

The speaker had had his own adventures with the Germans. A month or so before, he had shoved up his periscope and spotted a Fritz on the surface in full noonday. The watchful Fritz, however, had been lucky enough to see the enemy almost at once, and had dived. The American followed suit. The eyeless submarine manœuvred about, some eighty feet under, the German evidently 'making his getaway,' the American hoping to be lucky enough to pick up Fritz's trail, and get a shot at him when he rose again to the top. And while the two blind ships manœuvred there in the dark of the abyss, the keel of the fleeing German had actually, by a curious chance, scraped along the top of the American vessel and carried away the wireless aerials!

All were silent for a few seconds, thinking over the affair. It was not difficult to read the thought in every mind, the thought of *getting at the Germans*. The characteristic *aggressiveness* of the American mind, heritage of a people compelled to subdue a vast, wild continent, is a wonderful military attribute. The idea of our navy is, 'Get after 'em, keep after 'em, stay after 'em, don't give 'em an instant of security or rest.' And none have this fighting spirit deeper in their hearts than our gallant boys of the submarine patrol.

'That's all,' said Captain Ned. 'I'm going to have a wash-up.' He lifted a grease-stained hand to his cheek, rubbed his unshaven beard, and grinned. 'Any letters?'

'Whole bag of stuff. Smithie put it on your desk.'

Captain Ned wandered off. Presently, the door opened again, and three more veterans of the patrol cruised in, also in ancient uniforms. There were more cheers; more friendly cries. It was unanimously decided that the 'Trotsky' of the first lot had better take a back seat, since the second in command of the newcomers was 'a perfect ringer for Rasputin.'

'See anything?'

'Nothing much. There's a bit of wreckage just off shore. Saw a British patrol boat early Tuesday morning. I was on the surface, lying between her and the sunrise; she was hidden by a low-lying swirl of fog; she saw us first. When we saw her, I made signals, and over she came. Guess what the old bird wanted — *wanted to know if I'd seen a torpedo he'd fired at me!* An old scout with white whiskers; one of those retired captains, I suppose, who has gone back on the job. He admitted he had received the Admiralty notes about us, but thought we acted suspicious. Did you ever hear of such nerve!'

When the war was young, I served on land with *messieurs les poilus*. I

have seen the contests of aviators, also trench-raids and the fighting for Verdun. Since then I have seen the war at sea. To my mind, if there is one service of this war which more than any other requires those qualities of endurance, skill, and courage whose blend the fighting men call — Elizabethanly, but oh, so truly — '*guts*,' it is the submarine patrol.

SPIRITUAL REALITIES AND HIGH EXPLOSIVES

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

I

THE dream came back across the years, vividly and poignantly. No physical circumstance could have been more remote than the gray stone walls of the Theological Seminary within which it disturbed my sleep so long ago. Even the world in which I had lived when it visited me was dead and gone — gone since August, 1914. I was sitting on the unlighted deck of a liner ploughing its desperate way through the submarine zone. No conscious fear was in my heart at the moment, no echoes of serious discussion troubled my mind. There seemed to be nothing but the impenetrable, illimitable, implacable darkness, and the rhythmic swish of the water as the ship rushed through the night. Then memories of the dream returned.

I was in a police court; a sergeant stood by my side in the dock (I could see the three white bands on his sleeve); a bewigged and flinty-faced judge sat on the bench.

'Your Honor, the prisoner is charged with Sabellianism!'

I heard it with ears and brain and soul. I trembled.

The judge looked at me with his severe and pitiless eyes, but I pleaded, 'Not guilty!'

How long the trial lasted, the nature of the evidence, the appearance of the witnesses, the summing up, I forget. But the sentence rang out so harshly that an eternity of charity could not mute it: —

'You are sentenced to be driven about the city in a cart, and at each street intersection one tooth shall be drawn from your head; at the Queen's Cross your tongue shall be cut out and thrown to the dogs in the pound.'

For some time I could not cast off the spell. Passengers felt their way along the rail and kicked the foot of my chair; a few moonbeams struggled through a rift in the clouds and laid a momentary sheen of silver on the water; someone laughed merrily not far away.

No sooner did the Sabellian horror relax its hold than another waif of that academic period drifted into the zone of consciousness and insisted upon being recognized. 'Come, which of us will you take?' it seemed to say. 'You cannot have both of us. Everyone must choose between us. Nor can you be non-committal.'

'I am Homoousion,' said one.

'And I am Homoiousion,' said the other.

Did not Thomas Carlyle once say that the Christian world had been torn to pieces over a diphthong? But I could not verify the reference and find the interesting context while the ship was driving bravely through the fiend-infested waters of the Bay of Biscay.

Other words came, as if from the depths around me or within me: 'Filioque,' 'Nestorianism,' 'Gnosticism,' '*The Council of Chalcedon.*' *Chalcedon* was a very euphonious word; there ought to be a romance behind it; there must be poetry — dreamy, fragrant and passionate poetry — in it; but out on the waste of waters I could do nothing with the word.

Then, sharply, I seemed to feel unreality in it all; perhaps it was not unreality, but it was certainly irrelevancy. Doubtless there are sophists and casuists aplenty who might prove to their own satisfaction that all the ancient orthodoxies and heresies are locked in their latest conflict in this war, and that a decisive victory in Flanders or Picardy will establish truth forever and a day. Such men still live, I am told.

II

My quest eastward, to the fields of France, where the red poppies seem like Nature blushing for the red blood of innumerable heroes, was for reality. Why should the wraiths of those ancient heresies haunt my path? Did they come to daunt or swerve me? Or were they subconscious memories of immaturity and perversity projected outward as a background to accentuate my findings? Or — for a moment the possibility stood over me as a torturing menace — were they the realities everlasting; the things for which men must ever live and die, which I need not have sought in the horrible mêlée of war, but which dwell within brown covers on my shelves; the things which shall ultimately cure all the aberrations and abnormalities of this insane and suffering world?

One perfect day in June I tried to think it out in the squat little village of Domrémy, as I looked off over the rich fields of the Meuse country and saw the same physical features which Jeanne d'Arc saw as she tended her flock and held the lattice of her soul wide open. Jeanne was more real that day than all the councils and creeds of ecclesiastical history. The American soldiers felt her reality as they sang in mingled pleading and peremptory modulations: —

'Joan of Arc! Joan of Arc!
Do your eyes, from the skies, see the foe?
Don't you see the drooping Fleur-de-lis?
Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?
Joan of Arc! Joan of Arc!
Let your spirit guide us through;
Come lead your France to victory;
Joan of Arc, they are calling you.'

Boys from the Middle West, from New York and New England, from the mountains of North and South Carolina; sons of the Scotch Covenanters; descendants of the Dutch who fought under the Prince of Orange against the Duke of Alva; scions of the Puritans and Pilgrims; Methodists and Baptists and Unitarians, and probably every nondescript sect of America; singing, as they marched along the white roads, a song that was an urgent prayer to the heroine-saint of France! Yet not one of them believed dogmatically in the invocation of the saints.

Then, in the midst of my reverie, an airplane began to drone in the distance, and soon passed overhead with a whir and roar which made the air vibrate painfully and drove away my musings. But I felt that I had come nearer to reality than at any time during many sad and anxious months. Behind and

beneath all our inherited or intellectual differences there is an identity which is indigenous to the human spirit, a postulate neither theological nor ecclesiastical, reached neither by logic nor by experience; but an enveloping and penetrating necessity holding us together as gravitation and cohesion and chemical affinity bind all physical substances. To define it is more than difficult: to call it 'faith,' or 'love,' or 'grace,' or any other term which has been mauled in the arena of polemics since the beginning of time, would be to endanger its recognition; to insist upon a new name might be to invite the birth of still another paltry sect. But it may be described as the instinct for establishing and retaining contact with the Supreme Being. This instinct has innumerable modes of expression; sometimes it seems crude and vulgar, and at other times beautiful and sublime. Fetishism, spiritualism, the invocation of the saints, astrology, the countless litanies of the churches, are all but dissimilar outreachings of the same instinct. Perhaps the least objectionable covering phrase is prayer.

When speaking to our troops, whether in the camps of the back zones or in hastily gathered groups at the very battle-front, I found that the one subject which did not lead to controversy or call for dissent was prayer. Amid the fluid conditions of war the theme could be stripped of all accessories of time and place and posture; it could be simplified to the point at which it fitted into every grade of intelligence or any kind of circumstance; it could be made so adequate that it expressed every yearning, hope, and fear which the men felt. When men are marching into battle along the muddy road or through the dripping forest; when they are lying out in No Man's Land with every nerve aquiver and the chilled blood drawing back into the heart; when they rush forward in the wild charge, and see their comrades fall thick about them until the venture seems the most foolhardy and suicidal thing ever done; when they toss for weary weeks in a hospital and live through interminable nights of torture, prayer is the only exercise in which both mind and heart can find relief. It is an act so elemental that all the usual aids and habits and accessories of prayer are superfluous, and the men realize that they have established contact with the Divine, although the eyes do not close, or the lips move, or the knees bend. They have told me so.

Such is the first reality that I found at the Front. In the uncertain, or terror-shadowed, or anguished periods of a man's life, everything that had once seemed inseparable from civilization and culture is swept away, and there remains only the instinctive impulse to establish contact with God. And the act is sufficient, for the man becomes calm, brave, hopeful, or patient, as his need may require.

Sitting one Sunday morning in a trench which ran out from a desolated village in the Toul sector, my mind winged its way back to America, where men and women were assembling in the churches of 168 different sects. Shells were passing overhead, some from our artillery and some from the Boche. A skylark beat its way upward and its song pulsated down into the trench intermittently — rich and full when not muffled by a screaming shell. One hundred and sixty-eight denominations! And yet anywhere, at any time, and under any conceivable circumstances, any man can establish contact with the Infinite, without even the preliminary of bowed knees or closed eyes, and without an audible medium! One hundred and sixty-eight denominations, with their creeds, and rituals, and polities — stupid! —

a purely gratuitous stupidity too, the silliest practical joke a wrong-headed but right-hearted humanity has ever played upon itself! So I found myself laughing, while exploding shells knocked down a few more yards of the roofless walls in the village and while the lark still hovered and sang overhead in the blue sky. Then I thought suddenly of the mutual rivalries and jealousies and animosities of the competing sects, and I grew sad and angry that the one thing men hold in common should actually drive men apart when they seek to give it concrete expression.

III

Fortunately a considerable number of men are growing wiser, particularly those who have tried to exercise and apply their spiritual possessions on the various battle-fronts. No one can tell yet whether there will be a shrinkage or an enlargement of the content of faith as a result of the war, but there are certain to be many sharp reactions against ecclesiasticism. No foible of our intricate social structure has been hit harder than sectarianism; wherever the frightful drama which is to reshape the race is being played out, such things as Presbyterianism, Methodism, Episcopalianism, — yes, even Protestantism and Catholicism, — seem to be an irrelevance and an impertinence. What concerns men over there is not the differentiations, but the few vital elements which all churches and all individuals hold in common. And the agency through which this new mood works most fully is the Young Men's Christian Association. Not the Y.M.C.A. as the average American knew that institution before the war — an institution staffed by professional employees of a hybrid type, not ministers, but so nearly akin to the clergy that they could not be definitely classified; a body of men shot through with revivalism and pre-millenarianism — a kind of vigilantes who picketed the churches and sentineled the creeds against a surprise attack by non-evangelicals; no, but a new and broader Y.M.C.A., spiritual without being sectarian, ethically virile and yet not puritanic, opportunist without huckstering basic principles, and withal thoroughly human and highly sensitive to the needs of the men it serves.

The feature which impressed me most profoundly was the amazingly wholehearted manner in which this institution took to its unique task. All types of men in its service were doing things cheerfully and enthusiastically which they had never dreamed of doing before, without regard to the effect upon the dignity of the position they had previously held, and altogether oblivious of the social or ecclesiastical status of their fellow workers.

'What denomination at home?' I asked a man in Y.M.C.A. uniform.

He looked surprised, implying that the question was as remote from the point as though I had asked whether his ancestors lived in Wessex or Mercia before the Norman invasion of England. He had lost all his equipment and personal possessions when the Germans made their ill-starred drive near Soissons in the middle of July; and he was in Paris only to refit.

'Unitarian; New England Unitarian minister,' he replied; and then, evidently puzzled, 'but this is the first time I have been asked the question in France.'

All the way from the port of debarkation to the red, quivering lip of the inferno, I saw clergymen serving the troops as Y.M.C.A. secretaries, and only by dint of inquiry could I find their denominational affiliation. They were doing things also which had never been taught in their respective

theological seminaries. A prominent Baptist minister had been handling boxes for months, ten hours a day, in a Y.M.C.A. warehouse; an Episcopalian rector had ceased to think about the channel whence his grace of apostolic succession flowed, and was running the cinema for a circuit of Y.M.C.A. huts; a Presbyterian divine drove a supply camion day after day, and had not found time to preach a sermon since his arrival in France; a Methodist preacher organized the athletics for an entire division, including boxing and wrestling, and he did it with all the fervor that his ministerial predecessors had put into camp-meeting revivals.

These are not isolated instances, but genuine types; there are hundreds of clergymen, representing all the denominations, who have cast aside all prepossessions and established habits and are bending themselves to serve the American, French, and Italian troops in any way that will bring comfort and profit to the soldiers or heighten the morale of the Allied armies. Side by side with them are college presidents and professors, bankers, judges, lawyers, stockbrokers, manufacturers, merchants — all ineligible for military duty, but eagerly giving themselves, under the Red Triangle, to any form of work, however menial or apparently trivial, which can serve the soldiers.

The individual may have as his personal motive the increase of efficiency in the fighting units; or he may make his sacrifices on purely humanitarian grounds; or he may have been carried to the front by a surging patriotism which could find no other outlet; or he may be consumed by a passion of righteousness for the overthrow of foul tyranny; it does not matter — he is nevertheless part of an organization which represents the application of a religious motive. In a broad but in a very real sense, the Y.M.C.A. has as its *raison d'être* the interpretation of Christianity. If it were using the exigencies of war as an opportunity for self-enlargement, ninety per cent of its present staff would desert its standard immediately; if it were exploiting its facilities for any one particular brand of religious propaganda, its best friends would turn and rend it; if it were representing a merely theoretical or sentimental type of religion, it would be ridiculed off those heroic, hallowed fields of Europe in a trice. The Y.M.C.A., as I saw it in France, and as I studied it with critical and incredulous eyes, stands for one thing, and for one only: an interpretation of religion which shall be of immediate and permanent benefit to the soldiers.

'Of immediate and permanent benefit!' The separation must not be made too sharp, but a classification ought to be attempted. As immediately beneficial I would place, —

1. *The Canteen.* It was at General Pershing's request — which is practically a command, as the Y.M.C.A. is a recognized part of the American Expeditionary Force — that the Y.M.C.A. took over the Post Exchange in France. A canteen is a general store in which tobacco, cigarettes, chocolate, soft drinks, and sundries necessary to the soldiers' comfort, are sold at cost. Canteens are extremely difficult to run for three reasons: the Y.M.C.A.'s lack of experience in store-keeping; the scarcity of provisions owing to restricted shipping and rail-transportation; and, at the front, the constant movement of army units. Nevertheless, despite all obstacles, they are operated with an amazing degree of success, and the presence of American women as canteen workers serves to make them attractive and homelike.

2. *Amusements.* Several hundred actors, actresses, vocalists, lecturers, and

general entertainers have been sent to France, to travel from camp to camp and station to station, giving free entertainments in the Y.M.C.A. huts.

3. *Organized athletics.* Under trained physical directors, often coaches from universities and schools, every possible form of athletics is organized within the army unit, and all the equipment provided gratis by the Y.M.C.A.

4. *Writing and reading rooms.* All the material for correspondence is given away and the soldiers are encouraged and urged to write home as often as possible. Right in Château-Thierry, while the battle which will be known as the Gettysburg of the war was raging within a few kilometres of the place, I saw the Y.M.C.A. providing every facility for the men to write letters of assurance to their friends in America. During that same battle I not only saw cigarettes and chocolate given away in the front lines of the battle, but I coöperated in the welcome distribution. The American Library Association distributes books and magazines (though not yet in sufficient quantities) through the Y.M.C.A. huts.

5. *Hotels, both for enlisted men and officers, and officers' clubs in many centres.* These forms of immediate service take much of the sting out of foreign duty and bridge the gulf between the old civilian life and the new military régime.

As permanently beneficial I would place: —

1. *Opportunities for worship.* Religion is not overemphasized by the Y.M.C.A.; it is not thrust upon the men at inappropriate times; it is not confused with ecclesiasticism; it is never presented in a polemical or dogmatic form. Preachers of every type speak to the men at certain advertised dates, and almost invariably with simplicity and directness on a non-controversial and universal aspect of religion or ethics.

2. *Education.* A plan has been devised whereby any man, from the utterly illiterate to the college graduate, can pursue studies either needed in military service or valuable after demobilization. The Y.M.C.A. is also arranging for American undergraduates to pursue their studies — for which credit will be given in the home college — in one of the European universities during the period between the cessation of hostilities and embarkation for home.

3. *Banking.* Tens of thousands of soldiers are sending portions of their pay to America, through the Y.M.C.A., either to be placed on deposit, or for the benefit of dependent relations. Besides this, the Y.M.C.A., even at the front, acts as an exchange, giving the men a rate a little better than the current Paris rate.

To carry on this work the Y.M.C.A. has more than 3000 secretaries in Europe, supplemented by over 1000 French civilians. These operate about 1500 huts and stations in the sectors held by American and French troops. Up to August first, there had been over fifty casualties, eleven of whom were killed while on duty. Of the ministers engaged in the work, four have met death while serving at the front and many others have been permanently injured. This record shows the hazards of the task and also reveals the calibre of those who have volunteered for the service. Some day a French historian will write the splendid story of how the American Y.M.C.A. steadied the morale of the war-weary French army in its darkest hour, and adequately chronicle the inexpressibly gracious contribution made by this institution through the *Foyers du Soldat.* Italy, Macedonia, Russia, Palestine will be able to add thrilling chapters.

Of course, there have been mistakes of administration; anyone can point out scores of things which the Y.M.C.A might do or could do more efficiently. Similar criticism may be offered concerning the plans of the Allies, concerning many phases of our own military programme, and concerning the marvelously beneficent work of the Red Cross. Human frailty assures a vein of weakness in every human enterprise. But here is a venture in religion more daring than anything that has been undertaken in the history of the world — an institution, dependent not only upon voluntary contributions for support, but dependent also upon untrained and inexperienced volunteers to realize its object; working more than three thousand miles from its base of supplies; crippled by the physical impossibility of obtaining its equipment; merging in its plan a score of functions which have never before been operated in unison; hampered by a thousand restrictions which military necessity lays upon it; held under suspicion, or openly libeled, by men who are too dense or coarse to see the splendor of its endeavors; and doing it all without thought of praise or reward.

Opportunities for humane and morale-conserving service are so innumerable in France that no unselfish effort is superfluous. Knitted together as an organism, if not as an organization, are several societies which reveal the intrepid and chivalrous spirit of America. Their efforts are never competitive, because, if each multiplied its personnel by a hundred and possessed unlimited equipment and supplies, there would still be areas left untouched. The Y.M.C.A. and the Knights of Columbus coöperate in a most illuminating manner, and if they vie with each other at all, it is in the measure of devotion which each can give. The Salvation Army is doing everything that its means will allow, and doing it with utter impartiality to Catholic and Protestant. And it would be cavalier, indeed, not to praise the Young Women's Christian Association, which has ventured into pioneer paths without even momentary reluctance. At the base hospitals I visited the huts for American nurses, where the Blue Triangle means all the refinements and seclusions and respites which the splendid bands of nurses had been accustomed to at home. Hostess-houses for our enlisted men are being opened as rapidly as possible, in which the soldiers find an environment possessing all those feminine touches which they miss more than anything else while on foreign service. For the women munition-workers the Y.W.C.A. has founded the *Foyers des Alliées* in a score of places, and the Frenchwomen are flocking to them with unbounded gratitude, happy beyond expression because of the new comradeship. The *Union Chrétienne de Jeunes Filles*, or the club work for girls engaged in government employment, was started at the invitation of the French government and is already outgrowing its facilities. In one of the spacious buildings, right in the heart of Paris, the girls gathered about the piano and sang first 'Verdun,' and then 'The Star Spangled Banner,' with an *abandon* which made one feel, not only their appreciation of the sacrifice being made by American women on their behalf, but a recognition of the genuine sisterhood which has been established in the common tragedy.

But everywhere in France it is service; no one has a right there except as a servant of the great cause, or as a servant of those who are carrying that cause through to a final victory. Never before have there been such suffering, fear, and horror in the world; but never before has there been such uncalculating devotion. On a scale so vast that

no one can measure or chronicle the length and breadth and height and depth, Christ is overthrowing Caliban.

IV

To say that one feels the universal realities more vividly and convincingly in prayer and service, in establishing an immediate and personal contact with the Divine, and in ministering unstintingly to the transient or permanent needs of one's fellows, is not necessarily to brand other expressions of religion as false. Nor is it an attempt to put all the rich manifestations of the multiform spiritual nature of man into tabloid form. During these passionate days there are very few thoughtful men and women who are not groping. Strange dissatisfactions are creeping into the most secure and comfortable sanctuaries. Nothing to-day is considered essential because it has been long established. A faith which was decorative when men droned out their days in offices, shops, parlors, or country clubs, will be discarded with scorn if it fails to nerve and sustain and comfort men amid the horrors of the battle-front. Realities are the things that are relevant under all conditions. Books from the front which unveil the more solemn phases of the individual soul are the ones most eagerly read. What are to be the permanent, that is is to say, the spiritual, contributions of this terrible but glorious struggle to humanity? Whatever treaty of peace is signed, it may some day be abandoned or modified; whatever changes the war may make in the currents of trade, they cannot hold their new direction forever. But the spiritual marks left upon the race will abide till the end of time, and no subsequent events will be able to erase them. To know what the days and nights of unrelieved strain and pain are writing into the lives of one, two, or three millions of men, to know what spiritual experiences are imprinting themselves upon the retina of their souls, is to know what will be the distinctive marks of religion for many years to come.

When I found men instinctively establishing immediate contact with the forces of the Unseen World, and doing it without the formal accessories with which the act has always been associated; when I saw a religious institution rendering every possible form of service and on an unprecedented scale; when I realized that each of these things excited no comment but was accepted as normal; then I felt sure that many of the artificialities and superficialities which now separate men into a multitude of competitive sects must pass away as the operative factors in religious development. And when, in the security and quietude of my home, I read again the story of Jesus Christ as told by the three Evangelists, I found little in it that was not the record of how the purest, bravest, and divinest of the race established and maintained contact with God and dedicated Himself entirely to the service of his fellow men.

THE TOP OF THE HILL

LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN STAFF OFFICER

Sunday, *July* 21, 1918.

I WISH there were some way I could give you an account of all I have seen these past three days! In years to come I'll still be telling you of the battle of the Aisne and the Marne, where our division received its baptism and found its soul. You have read and reread, I know, of these glorious days — the 18th, 19th, and 20th of July — and still we are advancing! On the afternoon of the 17th the division was carrying on its usual training and drill back of the lines, with no hope of seeing fighting for a month to come. At 4 o'clock we had orders to go to the line ready to attack at 4.30 the morning of the 18th. A busy night it was! A real test for all our departments, for our units were pretty well scattered with the French. On the night of the 17th General C—— and I went to a town nearer the lines. We spent the short night in a farmhouse, with a beautiful garden full of roses. A fearful thunderstorm came before dawn, and left a rolling mist that served our troops well as a screen for their advance. At 4 o'clock we were in a little observation post on the edge of a wood, looking out over the ground where our troops were to advance.

Just before dawn every gun saluted the Germans. The barrage is like the Grand Cañon — it can't be described. It is a noise so much greater than any other that no words can do it justice. As our men advanced, the mist rolled ahead of them. When they captured the first German line the sun came up, and we could see clearly, on the crest ahead of us, a little shattered village — the first trophy of the ——th Division. We remained there some time, listening to the regular reports that came in from our troops. They passed every point on time and performed every task given them, God bless them! How good it was to see the Boche run! He was completely surprised. I passed over the battlefield later. One German battery was quite interesting — the guns in place, ready to serve. I don't believe the gunners had fired a shot. Their breakfast — black bread, raw corn, and a little pot of coffee — had not been touched. Most of the gunners were there on the ground, with their faces turned toward Germany.

Two of our men had given their lives to take it — and they faced Germany, too. Our dead are buried on the slope of a hill beside a little village. We brought them all together. They are so far from home, poor fellows! What a wonderful range of feeling war gives you! There was the great joy of our first success, then the pity for our dead and the sight of our wounded as they came back to us. They were so brave, they never whimpered, and often smiled and asked how it was going. They do enjoy beating the Hun!

It was a cheery sight to see long columns of German prisoners coming back along the roads. Our men are quite gentle with them. They treat them decently, in a very impersonal way that the Boche does not understand at all. Most of the prisoners admit they have had enough and are tired and sick of the war.

These are such beautiful, cool sunny days — such a contrast to the pain and sweat of war! How I hate war! But I hate the Hun more, and I am so glad to be here doing my little part in it. We have moved on again, leaving a very beautiful, ruined, and sad château, that has just managed to survive four years of war. It had a large park about it, with beautiful lawns and a forest nearby for the hunt. It belonged to the Waddingtons, and seemed full of memories of very happy days. In my office-room there was a beautiful portrait of a sweet-faced grandmother, who looked down upon me while I worked at my desk. I had grown very fond of her.

We cleaned up the château thoroughly and left it in better shape than we found it. But we could n't repair the chapel — it had a shell-hole in its roof and plaster all over the floor. We are now in a middle-class, ugly French villa, comfortable, but with no other attraction. As we move forward, we are going to have very small pickings for quarters. The French artillery has actually laid all the towns down flat on the ground. Beautiful little villages are just piles of stone and brick. It is terrible to see them destroy their own homes to drive out the filthy Boche. Just as a beautiful woman would cut off her hair were there vermin in it.

August 4, 1918.

I am writing under difficulties. As we advance through this country the shelter grows scarcer, for all the houses have received at least one shell; some so many that they are no longer houses.

Last night we slept in the remains of an old farmhouse. The Germans had left it hurriedly, and it was in a frightful state of disarray. To-night we are better off — we are in a little village bakery! I always have my own cot put up so I have thus far escaped the horror of the small, invisible enemies that live in German beds. A German general occupied this place two days ago — his sign is still on the door. What glorious days! We must not be too optimistic — this is not the end, but it is the top of the hill. The Boche made a fatal error when he started this show on July 15, and he is paying for it. And it will affect all his future operations, and also the morale of his men and women. The prisoners are all hungry and very tired of war. Many of them are just plain deserters, not prisoners. Last night in the rain and wind our troops were cheerful. I saw them marching to cross a river after the Hun. They joked and cheered each other as they splashed along. It is wonderful the way they stand this fighting all day and marching all night. To-day I had a good bath in a little stream nearby, and I am quite ready for a good night's sleep between clean sheets in my little cot.

Between sentences in this letter I am ordering ammunition up to the front and arranging for wounded to go to the rear. We give them hot coffee at the dressing-stations. They are all very patient and very quiet.

August 7, 1918.

I have been so busy I could n't write. Problems of supply are terribly exacting and never cease. The men must have food and munitions, else the thing cannot go on. They have both, but it is a scramble over wet roads, through a rough country. The panorama by my door to-day is quite varied. Our wounded, German prisoners, trucks full of good white bread and American beef going forward, and men coming in constantly to ask for anything, from a motor-cycle to a 3-inch gun.

Yesterday I had a wonderful hour. A surgeon at the front reported ninety refugees in a cave near our line. They had taken shelter there from the shelling and for three days had been without

food. He asked me for transportation, and I sent three trucks, with Sergeant Baer in charge. He was delighted with the job and took them there and back safely, through shell-fire. There were old women, and old men, and young mothers with their babies. One little girl had her dog under her arm as she got out of the truck. I had had a hot dinner made ready for them at the Headquarters troop, and it was a joy to see them eat.

How gentle American soldiers are! If you had seen a brawny, muddy soldier helping an old French grandmother across the road to the kitchen, it would have delighted your soul. It made me very proud of our men. They stood about, smiling and helpful, and just stuffed the refugees with everything they had in camp. After dinner and the ceremony of thanks were over, I sent them on to the French refugee society. What a horrible thing war is! These poor people no longer have homes, the shells have destroyed everything that was theirs. The deliverance from that hell-hole must have been an unspeakable relief, but what can the future have for them? France is such a compactly settled country, that if one person is displaced, it is a problem where to put him.

August 12, 1918.

What wonderful news to the North of us these past few days! We are all rejoicing over the British thrust about A——. This morning we were relieved by another division and the dear old ——th is now marching back to a well-earned rest. Since the 18th of July it has fought and marched, always under some kind of fire, but always going forward. They are tired — very tired — but happy to have been in such a joyous fight. I am tired, too. I got a good bath and to-night I am going to sleep in a nice clean tent in a little orchard, near the farmhouse that is our headquarters. How peaceful it all seems back here — the fields are all clean and tidy, and oh, so quiet! For three weeks now I have caught my sleep as best I could, and my cot was always shaking from the big guns. You can't imagine the rest I have had in these few hours I've been away from it.

I am sending you the thanks we got in the French orders. Keep it for me. In years to come it will bring back to me these days. These wonderful days! No matter what the Boche does, he can never rob us of our joy at beating him in the second battle of the Marne. We don't know where we are going now. I imagine we will have a rest somewhere, fill up our losses, and get in again before long. Some people think that possibly the war may end this fall, but there are no real signs of it here. Just rumors that Austria is ready to quit. What a glorious thing the end will be — to know the Hun is beaten! For Hun he is! Everyone is entirely confident of a complete and final victory.

August 16, 1918.

As we get farther from the front, the country grows more beautiful. No Boche has ever been here to leave his hideous scar. Our headquarters is now partly occupying a beautiful château, that in peace times belongs to the Duc de la R——. Do you remember in *The Marble Faun*, where Miriam had been for two days in the house without discovering the faun? It would be perfectly possible here — I never saw such a huge place. The château and chapel date from the twelfth century. We remain here a few days, then will move to a rest-camp till we are used again.

CHINA: HER RELATION TO THE WAR

BY JOHN C. FERGUSON

THE Provisional Constitution of the Republic of China was prepared in haste, to meet the immediate urgency of the adoption of some form of government which should replace the overthrown rule of the Manchus in the central and southern provinces. The Manchu government was functioning in Peking as usual when this Provisional Constitution was adopted by Sun Yat-sen and the band of young patriots whom he gathered about him in the historic city of Nanking, which had been captured from its former rulers. The haste with which this document was prepared accounts for many of its glaring deficiencies; but in one respect, and that the most important, this provisional constitution is clear and emphatic.

The first two articles of Chapter One read as follows: Article I. The Republic of China is composed of the Chinese people. Article II. The sovereignty of the Chinese Republic is vested in the people.

Here was democracy, unadulterated and aggressive, bidding defiance to the ruling, autocratic Manchu dynasty. It is by no means certain that the young men who were responsible for the writing of this remarkable document agreed as to the form of democracy which should be introduced into their country. Doctor Sun was well known to favor a type of government in which power should be directly exercised by the assembled people. Other leaders favored a representative system of government, in which parliament should act under delegated authority. Both classes were, however, sincerely desirous of substituting democracy for autocracy, and of making this form of government permanent in China.

The rule of the Manchus for two and a half centuries had not been oppressive when considered as a whole, in comparison with the rule of former dynasties. It revised the severe laws of the preceding Ming dynasty, and kept strictly its promise of not increasing taxation. It had yielded to the demand of the people by promising a constitution in which parliamentary rights should be recognized. It gave wide powers of local government to the provinces, and it refrained from using the national army as a means of wresting power from the provinces.

If China were to have any form of monarchical government, there can be no doubt that it would have been content to remain under the Manchu control, and would have set itself to the task of eliminating the corruption which had grown rampant under the degenerate rule of the Empress Dowager and her successor, the Prince Regent. But China's young manhood wanted no form, however progressive, of monarchical government. It had determined for itself a future in which the sovereignty of the nation should rest solely in the people.

Along with the autocracy of the ruling dynasty, there had survived in China a form of intellectual feudalism in which the successful candidates in the literary subjects provided for civil-service ex-

amination were recognized as the leaders of the people. Among the four 'classes,' scholars, farmers, laborers, and merchants, scholars stood at the head. These scholars were the direct successors of the feudal knights, and were known by the same name as their military predecessors. In the Central Government at Peking, noted scholars always occupied the chief places of honor and influence. In the provinces, these intellectuals were able to control local legislative acts. The viceroys and governors of every province sought to conciliate this class and to bring it to their aid in difficult questions of administration. In the establishment of the Provisional Constitution, the prestige of this scholarly class was swept away by the same current which destroyed autocracy. Young China would have none of governmental or intellectual over-rule. The power over mind and body should, according to the new order, be vested solely in the people.

The Provisional Constitution, which was to do duty for a few months only, until a permanent constitution could be adopted, has now been in force for more than six years. It has survived the onslaughts made against it by Yuan Shi-kai, has proved itself more desirable than 'the Constitutional Compact' drafted by Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, and came back into operation after the abortive restoration of the Manchus in July, 1917. The inherent strength of this document must be a surprise even to the men who drafted it, most of whom are still living. In its provisions for legislative and administrative methods, it must be considered inefficient, if not, indeed, confusing; but as a statement of human rights, it contains the noblest sentiments which have ever been expressed in the Chinese language.

The most disastrous weakness of the Provisional Constitution is the provision in Article 54 that 'the Constitution of the Republic of China shall be adopted by the National Assembly.' This has been interpreted in the narrow sense that it is the exclusive duty of the provisional National Council to draft, as well as to adopt, the permanent constitution. The first Constitutional Drafting Committee, which met in the Temple of Heaven, Peking, refused to admit delegates sent to it by the President of the Republic, Yuan Shi-kai, and claimed that he had no right to interfere with, or suggest plans to, a committee of the National Council which was charged by the Provisional Constitution with the sole right of preparing the permanent constitution.

There is some palliation for this extreme view in the fact that it was known to the National Council that Yuan Shi-kai was an ambitious man, determined to secure for himself as much personal power as possible. The temporary advantage of scoring a point against a powerful antagonist beclouded the minds of the members of the first National Council, and led them to neglect the more important provisions for the relations between Provincial and Central Government upon the stabilizing of which depended the future peace and good order of the country.

The result has been that the Central Government at Peking, consisting of a president, cabinet, national council (or parliament), and judiciary, has carried on for the last six years, with varying degrees of success in the four branches of government. There have been three presidents, a dozen or more premiers, and several legislatures under the name of council or parliament. The most permanent branch has been the judiciary, the personnel of which has remained fairly stationary.

The real government of the country has gradually but surely drifted into the hands of the military governors of

the provinces. In some instances these have been men who had previous administrative experience, but they either have been hold-overs from the military régime of the Manchus, or are men who came into prominence as leaders of the victorious Republican troops in the revolution of 1911–12. Some of them have been men with good education and with sound military training; there are other conspicuous instances of men who have attained this responsible position without education, without administrative experience, and without any sound military training. Their control over large bodies of soldiers has enabled them to terrorize and dominate the provinces. The worst condemnation of their administration as a whole is found in two facts: first, there is almost no instance of any constructive work for the good of the people which has been undertaken and carried to completion by any one of these men; second, practically every one of them has succeeded in accumulating a large fortune. During a long residence in China of thirty years, I have seen no administration so inefficient or corrupt as that supplied by these military governors. They have been allowed to continue in office and augment their powers on account of the failure of the Central Government in Peking to provide a permanent constitution.

Only one article of the permanent constitution has been passed by a National Assembly. This was the 'Presidential Election Law,' adopted October 4, 1914, and promulgated on the following day by the provisional president. It provided for the election, term of office, oath, and duties of the President of the Republic. Under this law, Yuan Shi-kai was duly elected as President, with Li Yuan-hung as Vice President. Under its provisions, Li Yuan-hung succeeded to the presidency on the death of Yuan Shi-kai, and Feng Kuo-chang was elected Vice President. Similarly, under its provisions, Feng Kuo-chang became Acting President on the retirement of Li Yuan-hung in July, 1917. It is thus clear that the offices of president and vice president have been filled in strict conformity to existing constitutional requirements up to the present time.

According to the provisions of this election law, a new president must be elected during this year, 1918. There are several aspirants for these high offices of president and vice president. Many of the troubles which have disturbed the provinces during the last few months can be accounted for as attempts to gain power and notoriety on the part of possible presidential candidates. Without hazarding a guess as to the name of the next president, it is safe to conjecture that it is not that of one of the disturbing military leaders who have fattened upon the provinces.

The most obvious duty of the leaders of China, of all factions, is to go on with the drafting of the Permanent Constitution. It has seemed to me unwise for the National Council to arrogate to itself the sole responsibility of drafting the new constitution, though there is no doubt of its full legal right and responsibility for the final adoption of this important document. The work of drafting should be carried on by a committee representative as largely as possible of all branches of the government. Under the Provisional Constitution, these are said to be four: the National Council, the President, the Cabinet, and the Judiciary. If a new Constitutional Drafting Committee could be appointed, in which each of these four branches should be equally represented, the best wisdom of the country would be employed. The draft constitution completed by such a committee would then be presented to the National Council for final adoption, and the basis for the future stable government

of China would be permanently laid. Such a committee would provide a due balance of power between the executive, the legislative, and the judiciary in the Central Government, and would also establish workable relations between Provincial and Central administrations.

Although having no permanent constitution, the Republic of China has been called upon to face more difficult problems of foreign policy than had been experienced since the beginning of foreign intercourse. The outbreak of the European war resulted in an armed conflict between German and Japanese forces on Chinese soil, with the object of gaining control of the port of Kiaochau, which China believed to have been wrongfully wrested from her in 1898. In the Japanese attack upon Kiaochau, China protested against the violation of the neutrality of her soil and the landing of the troops at Lungkow, even though this place might be the best strategically for an attack on the German fortresses. Protestations being in vain, China compromised, and consented, against her wishes, to the fixing of a thirty-mile zone of military operations.

The cessation of military operations in Shantung province which followed the capture of Kiaochau was soon succeeded by the presentation of the famous Twenty-One Demands. During last year, a new and delicate problem was created by the adoption of a system of civil rule for Kiaochau and the railway zone of Shantung Province. In all these intricate and embarrassing relations with Japan, China was handicapped by the lack of coördination between her Central and Provincial administrations.

Laudable actions of the American government have also accentuated China's difficulty. After the protest of that government against the policy of submarine warfare inaugurated by Germany, a formal invitation to take similar action was extended by the United States to China. When the United States declared war against Germany on April 6, 1917, China was again urged to follow her example. On account of the acute crisis which had arisen between the military governors of the provinces, assembled in a conference at Tientsin, on the one hand, and the President and Parliament on the other hand, an immediate reply could not be given to America's invitation. It was not until after the attempt to restore the monarchy had been frustrated and an understanding had been concluded between President Feng and Premier Tuan, that it was possible for the Peking government to follow America's lead, with the result that on August 14, 1917, a presidential mandate was issued declaring war against Germany and Austria-Hungary. It was issued on the authority of the President and Cabinet, without reference to Parliament, which had been previously dissolved by President Li Yuan-hung, after a period of inaction during which most of the members had left Peking.

The strict sect of the parliamentarians, which has sought to maintain the rights of the Provisional Constitution, still protest that the act of the President and the Cabinet in declaring war was *ultra vires*. Considering the wholehearted support which has been given by the country to this hostile declaration against Germany, these doctrinaire objections need not be considered as a serious factor in the situation. They emphasize, rather, the urgent need of the early adoption of a permanent constitution.

America's position in China is unique. It has not been exposed to the suspicion of selfish aggrandizement, for America has never seized one foot of Chinese territory. America has also

had the credit of leadership in the promulgation and adoption of the theory of the territorial integrity of China, and of an equal opportunity for all nations in commercial development. Its position was rendered still more honorable by the return of a portion of the Boxer indemnity, following a careful revision of the expenses incurred by the American government for military and naval operations during the Boxer outbreak of 1900. Other nations, up to the present time, have failed to publish the exact amount of their necessary expenditures for expeditions during that year, and have contented themselves with receiving from China the full amount of the lump sum provided by the Protocol of 1901.

America has the further prestige of being the model after which China has determined to plan her form of government. The Republic of China has natural and incontestable affinities with the American Republic. It looks to the United States, not only as a model for its system of government, but also for continuous and friendly support of the republican institutions which it is seeking to develop. Up to the present time, it is the only republic on the continent of Asia, and, as such, its eyes are turned to America for substantial, sympathetic support.

The permanence of a republican form of government in China must now be taken for granted, even though for the moment the dominance of military leadership must also be recognized. The disturbances in the provinces show that this military usurpation cannot be permanent, and that China cannot be governed, either by her own people or from without, by any form of military despotism. The consent of the governed is a principle thoroughly ingrained in the past history and present aspirations of the Chinese people. This is a fact to be reckoned with by the contending elements in China, as well as by all foreign nations which have dealings with her. There is but little danger of such mob-rule as that of Bolshevism. The present danger is confined solely to a monopoly of power on the part of military leaders.

To offset and prevent such a consummation, several things are needed. In the first place, there must be the immediate adoption of a permanent constitution which will give due recognition to the rights of the various branches of the Central government, while at the same time it provides for a just distribution of authority between Central and Provincial administrations. In addition to this, there should be a hearty coöperation of the powers which are especially interested in the welfare and development of China. Fortunately these powers are now allies in the common cause against Germany. If Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States can come to a common understanding as to the part China shall play in the war, and if each of these powers will disavow any desire for selfish aggrandizement, while all agree to the disinterested development of China's resources in helping to win the war, a new stimulus to the unification of China will be supplied.

The third necessity is the recognition of the inherent permanency and strength of the new republican life of China. With such an understanding, there would follow an entire elimination of the present latent distrust of Japan in her relations with China. A common understanding among all the Allied powers as to China's participation in the war would allow any one of them to assume the leadership of China during the continuance of the war, without pestiferous suspicion that such leadership conceals the invidious purpose of future domination of this new Republic.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PHILOSOPHICAL MUSH AND LITERARY JOHNNY-CAKE

THE truism that history repeats itself holds in matters culinary as well as political. Because an Austrian archduke was assassinated, we go sugarless to bed and rise to munch dry toast. For us, however, there is the mitigation of pone and johnny-cake and all the polyglot progeny of Indian meal — toothsome viands long familiar to the American palate. Not so to our English allies: to them corn-meal is a forced and unsavory necessity, hard to cook, hard to relish, hard to digest.

Yet the complications arising from the Austrian assassination are not the first occasion of this effort to conform to American diet. In the middle of the last century the potato rot and the ensuing famine made of Ireland 'one vast, silent dissolution'; poverty, hunger, death stalked naked through the land; lanes became charnel-houses and hedges funeral palls. America, generous then as now, sent shiploads of grain and corn across the sea. But what to do with the stuff after it arrived? There was the rub. Hence arose correspondence, publication, demonstration.

Elihu Burritt, then in England, published recipes in all the newspapers, 'totally destitute of significance to any creature here,' snorted Carlyle, no more tolerant of the dietary than of the political theories of the great pacifist. Evidently the experiments in the kitchen of 5 Cheyne Row had not been successful; at least, they had not been to the liking of the master. He had Indian meal as a substitute for potato 'daily to meat at dinner, though hitherto with considerable despair.' In this predicament it occurred to Jane, the astute, the practical, the wise, to seek expert advice. Consequently, spurred by her restless will, Thomas wrote to his friend across seas, begging information from Mr. Emerson, or Mrs. Emerson, or 'the Miller of Concord (if he have any tincture of Philosophy).'

This was in the December of 1848, fourteen months after Emerson had wended his way to the Chelsea house at ten at night, when the door was opened by Jane Carlyle, 'and the man himself was behind her with a lamp in the entry.' Whether during that visit, when the flood-gates of talk were opened, the river, 'a great and constant stream,' flowed into quiet back-stretches of domestic converse or dashed torrent-like over crags of philosophized cookery, there is no record to declare. But if a *Sartor Resartus* why not a *Cocus Recoctus?* This we do know — that Jane wisely trusted Emerson, and that Thomas wrote the letter.

First: how ought the concoction to taste? Bitter, causing the throat to smart and disheartening 'much the apprentice in Indian meal'? Evidently not. Probably the effect of too much travel on the nature of the meal; hence an attempt to grind it after arrival; no improvement; merely 'the addition of much dirt and sand.' What next?

Second: the difference between white meal, which looks 'brown-gray-white,' and yellow, 'beautiful as new Guineas, but with an ineffaceable tastekin of soot in it'?

Third: how to cook it? 'Let some oracle speak!'

These were serious questions, affect-

ing as they did the ever-serious matter of the Carlylean digestion, and hence the Carlylean philosophy, which might become more or less bilious as the 'tastekin of soot' became more or less effaceable. Accordingly they received serious attention. Not to the miller, — perhaps not even in Concord was there one of the tribe of philosophers, — but most prudently to those of his own household Emerson took the questionnaire.

Dr. Charles T. Jackson, one of the most eminent physicians of the time, Emerson's chief adviser in matters scientific, and his brother-in-law to boot, solved the first difficulty. Corn would grow musty if not thoroughly dried; but excessive heat, then thought necessary to such drying, parched the sugar and starch; it might be that mustiness could be avoided without the previous destructive degree of heat; a point worthy of experimentation, according to a letter of January, 1849.

So far the masculine contribution; but there are realms into which neither philosopher nor scientist properly enters, sacred to the higher domestic powers. So 'Lidian Emerson confidently engages to send you accurate recipes for johnny-cake, mush, and hominy.' Where are they now, those 'accurate recipes,' carefully copied by Mrs. Emerson? Is it possible that somewhere among unedited Carlyle papers they waste their promise of gold-brown cakes and steaming pudding, of nutty odor and delicate crunching taste? Or may it be that in some Concord kitchen breakfast-cakes are still made by Mrs. Emerson's rules, and Sunday-night supper still includes 'puddin' an' milk' as known to Emerson himself?

Vain the latter fancy. There be some things, as Dogberry sagely remarked, that are 'the gift of fortune,' and some 'that come by nature'; and no true New England housewife ever cooked Indian meal by another's rules, only by that indwelling genius or *daemon*, in the vernacular known as 'faculty,' or 'judgment.' Wherever they may be now, the recipes were duly sent; and according to a letter of the ensuing April, were 'judged to be of decided promise, reasonable-looking every one of them.' Surely Mrs. Emerson endured much of philosophy; did she ever, one wonders, have a harder trial than to be told that her rules for mush were 'reasonable-looking,' and that by a man brought up on oats!

Also there went across seas a barrel of meal (not too dry) and a barrel of unground corn, 'Indian Cobs of edible grain, from the Barn of Emerson himself!' Even the capitals show that Carlyle was waxing dithyrambic; perhaps accounted for by the fact that all went 'without cost or trouble' to the recipients. But now a new difficulty: the grinding. The brilliant and versatile Lady Ashburton, who had been called into council over the recipes, helped again at this crisis. The ordinary English millstone was too soft to grind this hard corn without at the same time grinding itself, hence the mixture of dirt, soot, and sand, to which quite naturally Thomas objected and which Jane probably did not like any better, although doubtless she ate it with less outward protest. But the Ashburtons had mills and millers of their own; so off went the corn to be ground under their direction; and 'their cook, a French commander of a whole squadron, is to undertake the dressing according to the rules.'

Oh, for the pen of a ready writer — shall we say Shakespeare or Molière? — to write the drama of that squadron of cooks presided over by the chef of fame, distinction, and infinite worth, making mush in the kitchens of Bath House, Piccadilly!

Now at last Carlyle professes 'with contrition, that properly we have never tasted Indian corn before'; and then, inspired, not by his native John Barleycorn, but by the exotic and transatlantic johnny-cake, he chants the vision of the future: —

'It is really a small contribution towards World-History, this small act of yours and ours: there is no doubt to me, now that I taste the real grain, but all Europe will henceforth have to rely more and more upon your Western Valleys and this article. How beautiful to think of lean, tough Yankee settlers, tough as gutta-percha, with most *occult* unsubduable fire in their belly, steering over the Western Mountains, to annihilate the jungle, and bring bacon and corn out of it for the Posterity of Adam! The Pigs in about a year eat up all the rattlesnakes for miles round: a most judicious function on the part of the Pigs. Behind the Pigs comes Jonathan with his all-conquering ploughshare, — glory to him too! Oh, if we were not such a set of Cant-ridden blockheads, there is no *Myth* of Athene or Herakles equal to this *fact;* — which *will* find its real "Poets" some day or other.'

Had Carlyle known the American writers of the past as he knew his contemporaries, he would have recognized that the poet of Western corn was not to come but had gone. The poet of the rattlesnake and the pig may yet arise; indeed, it would seem inevitable that some robust disciple of the school of *Spoon River Anthology*, finding that classic timidly restrained and effeminately prudish, should sing the progress of the pig-pen, in heroic style commemorating the details of porcine life from juicy piglet to degenerate sow. But the epic of corn has been chanted in the once famous and now too-much-neglected mock-heroic of Joel Barlow. In lieu of those lost recipes in Mrs. Emerson's writing the directions from *Hasty Pudding* may be inscribed: —

Meanwhile the housewife urges all her care,
The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare.
The sifted meal already waits her hand,
The milk is strain'd, the bowls in order stand,
The fire flames high. . . .
First with clean salt, she seasons well the food,
Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.
Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand;
To stir it well demands a stronger hand;
The husband takes his turn: and round and round
The ladle flies. . . .
First in the bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more may sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand; you've got the portion due;
So taught my sire, and what he taught is true.

NOTE. — There are various ways of preparing and eating it: with molasses, butter, sugar, cream, and fried. Why cannot so excellent a thing be eaten alone? Nothing is perfect alone; even man, who boasts of so much perfection, is nothing without his fellow substance. In eating, beware of the lurking heat that lies deep in the mass; dip your spoon gently, take shallow dips and cool it by degrees. It is sometimes necessary to blow.

INTERNATIONAL PITCH

Whenever my homiletic wick begins to sputter and smoke, I visit Vandeever. I do not rush at him, shouting, 'Oil! My lamp is going out!' Such tactless impetuosity would ensure me the same disappointment suffered by the improvident virgins of the parable. I saunter into his presence with a leisurely air of self-containment and a smile denoting inner peace. I have just dropped in to wish him well — happened to be passing — noticed an article in which he might be interested — crisp mornings we are having — and how are things going in the Conservatory? This may or may not deceive

Vandeever. I have often suspected him of suspicions.

Vandeever is a philosopher by profession, who teaches violin lessons as a side line. His studio is located at the end of a long bare hall on the third floor of a rambling building dedicated to the worship of the Heavenly Maid; though of an open-windowed autumn morning, when the whole plant is in full cry, so to speak, the racket is enough to frighten her away forever, were she half so temperamental as most of her votaries.

Because he is unkempt, cross-eyed and myopic, shaves only on Sundays, needs about eighty-five dollars' worth of dental attention, and is inclined to be irascible, I dare say the demands upon Vandeever for philosophical utterances are infrequent. Previous to my accidental discovery of him as a sage, I had known him only through his technical critiques of our stellar musical events, published in the *Daily Tribune* — bewildering monographs which read like a problem in physics pied with a receipt for plum jelly.

A vacancy having been created in the War Department of Zion by the sudden resignation of our contralto, I had strolled over to the Conservatory, hoping to interview an applicant; and, losing my way in the noisy old pile, I had turned the nearest knob to make inquiries. Vandeever was striding, jerkily, up and down the room over a threadbare path, which registered about two thousand rug-miles, gesticulating with his fiddle and muttering something about thumbs — flat thumbs — obviously to be disapproved.

He broke off long enough to tell me, snappishly, where the contralto held forth, his tone failing to recommend her. Perhaps she, too, had a flat thumb. I turned reluctantly to go, but Vandeever was not through with me. He caught me by the lapel, dragged me to a dusty chair, and thrust me into it with the tip of his bow.

'You see,' he explained, 'they all do it! They will put their stupid thumbs flat along the neck of the violin — so! It is much easier — see — look!' I looked. He was demonstrating. 'But the correct position — to bend the thumb — to bend it — so — around the neck —' He was dislocating his thumb, each savage twitch of it being accompanied by facial contortions, fascinatingly hideous. 'It is awkward, at first, unnatural — tiring — but correct!'

'And interesting!' I added, with enthusiasm.

'Well; the flat-thumbed easily outdistance all the others, at the beginning. They learn to play tunes for their mothers' guests. They grow chesty. Meanwhile, the bent-thumbed make slow progress. They become discouraged. Only the few persevere. A year of flat-thumbing and the education is finished. Graduation may then be had into mediocrity. A year of correct posing and the bent-thumbed is just beginning to find himself. He may go on, on — no limit to his going on — on!'

Having torn his passion to tatters, Vandeever subsided into a clairvoyant state which seemed to invite remarks; so I ventured the conjecture that we are menaced by opportunism, these days, in every department of human endeavor. Vandeever rallied, at this, and nodded vigorously. Opportunism was the word. It stirred him to a savage diatribe which for length cost me my lunch and for intensity left me limp. The generation was a shiftless, spineless, ease-loving race of rotters!

I forgot to call on the contralto in my eagerness to get home and begin a sermon on 'The Flat-Thumbed School of Opportunism,' which was the first of many sermons for which I am heavily in Vandeever's debt.

All this is prefatory to saying that I have just now returned from the Conservatory, loaded to the gunwales with pitch, reeking with pitch — pitched within and without with pitch, like the Ark. Vandeever was standing in the far corner of his studio, when I entered, twirling a small padded mallet in his bony fingers and gazing vacuously at a huge chunk of brightly polished metal suspended from the ceiling by a silk cord. I had noticed the thing on previous visits and had always meant to ask about it.

'Well,' I saluted, cheerily, 'what's the good news to-day?'

Vandeever tapped the cannon-shaped object with his mallet, and a soft, mellow tone drifted lazily out of it, swelling until it filled the room like the smoke of incense.

'That is the good news, to-day, my friend,' said Vandeever, solemnly. 'That is *A!* It was *A* all day yesterday. It will be *A* all day to-morrow — next week — a hundred years — *A!*' Once more he tapped it, very softly, and it was as if the censer had swung again. Indicating his general environment with an all-inclusive sweep of the mallet, he continued, 'The soprano, across the hall, she wabbles and flats abominably: the piano, next door, it is out of tune: noise and confusion all about me here — but this —' he caressed his fetish — 'this is *A!*'

Anyone required to dig up ninety-four sermons per annum would know just what to do with that. It might be well to try out the sermonic significance of it on Vandeever.

'It is a joy to find something constant in this unstable old world,' I murmured, piously; for I felt that I was going to be talking about God, presently. 'Our houses burn up, our ships go down, our bubbles of ambition burst; but He is ever the same — without accidents, impulses, moods or caprice. We always know just where to find Him — don't we?'

Vandeever had been too busy with his own thoughts to follow me, for his reply was irrelevant.

'International pitch!' he growled. 'Bah — what a word! International! How we do love to slosh about with big words — universal, cosmic, interracial, international — it will be a thousand years before we have need of them!'

'Tell me about "international pitch,"' I demanded. 'Does that mean that there is a standard note which all musicians recognize as the norm of tonic values?' I have picked up something of Vandeever's lingo, lately.

'No!' he snapped. 'That's precisely what it does not mean! You see, in 1859, the French Academy of Music decided to establish a standard pitch. They hoped to make it international. It was to be regulated by a tone vibrating at 435 per second in a temperature of 59° Fahrenheit. It must have been a cold day. The conference probably sat in cheap quarters. You know, the temperature of most music-halls is some ten to fifteen degrees higher.'

I recalled an occasion when I had heard Paderewski in an atmosphere which grew somewhat rich and nutritious as the evening advanced. Vandeever chuckled and remarked, apologetically, 'Very sensitive to draughts!'

With chastened spirit, I rushed him back to the main issue. 'You were saying that the temperature of the music hall is likely to affect instruments pitched for stability at 59°.'

Heedless of my remark, Vandeever went on, 'Each of the great musical centres of Europe had its old organ — no two pitched alike. It meant great expense to undertake such alterations as would unify them. The orchestra was more or less dependent, at that time, upon the organ. That's what ails

Europe, to-day!' he shouted. 'Too many old organs, each arbitrarily pitched! Nobody willing to rebuild his organ to conform to a standard! Each demanding, "If we must have an international pitch, take it from me!" '

The homiletic value of this was clear. One school of thought, meeting in the frigid zone of a high moral altitude, proposes a norm of conduct that promptly puts half the orchestra out of tune, down in the overheated atmosphere where most people have to live. And, of course, anybody could see that all Europe had stuffed its pockets with cartridges because each state had its own ancient and unremodelable organ. But where did we Americans come in? I asked Vandeever.

'Oh, as to that,' he responded, hopelessly, 'we have no such thing as "national" — not to speak of "international" pitch. Not because of ancient organs, however. We hate anything that does n't smell of fresh varnish.

'But our pitch has been going up — up — up! It's the speed has done it! You know — this ungodly gait we travel! Seventy miles an hour by steam on the rail; forty miles by gasoline on the open road! Walk fast — talk fast — eat fast — hurry, hurry, hurry! Be strenuous! Be stimulated! Be spicy!

'You remember that execrable tune brayed forth from every other open door and window, a little while ago — "Too Much Mustard"? That is the trouble! It began with mustard, when no normal person really needed mustard. Then, it was more mustard! Then quite enough mustard! At length, even the hardened and calloused were howling that the limit had been over-reached. "Too Much Mustard" — that is our problem!'

At this juncture, a thin-necked lad appeared, with a little black coffin under his arm, and Vandeever followed me to the door, still warning me against the Ides of all the months in the ghosts' calendar.

'The fiddles are screwed up to the very point of caving in! The woodwinds have to transpose to another key!'

The door slammed, just as the kettle-drums were having their little tails twisted to satisfy the demands of a wicked and perverse generation. I wish he had said something about the oboe, which, they say, cannot be tuned, no matter what happens. Ah; I have it! The oboe is my senior deacon. Nor rising heat, nor accelerated gait, nor surfeit of mustard, nor any other creature can increase the number of his vibrations.

THE HIGH PRAISES OF MANURE

The sister, bringing a bowl of pink and cream tulips into the dining-room, set them down with great satisfaction on the table.

'Perhaps these will help us to escape from the odor of the barn,' she said, very impertinently blowing a kiss across the room to where there was no one.

'Who's that for?' I asked.

'Mr. Hamlin Garland,' she replied.

And I laughed, because I knew that ever since we had read that delightfully honest book of his, *A Son of the Middle Border*, one of its unaccountable exaggerations had rankled in her mind — that statement that there is no escape, even on a modern, model farm, from the odor of manure. I had enjoyed her sputterings — 'A book about a farm by a man without one instinct of a farmer.' 'A deaf man's appreciation of a symphony!' And one morning, as she stood smiling out through miles of green sunlight toward the high white clouds which stretched themselves out in prairie lines above gently rising wood-crowned hills, she cried suddenly, 'And the man who said that deliberately

lived years in Chicago, where the air you breathe rubs right up against the heads of people whose hair is not shining clean!'

At the time I agreed with her tone, but still —

Because this spring, since three of the four men of our household have gone to war, I have of necessity grown familiar with what so constantly offended Mr. Garland's delicate nostrils. One morning, for the first time, I was making the hen-house perfectly clean. Arrayed in delectable garments, I was scraping the dropping-board with a large hoe. Of course I know that there are no low occupations, — only low workmen, — and I hope I can willingly clean a hen-house to make the world safe for democracy; but, after all, I was painfully conscious of my heroism. Fancy *me* carrying away manure!

Presently I heard this gay sentence from the sister who had taken the hen-house pump to pieces and was putting it together again, —

> 'It is not raining rain to me —
> 'T is raining daffodils.'

'Indeed!'

She must have seen from the tenseness of my nose that my mood was not entirely Wordsworthian; for, as she helped me to carry the filled basket to the little cart at the door, she said, 'You thought this was manure, did n't you?'

'It does seem to have some of the characteristics,' I retorted.

But she ignored me, continuing, 'You were mistaken, as usual. This is the color of your roses — the duskiness of Prince Camille, and the dawn of Sunburst, and the snow of Druschki. This is the very heart of the Allies' wheat. Don't you understand it? Don't you remember? This,' she said chuckling, 'is the victory that overcomes the hen-house — even our faith!'

I said nothing. A sister like mine teaches one silence. That woman's view of opalescent hills is shut off by an outrageous great red barn directly in front of her house. Yet one day, when I cried, 'Oh, how beautiful this would be, if only that barn were not there!' she answered me, in amazement, looking straight at the horror, 'Barn? What barn? Do you suppose I'd have a *barn* in front of my house? With a view like that of the hills?'

And one day, as I cut the wheatless bread, protesting against the monotony of daily bakings, she said simply, 'Don't despise it. 'T is the children's body, that bread — your own body. "This bread," He said, "is my body."'

So quietly we pushed the cart through the gate into the garden. She stopped by the larkspurs.

'These of yours need a little dessert,' she said.

One could see that she knows exactly how to balance a garden's rations, when one but glanced over the riotously blooming health of hers.

'Let me haul the tea-wagon around to them all,' I exclaimed, delighted over my own cleverness.

So we gave all that needed it a little posy pudding. And as we worked together, I was converted to her life of faith.

Since then, every Monday morning I clean the hen-house. I clean it, not grudgingly, not snobbishly, but with a hilarious spirit. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver! I carry away in that basket, not manure, — indeed, why should I associate with manure? — I carry away the glittering height of the tallest sky-blue larkspur waving in the windy sunlight. I carry away the glow of great dark pansies, hearing city friends cry, 'We never *saw* such pansies. Where do you get them?' I hear my cryptic answer, 'Hen-house.' I handle the apricot and rosy pinks of the columbine that dances like butter-

flies, and the blushing yellow of the snapdragons whose flowers the children snap on our ears for ear-rings, dewy summer mornings. I feel the wavings of limpid oat-fields, playgrounds of the chasing shadows of sunlit clouds. I wear out my precious muscles giving bread and milk to Father Europe's gaunt orphans. I break my back personally supplying rations to the whole army of Justice which fights for me. Manure? Who said manure?

Yet why not say it? I, for one, have found that the more I know of it, the more highly I esteem it. The dictionary, too, honors it greatly. Manure, it says, is only another form of manœuvre. When the land army manures its fields, it manœuvres its battle. Every day explains it, morning and evening praise it.

The other night my brother-in-law and I drove quietly to meet the sister through the tender spring darkness, which was thrilling with the wonder of the bursting pink hickory buds. When we had chugged up a deeply rutted road, suddenly at the top of a hill, from the valley spread out below there came to our nostrils the revelry of the feasting fields.

'Do you mind that odor?' he asked.

'Mind it!' I echoed. 'I *love* it!'

'So many don't understand it,' he answered, wistfully, I thought.

'Stupid blind noses, they are,' I assured him. 'Grudging the good old fields their bite. Let 's hope they'll be as enriching when their time comes to fertilize the earth.'

At that moment, the fields lifted a great song, and I joined them.

'I am not going to be cremated,' I cried to him.

He is perfectly accustomed to remarks of that sort.

'I'm not even going to be buried at sea' — though that has always seemed the most desirable way of disappearing. 'I want immortality for my body, in leaves — in fragrance — in color — I want to be food for something — little leaves on the very top of willows — or, best of all, a candle of a hickory bud. Don't you think it's possible — could n't I be of some use if I'm buried, even if I can't be a poppy petal in Flanders?'

I waited intently for his answer.

'Don't you think I would have some value?' I insisted.

'Well, perhaps, if you're *very* good — you *might* —'

'Just a darker green spot in a clover field?'

'Well, maybe a four-leaf clover at least, if you keep on being very good.'

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A. M.12–18

William Ernest Hocking is Professor of Philosophy at Harvard. He contributed 'Religion in War-Time' to the September *Atlantic*. **Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes,** the 'Semi-Bostonian,' — one is reminded of T. B. Aldrich's characterization of himself as 'not genuine Boston, only Boston-plated,' — is the wife of the present Governor of New Hampshire, who has just been chosen United States Senator from that state. The ancestral estate which she describes so affectionately is in the town of North Haverhill, N.H., in the valley of the Connecticut. **Henry S. Pritchett,** some time President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching since 1906.

* * *

M. Marcel Nadaud, aviator, retired from active service after his third wound, has since written several successful novels around the subject of his chosen arm of the service. *En Plein Vol* has been crowned by the Academy. 'Birds of a Feather' was written expressly for the *Atlantic*. **Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer,** poet and historian of New York, has long been contributing to leading American periodicals. 'It is Well with the Child' appeared in this magazine in September, 1917. **Miss Elizabeth Case,** a recent graduate of Wellesley College, sends this, her first contribution to the *Atlantic*, from Chicago. Of her experience in the service of a reformatory for women in an Eastern state, she writes: 'Mine was the rare privilege of going into an utterly new field, and of being able to accept and work out another person's ideas so fully that they became my own. No college courses could have furnished preparation for such work.'

* * *

Miss Julia Francis Wood, of Kansas City, relieves the tedium of her duties as a teacher of French, History, and Literature, by the writing of short stories for the magazines. Miss Wood comes of a distinctly military family. Her father, as those who read her moving story, 'A Parable for Fathers,' in the January, 1918, *Atlantic* will remember, was a distinguished officer in the Civil War. 'My three brothers,' she writes, 'have followed in his footsteps: the oldest is Brigadier-General Albert Wood, now Acting Quartermaster-General; the second, also an officer in our army, resigned his commission to fight with the Allies the first year of the war, and fell in the Ypres Salient two years ago; the youngest is a lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, now in France.' **Anne C. E. Allinson,** a Greek scholar and the wife of a Greek scholar, is a member of the Faculty of Brown University. **Edwin Arlington Robinson** is among the best and most favorably known American poets of the present generation. 'Mary Lyon' is the fourth of **Gamaliel Bradford's** 'Portraits of American Women,' the earlier ones being 'Abigail Adams,' printed in September, 1917; 'Harriet Beecher Stowe,' in July, 1918; and 'Sarah Alden Ripley' in November, 1918. **Warner Fite** has been since 1915 Stuart Professor of Ethics at Princeton University. **Gerald Chittenden** is a major in the American Aviation Service, and is now on duty at the School of Military Aeronautics, University of Texas.

* * *

Through the courtesy of the British Government the Editor of the *Atlantic* was given every opportunity to study conditions in England and France during the months of September and October. Much of his information was privately given and may not with propriety be repeated; and for facts which may be set down, he does not always feel at liberty to give his authority. The article here printed is a record of impressions, which the author believes to be unprejudiced, and which he hopes may in some measure be illuminating, even though the first act in the European drama is over. **Professor Raoul Blanchard,** after acting as Exchange Professor at Harvard in 1916–17, resumed the chair of Geography at the University of Grenoble. Again, as in his paper on 'Tactics and Armament' in the August, 1917, *Atlantic*, our readers have the benefit of his access to official reports of the French army and his personal observations on the battlefields of France. **Madame du Courthial** is the Russian wife of the French Vice-Consul at Porto Rico, and the

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daughter-in-law of Admiral Nemitz, recently in command of the Russian Black Sea fleet. She was called to Russia on business in 1917, and her child was born while she was there. **Harold A. Littledale** is an American journalist, who, prior to his enlistment in the British Tank Service had done excellent work as a war-correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*. **Maurice Muret,** of Swiss birth, was for many years on the staff of the *Journal des Débats* of Paris. When the war broke out he returned to Switzerland, where he has been engaged in writing the 'bulletin of foreign politics' for the *Gazette de Lausanne*. He is the author of a French biography of William II.

* * *

It is pleasant to contemplate the enthusiasm of a true lover of literature for a master-work, whether it is the product of his own or somebody else's brain.

EDITOR OF ATLANTIC MONTHLY
DEAR SIR: —

I send to you under separate cover my poem entitled 'The Rejected Voice.'

If you cared to read and review this book, and keep it, I should be pleased.

'The Rejected Voice' is the most profound and poignant hymn that has emanated from the heart of man since the birth of 'The Book of Job.' For sheer artistry, also, it shines unequaled, yet there lives not anywhere to-day a leader of literature noble enough to make known unto the world its worth.

* * *

As was, perhaps, to be expected, the 'Thoughts of a Teacher of German,' in the September *Atlantic*, have called forth a good deal of comment, sympathetic and otherwise. The following letter is from a correspondent in El Paso, Texas.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
Boston, Mass.
DEAR SIRS: —

Even though with sorrowing hearts, yet if we have been helped to see blues and purples where before we have seen only red and black, certainly gratitude is due. If it is possible, for a moment, to substitute heavy regret for bitter hatred, we should be thankful. He who wrote 'Thoughts of a Teacher of German' has persuaded me to take again a volume of Schiller from its long resting-place. He has tempted me to smile at my prejudice against the German language in the lovely records of Lohengrin. He has taught me the futility of removing a statue of Goethe from its lodge. Indeed, he gives me the hope that the future will bring the day when we may dare to exchange sulphurous hatred of the Hohenzollern for joy in Heine.

And this from Chicago: —

I can sympathize with the writer of 'Thoughts of a Teacher of German,' whose soul cries out against the system that has robbed him and thousands of others in his position of the inspiration of teaching the idealism of *Licht, Liebe, Leben*. And yet more — against the system, instigated by the German professors and pastors, Nietzscheized, which has robbed thousands of Americans of cherished German friends, and has robbed honest Germans of the friendship of the world.

It was my good fortune to possess the friendship of the head of the department of Germanic Literature of one of the Western universities, a most lovable and gentle soul, now, fortunately for his peace of mind, gone to his reward; and the truly Christian character of the man, as I often recall it, has made me realize the terrible wrong that the German war-lords have inflicted upon their own innocent people in making them victims of their own ambition.

Another friend, a learned orientalist, to whom the idea of war is as repulsive as would be labor in an abattoir, is breaking down under the strain of having many of his kin in the German army, and his own sons fighting under the Stars and Stripes.

We own our gratitude and respect to Steuben, and to Schurz, Heinzelman, and Siegel, and we would honor their descendants. There are hundreds of thousands of Germans, yes, German-Americans, who are Americans in the best sense, of the stoutest and most dependable material, the very backbone of our agricultural and mechanical life. Are we to regard them as enemies? And if so, whose the fault?

Professor Kellogg's psychological study of the German character is interesting. Truly, the German of Germany, the Treitschked German, is a double character. He is a kitten at play, but a tiger else. He is the Ahriman of the Zoroastrian dualism, the Hyde of Stevenson's allegory, the Satan to whom Faust sold his soul. 'The heart of man is the place Devils dwell in,' exclaims Sir Thomas Browne, dazed by the theology of his time; 'I feel sometimes a Hell within myself; Lucifer keeps his Court in my breast, Legion is revived in me.'

The Anglo-Saxon wrestled with Satan, and overpowered him, as Christian, in Bunyan's dream. The Teuton has surrendered to him. Sin was at first repulsive —

> '— but familiar grown,
> I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
> The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
> Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
> Became enamor'd —'

It is, indeed, the German madness. We cannot treat with a madman as with one sane, but we may restrain him and put him in bonds, and perhaps, in course of time, by wise and humanitarian treatment, effect a cure.

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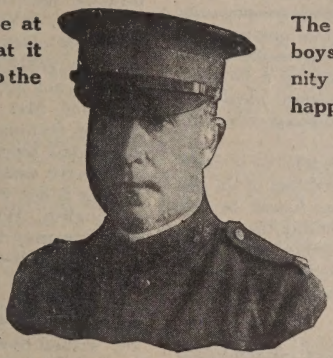

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A somewhat different note is struck in a vigorous communication from a lady in Cincinnati, some extracts from which we append.

I have just read the article in your September number entitled 'Thoughts of a German Teacher,' and I cannot refrain from expressing my opinion on the very dangerous and subtle propaganda which this article reveals. Here, in our midst, a teacher in an American college has been laboriously and painstakingly building up a German atmosphere, and teaching German ideals, in place of teaching the German language which he was hired and paid to teach. . . .

His soul cries out (at least he tells us it does) against a system which has robbed him of the joy of teaching *Licht, Liebe, Leben.* Could he not console this soul-sickness by teaching the American ideals of Light, Love, Life ? I think that there would be found as much beauty in these three English words, and as many avenues of inspiration, as in *Licht, Liebe, Leben.*

* * *

From a considerable mass of correspondence relating to Mr. Bridges's paper in the October *Atlantic*, we have found space for these fairly representative letters. It will be noticed that the issue raised by the writers is largely a lexicographical one, so to speak.

Union Theological Seminary
October 9, 1918.

To the Editors of the Atlantic Monthly
Gentlemen: —

I just have read Mr. Bridges's article on 'The Duty of Hatred,' and I find myself in this interesting case: that I, who stoutly hold that we ought not to hate the Germans, cordially agree with Mr. Bridges, who stoutly holds that we should hate them. Nor is the reason of this paradox hard to seek. Where among 'weasel words' could a choicer specimen be found than 'hate' as Mr. Bridges uses it? He has abstracted from it all the distinctive connotations with which generations of usage have filled it.

The attitude which we here are urged to take toward our enemy involves such lofty and most Christian elements as these: that we abhor him in his evil 'in so far as he identifies himself with it, persists in it and justifies it'; that, so abhorring him, we 'regard the inexhaustible potentialities of repentance and spiritual transformation in him, and order our bearing and action so as to give these deeply interred potentialities the maximum chance of release and actualization'; that whatever attitude we take toward him is 'for the very sake of the better nature buried under the demonism of the enemy,' is trying to contribute 'to the release of the true and better self of our enemies,' is seeking for 'the spiritual redemption of Germany.' Very well! If this is hating the Germans, let us all go to it and see if with aspiring spirits we can rise through our indignant wrath to this high level! But I venture that, not since the race first used the word, did anyone before ever think of summarizing such an attitude as hate.

The dictionary is not infallible, but nothing could be more scrupulously exact than the Standard's definition of hate: 'To regard with an extreme and active aversion, combined with ill-will or malignity when the object is a person.' To describe hate toward persons minus ill-will or malignity, is to put a strain on language that even our elastic English cannot bear; it is to empty a great word of its native content. And there is not a trace of ill-will or malignity anywhere in Mr. Bridges's article. It is a high-minded statement of moral abhorrence against crime and moral indignation against criminals, well worth writing and well worth reading. The trouble is not with Mr. Bridges's ethics but with his English. Whatever else the attitude which he describes may be, it decisively is not hate.

Far more discriminating in language is a recent fighting man's editorial in a fighting man's paper: 'War to the hilt, and not hate and hot-air should be our watchword!' When Donald Hankey wished to express what Mr. Bridges means, he used the right words: 'If we fought from bloodlust or hate, war would be sordid. But if we fight as only a Christian may, that friendship and peace with our foes may become possible, then fighting is our duty, and our fasting and dirt, and our wounds and our death are our beauty and God's glory.' Sincerely yours,

Harry Emerson Fosdick.

The author of 'The Duty of Hatred' finds it impossible in the last analysis to follow his own teaching. He tells us that he must hate, not only the act of torpedoing a hospital ship, but also 'the men who order it to be done.' He argues that this hatred 'is our bounden duty,' 'for the very sake of the better nature buried under the demonism of the enemy.' And he adds: 'Our only chance of contributing to the release of the true and better self of our enemies is to make manifest to them the immitigable anger provoked in us by their deeds and by themselves as authors of those deeds.' Why, we ask, should Mr. Bridges feel this concern for the 'better nature' buried under the 'demonism' of persons *whom he hates?* Is such concern proper in a true hater? If he really hates those persons, he ought to wish heartily (as the devil does) for their eternal destruction. He ought to hope that the 'demonism' in them will so effectively bury their 'better nature' as to kill it outright. What interest, we ask again, can Mr. Bridges have in 'contributing to the release of the true (!) and better self' of enemies whom, having ceased to love, he finds it his solemn duty to hate? Somehow this solicitude for the ultimate spiritual welfare of these persons smacks of something which goes by another name than hatred. It seems to aim at the salvation rather than the destruction of their souls. Love wills to save its object; hate, to destroy. Must we not conclude then that what Mr. Bridges seeks to save he must by the same token love? Is not his love for these souls the cause of

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his hatred of their evil motives? Is it not the cause of his anger?

JOHN WALLACE SUTER, JR.

* * *

We are glad to believe that the writer of he following letter is not alone in having ound consolation and help in the letters of Briggs Adams. We hope soon to publish in book form a much larger collection of letters from the same source.

October 3, 1918.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR: —

After a week's exhausting service as a volunteer nurse in a large Boston hospital, I sank into my chair last evening and picked up the October number of your magazine. I was almost too tired to be interested in anything, and all I could think about was the suffering I had seen and tried to relieve.

The first paragraph of Briggs Adams's letters interested me, however, and I read them through with increasing delight. What a wonderful setting forth of the other side of death! Though I had met death and walked with him for a week, I had not seen his glorious face, until Briggs Adams showed me. The art of aviation is going to be of great assistance to us in lifting our understanding of the great mystery. Those letters alone are worth more than any book of the hundreds I have read on immortality.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER,
Minister Wellesley Hills Unitarian Church.

* * *

A belated tribute to Mr. W. D. Steele's striking paper of last May is too sincere to omit from this column.

You may like to hear a comment on 'The Dark Hour.' I gave it to my cook to read. She is a very intelligent young Scotchwoman, and I give her the *Atlantic* and the *Outlook* always as something unusually fine. As she was rather silent, I said, 'Mary, did you like 'The Dark Hour'? Then she burst forth — 'I read it and then I read it right over again, and I would like to read it still again. Oh! I *wish* it could be printed in such form that everyone in the United States could read it!'

I wish you could realize how glad we are to have the *Atlantic*, and how grateful to you!

* * *

How revolutionary is the change of outlook which has come over the American world during the past century may be whimsically but exactly gauged by the following letter written by the youthful Henry Ward Beecher who, at twelve years of age, had not disentangled himself from the Calvinistic doctrine of his inheritance. This letter (sent us through a friend's kindness) may be profitably compared with the letters now streaming westward from the boys 'over there.'

BETHLEHEM, *Dec.* 2nd, 1825.

DEAR BROTHER: —

I write to you this evening to tell you how I feel. You have I suppose that you you have heard that I was serious. I have been seeking after god but have not found him as yet. I wread his holy word but find no relief but bring heavier curses on my head. I wread and pray but instead of getting out of the swamp I get further in it. Have a new hymn book whitch I wread before sermons and felt no alarm, but now the more I wread the more I feel. I have seen your letter that you wrote home. I have been a little wretched before but never felt my lost condition before. the boy that boards with me is a little serious I have talked a little but without much affect he feels serious evry once in a little while and the goes back I went home thanks given and spent a week or so the Revival is spreading more and more. the typhus fever is prevailing in Litchfield. Mr. Simon his death was occasioned by drinking. papa had an excellent sermon thanksgivinge his text was what shall we render to god according to benefits received. I cant write you mutch this evening but at a more convenient season and I hope I shall h [have] some more important news about my soul.

from your affectionit brother
yours B

written in a hurry
(PS) pleas to answer it quick as possible

* * *

The following rhymes, sent to us from Santa Barbara, California, are worthy of the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

AFTER CHRISTMAS

We adore the old *Atlantic:*
Up to date, yet never frantic,
Never scraping, sycophantic,
Stylist, still not charlatantic,
We adore the old *Atlantic;*
Topping on the war gigantic,
Full of wisdom unpedantic,
Secrets of the East divantic,
We adore the old *Atlantic;*
Love the Club's ripost and antic,
Classic wit yet spick and spantic;
Love the verse and flights romantic;
We adore the old *Atlantic;*
No rhymes for the year's *Atlantic?*
These are all my time-piece can tick;
Thank you for the old *Atlantic!*

MARSHALL ILSLEY

* * *

The Index and title-page for Volume 122 will be supplied to Atlantic subscribers upon request, within thirty days from December 1.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1918

MORALE

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

I

WAR is, no doubt, the least human of human relationships. It can begin only when persuasion ends, when arguments fitted to move minds are replaced by the blasting-powder fitted to move rocks and hills. It means that one at least of the national wills concerned has deliberately set aside its human quality, — as only a human will can do, — and has made of itself just such a material obstruction or menace. Hence war seems, and is often called, a contest of brute forces. Certainly it is the extremest physical effort that men make, every resource of vast populations bent to increase the sum of power at the front, where the two lines writhe like wrestlers laboring for the final fall.

Yet it is seldom physical force that decides a long war. For war summons skill against skill, head against head, staying power against staying power, as well as numbers and machines against machines and numbers. When an engine 'exerts itself,' it spends more power, eats more fuel, but uses no nerve: when a man exerts himself, he must bend his will to it. The extremer the physical effort, the greater the strain on the inner or moral powers. Hence the paradox of war: just because it calls for the maximum material performance, it calls out a maximum of moral resource. So long as guns and bayonets have men behind them, the quality of the men, the quality of their minds and wills, must be counted with the power of the weapons.

And so long as men fight in nations and armies, that subtle but mighty influence which passes from man to man, the temper and spirit of the group, must be counted with the quality of the individual citizen and soldier. Every racial group, every army corps, every regiment, has its own distinctive mentality with which it endows its members, and for which it becomes reputed. And every commander accordingly seeks to know, not alone what numbers are against him, but *who they are*. In a paper just now before me I see these words: —

'On one occasion prior to an attack, an intelligence officer, whose duty it was to interrogate prisoners, gleefully remarked to me: "I've had very good news; the regiments in front of our new line are Saxons and Bavarians." These soldiers admittedly do not fight as well as the Prussians.'

And in another paragraph, —

'It was said of a certain foreign contingent whom a Hun officer had captured, that he sent them back to their

own line with the remark, "We can take you again at any time; we have enough mouths to feed already," — so little did he think of their fighting qualities.'

The story need not be taken as history; yet it is hardly too extreme.

And, as we have seen in the case of our own troops, every group of soldiers is an unknown quantity until it has been tried out. We had no doubt that American soldiers would acquit themselves well; but who is there that did not follow the early reports with a tense interest to know *how* well? What could the great business-loving republic do toward producing a fighting morale? — that was the question. We were aware that mentality as well as armament is a factor in warfare.

But how much does this intangible psychological factor count? Napoleon in his day reckoned it high. 'In war, the moral is to the physical as three to one.' But things have changed since Napoleon's day. Then there was still a personal element in the encounter of battles; there was still some truth in the Roman maxim, 'In battle it is the eyes that are first conquered.' Now one may spend weeks of fighting and never see an enemy — much less see the soul driven from his eyes. Yet there are reasons for believing that the moral factor is not less important today than heretofore. For consider: —

1. It is still the hand-to-hand fighting, especially the bayonet work, that constitutes the last argument of every engagement.

2. The quality of combat is none the less personal because one cannot see the opponent. The human face is but an organ of expression which we have to learn to read; and any physical thing that can show shades of temper is capable of being read like a face. Thus one learns to read firing as one learns to know the calibre of shells by their whine. There is desultory firing, determined firing, enraged firing, nervous firing, timid firing, and many another variety. In this and a hundred other ways, battle always has its face, whether or not it is a human face; and experienced men feel as directly when that opposing eye is conquering or being conquered.

3. Perhaps because of the longer intervals of waiting and tension, the spirit of the various units seems sensitive as never before to a thousand shades of feeling, sensitive as a stock market to the rise and fall of confidence and good-will. All tokens from outside, especially the orders and their bearers, are scanned, perhaps subconsciously, for the straws that show what wind is blowing. If the officer's stout words come from an apprehensive mind, he will hardly conceal the fact; and what is outwardly accepted will leave an emptiness, like his own, in the hearts of his hearers. The fighting spirit, further from pure instinct than in former days, is by so much more canny, sensitive, and shrewd.

4. The strains of war on nerve and courage are not less but more severe than in previous wars. To take but a single indication, the prevalence of 'shell-shock' means, not that human quality has declined, but that it can deliberately expose itself to more inhuman and longer suffering than men have ever before in large numbers been called on to endure.

5. And in one way, at least, these mental factors are far more weighty than in Napoleon's day. For behind the army lies the nation; and the whole unwieldy mass, army and nation, is much more a mental unit than in any previous war, each dependent on the courage and good-will of the other. When armies were smaller, it was not so serious a matter if any portion of the civil population was disaffected. But now

communication is prompt; and the communication of temper is far prompter than the communication of fact. It is not beyond credence that a strike of coal-workers in Pennsylvania might on the next day lose a battle in Flanders. Men in the field are able to know vastly more of the fortunes of their families than ever before in war; and perhaps for this reason the minor troubles and joys of civilian life loom larger on the firing-line. The entire population behind the fighters becomes a part of the fighting state of mind; and all shades of depression and elation pass with the speed of wireless messages from centre to fighting frontier, and back again.

In no war, I judge, has the human quality counted for so much: the endurance, the initiative, the power of sacrifice, the loyalty, the ability to subordinate personal interest and pride, the power of taking the measure of the event, of discounting the unfavorable turn, of responding to frightfulness with redoubled resolution rather than with fear, of appreciating the real emergency and rising instantly to meet it. It is these qualities of mind and character which in the ensemble go by the name of 'morale'; and it is these qualities that will win the war.

For war, completely seen, is no mere collision of physical forces: it is a collision of will against will. It is, after all, the mind and will of a nation — a thing intangible and invisible — that assembles the materials of war, the fighting forces, the ordnance, the whole physical array. It is this invisible thing that *wages* the war; it is this same invisible thing that, on one side or other, must admit the finish and so end it. As things are now, it is the element of morale that controls the outcome.

I say, as things are now; for it is certainly not true as a rule of history that will-power is enough to win a war, even when supported by high fighting spirit, brains, and a good conscience. Belgium had all this, and yet was bound to fall before Germany had she stood alone. Her spirit worked miracles at Liège, delayed by ten days the marching programme of the German armies, and thereby saved — perhaps Paris, perhaps Europe. But the day was saved because the issue raised in Serbia and in Belgium drew to their side material support until their forces could compare with the physical advantages of the enemy. Morale wins, not by itself, but *by turning scales:* it has a value like the power of a minority or of a mobile reserve. It adds to one side or the other the last ounce of power which is to its opponent the last straw that breaks its back.

(I do not wish to convey the impression that the advantages in morale are all on our side. Morale is not identical with the morals of the case. Confidence, determination, endurance, and discipline may exist in a perfectly bad cause; and they do exist in the German command, or have existed there until recently. The professional status of their armies, their knowledge of their own power, their early successes in carrying the fighting into the countries of their victims — all these were heavy assets, mental assets, whose value has not wholly vanished. The officers of the British and American armies, taken in the large, are relatively new to their work; for some time they must be reckoned in the amateur class in comparison with the long-trained minds and bodies of the enemy. And this is a circumstance which makes itself felt all the way to the rank and file; for ability to rely on the experience as well as the sagacity of the officer is one of the prime elements in the morale of private soldiers. And of course we cannot assume that the German rank and file, fed on a diet of inspired opinion and prepared fact, yet as a mass

believe their cause a bad one. Their guilt is the guilt of consent; and the most vulnerable point in their morale is the willing conspiracy of their worse natures with the general spirit of the campaign, which renders them liable to the most unmanning type of fear, when fear comes.)

Differences in morale, however, are cumulative. Psychologically, as applied to armies, there is an obvious rough truth in the adage that nothing succeeds like success. Depression, on the other hand, relaxes the grip, and so begets failure and further depression; fear reduces control and tends to grow toward panic. Where such gigantic numbers are engaged, it is more nearly true than ever that an army which does not think itself beaten is not beaten: if a decisive victory in the field is possible, it will probably be preceded by a victory over morale. A general crumbling of confidence among the vanquished will usher in the débâcle.

We see, then, why it is that after providing for the number of fighters and their equipment there still remains a great question: how much fight is there in each one and in the mass? And we see that there are always two ways to increase our fighting strength — by increasing the number of our units, and by increasing the fighting power of each unit. Whatever could double the morale of a million men — if that were possible — would add the equivalent of a million such men to the force.

And the thing is not impossible. For the amount of fight per man may vary through a far wider range than the Napoleonic ratio of three to one. This is true even of the minor ups-and-downs of the daily rhythm. Ten men at their top notch of condition might easily handle a hundred similar men at their ebb of hunger, pain, and fatigue.

And there are other variable elements which count quite as much, such as buoyancy and humor. Humor is a symptom of margin: a man who has it can do more than fight when he is fighting — he can look about and find a trick to spring; and then we have sergeants who with a handful of men bring in a battalion of prisoners. Or he can make the passing misery dwindle in magnitude, as in General Shanks's story of the Irish corporal in the Philippines who, after a hot day's marching and a loss of the trail, was sent to the top of a ridge to reconnoitre. When a comrade called up to him, 'I say, Shorty, is this the last hill?' he shouted back, 'Yes, the last hill it is — the next one is a mountain.'

But beneath these minor variations are the fundamental differences in the set of the will, the long-time qualities that make the tenacious and undefeatable fighting man or the reverse.

The most important distinction among our people, affecting morale, in or out of the army, is not that between the loyal and disloyal, but that between the whole-hearted and the half-hearted or three-quarters-hearted, — those who are in the war but with reservations conscious or unconscious; with insufficient, cloudy, dazed, or socially fabricated motive power, not enough to carry them well over the threshold into the new and harsher outlook on their own fortunes and personalities that war requires; somewhere shrinking and unreconciled, — in brief, with inadequate foundation for the lasting elements of morale. This foundation we have especial need to understand, if we are to have the morale that wins.

II

Perhaps the simplest way of explaining the meaning of morale is to say that what 'condition' is to the athlete's body, morale is to the mind. Morale is condition; good morale is

good condition of the inner man: it is the state of will in which you can get most from the machinery, deliver blows with the greatest effect, take blows with the least depression, and hold out for the longest time. It is both fighting power and staying power, and strength to resist the mental infections which fear, discouragement, and fatigue bring with them — such as eagerness for any kind of peace if only it gives momentary relief, or the irritability that sees large the defects in one's own side until they seem more important than the need of defeating the enemy. And it is the perpetual ability to come back.

From this it follows that good morale is not the same as good spirits or enthusiasm. It is anything but the cheerful optimism of early morning, or the tendency to be jubilant at every victory. It has nothing in common with the emotionalism dwelt on by psychologists of the 'crowd.' It is hardly to be discovered in the early stages of war. Its most searching test is found in the question, how does war-weariness affect you?

No one going from America to Europe in the last year could fail to notice the wide difference between the minds of nations long at war and that of a nation just entering. Over there, 'crowd-psychology' had spent itself. There was little flag-waving; the common purveyors of music were not everywhere playing (or allowed to play) the national airs. If, in some Parisian cinema, the *Marseillaise* was given, nobody stood or sang. The reports of atrocities roused little visible anger or even talk — they were taken for granted. In short, the simpler emotions had been worn out, or rather, had resolved themselves into clear connections between knowledge and action. The people had found the mental gait that can be held indefinitely. Even a great advance finds them on their guard against too much joy. As the news from the second victory of the Marne begins to come in, we find this despatch: —

'Paris refrains from exultation.'

And in the trenches the same is true in even greater degree. All the bravado and illusion of war are gone, also all the nervous revulsion; and in their places a grimly reliable resource of energy held in instant, almost mechanical readiness to do what is necessary. The hazards which it is useless to speculate about, the miseries, delays, tediums, casualties, have lost their exclamatory value and have fallen into the sullen routine of the day's work. Here it is that morale begins to show in its more vital dimensions. Here the substantial differences between man and man, and between side and side, begin to appear as they can never appear in training-camp.

Fitness and readiness to act, the positive element in morale, is a matter, not of good and bad alone, but of degree. Persistence, courage, energy, initiative, may vary from zero upward, without limit. Perhaps the most important dividing line — one that has already shown itself at various critical points — is that between the willingness to defend and the willingness to attack, between the defensive and the aggressive mentality. It is the difference between docility and enterprise, between a faith at second-hand dependent on neighbor or leader, and a faith at first-hand capable of assuming for itself the position of leadership.

In any large group of men there is bound to be a certain amount of psychological 'filling,' that is, minds which go on momentum and suggestion rather than on conviction of their own. There are men who find themselves in the army through a series of events over which they have had no control, and who go on because they cannot go

back. In all armies of the old régime much depended on this principle: 'Get men into it anyhow; circumstances will keep them there, and self-preservative impulses will make them fight.' There is a degree of human nature in this: men can be counted on to exert themselves mightily to get out of a mortal scrape, no matter what got them into it. But such spirit is visibly poor stuff to make war with, liable to panic, unable to replace lost leaders, wholly undemocratic in principle; and the less of it we have in either army or nation, the better. The morale that counts is the morale that would make war of itself alone, and therefore tugs at the leash.

But readiness to wait, the negative element in morale, is as important as readiness to act, and oftentimes it is a harder virtue. Patience, especially under conditions of ignorance of what may be brewing, is a torment for active and critical minds such as this people is made of. Yet impetuosity, exceeding of orders, unwillingness to retreat when the general situation demands it, are signs, not of good morale, but of the reverse. They are signs that one's heart cannot be kept up except by the flattering stimulus of always going forward — a state of mind that may cause a commanding officer serious embarrassment, even to making impossible decisive strokes of strategy.

The quality of morale is not capable of being tested by the methods of the psychological laboratory. There are many mental tests which can be used, and are used, to distinguish the promising soldier from the unpromising; but the critical elements of morale elude them. The difference between one man and another is largely a difference in staying power: *staying power* cannot be tested in the laboratory, except in minor ways. The whole outcome of a battle or of a campaign may depend on what a few men will do when their 'backs are to the wall'; but the situation of *being at bay* cannot be reproduced in the testing-room in any serious way. Still more elusive is the power men have of taking fire under the influence of strong leaders: any man's worth may be multiplied tenfold under the magic of great leadership. But no investigation of the solitary human being under the highly uninspiring environment of the testing-room could detect the degree of his *kindling capacity*.

Yet the quality of morale is something that can be instantly felt by anyone who knows its signs, large and small. How does a people respond to the hundred exceptional demands of war-time? Their temper and determination may be seen in the speed of volunteering; in the way they accept the harder requirement — the draft; in the taking of bonds and the payment of extra taxes; in the result of appeals for voluntary self-restraint in the physical comforts of food, recreation, warmth; in the disposition to overcome internal and partisan and local disagreements; in the sale of news, the demands for information and explanation, the attitude toward hindrances in the path of war-work, the pressure for results upon the men in office; and, not least in significance, the clear-headed fairness of judgment toward these men, and the readiness to make allowances for mistake in situations where no human foresight can wholly avoid error.

But there are slighter signs which tell as large a story. They are the signs of sentiment, or the kind of response which is made to an occasion when the sources of feeling are tapped. That was a shrewd method of the German agents in Alsace who, to test the loyalty of doubtful citizens during the early months of the war, went about asking them what they thought

of the 'glorious victories.' Enthusiasm, or the want of it, might tell the tale that prudent lips kept concealed. The moments of the expression of sentiment are the most vulnerable moments for any leader. They either carry or alienate the people; and if the morale is at low ebb, it is at these points that disturbance is most likely to take place; just as the unpopular actor is in most danger of being hooted at the moment of his would-be-affecting passage. Of the temper of Russia, we are told that 'The Bolshevists no longer dare to arrange demonstrations of their own.'

In some of the conquered parts of France, it has been reported that the German officers, in exacting salutes from the men, — and also from the women, — exact also that those salutes shall be given with deference and alacrity. Why with 'deference and alacrity?' Because these are the signs of morale. The spirit speaks more in the manner of the salute than in the fact; and these officers seem to believe that in commanding the manner they succeed in some violent way in forcing the soul. And no doubt they succeed in torturing the soul in that way, because in any act done under command the manner of doing it is the natural refuge of freedom. Morale is seen in the spirit which is put into obedience, the evident free-will with which one adds the touch of briskness and grace to what is required of him.

In this way, even the rigidity of army life becomes the frame for the visible liberty of freedom-loving men. However far the orders go, there is always the last touch that cannot be commanded, but can only be given. All the difference between effective and ineffective war-making lies in the success in enlisting this free contribution of the man to his defined duty.

But perhaps the best indication of a good morale is the liberty felt by officials of all grades to tell the truth, both as to the difficulties of the task ahead, and as to the failures that attend its course.

When we see the high command of Germany referring to a Marne retreat as the taking of 'new positions,' we can read under the ambiguous accuracy of the phrase a fear of their own public morale. Statesmen of other lands have been known to modify what they felt to be a bitter dose; and usually it has been the morale of the statesman rather than that of the public which has been at fault. Prudent statesmen and censors might learn much from the fact that, when the news of the disaster to the British fifth army on the days succeeding March 21 began to roll in, recruiting both in England and Canada took a sudden upward leap. The human mind, always apprehensive and trying to decipher the future, doubly so in time of great contingency such as war brings, is chiefly fearful of being protected from the truth.

For the tempering of the truth is the first sign of an attempt to manipulate morale from the exterior; and whatever is recognized as having this aim immediately, and by that fact, becomes suspect. Any agency professing to assist morale, any occasion got up for the sake of rallying a shaken or sleepy morale, will partially (I do not say wholly) defeat its own purpose. It establishes at once a state of guard and scrutiny on the part of its intended beneficiaries. For as a state of the will of free men, morale can be evolved only by the man himself, his own reaction to his own data. It has been the fundamental error of Germany to suppose that the soul can be controlled by scientific management.

In fact, the better the morale, the more profound its mystery from the utilitarian angle of judgment. There is something miraculous in the power

of a bald and unhesitating announcement of reverse to steel the temper of men attuned to making sacrifices and meeting emergencies. No one can touch the deepest moral resources of an army or nation who does not know the fairly regal exaltation with which it is possible for men to face an issue — *if they believe in it.* There are times when men seem to have an appetite for suffering, when the best bait that life can offer them is the chance to face death or to bear an inhuman load. This state of mind does not exist of itself: it is morale at its best, and it appears only when the occasion strikes a nerve which arouses the super-earthly vistas of human consciousness or sub-consciousness. But it commonly appears at the summons of a leader who himself welcomes the challenge of the task he sets before his followers. It is the magic of King Alfred in his appeal to his chiefs to do battle with the Danes, when all that he could hold out to them was the prospect of his own vision, —

> This, — that the night grows darker yet,
> And the sea rises higher.

Morale, for all the great purposes of war, is a state of faith; and its logic will be the superb and elusive logic of human faith. It is for this reason that morale, while not identical with the righteousness of the cause, can never reach its height unless the aim of the war can be held intact in the undissembled moral sense of a people. This is one of the provisions made in the deeper order of things for the slow dominance of the better brands of justice.

SATISFIED REFLECTIONS OF A SEMI-BOSTONIAN

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

I

Last March I started on a pleasure-trip, with a friend of mine who comes from Chicago. I do not often take a trip, because I am a farmer's wife, and the mother of three small boys, and a very zealous worker in all the Good Causes of the little village where I live; and that combination of responsibilities fosters a mode of life which is not favorable for much running about the country. But on this occasion, lured on by Alice, the lady from Chicago, I made my escape from home, and promptly set about to enjoy myself very much indeed, as I always do. I glanced about the car for material for immediate pleasure, and saw, sitting at a short distance from us, a very beautiful and clever Bostonian, with whom I have the honor of a slight acquaintance. She bowed to me, smiling graciously, and after a moment left her seat, and came and sat down with Alice and me.

I hasten to state that my acquaintance with this Gracious Lady has nothing to do with my own merits, but is due solely to the fact that my husband — although he is also a farmer, as I said before — occupies a state office similar to that which hers once held, and that consequently we have

met and conversed on one or two official or semi-official occasions. Of course, I have heard about her all my life — everyone in New England has; but I know her just well enough to say, if anyone asks me, 'Why — I have *met* her. Yes, *lovely* —'

Such an acquaintance does not make a very solid bed-rock for conversation in a railroad train; and Alice was not helpful. When she gives a dinner-party, she has a way of saying, 'Now, my dear, tell us about that thrilling experience you had in ——,' and then devoting herself calmly to her food, while you are forced to allow the best courses to escape you, as, perspiring and self-conscious, you vainly endeavor to be brilliant, and to comply with her request. And though on this occasion she did not actually say, 'Now, my dear, show this gracious lady how well you can talk, even if you do live in the country,' I could see that she was leaning back on her green plush seat with her typical dinner-party expression of countenance.

Fortunately, the gracious lady has a son at the Front. I mean, fortunately for me. It furnished my benumbed mind, which, seeking for relaxation, had found labor, — and Heaven knows, all farmers' wives have labor enough at home, — with an immediate topic. There was not even an awkward pause.

'I trust,' I said blandly, 'that you have good news from your son.'

I thought that I was perfectly safe in trusting that, out loud; for if the slightest injury happens to anyone so eminent, of course we all hear of it at once. But the gracious lady's face clouded.

'Yes,' she said, 'yes, on the whole, I think. He is well, he is safe, he likes his work. But in one respect he has suffered —'

My heart contracted. Even Alice looked a little less languid. To hear a mother, whose son is in France, say that he is suffering, in these days —

'Has suffered real inconvenience,' the musical voice went on; 'his mail, you know. Even the weekly *Transcript* and the *Atlantic Monthly* do not reach him regularly.'

I am sorry to say, that, in the pause of relief with which I greeted this statement, Alice laughed. But what can you expect of Chicago?

However, late that night, when we had reached our journey's end and I was snugly tucked into bed, — a twin bed beside Alice's, at the luxurious hotel where her Western extravagance had taken us, — I laughed myself — a laugh of understanding, and satisfaction, and relief. There was a time when to be considered a real Bostonian represented the zenith of my ambition. Since then, my ambition has expanded; and this expansion is due, I believe, partly to a very mixed heredity, and partly to an equally mixed environment.

To explain myself, it is necessary to be slightly autobiographical, and to begin the autobiography with my ancestors — for the careless way in which they jumbled things is doubtless responsible for many of my own difficulties. My mother's father hailed from Vermont; he was the grandson of a Revolutionary colonel of some note, who, as well as all his family for several generations, had been farmers in a small village in the Connecticut Valley, living, one after the other, in a spacious, simple house, with big fireplaces and white paneling inside, and lilac bushes and elm trees in the front yard. But this particular boy decided not to till the soil, and after graduating from Dartmouth, and being admitted to the bar, he went to New York City to seek his fortune. His fortune was so far favorable — though I have never heard that he was much of a lawyer —

that it led him straightway to the presence of a young lady about twenty years old, who laughed and danced and sang from morning till night, whose face and figure were altogether lovely, whose father was one of the few millionaires of his day, and whose name was Delia Maria.

In Delia Maria's family it was not the custom to plough and reap; a large and immensely profitable warehouse provided the wherewithal to maintain a corner house on Madison Avenue; and her education, obtained at Miss Anthony's Select School for Young Females, at Troy, had taught her more about playing the harp and embroidering samplers than about anything more prosaic and useful. But she was undeniably very beautiful, and besides, her flounced silk dresses came from Paris and her jewelry from Tiffany's, and such things do help out even the finest looks, no matter how hard those of us who cannot have them try to pretend that they do not. It is easy to see why my grandfather fell in love at first sight. And as New England farmers are sometimes more attractive — and more eloquent — than they are popularly supposed to be, I myself have never thought it strange that he won his suit without much difficulty. He and the lovely Delia Maria were married without delay, and my mother was their only daughter.

This combination of solid yeoman worth with New York frivolity might have worked out very well for their descendants, if my mother, when she married, had not seen fit to add another element to it, thus most rashly endangering my chances for balance. For she chose a young man from the suburbs of Boston, the son of a Congregational minister who had never had an income of a thousand dollars a year. This enterprising youth, after working his way through Harvard and graduating with high honors at the age of nineteen, spent several years studying and traveling in Europe by means of the scholarships that had been awarded to him, earning several honorable degrees, but not much of anything else, and finally returned, to marry my mother and become a teacher of ancient languages at one of our large universities.

On both sides of his family, for generations back, the record had been the same — a long line of clergymen, teachers, and judges. There had been sturdy pioneers, to be sure, but their first care seems always to have been to build schools and churches rather than comfortable homes for themselves. There had been brave officers, as far back as King Philip's War, and down through the Revolution; but in every case they had laid down their swords as quickly as possible, and returned to their teaching and preaching. Conscience and brains reigned supreme. The pleasant wealth of Madison Avenue and the broad acres of the Connecticut Valley would alike have proved unalluring to them.

II

And then I came along.

I grew up without worrying at all about what this mixture of levity with devotion, rigid conscientiousness with reckless gayety, love of books with love of open country, might in time do to me. In fact, on the whole, I grew up very pleasantly indeed. With the exception of a few seasons in Europe and the West, I spent my winters in Boston, — I must even admit, on Beacon Street, — attending the school and the dancing-school most approved at that time in the Back Bay; but my summers I spent on the old farm in Vermont, — which, by this time, my mother had inherited from her paternal

grandfather, — attending nothing at all. And by the time I was able to read all the books of Virgil with some ease — which would have pleased my father, who had died when I was only two years old; by the time I had gone to Early Service through several Lents, with a zeal which that first clergyman-ancestor who gave up his parish rather than subscribe to some doctrine which he did not believe could hardly have surpassed; by the time I had developed a taste for dancing and pretty clothes which would have left Delia Maria quite breathless — I was married, myself, and went to live, at the age of eighteen, on a big farm within a stone's throw of the one on which the Revolutionary colonel had settled, though mine happens to be just across the border-line of the Connecticut River, and consequently in New Hampshire.

It was not long after this that the combination of my up-bringing and my heredity began to rest rather heavily upon me. I could never get deep in a book, that the ungovernable longing to get out of doors and down the lane to the river did not set in. I could never feel that I was the belle of a party, that I did not begin to wonder if I had done quite right in leaving the children. I had been advised by all my teachers to try my own fortunes with my pen, but it seemed hardly worth while to risk a rebuff at the hands of scornful editors, already amply supplied with the works of the Best Authors of the Day, when there was not the slightest doubt that my jam was excellent and my needlework highly satisfactory.

And in those first winters in the country, when the snow lay ten feet high in my own driveway; when my husband — a farmer, as I said before, but given to many other pursuits as well — was away most of the time; and when the all-enveloping quietness seemed broken only by the incessant demands of little children, I longed — oh, most desperately — for Boston! for Beacon Street, and Hovey's store, and the Tremont Theatre; for the group of girls and boys — the 'Old Guard,' we called it — that was always to be found at a certain hospitable home in Brookline every Sunday, where a twelve-pound roast of beef and a gallon of vanilla ice-cream with hot chocolate sauce were always prepared for its refreshment; for the crowded subway near St. Paul's, and the Harvard Bridge with the wind blowing up the Charles River; for Huyler's sodas, and Page and Shaw's candy; for the sunset over the Fenway; for the bells of the Church of the Advent! in fact, for everything that seemed to stand for home to me — the wealthy, cultured, friendly Boston of the *Evening Transcript* and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

It was not until I heard the gracious lady say, that day in the train last March, that her son was suffering because he was deprived of these two periodicals, that I fully realized to what extent I had at one time done the same — or how completely I had ceased to do so. I do not mean by this that I am not still very fond of them both, and very conscious of their great merits. An evening at home, settled upon my own comfortable sofa, before my own big fireplace, seems strangely incomplete if the *Transcript* has failed to arrive, even though I can find the main facts of the day's news more rapidly in some other newspaper. The *Atlantic Monthly* is among the first of the magazines which crowd the mail-bag about the twenty-fifth of every month, to have its cover torn off and its contents eagerly devoured, in spite of the fact that it returns, with a chilly and courteous note of thanks, the literary

offerings which I present before its shrine, and which I then cheerfully send off to find a warmer welcome elsewhere.

Let Alice, whose Chicago mind favors no newspaper without glaring headlines, no magazine without brightly colored illustration, laugh at the bare idea of a man 'suffering' for the lack of them — and that means also, of course, for what they represent. I know, all too well, that he may really do so, and with good reason, because I have lived in Boston. But because I have lived somewhere else as well, I can now, if necessary, pass a very pleasant hour with my own state paper, the Manchester *Union*, which furnishes me with authentic war-news and agreeable editorials, and with *Life*, which offers a lively substitute for the 'Contributors' Club.' Indeed, sometimes of an evening I do not read at all. I set my eldest son to playing the 'Devil's March' and the 'Bubi Fox-Trot' on our little Victor, and reflect, as I sit peacefully knitting and listening to them, that, after the war is over and the men with whom I used to dance to the airs of those tunes have returned from France, and there is a sugar-barrel in the store-closet once more, we will pull up the front-hall rugs, and fill the ice-cream freezer, and have a party again.

I realize, too, as I make these rosy plans for the future, that Beacon Street has become to me just a street, and not a road to Mecca; that there are now other stores than Hovey's, other sodas than Huyler's, other sunsets than those seen over the Fenway; the 'Old Guard,' dear as it will always be to me, is scattered now from one end of the globe to the other, and the hospitable Brookline house is sold to someone whom I do not know. But there are many others near at hand, where I am always welcome now; and the farmer, whom the 'Old Guard' feared I was 'burying myself alive' to marry, has risen to heights of well-merited prominence, undreamed-of then. I even know — though this has come last of all — that the ardor which I took to the beautiful services at the Advent cannot compare with the deep and peaceful faith with which I go to worship now, in the bare little hall which perforce serves us for a chapel in this village. The Old Order, which was good, has indeed changed, yielding place to new, and the New is better — far better still.

III

Two years ago, accompanied only by Henry, — that same eldest son who plays the Victor to me, and who at that time was eleven years old, — I went to California to visit a friend, who, though she had grown up not far from me on Beacon Street, elected, when she reached years of discretion, to go and live in Los Angeles. I was not very well at the time, and my appearance was more subdued than usual, partly on this account, and partly because I was in mourning for my mother-in-law; but my spirit was delightfully untrammeled, because I had at last reached a region where nobody knew me, and where I could do substantially what I pleased. I decided, among other things, to go from Los Angeles to San Diego and back by jitney, over the wonderful road that stretches along by the sea, and then curves back over the mountains. I did not feel sure that my family would smile upon such a means of conveyance. At home I take the air and do my errands in a neat though modest product of the automobile industry of Detroit, which bears my own initials on its door, and which is known to the entire household by the affectionate name of 'Dodgey.' If persons outside of my own family accompany

me on these expeditions, they are carefully chosen from the congenial circle of friends who have now been my neighbors for many years. On the rare occasions when I go to the city to visit, I often ride about in limousines, even those of foreign manufacture, and driven by chauffeurs of haughty speech and imposing appearance. I knew that the jitney would resemble neither of these familiar types of motor. Nevertheless, my friend the ex-Bostonian saw no reason why I should not travel in one, if it pleased me to do so; so armed with Henry, my simple black clothes, and my untrammeled spirit, I left Los Angeles one gorgeous November afternoon at two o'clock, eager for whatever might befall.

A number of interesting things befell.

In the first place, the other occupants of the jitney proved worthy of my interested attention. On the front seat with the driver, a cheerful, attractive youth, about eighteen years old, were two Mexicans who could speak very little English, but who were nevertheless very eloquent about some injustice which they felt had been done them in regard to their pay, just received. The driver frequently ducked, rather hurriedly, to escape the arms which waved excitedly every now and then, as they expressed their indignation and displeasure.

The auxiliary seats were occupied by three gentlemen who had refreshed themselves more copiously than wisely before leaving the great city, and were severally sleepy, cross, and given to song. On the back seat with Henry and me was a black-clad, morose individual, — I set him down as an undertaker, — who picked his teeth, read a circular as long as there was light enough, and never opened his mouth during the entire journey. Lest anyone labor under misapprehension, however, let me hasten to state that all these travelers were as civil to me as they were uninterested in my presence. It is so usual in California for a woman — a lady — to go about everywhere and anywhere and at any time that suits her, that it does not even occur to anyone to notice her, unless something special arises to call attention to the fact that she is there; in which case she expects — and receives — instant kindness and consideration from whomever she happens to be thrown with.

About half way between the two cities, the road, which up to that point has followed the sea so closely that you can often feel the spray on your face, turns abruptly over a bridge which spans a narrow rushing stream, and begins to wind up among the mountains. It was growing dark when we reached this point, but it was not too dark to see the tragic remains of what had once been a very handsome motor, lying on its side near the foaming water. The driver turned to impart an interesting piece of intelligence.

'Bad accident here the other day,' he said cheerfully. 'Two people killed outright, four others hurt considerable. They had to send an ambulance down from Los. Yes, 't was a shame — but you can't help such things happenin' pretty often on these roads, especially after dark, they're so pesky curvy and steep.'

He smiled a very winning smile, showing fine white teeth, as he turned casually back to his wheel, and shifted into second. We had begun to ascend the road, which, though beautifully wide, and smooth as a lady's looking-glass, was certainly 'pesky curvy and steep.'

'Gosh!' he exclaimed, a moment later, 'there goes one of my headlights — and I did n't bring an extra one.' And, 'Gosh!' he said again, ten minutes later still, 'there goes the other — and we're twenty miles from a house, let alone a garage.'

It was perfectly true. For over two hours we crept along, in darkness which quickly became the blackest I have ever known. There are no twilights in California. Even the Mexicans grew subdued. I could hear the snores of one of the gentlemen who had refreshed himself before leaving the great city, and who was by now quite indifferent to such a trifle as headlights. I could feel Henry's fingers in mine. But I could not see one inch before my face. The cheerful driver was silent. Up and down grade, around curves shaped like hairpins and others shaped like serpents, he guided the car. We went on — and on — and on — for what seemed an eternity. And at last, far up on the side of the mountain we saw a single twinkling light.

'That's Muggins's!' shouted the driver. 'He'll have an extra light, likely. We can make that all right — the road's a cinch from now on.'

It was a cry of triumph, but it betrayed, by the relief as well as the victory which it expressed, how great the tension had been. When we reached Muggins's he gave another, as an individual in overalls advanced to meet us.

'I've driven all the way from the bridge without lights!' he yelled, 'and I've got eight passengers — two Mexicans, four men, a kid, and a lady.'

The next day, after Henry and I had spent a rapturous morning at the Exposition, and gone over to Coronado Beach for our luncheon, the cheerful driver called at our hotel, according to arrangement, to take us back to Los Angeles. We found only one passenger in the jitney this time — a heavy, middle-aged man, with an air of prosperity and a kindly manner. There was something very like welcome in his expression as we seated ourselves beside him. We had not gone far before he spoke to us, in the friendly fashion of California.

'You come up from Los yesterday, did n't you?' he asked, with interest.

We said yes, we had. The smile of welcome broadened.

'Well,' he said, 'I own this jitney line. My driver here's been tellin' me about your trip. Course he oughter 'a' had extra lights along, and he's the kind that likes to do his own tattlin'. "Gosh!" sez he to me' (only the owner of the jitney did n't say '*Gosh*') '"when that second light give out, hell," sez he, "now I guess I'm in for a case of hysterics! But she never opened her yap" — he meant you, miss. "Darn it all"' (only the owner of the jitney line did n't say '*darn*'), '"that girl's got sand — and her with her kid brother along, too. If she'd 'a' come from a city, things would 'a' ben different. But it's easy to see she must 'a' ben raised on a ranch, plain and rough, same as we was. Gosh!" I'm real glad to meet you myself, miss.'

My heart swelled with pride. It was the most sincere compliment I ever had. I did not disillusion him. I realized that, for the first time in my life, perhaps, I was standing entirely upon my own merits, such as they were — realized too, what a wonderful sensation it was, and that I would have a new standard of courage to live up to all the rest of my life. For the supreme virtue in this man's mind was not pretty clothes or brains or broad acres or even high character. He set it down to my credit that I had, as he supposed, been raised 'plain and rough' — what really counted was 'sand.' I doubted whether he had ever heard of the sheltered Connecticut Valley, and I felt perfectly sure that both Beacon Street and Madison Avenue were beyond his ken. He talked, affably and intelligently, of many things, as we sped along. I learned much of geography and farming and machinery. When we reached the stopping-place for supper, — San

Juan Capistrano, — he seemed to take it entirely as a matter of course that we were all to sit together in the little restaurant. When I pulled off my gloves, disclosing my wedding-ring (the only ring I had on), a fresh topic of conversation sprang up.

'You're married!' he exclaimed.

I pleaded guilty. But in the face of the flattering fact that both he and the driver had mistaken Henry for my 'kid brother,' I was loath to add that this was a story now twelve years old.

'Any kids?' he asked with interest.

'Three.'

Murder will out. I glanced at Henry with amusement.

'Well, now, you don't say! How old are you?'

'Thirty-one.'

'You don't look it.' Then, scanning me carefully, and taking in my black dress, 'You — you ain't had a — loss, have you?'

I hastened to assure him that my husband was in the best of health.

'That's fine,' he said, visibly much relieved. 'Got a good job, has he?'

'A farmer,' I announced, with commendable candor.

'We knew you was raised in the country. Well, he'd 'a' ben pleased if he could 'a' seen you last night. *Sand!* that's what I like — bet that's what he likes, too. *Grit!* — How large a farm?'

'A thousand acres,' I flung out, with the happy New England delusion that that was a fair-sized place. He echoed me with commiseration.

'A thousand! I was raised on one of thirty thousand — though that ain't large for this state. Not but what a young man can get a living for his family off a smaller one, if he's smart. Do have some more stew.'

He had the air of wishing to assure himself that Henry and I should get a square meal for once in our lives.

We parted that evening with mutual esteem, and in the mutually expressed hope of meeting some time again.

IV

I enjoyed every minute of that trip between Los Angeles and San Diego, no more, no less, than one I took, soon after I was married, in the Van Ritches' private car, when the Van Ritches' chef prepared wonderful dinners of seven courses for us every evening, and the Van Ritches' limousines stood waiting for us at every station at which we chose to alight, so that we need never take an unnecessary step, or be touched by any unfriendly breeze. Could I, I wonder, say that with such entire truthfulness, if my heredity and environment had been all of Boston, and not the funny mixture of elements which I have described? And would the trip of my dreams — the ideal trip, which is still before me — be quite of the nature that I love to picture it? Fond to the heart as I am of 'Dodgey,' awake to the joys of both jitneys and private cars, my ultimate ambition is to attain a gypsy wagon. (I cherished this ambition, even before I read 'Open Country' and 'The Happy Warrior,' so do not accuse me of copy-catting.) It is to be painted a bright apple-green, and drawn by one large, strong gray horse. It is to be equipped with a back piazza, a comfortable bed with great square pillows, — I insist that the pillows be square, — a few necessary cooking utensils, and a goodly supply of reading material — including, of course, the *Evening Transcript* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. There must also be lace curtains at the windows — why, I do not know, as they are a luxury to which I have always refused to give house-room.

I shall take on this trip one agreeable companion, though whom, I have not

as yet the least idea. By day, we will amble leisurely and pleasantly along the highway. By night we will draw up in some sloping pasture beside it. I must confess that the details of how we shall procure food and wash our clothes are rather vague — but are not the most beautiful dreams indistinct in places?

My satisfied reflections had taken me a long way from Alice, who was by this time presumably sleeping peacefully in the twin-bed beside my own, for it was getting on toward morning. I turned to look at her, in the dim light which streamed in from the little parlor, which at the last moment she had insisted on taking 'so that we should be really comfortable,' besides the 'double bed-room and bath' previously telegraphed for. She was stirring — perhaps had been dreaming. There was a gentle movement under the sheets, and a still gentler snort — if ladies as sweet and lovely as Alice is can ever be said to snort.

'*Suffering!*' she murmured, drowsily, but jeeringly, 'for the *Evening Transcript* and the *Atlantic Monthly!* How comic Bostonians are!'

'We are not,' I protested indignantly.

'"*We!*"' Alice was roused.

'Yes,' I said proudly, 'you seem to forget that I am one. Just because I happen to live in New Hampshire now —'

Alice turned over comfortably.

'Living in New Hampshire now has nothing to do with it,' she proclaimed. 'You never were more than a semi-Bostonian, anyway, and if you're tactful, the new acquaintances you make nowadays won't guess even that. Where did you get that red velvet dress you wore to-night? From Paris, I suppose! It's lovely; but really, you frivolous creature, I think that in war-time —'

Feebly I defended myself. The dress had been bought from a reputable and conservative firm on Tremont Street; it had cost $49.50. It owed much of its distinction, though it *was* pretty, to the diamonds inherited from Delia Maria, which I wore with it. And I was not frivolous, and I was a Bostonian — that is —

Then I decided that it was useless to argue the case with a lady from Chicago, especially if she was sleepy. Her outlook, anyway, is limited on one side by the prairie, on the other by Lake Michigan — a fairly broad expanse. I gave it up as hopeless, and went to sleep.

That is why I have written it all down here instead.

THE PENSION PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

Pension: An allowance made to anyone without equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.—DR. JOHNSON'S *Dictionary.*

I

THE definition quoted from the first edition of Dr. Johnson's famous Dictionary serves to emphasize some distinctions concerning pensions not always borne in mind.

One is, that a pension is an allowance granted to an individual without financial coöperation on his part. The term annuity, on the other hand, is used to describe a similar allowance provided at the cost of the beneficiary in whole or in part.

The latter half of the good doctor's definition became later a source of no small embarrassment to him, when George III, of blessed memory, conferred upon him an annual pension of £300. Notwithstanding his definition, Dr. Johnson ended by accepting the pension, though his critics never ceased to insist that his political views had been warped by his enjoyment of the royal favor.

Americans past middle life, whose memories go back to the days immediately following our Civil War, while not sharing Dr. Johnson's sweeping condemnation, nevertheless look askance at all pensions, and more particularly at governmental pensions. Our Civil-War pensions had their beginning as an expression of the gratitude of a nation to those who had suffered in its service, and to the dependents of those who had given their lives as the full measure of devotion. Had it been limited to these, the purpose of the nation would have been fulfilled. What was intended as a gracious expression of a nation's gratitude grew into a system of organized privilege. Our pension legislation developed into the greatest legislative abuse in the history of the government, and constitutes to-day a monument to the weaknesses of our law-makers and of our presidents; for in this matter our presidents have shown no greater courage against the assaults of political and personal privilege than have our congressmen.

In this uncomfortable record there is one notable exception — Grover Cleveland. In the second session of the Forty-ninth Congress, in words of patriotism and common sense, he vetoed, and by his veto defeated, a general pension bill — for there has never been a Congress that could have passed a pension bill against the veto of a president. President Cleveland's message of February 11, 1887, makes good reading to-day for the patriotic American.

Our Civil-War pensioners numbered, on June 30, 1917, fifty-two years after the war closed, 618,326. Their annual pension-roll amounted to something over one hundred and fifty-two millions of dollars. Our total pension bill for the coming year, 1918–1919, will amount to more than two hundred millions, and will show an increase over last year's pension bill of many millions of dollars, made necessary mainly by an increase in the minimum pension of Civil-War

pensioners. It is not too much to say that the Civil-War pensions, conceived in a generous spirit of patriotism, have resulted in a demoralization of Congress and the nation unequaled by any other legislation in our national history.

The government is wisely seeking in the present war to forestall a similar and far greater pension-roll by providing insurance for soldiers at net rates. Whether this precaution will be effectual to defend the treasury against a combination of organized privilege and political weakness in the post-bellum days remains to be seen.

War pensions are in a class by themselves. The pension systems, which to-day engage so large a part of public attention, arise partly out of economic conditions due to the modern industrial organization of society, and partly out of a gradually quickening social conscience. Their development may be traced in a few words.

The personal pension is an ancient institution. For centuries it has been customary for sovereigns and for governments to confer upon individuals the gift of a pension. Sometimes such a gift was the reward of great military service, sometimes a recognition of distinguished achievement in literature, in art, or in philanthropy.

A little more than a hundred years ago another conception of the function of a pension began to be discussed. The transformation of Europe from an agricultural into an industrial population brought great numbers of men from the land into the factories, situated generally in villages or towns. Under the new industrial system these workers became dependents in old age. It became clear that, under the new organization of society, some method must be found by virtue of which individuals living upon fixed pay may receive under definite conditions a retiring allowance after income-earning power has ceased. This was the origin of the modern pension system.

The conception that lay behind these pension systems was that which remains with us to-day. There must be provided, in some way, a modest living for the individual upon small fixed pay, which may defend him against dependence when he can no longer earn a living by his own exertions. The development of this notion has taken two forms — the first, an old-age pension paid entirely by the state or the municipality or the employer; the second, an old-age annuity provided upon fixed rules, through annual payments of both the employer and the employee. Pension systems to-day differentiate themselves as between these two conceptions.

Twelve years ago the Carnegie Foundation was instituted by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with a generous endowment. Its purpose was to provide pensions for college teachers grown old in the service, and to lift from their minds, as the time of retirement approached, the apprehensions which hang over a man whose salary has been small, whose obligations have been great, and for whom old age may mean dependence. When it was instituted, there was no other thought in the mind of Mr. Carnegie or of his trustees than to pay such pensions, upon the non-contributory plan, to teachers in the United States and in Canada, as could be reasonably provided through the income of the endowment.

This undertaking has been faithfully carried out, although the pensions that could be provided were necessarily restricted to a limited group of colleges and universities. The administration of this problem inevitably brought the officers and trustees of the Foundation face to face with those social and economic questions which are involved in the maintenance of a pension system.

As sincere men, they were obliged to examine the whole question, and to seek to determine their own obligations toward the teachers of the English-speaking countries of North America. The result of this twelve years of work has been a solution of the pension problem of the Foundation which reflects so fully the difficulties of the situation, that the story of this effort contains in effect the history of every pension system and the principles upon which its solution must be sought.

The pension problem, as it lay before the Foundation, resolved itself into three practical questions. First, is the free-pension system, as originally adopted, in the interest of the college teacher? Second, if a free-pension system is not in the interest of the college teacher, what are the fundamental principles upon which a pension system for teachers must rest, in order that it may be socially just and economically and financially secure? Third, if the Foundation shall change from the present basis to a new one, what is a fair fulfillment of the expectations of teachers under the old system of non-contributory allowances?

Europe has had an experience of a hundred years in the conduct of pension systems, though the literature of the subject has only recently become available. It is evident to any student who examines this history that a pension paid by the employer — whether that employer be a government, a corporation, or an individual — will, as soon as the pension is adjusted to the conditions of wage and living, have the practical effect of deferred pay. In a civil-service pension system, for example, embracing groups like teachers, policemen, or clerks, salaries will, after a limited number of years, adjust themselves to the assumed benefit accruing from a pension provided without expense to the individual. As a result, the pay of the whole group is depressed by the amount of the pension, which only a minority receive — for in all pension systems only a minority come to pensionable age.

The most interesting example of the working out of this inevitable effect is that of the British Civil-Service system. This was established in 1857, on the non-contributory plan, the government paying the whole pension. For fifteen or twenty years it met with general approval; but gradually the beneficiaries themselves became convinced that their pensions were merely deferred pay and reacted unfavorably on salaries. As the result of a gradually growing agitation, a parliamentary commission, composed of some of the ablest men in England, was appointed, in 1902, to look into this question. After a thorough study, extending over five years, the commission completely sustained the contention that a pension paid by an employer is in its practical effect deferred pay, which only a minority ever receive.

There is, indeed, no such thing as a free pension when it is involved in the relation which exists between employer and employee. It will inevitably be absorbed in wages, with the result that, while all salaries are affected thereby, a few beneficiaries only will receive the deferred pay provided under the pension system. For these reasons, therefore, the non-contributory pension system will not only prove a disappointment in time, but will also work a practical injustice. It is likely to work mainly in the interest, not of the individual, but of the agency which employs him. It goes without saying that many of the so-called pension systems instituted by industrial companies, railroads, banks, and other organizations are not pension systems in the true sense, but are bonuses intended primarily to secure faithful and continuous service; whereas a true pension

system should have as its primary object the defense of the individual against dependence, whether he be under one employer or another.

A second serious objection to the non-contributory pension system lies in its ever-growing cost. The steady growth of the pension load in a municipality or a state is illustrated by practically every non-contributory pension system of the world. For example, the pensions of the London Metropolitan Police in 1844 cost less than one per cent of the pay-roll of the department. By 1890 their cost had risen to seventeen per cent, and by 1915 to twenty-nine per cent. The Austrian Civil-Service pensions, before the present war, had grown to be thirty-three per cent of the pay of the active list. The free-pension system is alluring, because at the beginning the expense is small; but in the long run the burden becomes intolerably heavy.

Aside from the economic and financial weaknesses which have just been alluded to, there is a more serious objection to the free pension which only those who have administered such a system can fully understand. This lies in the fact that, to get something for nothing, or to seem to get something for nothing, has always proved demoralizing. The so-called free pension is perhaps the most prolific breeder of human selfishness ever set up in the social order. Whether for preachers or for teachers, for civil servants or for workingmen, a pension system nominally paid for by someone else is almost sure to prove in the long run a disappointment, and to make an appeal to a human weakness common to the best of men.

II

When the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation had reached this conclusion, they were only at the beginning of their problem. It is one thing to recognize the weaknesses of the free pension; quite another to construct in its place a system that shall be at once secure, permanent, and fair to all concerned. Before one can hope to construct such a plan, it is necessary to have a clear conception of the risks against which the teacher needs to protect himself.

The typical college teacher of to-day, in the United States and Canada, begins his career as an instructor at about the age of thirty, at a salary of about fourteen hundred dollars a year; somewhere between thirty-five and forty, he will be a junior professor, with a salary of two thousand; and about the age of forty-five, he will become a full professor, with a salary of three thousand.

The typical teacher marries as soon as he has secured a firm seat as an instructor or junior professor; and although college families, particularly in the eastern part of the United States, show the diminishing birth-rate characteristic of American life, it still remains true that the typical teacher will have a wife and from two to three children to support.

To such a man, looking forward to family life upon the modest salary scale indicated above, a healthy optimism is a necessary endowment. Nevertheless, the greatest obligation which rests upon him is to protect his family and himself against the serious hazards which the lack of an independent income necessarily brings. No other misfortune is more to be dreaded than dependence. One of the most touching letters that ever reached the Carnegie Foundation came from the widow of an old college teacher in the Middle West. For forty years he had given himself unselfishly to the work of a teacher, and he did not feel himself underpaid though his highest salary never exceeded twelve hundred dollars. When his widow wrote gratefully to acknowledge the

first payment of the modest pension coming to her under the rules, she added, 'You cannot perhaps understand what this means to me; but with our small house, which was all John could save out of his salary, it means the difference between dependence and independence. When I think of that I say, "God bless Andrew Carnegie!"'

There is a charming sequel to this incident, that I cannot forbear telling. When this letter was shown to Mr. Carnegie, he found it difficult for some minutes to find his voice; but when he finally found it, he said, 'I have had some large dividends in my time, but never so big a dividend as this.'

The danger of dependence for the teacher, or for his family, arises mainly out of two hazards. The first is the risk of his own premature death. In a group of men who begin as instructors at the age of thirty, one half will die before reaching the end of their earning ability. Against this risk the teacher is in honor bound to make such provision as his resources, backed by reasonable economy and foresight, will permit.

The second hazard touches himself primarily, but touches also, closely, his wife's happiness and security. This is the risk of dependence which may come on termination of his income-earning capacity from increasing age.

These, briefly stated, are the capital hazards which every teacher with a family must face. The first can be met only by some form of insurance; the second by some form of old-age annuity planned to protect the wife in case she survives her husband. The practical question is, who shall provide against these risks, and what is the machinery under which the provision may be met most securely and most reasonably?

In attempting to answer this question the Carnegie Foundation sought the advice of experts in Europe and America. It brought together the insurance and pension literature of the world. The material thus gathered was finally laid before a commission composed of college teachers, of university presidents, of trustees and officers of the Foundation, and of actuarial experts, which formulated the fundamental principles of a pension system in such clear terms, that they are likely to be accepted in the future as the conditions of a true system of annuities.

The principles set forth by the commission fall into two groups — one resting upon social and economic considerations, the second upon financial and actuarial grounds. The most essential of these are in the first group, —

1. The function of a pension or annuity system is to secure to the individual who participates in it protection against the risk of dependence due to old age or to disability.

2. The obligation to secure this protection for himself and for his family rests first upon the individual. It is one of the primary obligations of the existing social order. Society has done its best for the individual when it provides the machinery by which he may obtain this protection at a cost within his reasonable ability to pay.

3. Men, either on salary or on wages, are, in the economic sense, employees. The employer, whether a government, a corporation, or an individual, has a direct financial interest in the establishment of some system which shall enable old or disabled employees to retire under satisfactory conditions. In addition, society demands today that the employer assume some part in the moral and social betterment of his employees. The obligation of the employer to coöperate in sustaining a pension system is primarily a financial one, and, in the second place, a moral one.

4. A pension system designed for any group of industrial or vocational workers should rest upon the coöperation of employee and employer.

And in the second group, —

1. In actuarial terms, a pension is a deferred annuity upon the life of one or more

individuals, payable upon the fulfillment of certain conditions.

2. In order that an individual participating in such a system may be assured of his annuity when due, one condition is indispensable: there must be set aside, year by year, the reserve necessary, with its accumulated interest, to provide the annuity at the age agreed upon. On no other conditions can the participator obtain a contract, since this is the only plan upon which the cost can be determined in advance. The man of thirty who participates in a pension plan under which he expects an annuity thirty-five or forty years in the future, will take great risk of disappointment in accepting any arrangement less secure than a contractual one.

Having made clear these underlying principles of a pension system, the commission then took up the question of insurance, and showed that the protection against dependence during the productive period of life, both for economic and for social considerations, must articulate with protection against dependence in old age. The insurance which provides, during the productive period of a man's life, against the hazard of premature death should dovetail with the old-age annuity, which defends himself and his wife against dependence after his income-earning power deteriorates. Any agency, therefore, which seeks to deal with the problem of protection for the teacher, should offer him both insurance and old-age annuity.

Following this conclusion, there has been established an agency called the *Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association of America*, with a capital of one million dollars, incorporated under the insurance laws of the State of New York, which will offer to the teachers of the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland policies for insurance and for old-age annuities at net cost — all overhead expense being paid from the income on the capital provided, or, if this should in time prove insufficient, by the Carnegie Foundation from its own funds. The one million dollars of capital was provided through the generous aid of the Carnegie Corporation.

The life-insurance policies offered will be those best suited to the circumstances of the teacher's life. Any teacher may through the actuary of this Association obtain expert advice as to what form or forms of policy best suit his situation. The cost of these contracts for insurance and for annuity is at net rates, and any profit arising from favorable mortality or from interest above the legal rate inures to the benefit of the policy-holders.

A man at thirty, for example, can carry a term policy, ending at sixty-five, for $5000 insurance, at a cost of about five dollars a month. It is hoped that the outcome of this provision will be that college teachers will not diminish the amount they now put into insurance; but that, by investing the same amount, they may obtain a correspondingly greater protection. The typical college teacher to-day carries life insurance approximately equal to one year's pay.

In the same way, the teacher may accumulate by modest monthly payments an old-age annuity, to begin at sixty-five or any other age at which he may desire to avail himself of it. In the accumulation of the old-age annuity his employer, the college, assumes its proportion of the cost. The college instructor at age thirty, with a payment of five dollars a month, and a similar payment on the part of his college, accumulates at age sixty-five an old-age annuity of a thousand dollars. Should he retire at an earlier age, his annuity would be less, at a later age, more. Upon his death, his wife would continue to receive half of the amount of the annuity paid her husband. Under the conditions of his policy, should he die before retirement, all this accumu-

lation, — both his own payment and that of the college, — with the accrued interest, goes to his wife and family in addition to the insurance. Thus, while the five per cent contribution of the college will, after a number of years, come to be discounted in the salary, it will still remain true that this money returns with interest to each individual teacher; and though it be deferred salary, it is much to his advantage that the college should pay this amount to his credit into a reserve for his protection.

Such a plan does absolute justice to each individual. It rests upon sound economic and financial ground, and affords to the teachers of the United States and Canada, for the first time, a means whereby they may protect themselves and their families against the hazards of life which necessarily hang over a family supported by the modest fixed salary of a teacher. The solution thus attained after years of study not only is in the interest of the teachers, but lends itself to a freedom of movement impossible under any restriction of pensions to a limited group of institutions. The question of protection against dependence ought not to be complicated with other aims, but should stand squarely on its own feet. Best of all, such a plan makes an appeal to personal independence and personal sense of responsibility, instead of weakening these qualities.

The full effect of this coöperation between the college and the teacher will not be fully appreciated until time has shown the benefits which it brings to each. In the long run it will profoundly influence both the teachers and the colleges. The plan of insurance and annuities which is thus in time to replace the old pension system contemplates, in the long run, a coöperation of the colleges and the teachers, so planned as to secure for the teacher the largest measure of security, with the fullest freedom. Nothing short of this will permanently dignify and strengthen the teacher's calling, which was the object at which the author of the Foundation aimed. The method by which this was to be accomplished, he left to be worked out by his trustees as time and experience might decide.

The great gain to the college teachers of the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, coming out of this great gift, lies in the fact that a solution of the pension problem has been worked out on terms which are just and feasible, financially sound and enduring, and within the reach of the income of the small college and of the modest pay of its teachers, and on conditions which make for self-respect and independence.

Meanwhile, through the aid of the Carnegie Corporation, supplementing the income of the Foundation, a most generous provision has been made, to continue, for a generation and more, the payment of pensions on the non-contributory plan to the six thousand teachers in the seventy-four colleges and universities in the United States and Canada associated with the Foundation. There will be expended in these payments during the next fifty years over fifty millions of dollars. To these teachers also all the facilities of the Teachers' Insurance and Annuity Association are made available.

The trustees of the Carnegie Foundation undertook the administration of a trust in a field but little understood. In working out the plan which has been briefly outlined, they sought to answer the three difficult questions before them, thoughtfully and sincerely. These same questions confront each of the numerous pension systems organized in our country in the past dozen years.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BY MARCEL NADAUD

II. THE CLIMBERS

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I. THE TARGET

'No use talking, our Papa Charles is a regular astrologer,' grinned Chignole. He's like Nostradamus: he always gets there. He has only to prophecy fine weather, to bring on a flood!'

The canvas of the tent resounded with the rain.

'It's not yet to-morrow, and you'd much better go to sleep; for if you don't get up instantly in the morning, I shall pitch a glass of water in your face.'

'You won't need to, Papa Charles. That's already being attended to.'

The rain was running through the canvas and dripping on Chignole's bed.

'Flagada! I'm taking a footbath!' cried the Lightning-Change Artist, sitting up.

'Glory! But this place is an aquarium.'

It was raining on Frangipane's bed also, falling on his face; and he, fast asleep, was batting at it automatically, as if it were a fly. All of a sudden, he awoke with a snort, and the four began to consult together.

'Not very thrilling to spend the night moving beds.'

'Let Flagada give us his repertoire.'

'Without music? There would be no point.'

'Do any of you gentlemen know Venice?' suggested Frangipane. 'For I should be delighted to reminisce with you. Ah, the Lido! the Lido!'

'Stow the Lido, Vicomte, you're talking to beggars. But it occurs to me, since we're four, now's the time for a first-rate game of bridge.'

They dressed quickly. An upturned box served for a table; the beds were soft chairs; a candle, stuck awry in a bottle, shed a feeble light and wept tears of wax.

'A heart,' Flagada declared prudently.

'No bid,' said Papa Charles, shutting up his hand with a snap.

'No trump,' announced Flagada, peremptorily.

'I come back. Here goes, my lad!' cried Chignole, ever ready for any risk.

*
* *

They arrived safely at Nancy the next morning. The journey was devoid of incident, except for Papa Charles and Chignole, who were bound to fly over the Roman Camp, to find out if the Boches have all the ammunition they need.

At the headquarters of the squadron they were assigned to an escadrille and set out promptly to present themselves at it. Crossing the plateau, they met several old friends.

'So you're going to keep on in the Voisin? Night-flying's a soft snap. — Have you heard — L ——, the little live wire? Went to pieces yesterday. It was partly his fault; he had only two days on a Spad and he wanted to show off, to astonish the officers. He went

up *zoum* — the engine gave out — down he came on one wing. Ah, my children! They mopped him up with blotting-paper!' Then, jumping without transition to another subject, 'The cake-shop in the Rue des Dominicains, where we ate such good cream-tarts, is closed, or rather, opened — cut in two by a 380.'

'Just my luck!' murmured Frangipane.

After breakfast, when they were taking a constitutional in the pine wood, they exchanged impressions of the escadrille.

'Of course, it's very flattering to tumble into a squad of aces, but it's rather embarrassing.'

'With all these Legions of Honor, we look like thirty cents.'

'We really must pull off something clever.'

Chignole slashed with his cane at all the little weeds within his reach, pulled his nose reflectively, then paused. 'I have an idea, but it's not to the point.'

'Out with it. Let's see if it's any good.'

'You may have noticed at table that the conversation has turned on a very dangerous anti-aircraft battery of the Boches, which brought down several —'

'Exordium — Yes?'

'That's all. If we could demolish it our reputation would be made — what?'

'So that's your great idea? — Congratulations! It did n't hurt you much! Our squad has n't been waiting round for Chignole and Company to show them how to destroy a battery. They've got no results from bombing it; why should we do any better?'

'It's queer how ideas come to me when I'm ragged,' Chignole announced philosophically. 'Behold my visions! — I see a machine flying over the aforesaid battery at twilight. What happens?'

'The battery fires.'

'But as night is coming on — What do we see?'

'The flash of the shells,' answered Papa Charles, suddenly interested.

'Second vision! Another machine prowling over the lines. It notes the exact position of the battery by the flashes from the guns, and signals the range to our artillery by wireless.'

'Come on, fellahs!' cried Papa Charles. And they went back to the hangars at the double quick.

When the captain's consent had been obtained, Chignole superintended the installation of the wireless. It was agreed that Flagada's machine should serve as target; and to handle it with the least effort, they put in as little weight as possible: the exact allowance of petrol and oil — no more.

The afternoon arrived. A last telephone call to the artillery of the sector, to make sure of a good connection, and Papa Charles started up first, to try his luck. The late spring had not yet altered the face of the country. The forests were still black; the grayish meadows and the bare fields still showed their furrows in sharp relief. Nevertheless, the sun was painting Nancy with the tenderest tints of his palette; the bell-towers were rose, the roofs dove-colored, the golden gates of Jean Lamour were burnished new.

'Now I've got my bearings,' cried Chignole. 'There's the rue St. Jean, — the rue du Pont-Mouja, — la Pépinière. She climbs! — Two thousand metres. Great sport, Papa Charles!'

A machine appeared above Malzéville and dived toward the lines.

'It's Flagada. — Forward, march!'

They pass the trenches. They unwind the antennæ of the wireless. The details of the landscape dissolve, little by little, but certain landmarks remain visible. The target plane circles, dips very low, like a bird hesitating above its nest.

'Ready!' Chignole taps the key, and sends up the signals agreed on.

Suddenly a flash, followed by several others, streaks across the dusk. Chignole locates them on his map.

'Square 97.' He presses the key twice.

A few seconds, and two explosions show him that our artillery has obeyed.

'Over!'

The target plane is now being harassed at close quarters by the shrapnel.

'What have the poor nuts been drinking!'

'If the gunners reduce the range — they're done for.'

Suddenly the flashes mingle with the yellow smoke of our shells.

'Fire like hell!' shrieks Chignole, hitting the key a smashing blow. 'Forward, boys! and let her rip! Don't be stingy with the shells.'

The battery site disappears in a cloud of smoke which reddens in spots. The target plane gets no more shots, and the white puff-balls of the last shrapnel dissolve little by little.

'I think the Boches will be quiet for a little while. Fall in, mates, for a tango celebration.'

Papa Charles cuts down the gas and indulges his biplane in various weird and clever stunts. Flagada does likewise; and in the calm, serene, violet evening the two victorious taxis return to their stable, cutting capers to relieve their drivers' feelings.

Their captain, an ace whom nothing, not even honors, could surprise, gave them his felicitations. Then, addressing himself specially to Frangipane he said, 'Let's see, my friend, you're only a débutant; you must have had a bad quarter of an hour. How did you feel?'

And Frangipane, with his quizzical and slightly reserved air, replied, 'To tell the truth, captain, I've never had any emotions except at Venice. I say! — "On such a night," on the steps of the Church of the Scalzi — a woman —'

'Good night!' snapped the captain, and beat a retreat, muttering, 'I've had some freaks in this squad — but this guy —!'

II. GAME'S UP

'The war gets worse and worse,' Chignole announced in melancholy tones, scraping the mud off his boots with the point of his knife. 'Last year, it was comparatively easy to bring down sausages. You remember, Papa Charles?'

The latter, buried in a newspaper, assented with a grunt. Flagada, astride his bed, was carefully paring his almond-shaped nails, while Frangipane, shifting from one leg to the other, munched a biscuit.

'I say, gang! why don't you take an interest in what I'm saying?' sputtered Chignole. 'For heaven's sake, what's your grouch? You need n't act so sulky.' And pointing out of the window at the great fat yellowish sausage suspended over the lines, 'Don't tell me you can look at that swollen gullet without boiling over.'

After this outburst, he retired into wrathful silence.

Papa Charles threw aside his paper, caught Frangipane by the arm as he was making for the door, signed to Flagada and Chignole to sit down by him and then began seriously, in a low voice: —

'Let's talk it out. As for setting fire to them in the daytime, that sort of thing's ended; those good old times are over — no use harking back to them. Still, on a fine night, when the details of the landscape were absolutely clear, it might not be impossible to succeed.'

'Yes; but when we'd retrieved the sausage, we'd have to go down to at least a hundred metres.'

'Fifty.'

'Behind the Boches' lines.'

'Sure.'

'And what if there's a breakdown?'

'We stay there. — Conclusion?'

'We'll do it this evening. It's a go!'

When the captain was consulted, he protested vehemently; but he knew how obstinate they were. And they did not let him alone until they had obtained his consent; on one or two points, however, he was firm.

'Granted, on two conditions: one machine only; you can decide among you which goes. And — you're not to go up unless I'm there. — Understand?'

'Oh, captain! You're an ace!'

And Chignole saluted, flushing with delight.

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The air was soft; the night was clear; the moon in all her splendor blotted out the stars caught in the ring of her white light. The wind blew lightly on the guy-ropes that held the hangars taut. In the one barrack that was lighted, shadows passed now and then across the window-screen.

'Let me take your place, Chignole.'

'Awfully sorry, Vicomte, but not this time.'

'Papa Charles thought of the expedition; it's natural he should go — but you —?'

'You, who are engaged,' added Flagada.

'Save your breath, my friends. In the first place, everybody's more or less engaged; secondly, Papa Charles without me would not be Papa Charles; finally, now that I'm reinstated in aviation, I want to show them that I'm as fit as I ever was. 'Nough said.'

They left the hut, and as they passed the headquarters tent, Papa Charles lifted the tent-flap.

'We're leaving, captain!'

'No fog?'

'No, sir.'

'Wait, I want to see for myself.' He appeared in his dressing-gown, scrutinized the horizon carefully, and turned his electric lamp on the barograph. 'Go ahead, boys; but if, when you're up, you find it the least bit hazy, if the engine does n't work just right, don't hesitate: return at once.'

They shook hands silently.

'Get a move on, Mimile!' cried Chignole, entering the hangar.

Mimile, the mechanician, jumped from the cockpit, where he had been napping with one eye open. As he was lighting the acetylene torches, the sentry post turned on the searchlight.

'Is it all ready?'

'Would I be snoring if it was n't?'

'Right you are, Mr. Mimile.'

While the travelers were settling themselves, Flagada and Frangipane looked over the exposed parts of the controls. They clambered up on the footboards.

'Here,' said Frangipane to Chignole, giving him a pocketbook. 'A thousand francs in Boche banknotes. It may be useful.'

'Here,' said Flagada to Papa Charles, handing him a Browning. 'The latest plaything of the year — eight balls in three seconds. It may be useful.'

'Were there ever such pals!' murmured Chignole, overwhelmed.

And Papa Charles started off abruptly to hide his feelings.

They left the earth. The houses of Nancy cast their pointed shadows on the pallid streets. The curves of the Meurthe toward Tomblaine were shining like polished steel. At the factories of Dombasle, tongues of fire shot up into the sky.

'Don't mistake the Moselle for the Meurthe.'

'I'm skirting the Marne-Rhine canal. Look at the revolution-counter. The hand's jumping.'

'Yes; the mill's making a funny noise.'

'It's not normal. Shall we go back?'

Go back? The thought chilled them. Their pride was hard hit. What would their comrades think, and the captain? They would have to confess that luck had deserted them. Already they felt humiliated, degraded.

'We should worry! Let's go on.'

'Same here!'

Above the lines. A few shells, but as the moon is full, the searchlights are not so intense and the aim is wide.

'I'll make a loop to fool them.'

They go rambling above the pool of Lindre. They fly over Dieuze, Morhange, then take the direction of Chateau-Sâlins.

Papa Charles slackens his speed. 'Do you hear? Skipping?'

'A little water in the carburetor. She'll win out. Don't you worry!'

They descend. Chignole scans the landscape. In a glade is a kind of dome, white under the moon.

'There's the objective.'

With gas cut off, the biplane slides down noiselessly. Papa Charles makes the contact from time to time, to be sure of the connection.

'Eighty metres. Not yet. Don't be in a hurry. Don't miss it. Get your rockets ready.'

But to volplane better he has shortened his dive too much, and the propeller stops, in spite of all his efforts to make the engine go again. In their desperation they stand almost upright in the cockpit.

'Hell!'

'Game's up.'

Papa Charles noses up; the machine clears the trees and lands right-side up in a meadow. They are on the edge of a village whose first houses they can just make out. Nothing stirs. They venture to breathe.

'Talk about adventures!'

'Hurry up down there! Let's get out.'

As soon as he touched the engine, Chignole's dexterity came back to him. He took the nuts out of the cover of the distributor, feverishly.

'I knew it! The distributor arm is fouled; the ebonite box is n't tight, the coils are covered with oil and the mill turns too slow to make a spark.'

'How much time will it take?'

'To dry it out? We must have a fire, first thing.'

'Time, I ask you — how much time?'

'Look! — Will you look!'

The sky was paling; the moon was fading; the stars were going out; the leaves trembled under the wind of dawn.

'Day!' murmured Chignole softly, bending his head. 'Game's up! — Prisoners!'

'Never!' and Papa Charles patted the trigger of the pistol in his pocket.

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The machine had long been swallowed up in the night, but Frangipane and Flagada did not dream of leaving the plateau. They walked up and down restlessly, their hands in their pockets, stopping only to light fresh cigarettes. Mimile consulted his watch every few minutes, and put it to his ear to make sure that it was going.

'Are you sure they took their map?'

'Yes, Flagada; and Chignole even pasted at the top the ten-thousandth detail as to the position of the sausage.'

'You did n't forget to fill her up with water?'

'What? That radiator dribbled up to the time they left.'

'They'll have crossed the lines by now.'

'They'll have made the goal — '

'Not yet. Papa Charles is much too clever to give his scheme away to them at once.'

'Did you examine the magneto carefully?'

'As I would for myself; as if I myself were going to fly the bus.'

The night freshened. A cock on the Malzéville farm invited his brothers to sing matins. The captain came toward them, still in his dressing-gown, his field-glasses slung over his shoulder.

'You've not yet seen signs of German shelling, over the lines?'

'No, sir; nothing.'

'They won't be long, now.'

One by one the squad arrived, in slippers, their tunics thrown over their shoulders hastily.

'When did they go up?'

'At half-past two, sir.'

'Twenty minutes past four. They ought to be in sight. Telephone the artillery; doubtless the observers can give us news.'

A secretary ran to headquarters. The sky, emptied of its stars, was gray, but where it touched the earth, it was turning to rose. It was as if a huge fire kindled the horizon. Golden beams arose on all sides, sprung as if from magic fireworks.

'The sun!'

Eyes questioned the void; hearts were wrung with an unreasoning anguish.

The artillery telephoned, 'Nothing to report.'

'If they're not here in ten minutes—' The captain ended his sentence with a significant shrug.

Yonder in the light of the dawn, the enemy sausage swayed heavily.

They looked at one another and said nothing Death was passing by.

III. GO DOWN! THEY'RE ASKING FOR YOU

Seated on the grass, at the foot of the biplane, Chignole was mechanically plucking the little Easter daisies. He awaited, with resignation, the stroke of Fate and the orders of his companion. Papa Charles, his face distorted with helpless rage, sputtered meaningless phrases between drawn lips.

'Set fire to the cuckoo — save ourselves — there's the forest — hide — till to-night — cross the lines.'

Chignole rose calmly, thrust the posies into his pocket, scratched a match, and unscrewed the stopper of the petrol tank.

'Stop!' cried Papa Charles in a shaking voice, hesitant in the face of the irreparable. 'Let's try once more to start her. Hurry!'

In the pale morning, while Chignole, groping, did his best to buck up the engine, Papa Charles, in the cockpit, with one hand on the control, the other at the trigger of the machine-gun, waited for the enemy. Before them, a road bordered with trees; on the right and behind, a wood; on the left, fifty metres away, the village. Daylight kindled the window-panes; horses neighed; a bell rang.

'Well!'

'I've cleaned the distributor as well as I can. Open the petrol.'

Just then, a sharp little trumpet shook out the tripping notes of the German réveillé. Papa Charles smothered an oath and gnawed his fingers till they bled. Chignole, glued to the propeller, cranked it violently. The engine responded with a hoarse sigh.

'She speaks! Up, my beauty!'

Chignole, dripping with sweat, covered with oil and axle-grease, his gaze fixed, his hair blowing in the wind, hideous and superb, recranks the screw with the energy of despair. Explosions in the cylinder! Irregular — then rhythmic! — In the doorway of a house a soldier, a Boche, appears. He stands amazed at sight of the tricolor on the aeroplane, but pulls himself together and aims his gun.

'Tac — tac — tac — tac!'

Papa Charles has fired. Like wheat

before the scythe, the soldier drops, head first, arms extended crosswise. The biplane spins. Chignole comes aboard with a flying leap and seizes the machine-gun, while his comrade grips the steering gear. The curtain of trees approaches with terrible rapidity.

'What do you bet we make our get-away?'

The trees! The trees! Will it be a smashup? Papa Charles shuts his eyes instinctively and pulls the joy-stick toward him. The machine hesitates, seems to hang motionless, to gather itself together like a horse at a fence. Papa Charles opens his eyes. The wheels are brushing the green treetops. Cleared! He noses down lightly to prevent a slip. Down on the road there is a whirlwind of dust where the automobiles are dashing after them.

'Whoop-la! Hi! you boobies!' chortles Chignole.

In climbing, they have come back again over the village, where an enemy battalion, evidently quartered there, takes them for a target.

'Save your bullets, gawks!'

At a window of the house on whose threshold they had so lately landed, women are waving frantic handkerchiefs.

'*Vive la France!* We shall meet again soon!'

Papa Charles, in fine fettle, whirls, turns, capers, always following the homeward road. At eight hundred metres, Chignole lets out a yell which drowns the roar of the engine.

'Golly, old chap! we're going to make a good job of it after all! Fine work!'

Below them the sausage — their German sausage — soars peacefully.

'Do you get her?'

'I think so.'

Papa Charles dives at full speed. The balloon swells beneath their eyes as they make their dizzy descent. Papa Charles flattens out abruptly. Chignole launches the incendiary rockets. They turn over on the wing to get the effect — and a thick black smoke, fringed with purple, envelops the balloon, which makes several plunges; then — bursts.

'Go down! They're asking for you!' declaims Chignole in the tone of a funeral oration.

'They haven't wasted our time. They'll be suffocated, poor devils!'

'If you want my advice, don't say anything about this to the others; they'd never believe you.'

Then they abandoned themselves to the sweet satisfaction of having escaped a great danger. All the reflections which they were unable to indulge in at the crucial moment beset them now that they were safe.

'Prisoners!' thought Chignole. 'What a dirty trick! And me just about to be married. What a bouquet for a bridegroom! And my poor Sophie laid on the shelf.' But his natural optimism soon got the upper hand. 'Still, it would have been better than being knifed. And besides, there's always a way to manage. Birds like us would n't stay long in their clutches. We should soon have been singing the *Chant du Départ*.'

'Prisoners!' thought Papa Charles. 'What should I have done if the bus had left us in the lurch? Sold my skin dearly — fired my last cartridge? — Yes; but even so, Chignole would have been shot. — Surrender? — Jail until the end of the war.'

A series of unpleasant images passed before his mind, and he smiled happily at the sunny land of France, beckoning them, calling them.

'Here's where we break our necks. — There's a barrage of Fokkers over the lines.'

'Six! That's a little too much. Any more petrol?'

'Enough for an hour.'

'We'll make it!'

They refused combat, made a left oblique, and crossed the Seille above Marsal. The Fokkers turned at the same angle; but they were embarrassed in their chase by having the sun directly in their faces.

'They're not gaining on us.'

'No, but another squad is coming to meet us.'

'Six behind, three in front! It's getting unhealthy.'

'What's the name of the place we're flying over?'

'Azoudanges.'

'Well, we're headed for its cemetery, all right; but we're not the only ones that'll sleep there. — Pigs!'

Papa Charles plunged, stood up on end and turned and charged into the troop of six. His manœuvre was so unexpected that the Boches could not turn, for fear of going down together. They were obliged to scatter, and Papa Charles profited by the ensuing confusion to make for the frontier, while Chignole covered their retreat with repeated salvoes. The Boches, however, did not consider themselves beaten, and forming anew in a semi-circle, they charged the biplane.

'They won't get us; there are the trenches.'

'Yes, but look!'

Right above them a machine approached at frantic speed, and with the wind in its favor.

'That one will get us, sure!'

But Chignole had seized his field-glasses.

'No; Papa Charles, that one won't get us — for that one — is Frangipane and Flagada.'

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Above their own ground, they let themselves go in fantastic gyrations, as if in a drunken machine, and landed with engine stopped, in perfect form.

When the captain came up to compliment them, Chignole drew from his pocket the flowers which he had put there.

'Pardon us for being late, but we stopped to pick these. It occurs to me you might like to send this bouquet to your wife, captain. It's from Lorraine. She won't find these flowers at the florists' in little old Paris, and I'm sure they'll give her pleasure.'

IV. CHIGNOLE GETS MARRIED

'Don't lean out of the window, little daughter. Look out for trains coming from the opposite direction, and for cinders from the engine. You'd be a lovely sight if you came to your wedding with an eye as big as that —'

M. Bassinet showed Sophie his two fists clasped together to make his effect; then, satisfied by his unanswerable argument, he retired deeper into his corner, chewing his pipe which had been out some time. Opposite him, his wife slept noisily, her double chin propped on her breast which was upheld by her corsets. Beside her, M. Fondu was squeezed up, asleep; but always dignified, he held clasped on his knees the stovepipe hat which he could not bear to trust to the net overhead. He dared not lean back against the cushions of the compartment, lest he crack his shirt-front; and his body bounced and rattled with the motion of the train.

In the opposite corner, 'Maman Chignole' slept, her head in a black muslin scarf which set off her silvery hair. Now and then, the weary lines about her mouth would vanish, and she would smile lingeringly at her dream — her son. Although M. Bassinet was bored by the silence and felt the need of exchanging opinions with someone, he did not venture to

wake them; but turned once more to Sophie: —

'How you do persist in looking out of the window! Really child, it's high time you got married; there's no living with you any more.'

But the girl, with eyes half closed by the wind that blew her blonde curls, followed the course of the train anxiously, trying hard to decipher the names of the stations which they passed without stopping.

'Nancy, papa! — Here's Nancy!'

M. Bassinet rammed his pipe with a powerful thumb, and woke the sleepers.

'Well! We've come through without a collision! — Mâme Bassinet, I'm not finding fault, but ever since we left the Gare de l'Est, what have n't you given us in the way of music! The orchestra of the Garde Republicaine is n't in it with you! — But let's be serious. We're here. We must be ready for anything. The bundles are numbered — everybody carry his own!'

They were bumping over the switches. The brakes squeaked; the wheels slowed up. M. Bassinet polished the buttons of his raiment with his sleeve, settled his cravat, and gave his glazed hat a rakish tilt.

'Let's be getting out. The head of the family first.' Then, with a severe countenance, 'We must mind our manners; here, we are at the front.'

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The mechanics, who had got up early on purpose, were decorating the interior of the hangar called 'Bessonneau,' after its builder, where the religious ceremony was to take place. Chignole's officers, wishing to show him a special mark of their affection and esteem, had decided to give him an out-and-out 'aviation' wedding, and therefore to celebrate it in his unit.

A biplane spread its wings above the altar where the priest was to officiate. Behind him, in the alcove, 'Fatty' and 'Hurricane Harry' repeated one last time, under their breath, a 'Panis angelicus.' 'Fatty' was a little roly-poly man, with a head like a billiard ball, eyes like marbles, a pot-belly, and legs the shape of stovepipes. A chorister in a church at Versailles, he had a pleasant, though nasal voice. 'Hurricane Harry' had been conceived all in one dimension: he was long, with a big nose as sharp as a razor. He did not walk — he cleft, he pricked, he pierced. A musical clown in civil life, he was a virtuoso upon a violin made of a cigar-box, a broom-handle, and strings of a sort. These two, pilot and observer respectively in Chignole's squad, had planned an agreeable surprise for him, by combining their talents.

Midday: automobiles, animated groups, hubbub. The procession made its way with solemnity from the mayor's house to the hangar. At the head walked the Bassinet of this great occasion, apoplectic in an extremely tall celluloid collar, his eye moist, his moustache bristling with emotion. Sophie's little gloved hand lay lightly on his great knotty arm; her blonde hair was braided in a crown; although embarrassed, yet she smiled under her veil.

'The pretty little darling!' exclaimed Mimile as she passed by. 'She's like a flower! I can understand that kind of marriage.'

Behind, Chignole strutted to conceal his anguish. The violent beating of his heart shook his decorations on their new ribbons. He escorted Madame Bassinet, scintillating in her trained dress of garnet velvet, trimmed with bugles. A huge bird brooded on her hat.

Dazzled, staggered, upset by this adventure, for which forty years of office life had left him unprepared, M. Fondu

felt as if a trap-door would open and swallow him up at his next step. Nevertheless, in his best manner, he gave his arm to 'Maman Chignole,' very distinguished in her neat and simple toilette. Behind came Papa Charles, Frangipane, Flagada, and the noisy crowd of all their comrades, in variegated uniforms.

The ceremony began. 'Fatty's' sacred song, assisted by the accompaniment of 'Hurricane Harry,' rose sublime above the bent heads. The big guns, far away, played a *basso profundo*.

'Those guys sure can warble!' murmured Chignole, gazing, deeply moved, at the little figure, so white and delicate, which knelt beside him.

M. Bassinet contemplated the captain, the officers, counted up the crosses, the medals, the palms, and plumed himself on the honor which was being paid his family. Ah, if the lodgers in the house could see all this! They would undoubtedly pay up more promptly, and not invoke the moratorium. They would have some respect f r their concierges.

Madame Bassinet wept silently. Her tears fell on the fine missal which she had not carried since her marriage, and which still smelt of the camphor from the wardrobe in which she kept her old reasures. 'Maman Chignole' prayed. M. Fondu rolled his bewildered eyes.

Immediately after the benediction there was a sudden hurly-burly, and an excited secretary made his way to the captain.

'Communication from G.H.Q. In reprisal for the bombarding of open towns, a raid on Metz.'

The chief raised his hand, and the hangar was emptied immediately. Everybody hustled, running to his own machine. 'Hurricane Harry' tossed his violin to M. Fondu, who was gaping at all this madness. 'Fatty' hummed the words of the *Marseillaise* to the tune of the *Veni Creator*. Chignole, caught in the general fever, would have darted off despite Sophie, whose fingers clung to his hand, but the captain called him back peremptorily.

'Ah, no, my boy, not you — you're on leave. To-day you belong to your wife. France would not have you so unfaithful.'

While the planes, with engines purring gayly, rose one by one, drunken with sun and light, and dived toward the frontier between the Moselle and the Seille, Chignole and the civilians went down to Nancy. He was happy — yes, he was happy — but why did the ring that shone on his finger suddenly feel heavy? Ah, it is hard to love, to bind one's self, and to fight!

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That night, the dining-room of the hotel, where the wedding feast took place, was stormed by the same noisy band of the morning. They sat down, and Frangipane was already casting longing eyes at a cake plate.

'Two people are absent,' M. Bassinet announced, pointing to the empty places.

There was an abrupt silence, then the voice of Papa Charles rose, deep and sad: 'It is "Fatty" and "Hurricane Harry." They will not be here. They were left behind.'

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The deep forest is stirred this evening by a thousand noises. The wind flutters the flames of torches held by soldiers in gray-green uniform. They light up fitfully a tragic tangle of wood and metal that men are methodically trying to clear up. In its fall, the aeroplane has mowed down branches of trees, and the earth is strewn with leaves and twigs. Someone gives brief commands.

More lights are brought and the corpses are revealed. Death has respected their faces. With eyes closed, they seem to sleep. The bodies are imprisoned within the machine, which holds them as if it would never let them go. The lugubrious workmen try to free them from their bonds, but they are so crushed in their fur coats that there is no chance of getting them out whole. The linen of the wings hangs in rags, tattered and torn. A cockade in three colors, almost whole, waves from the top of a pine tree, like a challenge to fate. A saw creaks on a small aluminum bar beneath which an arm is caught. The clenched hand, on which the blood has dried in blackish flakes, still threatens. Now, on the stretchers, there are only two dead weights that make the bearers stagger.

Ditches at the edge of a sunken road. The smell of upturned earth, of trampled moss, of torn roots losing their sap. A picket doing the last honors to the dead. 'Fatty' and 'Hurricane Harry' rest in German soil.

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The dinner proceeded. Flagada went through his repertoire, and then imitated Mayol and Sarah Bernhardt in turn. The captain made a little speech in honor of the bride and groom: a simple little speech, but it touched all hearts.

M. Bassinet would have responded with the formal address which he had prepared beforehand and learned by heart; but the champagne, although it made him very happy, had wiped the words from his memory. Nevertheless, he rose, his goblet trembling in his hand.

'Captain, I shall say nothing; but my silence will speak. Do you understand my silence?'

And he sat down amid loud applause, under the impression that he had been quoting from Lamartine.

'I'm so glad he stopped there,' murmured Madame Bassinet in Papa Charles's ear. 'If he had once twisted himself up in his words, the war would have ended before he got through.'

'Maman Chignole' gazed down at the photograph-brooch which fastened her waist, and smiled at the twin medallions of her husband and her son. They did not look like father and child, but like two brothers. How proud the dear departed would have been to be present at this glorification of his little son! But would his happiness be unsullied, complete? Would he not resent with her the grim sadness masked beneath this festival? For many of these merry-makers the hours are numbered. His son perhaps is one of them.

'Poor darling! I wish I might keep you; defend you! If it were only blood that were needed, would that they might take the blood of us who have lived, who are worn out! Would that the parents might be sacrificed, the children spared! Not him — me — me — no longer good for anything — not him!'

This is what the imperceptible quiver of her lips really said.

M. Fondu, emerging from his confusion, was even about to get on his feet, when he conceived the original idea of questioning Flagada about aviation. And Flagada, fluent to a degree, drowned him beneath the flood of slang current in the fifth arm of the service. M. Fondu, submerged, had only the strength to stammer, 'G-g-gas!'

Frangipane gathered together by ingenious manœuvres the plates of cakes, passed them in review, made his choice, and provisioned himself for a future emergency.

Suddenly the sinister bellowing of a siren hushed the voices, arrested the laughter.

'One blast. — That's only one plane.'

They went to the windows, and saw a biplane of the guard rise from the plateau, and, passing over them, light its beacons to salute them. The search-lights revolved; in the direction of the lines there were flashes from shells.

'It ought to be visible. The call came from Frouard. — Now! — the plateau battery is firing!'

But, immediately, the firing began to come at longer intervals. The hammering died away — stopped.

'Merely a warning. — A stray plane, or a witty Boche, come to remind us that it's time to leave our young couple.' And the captain gave the signal for breaking up.

The night was mild and white. The cathedral threw the lengthening shadow of its little bell-towers on the stones of the square. Night lamps revealed peaceful interiors between the half-open Persian blinds. The wind brought with it the smell of lilacs and acacias from the gardens. The intoxication of spring touched the young men, brushing them lightly. The moon, the lights, and the sweet smells bewitched them, mingling so indistinguishably that the darkness seemed mauve because it smelt of lilacs, and the night was pale because it was fragrant with acacia. Just when they had crossed the bridge of Essey, a carriage drew up, with Mimile crouching rabbit-fashion on the footboard.

'Cap'n there?' he cried.

'Yes. Anything the matter?'

'The Boche who flew over, dropped a bag that fell on the 75 near the telemeter. There was a letter in it which announced that 'Fatty' and 'Hurricane Harry' had been brought down by one of their men and killed in the fall.'

Death, forgotten for the moment, gripped them anew. They felt her very close to them, prowling near them, in the dark corners, in the echo of their footsteps. Their shoulders drooped and they stared at the ground as if they had stumbled upon their own graves. Presently, as they climbed up the hill-side by slippery bypaths, the trio, the rear-guard, exchanged ideas.

'Funny to be only three of us!'

'Chignole's a quitter.'

'You'll see, he won't be the same. Idiotic idea to get married during the war. Chignole's a fool.'

But Papa Charles shook his head. 'No, no; the fool is the wisest of us. If Chignole stays out here, — when it's over, — at least he won't die utterly. He's the only one of us four to give hostages to fortune, and he'll fight all the better because he's defending his own interests, his own property, in concrete form.'

'Just the same, old chap, a bird ought not to have a string round its claw. By jinks, we have our feelings too — you bet! — but no ties for mine; it only makes the struggle more painful and difficult. If we're going to be sparrows — better have sparrows' hearts.'

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Chignole and Sophie were lingering behind the hotel, in the arbor in the garden.

'Above all, my pet, don't worry. The war won't last as long as the taxes. When the play is played out, I shall fall on my feet and get a good job. You see what fine friends I have. Don't be scared. The Boches won't get me. In the first place, Papa Charles is an ace — and besides, he's a lucky dog. — Me, too.'

Sophie believed in him. He was no longer the common, bumptious kid, her rather vulgar comrade of Montmartre, her noisy escort on suburban Sundays, grumbling because he had to carry the crochet-bag of lunch. War had transformed him. He had gained in dignity

and manliness, and had acquired a determined carriage, vigorous and erect. He was strong; he was handsome; he had fulfilled her dream of him; and she seemed to herself a very poor little thing beside his splendor.

'My husband — you are my husband now!'

'Little wife! Little, little wife!'

Her fingers played with his hair.

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A tremendous explosion shook the air.

'The 380's over Nancy!'

A shell had knocked out the front of the hotel, so that from top to bottom the rooms were entirely disclosed. Firemen with hatchets, soldiers with torches, ran about in the ruins, mingling with the guests of the hotel, who had been caught in their night clothes. 'Maman Chignole' had found her children unharmed, like herself. On the first floor M. Bassinet, in his drawers, but with his glazed hat shoved firmly down on his ears, held up a sheet before Madame Bassinet, to hide her scanty apparel from the crowd.

'The Kaiser must have heard we were spending the night here.'

As for M. Fondu, he had tumbled downstairs into the cellar, and awaited the turn of events, at the bottom of a trunk.

V. FIRE!

The railroad station at Nancy. Before the ticket-window, M. Bassinet, passing his retinue in review.

'Come, come, children! No sadness! Self-control's the word! Take pattern by yours truly. What if last night we experienced unpleasant sensations! Nevertheless, what glory for us — civilians! Ah, ah! Think of the tales I shall tell my cronies in town! And the absolute proofs I can produce of the truth of what I tell them!'

He drew from the depths of his vest-pocket a piece of a shell.

'You must have it mounted as a cravat pin, father-in-law.'

'I also can show proofs,' murmured the plaintive M. Fondu, mournfully displaying his stovepipe hat reduced to an accordion.

'Step lively, please,' said a guard.

The Paris express at half-past seven in the morning.

'Let's choose a compartment well toward the middle of the car, between the trucks. Get in first, Sophie, so we can hand you the bundles. Oh, little daughter, little daughter — but you are absent-minded this morning! However, everybody understands!' added M. Bassinet, a merry twinkle in his eye.

At the bottom of his heart the good man had little desire to laugh, but he knew he must be diverting, or the parting would be gloomy.

'Monsieur Papa Charles, you won't forget to give my regards to your captain and your comrades, especially Messieurs Flagada and Frangipane. However, I shall come back. When I am with you I feel young again. Great guns! I could almost believe that I also — yes, even I — belonged to the aviation corps and that I was going to smack their dirty mugs!'

During this harangue, Chignole had surreptitiously joined Sophie in the compartment. They smiled at each other, and held back their tears for each other's sake.

'You'll write me often?'

'Yes, Sophie.'

'Every day?'

'Every day.'

'You'll be careful?'

Chignole hesitated.

'He'll be prudent, dear little madame, I promise you,' declared Papa Charles, putting his head in at the window.

Madame Bassinet and 'Maman Chignole' pretended to follow M. Bassinet's patriotic discourse religiously, but in reality they did not hear him at all. They felt frightfully alone, shut up within themselves.

Sophie no longer belongs to you, Madame Bassinet, but to this young man who loves her and who, involuntarily, already makes her suffer, since he must stay here, and she must leave him.

And you, 'Maman Chignole,' already widowed, henceforth you will have no child. You have given your son twenty years of your life, the most beautiful years; you even gave up the idea of marrying again, for his sake; and now his heart turns first to Sophie. He belongs to his wife and to the war. What of your share in him, paid for by your toil, your unhappiness, your self-sacrifice? Shut up in themselves, they felt frightfully alone, and they drew close together — two poor forlorn old women.

'All aboard!' Doors slammed; there were cries, whistles, the noise of escaping steam, wavings of handkerchiefs, good-byes. Then a great silence beneath the station's smoky canopy. Yonder, where the rails seem to join, an indistinct mass diminishes, fades, and disappears around the first turn.

In the motor-car which is taking them back to the plateau, Papa Charles respects Chignole's silence. The fields of rye, beneath the wind, look like the sea in autumn, silver-green. In the blossoming hedges, butterflies, giddy with sunshine, rest heavily on the flower-petals. Large stones, where lizards are sunning themselves, seem encrusted with emeralds. Water runs through the trembling grass. The two men felt as if they tasted and savored the life of every living thing, breathing in the summer with all their strength, as if it were a heavy perfume.

'Your turn on patrol,' said the secretary when they got back to the escadrille.

'So much the better.'

Occupation, work, that's the antidote for homesickness. Hardly had they come up to their biplane when Chignole began to call, 'Mimile! Mimile! — I bet that blockhead is still lying out on the grass, gazing up into the trees. Will you look at the mill! Covered with oil! — Mimile!'

'You know very well that he went up with me yesterday.'

'What of that? Would it break his back to give it a brushing up? One more lazybones born on a Sunday. I'll give him a piece of my mind. I don't go up in a bus in that condition.'

'Yes, you do. Listen: the train for Paris stops at the Frouard station some little time, to punch the tickets. Well — during our patrol — an easy loop — and whoop! We'll dive over them and give them a surprise.'

'Papa Charles, you're an ace of aces!'

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M. Bassinet had substituted carpet-slippers for his boots.

'Come, make yourselves comfortable! Mâme Bassinet, don't you want to take off your corsets? — No? I won't insist, but you don't know how to travel. Fondu, suppose you take advantage of the stop to give me the basket.'

'You're going to begin to eat already?'

'Mâme Bassinet, when we eat we don't think; it's always that way.'

Sophie had not taken her eyes from the plateau at the foot of which the train had halted.

'There they are! There they are!'

'What? Who?' cried M. Bassinet, with his mouth full and a wine bottle between his knees.

An airplane rose, went down again,

turned in graceful evolutions. With one bound, M. Bassinet was at the door. 'It's they! It's they, sure enough! I can make out the figure on their cockpit.' Every head went out of the window. 'Yes, ladies and gentlemen,' he explained to the neighboring compartments, 'it's my son-in-law and his boss. In other words, two aces, up there, giving you this grand free exhibition.'

There was a cry of horror.

'Don't look, little daughter; don't look!' shouted M. Bassinet, covering Sophie's face with his hands.

The biplane was crashing down in flames.

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The sun, already high above the horizon, heated the strata of air unequally, and besides, the biplane was very unsteady, as there was almost no wind.

'Would n't this jar you!'

'See her toboggan!'

With no air to hold up its wings, the machine fell straight down like a stone, and grazed the bell-tower of Dommartemont.

'Papa Charles, you must acknowledge, that that's no way to enter a church.'

Papa Charles by light, combined movements of joy-stick and rudder-bar, subdued the restive bird as a horseman alternately pulls on the bit and gives the horse his head.

'Luckily the engine's holding out. But for that we should go head over heels, and then what!'

'Five hundred metres — it's working. We'll push toward the lines to see if there are any Boches reported — then half a turn — and we'll make for Frouard.'

'As you like. But do you think we'll catch their train?'

'You don't allow for the fact that we are frisking along at one hundred and thirty an hour, Mister Chignole.'

A road over which vehicles creep. A village of ruined houses. A mangled forest. Fields torn by shells which have turned up from the depths of the earth a bright clay, whose color glares sharply against the uniform brown of the soil. Before them, at their level, four white puff-balls bloom and burst. Chignole examines the sector carefully with his field-glass.

'Nothing in sight. Still, let's examine that little bundle of filth over yonder.'

They dive towards a black cloud with copper-colored edges, which spread over the blue. They turn around it, fly over it, then, letting themselves fall into the very middle of it, they go through it from one side to the other.

'Empty as an open purse!'

Next, with the wind at their backs, they return above Nancy. The fortress of Frouard traces upon the surrounding forest the regular star of its fortifications, like a seal in soft wax. The shining parallel rails follow the windings of the river. The train has stopped at the little station.

'Do we go down?'

'Sure! We want them to know it's really us.'

The earth approaches. The train grows larger.

'Go to it, old chap! Do your prettiest!'

The biplane noses up, makes a loop, then glides easily on one wing. They see handkerchiefs and hats waving along the length of the train.

'I say, Chignole, they're in the fourth car, are n't they?' No answer. 'You might speak when you're spoken to.'

Papa Charles looks round, but sees Chignole's feet where his face should be; for he is lying flat on his stomach in the cockpit, his head hidden among the cylinders.

'What's happened?'

Chignole comes to his knees, his nose sniffing the air uneasily.

'It may be only a notion, but it smells like something burning.'

The words are not out of his mouth when a white jet of flame spurts from the engine and licks at the upper plane.

Fire! — Their throats contract, their eyes start, their hands clench. — Fire! — A vision of horror, wakened by memories! — Fire! To fall like a torch! — To explode like a comet! — Fire! — Comrades roasted; the flames contending for them in the midst of charred rubbish, with the oil and the burning petrol pouring over them, from the staved-in tanks! Fire! — Fire!

Papa Charles plays his last trick. He closes the petrol and blocks the gas-throttle to the last notch, trying in this way, by a violent inhalation, at one breath to exhaust the petrol from the cylinders and to hinder the fire.

'Nothing doing! It's a rubber pipe for carrying the oil that has slipped, and the exhaust has fired it.'

The flame, waving and spreading nimbly, licks the flippers and the elevator, whose linen is beginning to peel off. Papa Charles prefers a smash to a bonfire. He pushes the rudder-bar as far to one side as it will go and pushes the control-stick to the opposite side. There is a glissade, the biplane drops over the wood like a meteor. There is a crash, an explosion, a series of bumps, then silence.

Papa Charles opens his eyes, which he had closed in terror. He is astride the upper branch of a pine. Beside him, Chignole, suspended by the slack of his trousers, waggles his arms and legs as if swimming. Below them, their machine is burning up.

'Well! — She flew!'

'Ah, Papa Charles, now I know there's a good God!'

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On the station platform, after a moment of stupor, the travelers gaze compassionately at the Bassinets. 'Maman Chignole' and Madame Bassinet have put aside their own grief, to care for Sophie, whose fixed eyes betray her anguish of mind. M. Fondu turns his hat in his hand and murmurs disconnected words. M. Bassinet had cursed high heaven, but now he is weeping heavily, noisily, as men weep who are unused to tears.

'All aboard! All aboard! No one can stay here! Military territory!' cry the military police.

They get back into their compartments mechanically, like herded cattle. But while the train puffs, an automobile comes up with a rush. Flagada is driving, and beside him Frangipane, standing up, crazy with joy, flourishes his hat.

'They're all right! They're saved!'

Everybody embraces everybody else, and M. Bassinet, with tears still undried, begins to scold his party.

'What's the matter with you? I told you they'd come out right-side up.'

'Yes, yes; how foolish of us to cry!' sobs M. Fondu.

(*To be continued*)

TO A LADY, OF HER LOVER

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

FAITHFUL the sun, yet cometh not always
To the same crest or curve of morning's rim;
The loyal moon not equally repays,
This night and that, the light she takes from him;
New fields of space the star forever ranges,
Though constant-footed in our dome of sky,
And beauty lives intact through ceaseless changes,
Part in itself, part in the observer's eye.

Then grieve not when thy lover's heart is loath
To shape to-day's by yesterday's desires,
But craves new loveliness and virtue both.
So crave new oil the vestals' holy fires:
And his, like theirs, are flames of constancy,
For all he asks is more and more of thee.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

BY ELIZABETH CASE

I

'COULD you train a choir for us? It would be a great thing for the reformatory.'

A choir! For the State Reformatory for Women! But my musical education ended abruptly twelve years ago, after twelve music-lessons, famous in the family annals. Howbeit, in these two overwhelming days since my arrival — days for which college cloisters have in no wise prepared me — life has been tuning to the pitch of adventure. A choir? Yes, I *can* play the piano with two fingers! Diffidence, my Old Man of the Sea, trundles out of sight around the corner. Just being here at all is a Scheherezadian adventure. Why *not* train a choir?

My audacity is soon challenged. On Sunday morning the young superin-

tendent gives me a memorandum. 'Just go over these hymns for the afternoon service. And these are the girls who usually sit in the choir-seats to lead the singing. Alice O'Connor plays the organ. Run along, girls, and show Miss Case where you sit.'

Under my panic I am desperately glad that retreat is impossible. My horizons leap away from me, while the gay music of adventure quickens to *allegro*. Exhilaration challenges me to discard past accustomed rhythms.

The choir seats itself. I take a tentative account of stock. In a musical manner of speaking, the three altos on the left of the aisle undoubtedly hold the credit side of the account. I am already acquainted with Gretchen, a pretty blonde with an effervescing temperament. Though her previous career was checkered by unwarranted 'borrowing,' here (by the paradox which rules this reformatory) she is my stewardess, dispenser of supplies, and queen of the attic, already my right hand. Her German home has given her some musical training. Reluctantly I include among my assets old Jane Spicer, sharp-nosed and respectable, who finds solace for unmerited reverses in reminiscences of a church choir which endured her nasal alto in her palmy days. 'Oh, them lovely anth'ms as our sight-seein' choir useter sing!'

A hiss from the soprano side of the aisle greets this pleasantry. Jane glares over her solid gold rims. Panic-stricken, I forestall hostilities.

'Girls, Miss Clervel wants us to sing number 5.'

Helplessly I wonder what it means to 'just go over the hymns.'

Without opening her hymn-book, Rachel hums alto through her nose. Inexperienced though I am, I soon recognize the fact that during a childhood spent in institutions, this immoral young Jewess, with her sound brain and her silliness, has learned, like Jane, to sing 'note-perfect.'

The unskilled fingers of Alice O'Connor persuade the organ into the stirring strains of 'Nicæa.' I am aware of a minor undertone. Half unwillingly, I realize that these women are prisoners, their lives broken. A reformatory is not, then, simply the jolly place it seems to be. The sunny house, the cheerful spirit, the routine of work, which is still an enigma to me but is evidently spontaneous and pleasant — all these are surface aspects. Into the lively music glides a sombre undertone. For I have learned that this young organist, serious of face and gentle of manner, took poison in a railway station to end a life all jangled out of tune. Since that disastrous interruption, the broken melody has striven vainly for its old simple sweetness. Beneath the swelling chords there runs a fugitive minor strain.

'Early in the mo-o-orning our song shall rise to Thee!'

declare the insistent sopranos.

Led by the rich power of Sheila's voice, — Sheila the beautiful, Sheila the volcano, — our song does rise! The roof shudders. Fat Dora Simpson watches me with one eye, I am never sure which. Could I have shuddered too? Sheila, I think, is an asset. As for the rest — those bad little sisters, Daisy and Marian; wan-faced English Maude, the humorous drunkard; big, handsome Francesca, with her 'movie voice'; and three girls who cannot read: the stubborn Dutch child, Catherine, and Minna French, whose innocent charm beguiles the stranger, and 'Submarine Carrie,' the red-haired burglar lass — with enthusiasm, if not finesse, they invoke the Heavenly Maid!

'A-a-amen!' heartily.

'So be it,' echo the hills to my quailing soul.

Thirteen strong they clamor at the

gates of 'Cecilia's mingled world of sound.' Some of the choristers may be musical assets, but in a human sense they are undoubtedly liabilities. Gretchen and 'Submarine Carrie' are protegées of the Artful Dodger; respectable Jane broke the seventh commandment, and Alice, we suppose, the sixth; while those youngsters, Minna and Catherine, bore false witness against their neighbors. The other seven were prone to wander on the Great White Way. The choir-stalls hold Pole and Hollander, Irish Sheila and the girl from Tuscany, English Maude, my German alto, and some indigenous voices. Here mingle Catholic, Protestant, and Jew. Thirteen strong they clamor at the gates. Who, in like case, would not resolve to find for them the golden key?

While I am still in the throes of this exhilarating allegro, I am asked to lead evening 'Prayers.' Miss Clervel is adamant. 'Oh, you'll get *over* minding it!' At the fatal hour, however, I am appalled by the clamoring piano, which is encouraging the rapturous pleadings of Gretchen, Dora, and Maude, —

'*Turn* back the *uni*verse and give me yester*day!*'

After the alarming accusation that

'You made me what I am to-day,'

the three irrepressibles begin a lurid description of some presumably distant era, —

'When you were a tulip, a *big yellow* tulip, —
And I was a red, red rose!'

I summon courage to curtail further particulars by observing, 'It is time for Prayers, girls.' (Miss Clervel does it this way.)

Two kerosene lamps hum in a living-room crowded with merciless eyes. The 'In Excelsis' is distributed. I am aware of the slumbrous beauty of Sheila's brooding face, aware of Dora's twinkle and Daisy's inscrutable sneer. Gretchen relapses into comparative placidity. Quiet falls.

'Can we sing "Just-as-I-am," Miss Case?'

'Yes, 148, *please!*'

'Aw, Miss Case, can't we sing "Day-is-dying-in-the-west"?'

'Aw, say, Gretchen, we always sing 40! Lay off 'n 40! I got a Billy Sunday hymn-book — '

I announce 148 and 40. Alice strikes up. Sheila soars, Rachel twangs, Gretchen deafens me. Minna, who cannot read, sits with eyes intelligently glued on hymn-book. Everyone knows 148 by heart. Good-natured vocal energy racks the old farmhouse. Do I alone detect that haunting undertone?

'Fi-ight*ings* with-in and *fears* withou-out — '

'She's *nervous!*' That whisper stiffened me. My 'In Excelsis' shakes no more. Dora innocently fixes her own page with her right eye, while I survey the room with a creditable counterfeit of Miss Clervel's fearless gaze. After droning the Lord's Prayer in expressionless unison, we tell the entire countryside that day is dying in the west. At last day does die. At last the galloping music slows.

But it is not easy to 'get over minding it.' Adventure after adventure assails me, while I struggle for the formidable rhythm of this new life, this fierce and brilliant fantasia. Presently, what seemed the savage discord of reformatory discipline yields to a subtler harmony. Yet ever on my inner ear that minor cadence swells. Pain dwells here, — pain for us all, — stalking the heedless heart with mysterious promises and invitations, urging some incredible acceptance, and offering fantastic bribes of spiritual treasure.

But confident youth cannot in her heart believe that the prizes of rich living must be bought with pain. Youth heeds no portent of spiritual hardship.

It is enough to know that my place is in this splendid march under noble leadership, which is to bring us to 'the heaven-built walls.' It is enough to know that our goal is the ideal commonwealth where loyalty is each citizen's sole master; that our Jerusalem, the Beloved Community, is to restore these broken lives. For democracy is a reality in this prison. We are involved in a remarkable experiment, and these prisoners live by self-government. Each day sees us further on the adventurous road. The new choir must contribute some momentum, some quickening music of its own. That undertone of personal portent falls on ears filled with a different music, and, resentful of disturbing strains, I plunge light-hearted into work.

Between the absorbing adventures of school and the endless details of matron-work, which challenge and fascinate my unpractical soul, I snatch time for choir-practices. I hope much from the community's vigorous love of singing. The first necessity is to build upon this love a strong loyalty to the choir. To do this the personnel must be improved. Just as a Sunday-school picnic effects timely conversions, so certain affairs known as 'choir-parties' prove an inducement to join the choir. By Christmas-carol time the choir is electing its own candidates, for whose benefit I invent a magic rite known as a 'try-out.' With solemn formalities we have taken in (all too literally!) Mabel Andrews, cheerful, plump and pious; Sonya, the gentle Yiddish dancer, lover of beauty; shifty-eyed Mollie O'Brien, pal of the notorious Marmaduke Jones; poor Gina Janssen, with her sodden look and the chip on her thin young shoulder, and fragile Evelyn Van Tyne, whose eyes dream ever of the opium pipe.

In its pride that Mollie, Gina, and Evelyn can actually read music, the choir at my suggestion decrees that the ability to read English shall be a minimum requisite for all members. School soon qualifies Ellie Higgins, the slim gypsy, and swarthy Tina Rossata. We have lost sorrowful Alice and Sheila and Maude and my dear Gretchen to 'the outside,' and since a slight difference of opinion with me, Catherine Brinker has repudiated all interest in 'your choir.' 'For shpite I resign at your choir!' Daisy, too, has resigned for reasons best known to herself and me. But, in spite of transient membership, there is a solid nucleus of accomplishment.

We achieve a processional. My choir pleads to 'march in and out,' like the college choir of which I tell them. In the privacy of the chapel we experiment. Minna's feet are always getting in her way, so I march her up and down the aisle, while the choir helpfully exhorts, 'Open your mouth when you sing, Minna, why don't you?' Minna collapses in tears. 'O-o-oh! — I can't march and I can't sing.' I regret the truth of this statement and accept Minna's resignation. She takes a back seat, in order to watch other people's mistakes.

The lively lines are marshaled at the rear. Gina's objections to marching with Jane are summarily settled. Mabel beams benevolently, while Ellie searches through the entire book for the hymn. I smite the page. All eyes converge on the harassed leader.

'Two hundred thirty-eight, everybody! Wake up, Evelyn! — The trumpets! Ready — *sing!*'

> 'God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
> Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
> Of shining worlds —'

'Girls! Don't say "beau-ty"! Breathe *after* the word, not in the middle of it.' (This sounds like safe doctrine.) 'Now, try again!'

Their response is prompt and conservative.

'— *beau-ty* all the starry band' —

I am startled to hear my own voice in emphatic demonstration. But the majority is reluctant to desert its traditions. Jane brings in a minority report, her solid gold rims trembling with aggravating correctness. Finally I give up.

'That's all for to-night, girls. We 'll sing something else next Sunday.'

Out under the stars they burst into 'Roaming in the gloaming.' Carrie displays a tenor. The spontaneous harmony is sweet and effortless. Bitterly I wonder why they can't sing like that when I want them to. I tell myself that the failure is mine; this choir was a reckless undertaking when I knew nothing about music; I am too tired —

I feel Sonya's hand on my arm. '*The stars!* How beautiful to-night!'

'How beautiful!' I echo, meaning Sonya herself. Gratefully my heart opens to the revelation of the pettiness of my discouragement, and suddenly, unguarded, is clutched by the pathos of Sonya's kinship with all loveliness. An artist in a reformatory! Life's keyboard leaps to span the sky! Again the minor music swells, celestial largo of these shining worlds. For Sonya suffers, as Alice suffered, as they must all suffer. How may I staunch their pain? As I ponder, life draws new stops on the hidden organ; keys no longer silent yield to the inner symphony new range of overtones and undertones. I know that I cannot give my choir the training I have never had; but my own love of song — that shall be theirs, and born of that love, loyalty to the choir, loyalty that is the very golden key, the soul of self-government, the means of grace and the hope of glory. Thus I shall staunch their pain!

The boding undertone rolls on, but youth heeds not.

II

By Easter-time my choir is making history. It may not be learning much about music, but a splendid crystallization of *esprit de corps* is a by-product of the adventure. We believe in the value of incidental returns. We believe that character is really a more significant qualification for membership than the ability to sing. Instinctively the girls respond to our standard. Of the four 'student officers' whom they elect to represent them and to oversee their work, the choir claims Constance and heavy-footed Saba Zabriska and Nora, who is Gretchen's successor at my right hand — awkward, likable Nora, who is fighting the good fight for self-rehabilitation. Constance has a harder fight. Constance was a book-keeper to whom insidious temptation came. 'I'm underpaid, anyway. It's really *due* me.' You must not class Constance with these reformatory women. Had her offense been immorality instead of embezzlement, had she sinned against life or honor instead of someone's pocketbook, — that most vulnerable point of our social anatomy, — she would doubtless have been given probation instead of being 'put away.' When she heard her sentence, she tried to take poison. The girls resent her finer grain. In spite of her desirable alto, the choir splits on her election. But I insist that my choir shall not be a battleground for personal spite; that if a girl who can sing is making a fine record, the choir shall give her to me for its own sake. Constance is elected! This is indeed a victory for democracy.

'The Day of Resurrection!'

The choir marches in with dignified sway. We are wearing the long-coveted white capes and little black caps. These vestments you should regard as the outward and visible sign of an inward

and spiritual grace. Clothes do make, if not the man, certainly the woman.

Of course, everyone turns at the starchy rustle. Not that it was unexpected, for Constance's sewing-room has been working overtime, and Nora's laundry force has washed and ironed for blithe hours. But who could foresee the realized glory of our regalia? It is a proud moment! Up the long aisle we pace in the Easter sunshine, while the sweet pæan soars, —

'From death to life eternal!'

Thus increases the prestige of my choir. Its value to self-government rests, of course, in the last analysis, upon its value to the chapel service. By becoming essential to that service, impressive in its simple dignity, this choir is going to save souls. Therefore we vary numbers 40 and 148 with new hymns. We become real leaders of congregational singing. Our musical progress (I say 'ours' advisedly) produces a pleasant self-importance in the choir. When it asks to organize under a constitution, I seek advice. 'Go as far as you like, or as they like,' says the oracle. 'But don't let them make rules just for the fun of it. Make them take this seriously. You've got splendid possibilities in that choir.'

The choir does take it seriously. It now holds business meetings, duly recorded by Gina. On the authority of a constitution drawn up by its own committee, it suspends unappreciative members and enemies of the common weal. It sends giggling Rachel under a temporary cloud. It ostracizes Judith, who scorned the honor of membership. It yearns magnanimously to 'give a chance' to 'returned girls' who have broken parole, though it sternly withholds this favor until after 'punishment time.' It invites to its parties little Lisa, whose responsibilities in the nursery prevent her from accepting membership. It leads a general hymn-practice every week, and begs me to offer a course in reading music, an elective course popular with hopeful outsiders. And best of all, I often hear a melody from Gounod through the hum of sewing-machines or the scraping of hoes.

Visiting ministers now look forward to our singing. The man who is to preach next Sunday, asks, without explanation, 'May the choir sing 257?'

My new organist is a supple, slim-wristed Norwegian, straight-featured and urbane. I like her engaging manner and the topaz tint of her skin. She used to play the trombone in her father's band until the two daughters 'went wild.' Now that she has mastered the treble clef, she plays for Prayers, and under my cautious tutelage those slender, glowing hands essay the organ.

'Augusta, let's try the knee-swells for the high passage of "Materna."' After experiment I mark the stops in her 'In Excelsis': *voix celeste* for two lines, *vox humana* for the fifth, and so on. This is our favorite processional. To me it is a bond between shining phantoms of academic ideals and the nerve and sinew of dear present reality. Long months of difficult work, of failures and sure progress in life's new orchestration, give undertone and overtone to this transporting harmony.

'Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong
And streets of shining gold?'

I am too happy to sing. Do we not build the New Jersualem? Are not these bulwarks with salvation strong? Surely this wondrous music peals from those very pearly gates. No minor cadence troubles now — the minister's wife is speaking.

'We wanted to hear your choir sing "Materna," because my father wrote the music. I have never heard it so beautifully sung — with such feeling. You must love teaching them, to have got such splendid results. Do please tell them how much we enjoyed the singing!'

I promise with a nod, for I cannot speak.

But the choir has already constituted itself a Society for the Mutual Admiration of Ourselves. 'Did n't we sing it lovely, Miss Case? We done it just like you said — loud up high. Did you see Judith making faces at the choir? Yes, she did, but *we* should worry! Miss Case, Saba never opened her mouth. (No, you did not *neither*, I saw you!) But we all just looked at *you* every minute. Aw, Miss Case, can't we sing special next Sunday?'

I promise them the blind preacher's hymn, 'O Love that wilt not let me go.'

For our final practice we brave wind and mud, and start for the chapel without waiting for Augusta, who is invariably late. Far behind our spattered lanterns Augusta falls into a ditch. Ignorant of this catastrophe, I try over the hymns while we wait for our organist. The choir is restive. Where *is* Augusta? Finally I plod around to the dark basement and with fumbling key reach the telephone. It is ringing violently.

I demand irately: '*Where's my organist?* She is keeping us all waiting!'

'*Your organist!* Well, I must say! Your organist is safe in bed. Your organist fell off the road. She was all muddy from head to foot. She was badly frightened and came back to the house. I've tried and tried to get you. Were n't you *fearfully* worried?'

'Worried!' I explode. 'I was *mad*. She should have started when we did. Did she get her hymn-book muddy?'

'*Hymn-book!* Did n't it occur to you, young woman, that your organist might have run away?'

'*Run away!* My organist! Well, I can't imagine such a thing! She knew perfectly well it's our last practice for special music for Sunday. *Run away*, indeed!'

'Well, all I can say is that you certainly are an asset to self-government, because you never expect things to happen and so they usually don't. — *No!* Of course she can't come over now. — Well, you'll have to get someone else to play!'

I seat myself at the organ and draw the stops. The choir looks amazed. But I feel as if I had played the organ since childhood. For I am confident in the knowledge that in very truth I am learning to play a far more difficult instrument than that which now pours forth these loved harmonies.

How clear the gentle voices rise, while the *vox humana* trembles and thrills.

> 'O Love that wilt not let me go,
> I rest my weary soul in Thee.
> I give Thee back the life I owe,
> That in Thine ocean depths its flow
> May richer, fuller be.'

Now rolls the ground bass into life's light music, and through that other, that invisible organ, swells the boding undertone. Booms in full diapason! Gretchen is singing alto — Gretchen, my dear Gretchen, has returned from a broken parole, a broken life. Now the brutal bludgeonings of pain have squarely caught me, smitten me to the knees. Life has the better of my reluctant heart. For lightly I asked, how may I staunch their pain? And now — her pain is incredibly mine. Tumultuous days of suffering and defeat drown out the glad allegro. Bruised mind and heart despair to understand, to hear a vaster harmony singing of shared guilt and mystical vicarious victory.

'O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee!'

The low melodious strains gather depth. I fumble at the organ stops, bass and diapason and the *voix celeste*. — How we muddle the music of our lives — what discords and what toll of grief! How faint and far the *voix celeste*, —

'O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee.'

The courage of our young leader, her faith, her personal genius have laid the sure foundations of these bulwarks with salvation strong. Now, in the fourth year of the institution's history, half of the girls 'sleep unlocked,' electing their own candidates for this privilege; runaways are unknown; Public Opinion makes disobedience all but impossible. Our recalcitrants have fallen in line, for Judith herself has executed an amazing right-about-face. Judith spent the early days of our acquaintance in her room; she had 'sassed' the judge, and 'That's why I'm here, all right.' Consequently her mood was not amiable. Until her 'grouch' abated, we found food for thought in her genius for leadership. Recently Nora was paroled, and the electorate, always reluctant to court trouble after a period of serenity, hesitated before the choice of a new student officer. Gretchen was inspired.

'Oh, Miss Clervel, we girls wonder if *Judie* would be allowed to run! Of course, I don't suppose you'd let her after all the trouble she made at first, but — *we* think she'd be square.'

What clash of cymbal and what clang of brass! What tumult in the orchestra, while Puck is meddling with the organ-stops! But a sure hand sweeps the keyboard, and sweet and clear the brave allegro peals.

'Certainly Judith may run for student officer! *You know perfectly well that any girl may run. But remember, you girls are taking the responsibility!*'

So Gretchen, who has lately got a new hold on herself, swings the election. And one night, after locking the doors for me, Judith comes in, crying. 'Oh, I just can't help it, to think of their electing *me!* After my record here — and there's nothing bad I have n't done on the outside, *nothing! Do* you think there's any good in me? Well, then, do you think the choir would ask me again?'

Surely there was rejoicing in heaven! Judith goes down the corridor jingling my keys, and humming, —

'There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl!'

But I suspect the words actually in her mind are those of the parody now current in our reformatory, —

'There's a little bit of good in every bad little girl!'

And now, in the hands of Judith and her following lies an undreamed-of power. Public Opinion governs with marvelous justice. At zenith stands our climbing sun. And now the serene orchestra plays with pomp and circumstance a brilliant panoramic march.

Like a band of dancers in a Roman triumph, my choristers repeat and swell the festival tune. Judith is one of us, and stately Margaret, and Nellie Südermann, shaggy-headed like a Shetland pony. Josephine Trudeau, whose Gallic imagination brought her a sentence for perjury, by the familiar paradox is keeping a reliable record of the doings of the choir. For our first secretary, Gina, has gone out — to break her parole. She is not to be found. As Gretchen says, 'A girl's got to *want* to keep straight.' Gretchen knows. No term in a reformatory, no system of self-government, can save the Ginas. But the Gretchens and the Judiths have a fighting chance. For them and by them self-government has reached high-water mark.

On the flood-tide of our fortunes I launch a new venture. I select Margaret to sing a solo in chapel. For weeks she works upon MacDougal's setting of 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul.' Only a little more practice is needed, when, to everyone's disappointment, the performance for Sunday is called off by my unexpected absence. I leave hasty directions for Josephine to choose familiar hymns for the service.

Returning from my holiday, I slip into the chapel during the processional. How well they sustain that line, —

'Leads forth in beauty all the starry band!'

A kind of psychic wave tells me that the choir has discovered my return. They lead, execrably, the inevitable 148. The tension increases. What's up? I wonder. Then, —

'A solo — "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."'

'*Well!* Self-government is all right, but there are limits,' and terror seizes me as Margaret's fine figure rises. Upon the organ undertone swings the rich, low voice, with quiet confidence. I catch my breath. 'She can do it.'

Margaret stands easily, facing the far hills, horizon-blue. She has forgotten us.

'Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past.'

All the tragic need of that young thwarted life, the sorrow of sordid adventure, the lost courage and the drowning hope, vibrate in the passionate undertone. But hark! the organ peals into victorious *voix celeste*.

'Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!'

With unseeing eyes Margaret takes her seat. There is a sigh —

After the triumphant recessional I am vociferously surrounded.

'Was n't it just beautiful? Are n't you glad she tried it? We made her, Miss Case. She said she could n't, but we made her practise. And Miss Clervel did n't know, nor nobody!'

'I'm proud of you! Now that you don't need me any longer, suppose I resign from the choir.'

Their indignation is gratifying. I laugh, but to myself I amend, 'Yes, self-government *is* all right, and there are *no* limits!'

But now the bugle-call of larger adventure clarions through the symphony, blending minor cadence with the lively march. My last recessional is sung. I lay aside beloved vestments and close the chapel door. On the steps I wait until my choir turns at the bend of the road to wave once more. Now they have vanished.

Gretchen lingers. She too is soon to brave the great adventure of the 'outside.' But Gretchen's heart is burdened with the heavy cross of shame. Alone, so handicapped, she must fail. Self-government has done its best for her; strong shoulders have shifted upon themselves such portion of her burden as they might. But as we say good-bye, I feel again the deep assurance that a greater task remains. Else, why is my own heart heavy? Why is her burden incredibly mine?

Before the last dip into the valley I look back again. Gretchen is no longer visible. The Reformatory lies hidden in the girdling hills, save for the cross shining over the chapel.

At last! Life throws wide the organ-swells. Love understands, and Love believes the unbelievable! Upon my spirit breaks the full glory of the imperious undertone; in whelming crescendo bursts the full power of the truth. The Cross shines on. — Wave upon wave, from depth to height, immortal music floods! And through tremendous diapason peals the *Voix Celeste!*

'IT IS THE SPIRIT THAT QUICKENETH'

BY JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

THE two old men, gripping hands at the gate, measured each other with the same challenging appraisement which their looks had held when they had first clashed there sixty-odd years ago.

'Bet I can lick you,' John Caldwell quoted from the past.

And David Hawley, squaring off somewhat shakily, replied with his old-time fire, —

'Try it and see.'

The two daughters, who had already managed to exchange and incoherently answer a dozen questions, interrupted the threatened hostilities.

'If they have n't begun already!' Cynthia announced merrily. 'I'm prepared to see this visit a succession of bloody battles. Whenever old Aunt Lize — do you remember her, Mr. Hawley? — used to tell us tales of your and father's boyhood, she never failed to end up with, "Always together every minute they was, them two boys, and always fightin' every minute they was together!"'

'I had a singularly sweet nature myself,' explained John Caldwell with his genial twinkle. 'But if he was n't my guest, the things I could tell you about Dave's disposition —'

'You shan't abuse father,' Ellie Warner interrupted in her father's defense. A small, fair woman, with a plaintive voice and an appealing manner, she made a charming picture as she stood on tiptoe trying with affectionate solicitude to shield her tall parent with her parasol. 'He 's always behaved beautifully in Chicago. He never fights with any of the old gentlemen in the neighborhood.'

'Do you prefer refreshments before or after the combat?' Cynthia inquired hospitably. 'There 's some iced tea waiting for us up on the porch.'

Ellie applauded rapturously. 'All that hot, dusty ride I was dreaming of iced tea and your famous marshmallow cake in that delectable corner of the porch. Father dear, I know Cynthia will excuse you if you go up to rest right away. You ought n't to eat anything when you 're as tired as this. He 's just worn out after the journey,' she explained, 'and I never let him miss his nap anyway. Mr. Caldwell looks as if he needed rest badly, too.'

'Rest!' John Caldwell exploded. 'I 'd have you know, Ellie, I 'm a little past six months old. Cynthia does n't have to put me to bed every afternoon. Why, I could n't lie down in the daytime if you chained me to a bed!'

'Is n't it hard to make them realize they 're not so young as they used to be?' Ellie sighed.

'I always knew that woman was feeble-minded,' declared John Caldwell resentfully when the disappointed but unprotesting David was led upstairs. 'She 's just like her mother. But good Lord, what 's the matter with Dave? *He* can't inherit *her* brain. Why you 'd think he was a hundred and ten and just out of the asylum, the way she treats him!'

He was still fuming when Cynthia piloted him to his favorite Morris chair in the corner of the garden.

'I know you don't want to have to listen to Ellie's and my gossip,' she said. 'Don't you want to wait here for Mr. Hawley? Shall I bring the papers or that new book we started yesterday?'

Always every afternoon they ensconced themselves there for at least an hour's reading. 'It's the one time of the day when I can get father to myself,' Cynthia would excuse herself to visitors. Each day she would begin to read in her pleasant, quiet voice. It could never have been a wildly exciting tale, for exactly five minutes later John Caldwell's white head would droop suspiciously. Ten minutes later Cynthia would reach softly for her sewing. Sometimes it was an hour, sometimes longer, before she would see his preliminary start and quiver of the eyelids. Then she would take up the book again, and Caldwell, opening his eyes and stretching violently, would ask, —

'Would you go over that last paragraph again, girl? I don't believe I got the gist of it. I must have dozed off for a moment.'

But to-day there was no refreshing sleep waiting for him in the Morris chair. His old friend's long-looked-for visit had keyed him up to unaccustomed excitement, and besides, he was angry. Cynthia, peeping in unseen upon him half an hour later, saw the white head still defiantly erect — noted too how the paper shook in the trembling old hands. Her own heart was hot with anger at Ellie's tactlessness.

'He's determined he won't sleep now after what she said,' she told herself.

Ellie had found her very unresponsive to her lament over the difficulties of managing elderly parents. 'Why, father's as much care as a baby,' she complained. 'And I used to have the most dreadful time making him take proper care of himself — though he's ever so much better about that now. It's so hard for them to realize that they're really old men and can't do the things they used to.'

'That's just what I don't want father to realize,' Cynthia had protested. She had a sudden pitiful vision of the defiant old figure fighting sleep. 'I could n't bear to have him feel useless, or on the shelf, or too old to do the things he loves. His spirit is so splendidly alive — and, after all, that's the thing that counts.'

But Ellie had only stared at her uncomprehendingly.

'You can't dodge figures, my dear,' she stated flatly. 'My father's seventy-nine and yours is eighty. Put it as you want, they're old men. And I don't know how you feel about it, but I certainly regard it as the most sacred duty I have to take care of father and to guard him from his own imprudences and follies. The doctor says he owes *everything* to my devotion.'

It was still obviously the old Ellie, Cynthia decided, managing with conscious rectitude a two-by-four world. No doubts, no problems, no visions! She was prattling happily now of her new car, of the den she had had refurnished for father, of her husband's passionate devotion — a rôle, it must be confessed, in which it was somewhat difficult for the imagination to cast the always stolid and inarticulate William Warner. Kind and dutiful and affectionate — Ellie had been that ever since Cynthia could remember. Why then had she gone through childhood combatting a chronic desire to slap her? She felt surge within her now the old half-amused exasperated impulse. How did Ellie manage subtly to put one always in the wrong, even about fathers? And after all, what earthly difference did it make?

It made, it seemed, a good deal of difference.

It was at dinner that Cynthia first realized this. She had looked forward with such happy expectation to this first reunion of the old friends — had meant to make quite a little fête of it. The table on the veranda, bright with old Caldwell silver and china, seemed a tiny island of civilization against the splendid primeval line of trees climbing massively to the tawny Maryland sky. Even Ellie admitted as they sat down, 'It's certainly an improvement on Chicago — at this season, at any rate.'

'At any season,' amended David Hawley. His faded eyes were dimmed with tears. 'It's home, and there's no place like it.'

'It must be awful in Chicago,' John Caldwell assured him with sympathy, if scarcely with tact. 'I don't know how I'd stand being cooped up in a town. I sometimes think I'm selfish to keep this girl of mine in the country, but she pretends she likes it as much as I do.'

'Pretends!' cried Cynthia. 'It's just as Mr. Hawley says — it's *home*. And I've a home dinner for you, too, Mr. Hawley,' she added blithely; 'fried chicken and waffles and plum jam and strawberry shortcake. Father made out a list for me of everything you two used to like best —'

Ellie interrupted with a little shriek of protest.

'But, Cynthia dear,' she implored, 'it was lovely of you to think of it, but father can't eat any of those things. You've no idea how careful I have to be of his diet. You don't mean to say you let your father eat rich food like that!'

'*Let* him!' flashed Cynthia. She stopped suddenly before the look in David's eyes, the dull red of his seamed cheek. 'It's father who dictates the diet in this family,' she ended lightly. 'He's always lecturing me about eating so much candy. Speaking of food, my favorite story in childhood, Mr. Hawley, was the one about your and father's eating contest —'

But with all her brave efforts, the festal spirit had fled: Ellie's daughterly zeal had flung the present too rudely into their faces, had pushed so pitilessly far away that merry boyhood. And yet, what boys they still were, Cynthia told herself, with laughter even in her heartache. David, attacking with extravagant relish the highly hygienic food Cynthia had hastily ordered for him, was for all the world like the youngster in her Sunday-school class who, when she put him in the corner, loudly proclaimed that that was just where he wanted to be. Her own parent, with an ominous glint in his eye strongly reminiscent of the same youth, was ostentatiously eating waffle after waffle. On top of that, Cynthia without a quiver helped him to a second piece of shortcake. She felt that she could have died sooner than remonstrate. And in all her turmoil of anxiety, there *was* a certain melancholy satisfaction to be derived from Ellie's horrified gaze.

After dinner, when John Caldwell did the honors of the stables, things went better. In his enthusiasm, he threw off the strange new burden that Ellie was determinedly affixing to his shoulders. David lost his subdued look, to dispute hotly about points of horseflesh; and in the midst of it, Ellie, —

'Father dear, you know how bad this night air is for you. It's time for you to go to bed anyway. You've had such a hard day.'

'It used to be the dream of Dave's and my life to be together just once without hearing that admonition,' John Caldwell remarked dryly. 'Apparently it's never to be realized. Seems to have become a life-habit with you, Dave. I outgrew it some sixty years ago.'

No, the evening had not been a suc-

cess; Cynthia took a heavy heart to bed with her. She had looked forward so joyously to her father's pleasure in his old chum's visit — had planned its every detail with such loving care. To have it so cruelly spoiled — yes, worse than spoiled! For David's visit held more than disappointment: there was actual menace in this fateful web of old age in which Ellie had affectionately enmeshed her own father, and which she was spinning now around John Caldwell, who till to-day had carried so gallantly his eighty years. Cynthia, remembering the two defeated old faces at the table, in the stables, caught her breath in a sob.

It was two in the morning when she heard her father moving softly in his room across the hall. She found him huddled in his armchair, gray-faced, gasping, and looking oh, so desperately old.

'I believe it's a touch of dyspepsia,' he admitted guiltily to Cynthia.

Close comrades as they were, they had never slipped into the free-and-easy relationship of the newest generation. For all his tender indulgence, he was the father, the master of his home; for all her dominion of the household, she was the child, respectfully deferential in her sovereignty. Now, for the first time, looking up at her with pitiful, shamed eyes, he laid aside the rôle of a lifetime; Ellie's poison had already begun to work; it was old age before the tribunal of youth, pleading dumbly the mercy he was too proud to ask. It seemed to Cynthia that her heart must break with the pity of it.

She said nothing as she fetched him hot water and made him comfortable in every way she could. When his fluttering breath grew normal and the agony had left him, she remarked casually, —

'I'm going to tell Jinny in mercy to us she must n't give us waffles at night. They're so delicious one can't help eating too many. I know I generally pay for them myself in just this way.'

He had never been a demonstrative man. Cynthia knew she was the light of his eyes, but he rarely told her so in word or touch. Now, however, he held her hand close against his furrowed cheek and kissed it in a passion of gratitude.

'You're a good daughter, Cynthia,' he said.

Ellie, however, did not share that view. She spoke to Cynthia very seriously on the subject.

'It's natural your father should n't realize his age,' she told her. 'The extraordinary thing is that *you* don't seem to, either, Cynthia. The things you let him do —'

Cynthia flashed out, as before, at the two words.

'Let him! My father has been a man of force, of decision, of unusually good judgment all his life. Why should I deny him the right to exercise those qualities? It is his life — I have no right to govern it.'

'But he is old now,' — Ellie harked back to the old unanswerable argument. 'And they *don't* exercise those qualities at that age.'

'They should — they would if we'd let them alone,' cried Cynthia stormily. 'No wonder, rubbing it in every minute that they're too old for this and too old for that —'

She stopped before a sudden belated remembrance of her position as hostess.

Ellie continued placidly. There was impregnable righteousness in every line of her body.

'It's just a question of not seeing a duty,' she remarked kindly. 'I know how devoted you are to your father. But, my dear, I just can't see you ignore his health as you do and be silent.'

Cynthia was silent — too proud and too loyal to reveal her days of loving feints and tender hidden precautions.

When she spoke at last, it was with a passionate earnestness she had never given Ellie; her real audience was her own perturbed and shaken soul.

'It's the body against the spirit,' she said. 'If all we can do for them is just to keep their poor old rusting machinery oiled and working, — at whatever cost to pride and manhood and usefulness, — if that's the price they have to pay for just keeping alive, — is it worth the cost? What do a few years more or less matter so long as one's *living* to the very end?'

Ellie voiced her usual state of mind when she was with Cynthia. 'I have n't the least idea what you mean,' she remarked resignedly, 'and I must say, Cynthia, you sound very heartless. I'm sure there's no sacrifice *I* would n't make to keep father with me as long as possible.' She ended the argument with her customary ultimatum. 'I'm sure I'm right about this, Cynthia,' she said, very gently and sweetly.

And in the sick watches of the night Cynthia was not sure that she was not. Through the black hours the torturing doubt bit at her heart. She knew her influence with her father — she could urge and persuade him to her wish. And against that, this fear of sullying his manhood with the constant reminder of weakness and irresponsibility; of shaking his wholesome faith in himself; of chaining him — be it ever so tenderly — with those inexorable fetters of age! How could she bring herself to that! *Was* Ellie's, after all, the better way?

Till dawn she tossed and pondered, and after a few hours of uneasy sleep, woke to the same question. She sat down at the breakfast-table with it yet unanswered. And then, while she still wavered uncertain, torn with anguished questionings, between Ellie's altar of devotion and her own, the supreme moment of decision had come. Tim Dodson was driving his new colt through the gate.

John Caldwell abandoned his breakfast like an excited boy.

'It's that new colt of Tim's I was telling you about,' he cried to David. 'I'm thinking of buying him. I want to try him out myself first, though. I'll go take him down the road for you. Come to the gate and watch.'

With all the inventiveness of love and fear, Cynthia was not quick enough. Before the words were out of his mouth, Ellie had shrilled her fatal protest.

'You surely are n't thinking of driving him yourself,' she implored. 'Cynthia, you won't allow it. Your father's too old — he is n't strong enough. That other man can barely hold the horse. It's suicidal.'

Then the decision lay squarely before her. Only one second now for a last desperate weighing of values! She turned to her father. He was pushing back his chair, throwing down his napkin, with a brave enough show of confidence, waving aside debonairly Ellie's entreaties. But Cynthia, with an inexpressible pang, missed the look of fearless assurance with which he had unfailingly met life. For all his impatience, his wondering contempt for David, it had not been for nothing that he had had those days with him. For the first time, he was doubting himself. 'Will you too fail me?' the sorrowful old eyes, bitter with new knowledge, questioned Cynthia. Her heart went out in a storm of loyalty to that manhood they had both held so dear.

'You don't understand, Ellie,' she found herself saying, clearly, steadily. 'Father knows more about horses than any ten men together in the county. He's lived with them all his life. I'd trust myself sooner to father and a horse than even to Tim Dodson. Won't you take me with you, father, *please?*'

But here her father proved adamant.

Later, perhaps — he must see first if the colt was safe. In all her agony she was conscious of a quickening thrill of pride. He was still the man, protecting his women.

He was laughing now at Ellie's protests.

'This is Maryland, not Chicago,' he told her. 'In this country, when a man 's too old to drive, he's too old to live.'

Then he went, his hand for a moment upon Cynthia's shoulder as he passed her. Some strength quite outside herself stilled her despairing cry to take Tim with him; made her talk coherently as she watched the gallant old figure march to the gate — take the reins — climb in — drive down the road —

From the first moment, it seemed to her afterward, she had had no doubt as to the outcome. There was no surprise and no shock when she saw the still figure carried up the path — only unutterable despair.

All day the doctors fought the uneven battle between the broken body and the virile spirit. A dozen times John Caldwell halted with desperate resolution in the valley of the shadow, struggling in vain for breath and strength to speak.

'Marvelous vitality,' the doctors said; but Cynthia knew he was refusing to die because of the unknown message he wished to give.

Downstairs, on her flying errands, she could hear Ellie explaining to the neighbors. 'On my knees, almost, I implored Cynthia not to let him go. But Cynthia had the most extraordinary attitude toward her father — devoted to him of course, but she never seemed to care what he did.'

That, too, she would have to bear all her life — all the desolate years stretching before her. But that was nothing if only she could make *him* understand.

All afternoon she kept silence. Only when the sweet Maryland dusk closed in and the doctors shook their heads and sorrowfully turned away, did she fall to her knees beside the bed.

'Father,' she besought him in her agony, 'you know why I did it! You know it was because I loved you that I let you go. You don't think it was because I did n't realize — did n't care — Father — you do understand? Tell me you understand.'

Then at last he spoke — dragging, by sheer force of will, difficult, tortured words from the portal of that eternal silence he was entering.

'Remember this always — of all the things you have done for me — all your sweet life — there was never anything — half so dear — as letting me die — a man — '

Then Cynthia was weeping her heart out against his. But there was no bitterness in her tears.

ENLARGE THE PLACE OF THY TENT

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

I

WHEN the outward order disturbs or displeases, man has always sought another of his own fashioning.

> The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;
> I hunger to build them anew.

If the disturbance has been on a large scale, great cities and states have been reared by the imagination. When Athens soiled her democracy by injustice toward Socrates, and had lost her external glory under the victorious attacks of Sparta, there arose Plato's ideal republic, a state conceived in righteousness and dedicated to justice. When the Visigoths were destroying the walls of Rome, burning and sacking the world's centre, Saint Augustine pointed to the impregnable battlements of the City of God. When the England of Henry VIII became unendurable to good men, Sir Thomas More furnished a mental refuge in Utopia.

Genius is immortal, and to one or another of these states men in later epochs have often turned. But their successive births prove also that each racked and suffering age will find its own way to expression. The desire for citizenship in a country other than the visible is naturally strongest when the outward order most profoundly fails. Builders of ideal republics are not much noticed in periods of content. In 1912, in a book on the Greek genius, occurred these sentences: —

'Our own age would probably decide against [Plato]. Things are well with it. It is making money fast; education and recreation are cheap; science has removed many causes of misery; savagery and revolution are rare; so at present we are riding high on a wave of humanism, and are optimistic about the nature of man and the rapidity of the march on Paradise.'

It seems incredible that this could have been said of our civilization by an intelligent student only six years ago. Plunged into the hell of war, we now seem forever to have lost the road to Paradise. The most carefully educated nation in the world has proved the most uncivilized. Science has produced horrible instruments of torture and destruction. Savagery stalks the land and sea and befouls the very air. Instead of riding high on a wave of humanism, we are swept into the maelstrom of barbarism. Perhaps this cataclysmic disturbance of our own order may give form and life to some new spiritual city, a mighty work of suffering genius inspired by ruin and despair. Some watcher of the skies above the bleeding fields of Belgium or Serbia or Poland may bid us lift our weeping eyes to a new star bright with liberty and love.

But genius, when it speaks, will but give art's wholeness to our own broken, half-formed longings. Already each suffering soul is seeking its own place of retreat. It may be well to dwell for a little on the quest and the goal.

II

The imagination is a natural vagrant. Even when we are not suffering, we are

in the habit of turning away from the actual to the ideal, of devising for ourselves a tent for the fancy, a covert from life's unshapeliness. Such refuges are often a quaint combination of the inward and outward. Displeased with conditions in this place or that, we have flown in memory to other places where, once upon a time, for us, a fairer order prevailed. Although actually on the world's map, these become almost dreamlands, so completely do we free them from the dust of actuality and set them stainless and bright before the inward eye.

Moods of vagrancy differ. At times we seek a retreat from the mere insignificance of our occupations. There is a round of activity which seems never to set us further along our road. Obligations which hold us in a vise seem artificial. The transitory crowds in upon the essential. Intercourse with other people lacks depth and completeness. We share the sickening sense of futility described by Seneca: 'Life is not painful, but superfluous.'

The occasion suggests no heroic philosophy. We only turn, in memory or anticipation, to some dearer place, where work has seemed worth while, play has been sweet, and people have been real. We take the Horatian road from Rome to the Sabine farm. Some 'smiling corner of the earth' holds for us enthusiasms caught from the unplumbed, the illimitable, the unquenchable. There, a fine sincerity gives the lie to cynicism, and simplicity of heart removes the sense of life's futility.

Quite another refuge opens in quite another and larger mood. Intellectually we chafe against certain limitations which are imposed upon us by our national civilization. We understand why our artists and authors often expatriate themselves. Even for us these external conditions seem to hold no color, no charm, no romance drawn from a mysterious past, no beauty of age-old manners and customs. We are uninteresting, unsuggestive. The imagination sleeps. Producing much that is ennobled by worth and power, we produce little that is roseate with charm or vibrant with feeling. Blood runs cold in us. Loveliness is a stranger to us.

Then, surely, we spread our magic carpet and fly across the unviolated sea to Italy. There, around any corner, is something lovely, or passionate, or mysterious. Perhaps, across an Umbrian valley, two hill-towns draw us back and forth, one lowering with Cinquecento memories of the high and mighty Baglioni, who spilled the blood of their enemies even on the steps of the Duomo; the other still sweet and fragrant with the spirit of Saint Francis. In the valley we listen for the tramp of Roman feet, or try to catch the strange Etruscan tongue among the oblivious vineyards and olive orchards, even while we are enchanted by the voices of the living peasants, who greet us with the mingled manners of child and prince.

In one little town there are white oxen to watch in the cattle-market, their horns aflame with scarlet ribbons, or brilliant majolica to buy in the ancient square, by the fountain. In the other there is Giotto's hand, picturing the heart of Francis. Here the pure dawn seems ever breaking with a flush of rose in a holy sky. There the sun goes down, red as the wounds of the slain. Angel-faced and bloodstained generations, purity and passion wrought by the centuries, all can be ours, when we are irked by the monotones of our own new day.

But discontent is not always impressionistic. Sometimes, in nobler mood, we are baffled by the disharmony of all modern life. Wealth with-

out temperance, democracy without standards of excellence, pleasures without taste, liberty without reverence, mercy without reason, power without restraint — our best possessions are at variance with others equally desirable. In isolated orbits men strive for separate ends. The artist despises the politician, and the politician overlooks the poet. The capitalist pities the scholar, and the scholar wonders at the merchant. Statecraft and art do not recognize each other. Philanthropy and the humanities pass as strangers.

From this confusion there is a refuge. It is a bright city by the Ægean Sea, where once men created an harmonious state, and where still the very ruins of the public buildings of that state feed the soul with an impression of harmony. Here, on a height above the plain, one may sit and lean against a Doric column, golden with age, fresh with deathless beauty. The landscape before the eyes is very noble. The moving sea, the buoyant air, give life and vigor to the statuesque austerity of the encircling mountains. On plain and hill and shore perfect color glows upon perfect form.

Within this area there came into being a people who created 'the fairest halting-place in the secular march of man.' Their primal passion for freedom resolved itself tripartitely into free institutions, art, and intellectual inquiry. And these again coalesced into a brief unity, unknown among men before or since. Reason, beauty, and liberty were welded together in their laws, their religion, their society, their statues and buildings, their manners, even their clothes and the utensils for their food and drink. On their ageless Acropolis, laden with broken fragments of the past, harmony still dwells, no pensive ghost but a living and ennobling presence. Here is a retreat from the unmoulded, the unperfected.

III

We have been speaking of these refuges of the mind as if they still existed for us. But the fact is that the war has destroyed their imaginative value. Our Sabine farm must produce food or fuel. In Perugia or Assisi we should now be seeking only news from the Piave. In Athens none of us could dream by a column of the Parthenon while Venizelos was speaking in the Senate chamber below. To all these places we might thankfully go in the flesh, to work, to help, to share the fate of the living; but no longer do we seek them in dreams as enchanted hiding-places from imaginary troubles.

Imaginary? Yes, for the danger of the hour wakes us from the unreality of minor disturbances. What time is there for artificial or futile occupations in towns and cities which we must make ready for their share in a mighty struggle? What concern can we feel for magic charm, when our country is grappling with the barbarian? Even delicate and harmonious adjustments seem unimportant, while justice and liberty and humaneness are in mortal peril.

Thus we are taken away from such annoyances in the outward order as may be accidental in our own experience, or philosophy, and placed in the universal attitude of the times. All of us are experiencing danger when we want security, sorrow when we want joy, death when we want life.

In a desert, we are told, the primary needs of life are nakedly revealed. Hunger and thirst and danger cannot be concealed; 'there is nothing to posture in front of them.' So in the wilderness of our present life there are no screens before our deepest needs. We see them and know them to be unsatisfied. We have the clarified vision which comes to an individual in per-

sonal sorrow, when many ambitions and desires are found to have no reality in comparison with the longing for the touch of a vanished hand. But now it is not only our own little order which is disturbed and broken, but the outward order, from horizon to horizon. We grieve, not only for some lost happiness of our own, but for the sorrows of millions of our fellows whom we have never seen, for the shattered peace, the dishonored law, the mutilated justice of the world.

Deep despair always demands a refuge which will not prove illusory when we seek admittance. In the larger disappointments of experience men have sometimes turned to the unchanging beauty of nature, as opposed to the ugly acts of humanity, or to the beauty of art, which is an interpreter of life. How well do these things serve us now?

It is, probably, safe to assert that only deliberate recluses — and there must be few of these — find in even the loveliest landscape more than a temporary anodyne for to-day's sorrow. In flight from personal pain and passion, one may, indeed, have found a lasting peace upon the breast of Nature. But her welcome is less satisfying when we ask for release from the pain and passion of the world. It is a brute fact that the war sobs between us and the myriad laughter of the breeze-swept bay, when the waves sport gently upon a rocky shore of the Atlantic. It roars between us and the deep-toned music of the open ocean, as the Pacific falls in white surf upon wide dunes of sand. It slips a veil between us and the sunny pasture, where purple grasses and pink laurel glow beneath the shining pines and sombre firs. It hangs as a pall between us and the vast summits of eternal snow, monuments of tranquillity born of primordial convulsions.

At the best, nature only uplifts or refreshes us, in the interludes. At the worst, she mocks our fears and our courage with her passionless serenity. The beauty-loving Greeks never expected to find in the beautiful physical world a final refuge for the mind of man. That they were right, our romantic imagination must now concede. Man's life reaches beyond nature, with needs and tragedies untouched by her consolations.

In the case of art there is another element to be considered. It ministers to man's spirit by interpretation, but it has not yet had time to interpret this present unexampled need.

When a sick child is well, or a dead child buried, the poet may fling his joy or grief into immortal words. But he cannot do it at the moment when, by the child's bedside, he is wrestling with the destroyer. After Athens had saved herself from Persia, Æschylus laid the 'calming hand of great poetry' upon even the exultation of a righteous victor. But while the struggle was on, he fought in the ranks at Marathon and Salamis. Perhaps some day this cinematographic present of ours will become for others the past of which Bertrand Russell once wrote with insight and power: —

'The beauty of its motionless and silent pictures is like the enchanted purity of last autumn, when the leaves, though one breath would make them fall, still show against the sky in golden glory. The Past does not change or strive; like Duncan, after life's fitful fever it sleeps well; what was eager and grasping, what was petty and transitory, has faded away; the things that were beautiful and eternal shine out of it like stars in the night.'

So out of our tragedies may yet emerge that Tragedy which is 'of all arts the proudest, the most triumphant.' In that day our tears and blood will

lighten men's anguish, even as we are soothed by the beauty of the tears and blood which drenched the plain of Troy.

Soothed, we say, because this beauty of a Past interpreted by poetry supplies refreshment, rather than a perfect refuge from the present. While we read we are safe, but with the closing of the book danger again engulfs us. Nor can we read at will, even in rare hours of leisure. We are like Jerome, who exclaimed, while the capital of the world was falling, 'In vain I try to draw myself away from the sight by turning to my books. I am unable to heed them.'

The same limitation rests upon the power of pictures and carven marble. In music, probably, a larger number find, persistently, a remedial grace. But, even so, the divinest melody furnishes a remedy rather than a cure, an inspiration rather than a salvation. The general statement is true that, at the height of our anguish, art is no better able than nature permanently to reëstablish within the peace that has been destroyed without.

IV

The foregoing refuges, whether major or minor, have one significant point in common. Their present efficacy is denied by men and women who have tried them. From the coverts of happy dreams, of nature, and of art, we straggle back into the desert, reporting that they are too small to hold the suffering soul. Now this one thing cleaves them utterly apart from another refuge — from the one which we call religion. In all ages, the power of religion to shelter the spirit of man has been denied only by those who have not put it to the test. The triumphant affirmation of those who dwell within it resounds in the diapason of the centuries: God is my refuge. He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me.

The word God means as many kinds of salvation as there are needs of salvation. Definitions of religion run an extraordinary gamut, even when they are offered in the same hour and expressed in the same speech. Very lately, in print which is scarcely dry on the pages, this definition has issued from a philosopher's study: 'Religion is the experience constituted by those thoughts, feelings, and actions which spring from man's sense of dependence upon the power or powers controlling the universe, and which have as their centre of interest the cosmic fortune of values.' From the trenches, on the other hand, have been flung these molten words: 'Religion is betting your life on the existence of God.'

We may take our choice of these and other definitions, and yet agree that the fruit of to-day's travail may prove to be a fresh and beautiful religious consciousness. Many things do, indeed, seem laden with this prophecy. But a day of revelation is always a day of Pentecost — every man hears the Spirit speak in his own tongue. Cloven tongues, like as of fire, will herald the day of a spiritual renaissance.

But the Spirit's baptism will be one and universal. And something, at least, of its character may be predicated from the threefold characteristics of the religion which to-day opens wide to the suffering soul.

Religion is a permanent refuge. This is because it is reached by the only road which ends in permanence. We discover it, not by a withdrawal of attention from the actual, but by working our way through the seen to the unseen, through the show to the reality. 'I take my Bible and *sit down where I*

am,' was said by a woman who had known many sorrows to another who was planning the 'distraction' of travel in unaccustomed grief.

Never was a more practical chart drawn for the discovery of a trustworthy haven. The *vade mecum* may be what one chooses, but the point of departure must be the very centre of sorrow. In our present enlarged experience of suffering, this has been profoundly true. If we had run away from the world, we should now be tasting the husks of cynicism, despair, and cowardice. But, staying in full sight of all that appalls us, determined, not to forget but to understand, not to escape but to enter, we find ourselves, in our own despite, inspired to sacrifice, sustained by hope, fed and satisfied with faith. Disregarding the personal price, we have found the cosmic fortune of values. Staking our lives, we have found God. Our covert never grows so straitened that we must abandon it. The temporal becomes eternal. Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

Religion is a democratic refuge. The democracy of faith transcends all democracies of the imagination. Nature and art can in no wise be compared to it, for from their consolations large groups of human beings are automatically excluded by some condition of servitude. Philosophers have had much to say of inner citadels, from which the outward order could tranquilly be surveyed. Thought, says one of them, has set us free from 'the tyranny of outside forces,' free even 'from the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl.' But the thought of the philosopher is no more a refuge for the illiterate than song is for the deaf, or nature for miners sunk in the bowels of the earth. In Rome Lucretius frankly enjoyed the Epicurean's superiority. Sweet it is for the cragsman from some high retreat to watch the legions clashing in the battlefield below, but

> Sweeter by far on Wisdom's rampired height
> To pace serene the porches of the light,
> And thence look down — down on the purblind herd
> Seeking and never finding in the night.

But now that we are suffering together around the world, ruler and commoner, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, who is so mean as to hide himself in a retreat to which others may not find the way? Nor could any such retreat be more than a half-way house on the road to that universal Truth from which none is ever turned away. 'You can't buy God,' my charwoman said to me as she scrubbed my floor. No, not with money, nor with education, nor with talent, nor with opportunity. A refuge wide enough to receive the *poilu* with the general, the child with the philosopher, the dull with the gifted, is the only refuge wide enough to satisfy my soul, to give me beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Surely our consciousness of spiritual unity will, like a great wind, sweep away the arrogance which has hung about even our ideal turrets. A modern intellectualist, while admitting that each one of us has some 'other life' than that of the visible order, issues this curious ultimatum: 'The advocates of this Other Life must not promise too much. They must not speak to us of regions of light and truth made perfect, nor of fields unshaken by snow and tempest, where joy grows like a tree. . . . Our refuge promises no eternal bliss. It gives only a rallying-point, a spell of peace in which to breathe and to think, a sense, not exactly of happiness, but of that patience and courage which form at least

a good working substitute for happiness.'

But what is this but attempted autocracy in the realm where the spirit bloweth as it listeth? Because the Roman Stoics found only courage and patience in their refuge, was Paul not to publish abroad the hope and joy which he found in his? Because followers of Epicurus, ancient or modern, find in the Sum of Things no concern for themselves, are the followers of Christ to deny the Spirit's whisper: I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me? And — a worse autocracy still — shall those who hear this whisper seek to confine it within words and phrases fashioned by themselves?

We are struggling for the spread of democracy in the outer world. Shall we not thereby bring into being a heavenly democracy? In God's house are many mansions, but one home.

Finally, religion is a fruitful refuge. It is pregnant with blessings for the outward order. In God there is no escape from the world, but the will to remake it in his image. Our Refuge becomes our Strength.

A spiritual renaissance is as destructive to the mediævalist who looks for salvation only in Paradise as to the weakling who seeks it in temporary distraction. The great idealists have not built cities in the skies, mere cloud-cuckoo towns for a race that cannot walk upon the earth. Saint Augustine interpreted God's City to be the Christian Church. Sir Thomas More and Plato built cities to be inhabited by Englishmen and by Greeks.

If some ideal republic is born of genius to-day, it will but give artistic form to the practical desires actuating ourselves, our governments, our armies. We do not and we ought not to admit that freedom, justice, and humaneness belong only outside of this world's order. Those who return from Belgium tell us that the people of that country have planned the very route in the streets of the capital through which Albert shall march back with and to his own. Our purest idealism does not send us skulking to some hiding-place where we cannot see the wrongs of Belgium, but drives us forth to win our right to an ally's place in that triumphal procession.

If all wrong cannot be righted by ourselves, then we must pave the way for this accomplishment by our children's children. If reason assert that the end can never be achieved in entirety, faith still bids each man stake his life on the triumph of God. Because no mind can fail to see the difficulty of catching the ideal, as it wings its infinite flight, within the net of the actual, Plato admits that his perfect state is confined to the region of speculation. But, he adds, what difference does that make? 'The question of its present or future existence is quite unimportant, for the man of understanding will adopt the practices of such a city to the exclusion of every other.' Citizenship in the spiritual controls a man's acts in the visible commonwealth.

Metaphors vary, but the spirit remains the same in all the greater idealists. Even the early Christian visionary, whose horror of the abominations of Rome resulted in the 'revelation' to his imagination of a new and holy city almost completely dissociated from reality, declared that from its holiness must come salvation for the world of men. Through his city ran a pure river of life, crystal-clear, and on either side of the river grew the tree of life — and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. It is true that the early Christians in general, an obscure and helpless minority in a great Empire, forced by their very position to think in terms of inward rather than of outward power,

tended to become altogether too detached from the world in which they lived. They believed, indeed, that the visible order was soon to be destroyed and therefore need not be improved. Impotent in the flesh, they turned their thoughts heavenward. But in this they were almost as remote from the spirit of Christ as from the minds of their pagan neighbors.

In the homeliest figures — since those who listened understood little of citizenship, but much of daily toil — the founder of Christianity indicated the true relation between the inner and the outer life: candles are lighted for the use of those in the house; branches draw sustenance from the vine in order to turn it into grapes. Even in the last hours, before He was slain, when the outward had completely failed Him, and He had but one last opportunity to reveal his inward visions, He said to his disciples, 'I have chosen and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit.'

So fruitful was their particular idealism that, in spite of all mistakes and limitations, these unworldly disciples and their followers did, in time, completely change the aspect of their world. It is a commonplace of history that a new spiritual consciousness transformed the philosophy, the art and literature, and the ethical standards of Western civilization.

Herein we have a dramatic illustration of the supreme potency of religion in comparison with other refuges of the human spirit. It is religion which creates and changes those minor retreats to which the fancy and the imagination take their roving way. From a new heaven is let fall a new earth.

If the fruitfulness of idealism seems often to suffer blight and decay, we must remember that the wretchedness of the soil can counteract the vigor of the seed. Enriched by such suffering as the world has never known, quickened by a faith which survives the most crucial test of history, we shall yet bear fruit and our fruit shall remain.

In that day all our longings will be fulfilled. Life will be significant, magical, and harmonious. Nature's beauty will be the matrix for beautiful human activities. Art will perfectly interpret for us the unseen and the ineffable. Justice and liberty will prevail. Love will be the law of free peoples.

It is but a matter of enlarging the place of our tent, until we rear one that shall not be removed, the stakes whereof shall never be plucked, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

THERE were faces to remember in the Valley of the Shadow,
There were faces unregarded, there were faces to forget;
There were fires of grief and fear that are a few forgotten ashes,
There were sparks of recognition that are not forgotten yet.
For at first, with an amazed and overwhelming indignation
At a measureless malfeasance that obscurely willed it thus,
They were lost and unacquainted — till they found themselves in others,
Who had groped as they were groping where dim ways were perilous.

There were lives that were as dark as are the fears and intuitions
Of a child who knows himself and is alone with what he knows;
There were pensioners of dreams and there were debtors of illusions,
All to fail before the triumph of a weed that only grows.
There were thirsting heirs of golden sieves that held not wine or water,
And had no names in traffic or more value there than toys:
There were blighted sons of wonder in the Valley of the Shadow,
Where they suffered and still wondered why their wonder made no noise.

There were slaves who dragged the shackles of a precedent unbroken,
Demonstrating the fulfillment of unalterable schemes,
Which had been, before the cradle, Time's inexorable tenants
Of what were now the dusty ruins of their father's dreams.
There were these, and there were many who had stumbled up to manhood,
Where they saw too late the road they should have taken long ago:
There were thwarted clerks and fiddlers in the Valley of the Shadow,
The commemorative wreckage of what others did not know.

And there were daughters older than the mothers who had borne them,
Being older in their wisdom, which is older than the earth;
And they were going forward only farther into darkness,
Unrelieved as were the blasting obligations of their birth;

And among them, giving always what was not for their possession,
There were maidens, very quiet, with no quiet in their eyes:
There were daughters of the silence in the Valley of the Shadow,
Driven along in loving hundreds to the family sacrifice.

There were creepers among catacombs where dull regrets were torches,
Giving light enough to show them what there was upon the shelves —
Where there was more for them to see than pleasure would remember
Of something that had been alive and once had been themselves.
There were some who stirred the ruins with a solid imprecation,
While as many fled repentance for the promise of despair:
There were drinkers of wrong waters in the Valley of the Shadow,
And all the sparkling ways were dust that once had led them there.

There were some who knew the steps of Age incredibly beside them,
And his fingers upon shoulders that had never felt the wheel;
And their last of empty trophies was a gilded cup of nothing:
Which a contemplating vagabond would not have come to steal.
Long and often had they figured for a larger valuation,
But the size of their addition was the balance of a doubt:
There were gentlemen of leisure in the Valley of the Shadow,
Not allured by retrospection, disenchanted, and played out.

And among the dark endurances of unavowed reprisals
There were silent eyes of envy that saw little but saw well;
And over beauty's aftermath of hazardous ambitions
There were tears for what had vanished as they vanished where they fell.
Not assured of what was theirs, and always hungry for the nameless,
There were some whose only passion was for Time who made them cold:
There were numerous fair women in the Valley of the Shadow,
Dreaming rather less of heaven than of hell when they were old.

Now and then, as if to scorn the common touch of common sorrow,
There were some who gave a few the distant pity of a smile;
While another cloaked a soul as with an ash of human embers,
Having covered thus a treasure that would last him for a while.

There were many by the presence of the many disaffected,
Whose exemption was included in the weight that others bore:
There were seekers after darkness in the Valley of the Shadow,
And they alone were there to find what they were looking for.

There they were, and there they are; and as they came are coming others,
And among them are the fearless and the meek and the unborn;
And a question that has held us heretofore without an answer
May abide without an answer until all have ceased to mourn.
But the children of the dark are more to name than are the wretched,
Or the broken, or the weary, or the baffled, or the shamed:
There are builders of new mansions in the Valley of the Shadow,
And among them are the dying and the blinded and the maimed.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

IV. MARY LYON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Chronology

MARY LYON
Born in Buckland, Massachusetts, February 28, 1797;
Mount Holyoke Seminary opened November, 1837;
Died March 5, 1849.

MARY LYON, the foundress of Mount Holyoke College, had a magnificently persistent spirit. She did what she set out to do and got what she wanted to get. No doubt the grit and determination in her were fostered, if not bred, by the sturdy, rugged training of her childhood. Born at the very close of the eighteenth century, on a farm in Western Massachusetts, she was brought up by a widowed mother with many children and small means. The discipline was stern, but it rooted character deep down among the solid needs and essential efforts of existence. Every moment of life was of use and was put to use. When Mary was hardly out of infancy, her mother found her one day apparently trifling with the hour-glass, but she explained that she thought she had discovered a way of making more time. As years went on, she did make more time, by getting double work and thought into what there was. It was not time only; but every resource of life must be made to yield all there was in it and a little more.

'Economy,' she said to her pupils

later, 'is not always doing without things. It is making them do the best they can.' Nothing helps so much towards this final extraction of utility as knowing the exact nature of things, not only what they serve for, but how they are made, even knowing how to make them one's self. Mary made her own clothes from cloth made by her own hands. Many other women did this; but Mary, when she lived near a brickyard, wanted to make brick, and did it. Always she had the instinct and the habit and the genius for doing something.

Very early, however, she appreciated that to do something, in her sense, a wider and ampler education was needed than a New England farm would give her. The most essential education, that of character, she could indeed give herself. Self-training, self-discipline she began early and kept up to the end. When a friend ventured to suggest the getting rid of certain little awkwardnesses, she replied, with perfect good humor, 'I have corrected more such things than anybody ought to have.' She corrected little defects as well as great.

But no one knew better than she that education could not come wholly from within. There were broad regions of spiritual joy and spiritual usefulness which must be explored by the help and the guidance of others. The means of obtaining such help and guidance for women in those days were limited, and Mary's situation and circumstances made them doubly limited for her. But what persistent and determined effort could do, she did. Her natural capacity for acquisition was undoubtedly great. She said of herself, in a connection that precluded boasting, 'My mind runs like lightning.' It not only moved swiftly, but it held what it seized as it went. She was given a Latin grammar on Friday night. On Monday she recited the whole of it. I do not know how much this means, not having seen the grammar; but obviously it means enough, even with her humiliating confession that she had studied all day Sunday.

In her case, however, it was less the brilliancy than the everlasting persistence that counted. She had no money to get an education. Very well, she would get the money first and the education afterward. She went to school when she could; when she could not, she taught others — for seventy-five cents a week and her board. The opportunities that she did get for her own work she improved mightily. Those with whom she boarded when she was studying say that she slept only four hours out of the twenty-four. They add, with the amazement which persons differently constituted feel for such endeavor, 'She is all intellect; she does not know that she has a body to care for.'

But do not imagine that she was a mere human machine, created to think of work only. She had her ups and downs, as those who sleep only four hours must — her days when work seemed impossible and, what is worse, not worth doing; her utter discouragements, when the only relief was tears. She inquired one night how soon tea would be ready; was told, immediately; and on being asked the reason of her evident disappointment, replied, 'I was only wishing to have a good crying-spell, and you do not give me time enough.'

How far other emotions touched her active youth, we do not know. She was always sweet and merry with her companions, but she had not leisure for much social dissipation. One or two vague glimpses come of loving or, much more, of being loved, but they lead to nothing. Other interests more absorbing filled that eager and busy

heart. As she looked back from later triumphs at the struggles of these early days, she said, 'In my youth I had much vigor — was always aspiring after something. I called it loving to study. Had few to direct me aright. One teacher I shall always remember. He told me education was to fit one to do good.'

Whatever education might be, she sought it with a fervent zeal which was an end in itself as well as a most efficient means.

II

To get an education for herself, with heroic effort, was not enough for Miss Lyon. In getting it, she came to feel its value and others' need of it. Obtaining it for them was an object for as much zeal and devotion as she had bestowed upon her own. No one then felt it necessary that women should be educated as men were. Men, whether educated themselves or not, felt it to be distinctly unnecessary; and the suggestion of systematic intellectual training for the weaker, domestic sex did not fill the ordinary husband and father with enthusiasm. A fashionable finishing school was a girl's highest ambition, and to be accomplished, pending being married, was the chief aim of her existence. To Miss Lyon it seemed that women had brains as well as men, were as well able to use them, and often more eager. And she determined very early to devote her life to giving them the opportunity.

Her object was certainly not money-making. Her personal standards were always simple, and her earnings, when she did earn, would seem, even to the modern teacher, pitiful. In fact, her view of profit and the teacher's profession, like that of Socrates, was ideal to the point of extravagance. 'If money-making is your object,' she cries, 'be milliners or dressmakers; but teaching is a sacred, not a mercenary employment.'

So with the ambition to be great and prominent and remembered. Who shall say that anyone is wholly free from the subtle and searching temptation here? But at least she is free from it so far as she knows herself. Some, she writes, will say that Miss Grant and Miss Lyon wish 'to see a great institution established, and to see themselves at the head of the whole, and then they will be satisfied.' And she recognizes that this is human nature, and she does not trouble herself to deny the allegation directly, but her tone implies that it touches her not.

Nor did she seek to be of use to those who had wealth or social prominence or influence. They could take care of themselves. What she wished to provide for was the great mass of women throughout the country who had little means or none, but the same devouring thirst for better things that had tormented her. She would exclude no one who was really worthy, no one, as she said herself, but 'harmless cumberers of the ground' and those 'whose highest ambition is to be qualified to amuse a friend in a vacant hour.' Such, rich or poor, might find their vocation elsewhere. The saving of their souls was not her business.

So, trusting in the goodness of God and in her own unbounded energy, she set about taking a great step in the forward progress of the world. She was practically unknown, she had no money, she had no influence, she had no access to the many agencies which facilitate the advancement of great undertakings. She had only courage and hope. 'When we decide to perform a certain duty, we should expect success in it, if it is not utterly impossible,' she said quietly; and she practised as she preached. She was ready to make any sacrifice. 'Our personal

comforts are delightful, not essential.'

She approached everyone who could possibly help her, with tireless, but not tedious, persistency. She went into people's homes and pointed out what she was trying to do for them, showed fathers and mothers what their daughters needed and how little effort would help to get it.

She spoke publicly on formal occasions; she spoke privately to anyone who she thought might assist her, even to strangers. Some of her friends complained of this. In that day it seemed odd for a woman to make herself so conspicuous, and the doubters feared that she might injure her cause instead of aiding it. She differed from them positively. 'What do I do that is wrong?' she urged. 'I hope I behave like a lady; I mean to do so.' Who that knows anything of her will question that she did? But she was working for a great cause and she did not mean to let trifles stand in her way. 'My heart is sick,' she cried; 'my soul is pained with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness. I am doing a great work. I cannot come down.'

Of course there were discouragements, crying spells, no doubt, as in the earlier days; times when everything went wrong, and the world seemed utterly indifferent. The very vastness of the hope made it shadowy, and she had her lurking possibilities of skepticism. 'I always fear when I find my heart thus clinging to the hope of future good.' There was physical collapse, too, under such enormous effort, even in a body mainly healthy. For two or three days, sometimes, she would give herself up to a state of partial stupor, forgetting even hope and duty in an absolute relaxation of all nervous energy.

Then she would emerge with fatigue and depression behind her, ready to face any difficulty and overcome any obstacle. 'It is one of the nicest of mental operations,' she said, 'to distinguish between what is very difficult and what is utterly impossible.' But what was impossible to others was apparently only difficult to her. Walls hardly built and hardly paid for might fall down, and her only comment was one of delight that no one was hurt. Stupid and obstinate people might oppose her methods, but somehow or other she accomplished the result. 'She made the impression on every one with whom she had anything to do, from the common day-laborer to the president of a college, that if she set herself to do anything, it was of no use to oppose her.'

This does not mean that she was rough or overbearing in her methods, that she forced money out of pockets, or souls into the kingdom of God. She had indeed her share of the prophet's severity. If she had let herself go, she might have reprehended and reprimanded with a righteous scorn. In one wealthy household, where she had expected much, she got nothing, and to friends who had foretold her failure she confided, with bitterness, 'They live in a costly house, it is full of costly things, they wear costly clothes, but oh, they're little bits of folks!'

Such bitterness she mainly kept to herself, however. She knew that her progress must be slow, often hindered, and often tortuous. She disciplined herself not to hope too much and to forget disappointments. She practised infinite patience. 'I learned twenty years ago never to get out of patience.' She would not dispute or argue. She would state her position, her plans, her prospects. She would answer every question which really tended to clarify. Then the conscience of her hearers was left to work by itself. Attacks, abuse, sarcasm, slander touched her not. She did not deserve them, why should

she heed them? They distressed her friends and one of the closest, Professor Hitchcock, wrote an answer which he submitted to Miss Lyon's consideration. 'That was the last I ever saw of it,' he said.

Instead of this sharper combativeness, she worked by persuasion, by insinuation, by tact and sympathy. She would not yield a syllable of her main theory; but if anything was to be gained by meeting criticism in a detail, by accepting a minor suggestion, she was always ready. 'In deviating from others,' she advised, 'be as inoffensive as possible; excite no needless opposition.' She excited none, where it could be avoided, and people found themselves agreeing with her before they knew it, and almost against their wills. She conquered less by formal argument than by personal charm, and had the golden faculty of making others feel that her will was their own. One who knew her well said that she held men 'by invisible attractions which it was hard to resist and from which very few wished to be released.' Another simpler mind put it still better: 'I would have done anything she asked me to. Everybody would.'

The habit of getting what she wanted from others came naturally. That of making use of what she got, perhaps somewhat less so. She had to train herself a little in business methods. This a clear and sound brain can always do, and she did it. But order and system and punctuality seem at first to have been difficult for her. She was not born neat and tidy in trifles. Some women's things, she said, seemed to have feet and to know their right places and return to them of their own accord. Hers did not. She was not born punctual or with a consciousness of time. If she got interested in a task, she wanted to finish it, regardless of the arrival of the hour for doing something else. She wanted to go to bed when she pleased, to get up when she pleased, to eat when she pleased, not at a set and given minute.

But she understood these weaknesses, and had conquered them in all essentials before she entered upon her great work. If she was not born a woman of business, she made herself one, and she had overcome inner obstacles before she began her fight with those without. Therefore she was able, not only to raise the sums she needed, but to use them wisely; and, after innumerable difficulties, in the autumn of 1837, Mount Holyoke Seminary was opened.

It was a day of triumph for Miss Lyon — of pure personal triumph, of course it was. She would not have been human, if it had not been. She had labored through years of toil and vexation. Now at last the way was clear to accomplish what she had dreamed. Of an earlier time of prosperity she says, 'There is an unusual evenness and uniformity in my feelings, freedom from excitement, of any rising above the common level.' But on that November day in 1837 her spirits certainly did rise above the common level. She saw all that she had longed for and hoped for realized in that plain, square building with its vast possibilities, and her words have the inspiration of a prophetess: 'The stones and brick and mortar speak a language which vibrates through my very soul.'

III

So she had performed her huge task, her practically single-handed task, of preparing the material facilities for extending education. Now came the subtle and complicated labor of conveying it. And first as to the negative problem, so to speak, that of discipline. This considerable body of girls had

been brought together, unaccustomed to the restraints of community life. How to train them to do their best work without injuring themselves or each other?

To begin with, Miss Lyon did not believe too much in formal rules. Of course, a certain number of such rules was necessary, as always. But she endeavored to impress upon her girls the spirit of those rules and not the letter. She brought home to them vividly the struggle between the body and the mind, and the absolute necessity of making the mind master at the start. 'The mind,' she told them, 'should not sit down and wash the body's feet, but the body should obey the mind.'

So in relations with others. It was not so much a question of following rules as of getting into the right tone. 'Avoid trying the patience or irritating the feelings of others,' she reminded them. She made her precise directions flow from such general precepts as these.

Then she trusted the girls to carry them out. Of course, they could not always be trusted, and she knew that they could not. They were human and young and girls, and had their weaknesses. Dress and boys were in their thoughts, as they always have been and always will be. But something about Miss Lyon's presence took the place of rules — something about the thought of her presence. 'One could not do wrong where she was,' writes one pupil. There were occasionally those who could do wrong and did, either from carelessness, or even from contumacy. With them Miss Lyon had such severity as was needed. Read the quaint old biographer's account of the forcible removal of one young woman from one room to another: '"You *must* go into the large room," said the teacher.' The young woman went.

But usually the reliance was less upon coercion than upon persuasion. 'She will try to make us vote so-and-so, and I won't do it — I won't,' said one recalcitrant to another, as they prepared to listen to her gentle exhortation. Then they voted as she wished. Above all her discipline was dynamic, consisted in instilling a bewitching impulse to do things, not to avoid things. Our happiness lies largely in remembering, she said; do what will be pleasant to remember. And whatever you do, put life into it. Do not half do, or do negligently. 'Learn to sit with energy.' Did ever anyone put more character into a phrase than that?

And as they were taught energy, so they were taught the use of it by order and method. Hours should be planned and kept and followed. 'I have suffered all my life from the want of regular habits,' she told her girls; 'I wish you to accustom yourselves to be thoroughly systematic in the division of your time and duties.' Train and discipline the mind, she urged upon them, govern your thoughts. 'Bring the mind to a perfect abstraction and let thought after thought pass through it.'

She herself was ardent, full of emotion, full of impulse. 'I endeavor daily to avoid excessive emotions on any subject,' she says. She was not always successful, and admitted it; but she wanted those who learned from her to be better than she. Even in benevolence, in charity, which meant so much to her, she advised restraint and intelligence. 'If you had really rather spend your money on yourselves, spend it.' Do not overdo from the impulse of the moment. 'I don't want artificial fire.' In short, she was as anxious to make progress solid and sure as to establish it upon an undying enthusiasm. 'Character,' she told those incorrigible workers of samplers, 'like embroidery, is made stitch by stitch.'

From all this you gather perhaps an impression of pedantry, of formal priggishness. It is true that, as we look back from the familiarity of to-day, Miss Lyon's methods and manners sometimes seem stiff, like her caps. Her girls to her were always 'young ladies,' as their contemporaries of the other sex were 'young gentlemen.' Her phraseology was elaborate, and she wished others to use the same. In her portraits one perceives a certain primness, and the undeniable beauty has also an undeniable suggestion of austerity. If haste made her sometimes forget to fasten a button or adjust a tie, one imagines her upon any state occasion as complete in her dignity as Queen Elizabeth herself.

But brief study suffices to penetrate beneath this superficial stiffness and form. 'It is very important that a teacher should not be schoolified,' said Miss Lyon to her pupils.

Many teachers say this, not so many practise it. She did. Under the formal garb and manner, she was essentially human. In the first place, she had the keenest insight into human strength and weakness. She knew the heart, or at least knew that none of us know it, and was ever alive to opportunities to increase her knowledge. In one case she comments with the keenest analysis upon the weaknesses of a relative, and then apologizes for doing so; 'only I love to remark the extreme unlikeness in members of the same family.' In general, the good qualities impress her most, though she notes this with due reserve. 'On the whole, as I grow in years, I have a better opinion of people.'

But her humanity went far deeper than mere observation and insight. Under the formal outside there was the most sensitive affection and tenderness. She loved her pupils as if they were her daughters, felt as if she must supply the mother's place to every one of them.

'You are spoiling that child,' said her teachers, of one whom she petted, though she never really showed any favoritism. Her answer was, 'Well, she is young and far from her mother, and I am sorry for her, and I don't believe it will hurt her.'

This was only one instance out of many. When girls were solitary and homesick and weary and discouraged, she could and did sympathize, for she had known all those things herself and went back readily to the days when she had said that she had 'but just physical strength enough left to bear her home, just intellect enough to think the very small thoughts of a little infant, and just emotion enough to tremble under the shock.'

In short, she had the supreme element of sympathy, the power of always putting one's self in the place of another. Nothing can be of greater help to a teacher or to any leader of men or women than this, and saying after saying of Miss Lyon's shows how richly she was endowed with it. The brief remarks and comments gathered at the end of Miss Fidelia Fiske's quaint little volume of Recollections are the best illustration of what I mean. 'More than nine tenths of the suffering we endure is because those around us do not show that regard for us which we think they ought to do.' This bit of wisdom, curiously exaggerated for a thinker so careful as Miss Lyon, is as interesting for what it suggests about herself as about her study and comprehension of others.

With the sympathetic and imaginative power of putting one's self in the place of others is apt to go a large and fine sense of humor. Had Miss Lyon this? It is amusing to see how answers vary. Some of the numerous pupils who have written reminiscences of her

insist that she had no humor at all, that she rarely, if ever, smiled, and took life always from the serious side. Others are equally positive that she was ready for a jest, and on occasion could twinkle with merriment. The explanation of these conflicting views probably is that she was very different with different people. Some persons have the faculty of cherishing the warm flame of humor, of teasing even fretted spirits into bright and gracious gayety. Others put out that pleasant flame as a snuffer puts out a candle. I have known pupils of Miss Lyon with whom I am sure that she was always as serious as the bird of Pallas.

Then, too, she was brought up in a school that restrained laughter. As a teacher, she knew the danger of satire and herself admitted that she had to be on her guard against her appreciation of the ludicrous, lest she should do irreparable damage to sensitive hearts. Moreover, the Puritan strain was strong in her and she shied at any suggestion of uncontrolled gayety for herself or those she guided. 'It is not true,' insists an admiring pupil, 'that Miss Lyon enjoyed *fun!* . . . "Fun," she said, "is a word no young lady should use."'

Yet I dare swear that she enjoyed fun, just the same; that she could see a joke, and take and make a joke. One would certainly not say of her, in the dainty phrase of the old poet, —

> Her heart was full of jigs and her feet did wander
> Even as autumn's dust.

But at any rate, in youth, before care settled too heavily, she was capable of full-lunged, resounding cachinnation. 'Mr. Pomeroy's father has heard Miss Lyon, when a girl, laugh half a mile away from one hill to another. Once she laughed so loud she scared the colts in the field and made them run away.'

Now, is n't that jolly? In later years she did not, indeed, scare the colts or the coltish young ladies, but there can be no doubt that large possibilities of spiritual laughter lightened the difficulties and vexations that were inseparable from her triumph. To be sure, she sometimes fell into strange freaks of professional solemnity, such as seem quite inconsistent with any sense of humor at all, as when she cautioned her young ladies, 'The violation of the seventh commandment may and ought to be examined as a general subject, but beware of learning particulars'; or again, 'Choose the society of such gentlemen as will converse without even once seeming to think that you are a lady.' But I believe the winking of an eye would have made her see the humorous slant of these suggestions. She saw it in regard to many others, and especially in regard to that most delicate of humorous tests, the absurdity of one's self. Is there not a depth of humor in her overheard remark, as she stood before the mirror trying to tie her bonnet-strings: 'Well, I *may* fail of heaven, but I shall be very much disappointed if I do — very much disappointed.'

All this analysis of Miss Lyon's educational influence, her discipline, her method, her sympathy, her laughter, does not catch the entire depth and power of it. We must add the magnetism, the gift of inspiration. She could draw money out of men's pockets, she could draw folly out of girls' souls and put thought and earnest effort in its place. Never give up, she taught them, never submit, never be beaten. 'Teach till you make a success of it.' Live with high ideas, she taught them; make noble dreams noble realities. 'Our thoughts have the same effect on us as the company we keep.' When you have a great object in view, let no obstacle, no difficulty distract you from it. 'Go

where no one else is willing to go — do what no one else is willing to do.'

And she herself never forgot the greatest test of teaching; did her best to keep it before all who assisted her and worked under her. 'Make the dull ones think once a day, make their eyes sparkle once a day.' The teacher who can do this has indeed magnetism, has inspiration. She did it, perhaps, many times a day.

IV

It is interesting that the enthusiasm of scholarship proper is not a marked element in Miss Lyon. She had an immense desire to educate herself; later, an immense desire to educate others. It does not appear that in youth or in age she was overpowered by the passion for acquiring knowledge as an end merely. Now and then she has words that seem to belie this. 'There are peculiar sweets derived from gaining knowledge, delights known only to those who have tasted them,' she says. She pursued all varieties of study with equal ardor. Mathematics, logic, science, literature, she was at home in all, delighted to talk about them, delighted to teach them. But you feel instantly the difference between her and, for example, Mrs. Samuel Ripley, in this regard. Mrs. Ripley followed all studies because they were all in themselves equally delightful. Miss Lyon followed them all, because they were all, comparatively speaking, indifferent. To Mrs. Ripley knowledge was an end in itself, an all-sufficing, inexhaustible end. To Miss Lyon knowledge was only a beginning. Mathematics and all the rest were bright, sharp, splendid instruments. The first thing was to get them, but an infinitely more important thing was what you could do with them. What a significant, if unintentional, revelation there is in the phrase I have already quoted: 'In my youth I had much vigor — was always aspiring after something. *I called it loving to study.*' (The italics are mine.) What scorn there is in another brief phrase of her later years: 'The intellectual miser is an object of contempt.'

No, she was not essentially a scholar; she could never have been content to spend long hours and long years over books and the problems of books. She was essentially and by every instinct a teacher. And her object in teaching was not to make others scholars. In all the great volume of Reminiscences contributed by her pupils, pure scholarship fills but a very little place. What she aimed at was to teach girls, not to know, but to live. It is true, her biographer says that in her early years of teaching her great aim was to make scholars. But even so, I think she was rather anxious to succeed in anything she had undertaken than to impart the fine fury of intellectual acquirement.

And as time went on, the mere lore of books took a more and more subordinate place. Life was to be studied, character was to be studied, all the curious, subtle, surrounding and moulding influences that govern our existence. 'Make as much effort to gain knowledge from objects around us, from passing events, and from conversation, as from books.' She labored hard and long at the greatest of human tasks, that of making people think for themselves. 'Knowledge and reflection,' she said, 'should balance'; — though she added, with a sigh, that 'all we can do in this matter is to stand about the outer court and say, "Won't you reflect?"'

And her object was not only reflection, but reflection turned into conduct. She wanted to take a group of bright and eager spirits from the great middle circle of democracy and send them out again to make over the world. This America, as she then saw with almost

prophetic vision, needed so many things, some consciously and some unconsciously. She wanted her girls to do something toward supplying the need. 'We have made it an object,' she said, 'to gain enlarged and correct views . . . as to what needs to be done, what can be done, what ought to be done; and, finally, as to what is our duty.'

To know one's duty, in the largest sense, and to do it, was her idea of education. As one of her pupils expresses it, 'her first aim was to make us Christians; her second to cultivate us intellectually.' But her own phrase, far finer, rings like a trumpet: 'That they should live for God and do something.'

V

Here we have the essence of Miss Lyon's teaching, of her work in the world, of her own heart: that they should live for God and do something. Is it not, so far as it goes, a splendid, direct, and simple clue to the great problem of education? It is perhaps for the lack of such a clue that nowadays we grope and flounder so dismally. For who will deny that in all the difficulties that beset educative theory at the present day the greatest is that we do not know what we want? The old convenient standard of a liberal education is slipping from us, has slipped from us completely. What are we to put in the place of it? Two at least of our great institutions of learning have mottoes that suggest Miss Lyon's, 'Not to be ministered unto but to minister,' and 'For Christ and the Church.' But we can neither agree about what they mean nor unite to apply them. As with the unhappily married couple in Mr. Ade's Fable, 'The motto in the dining-room said, "Love one another," but they were too busy to read.' Instead, we turn to the practical issue of bread and butter, and make it our educational ideal to train men and women to go out into the world and contend with their fellows for the material necessaries of life.

Miss Lyon's aim was simpler — not always easy to apply perhaps, but tangible and, above all, inspiring from its very nature: That they should live for God and do something. But to understand the full bearing of the words, we must consider more carefully what God was to Miss Lyon herself.

To begin with, her religion was not a matter of convention, not a mere tradition accepted from others and passed on to others again, without an intimate grasp of its nature and meaning. She came slowly to the fulness and ripeness of faith, regretted often in her early years that the divine ecstasy descended less amply upon her than upon some more favored. She abhorred pretence, the theory of feeling, wanted only sentiments that were truly hers. How admirable is her confession in the presence of great natural beauty: 'I feared that I should be unable to feel the soul-moving power, and I had an ardent desire that I might not acknowledge, even to myself, any second-hand emotions, any influence which did not affect my own heart.' Second-hand emotions! Do we not all of us need to beware of them?

As religion took fuller possession of her, she did not suffer herself to be unduly exalted. To others it seemed to come with ease and swiftness of glory. It came with struggle and effort and long agony to her. 'In view of invisible and divine realities, my mind is darkened, my perceptions feeble, my heart cold and stupid. It seems as if such a low, groveling worm of the dust could never be fitted for heaven.' There were days of distress and discouragement, days of barrenness, if not of doubt. 'Sometimes I almost *feel* that

I am not my own, but I find my heart repeatedly desiring those things from which I had almost supposed it was forever separated.'

A clear, calm intellectual analysis was so natural to her, that she was tempted to apply it where faith and love would have been more wholesome; although, in the end, with the author of the *Imitation*, she finds that 'After winter comes summer, after the night the day, and after a storm a great calm.' 'It is wonderful to me how the mind, after a state of doubt and difficulty, from which it seemed impossible to be extricated, can, without any new light or new evidence, settle down into a state of calm and quiet decision.'

But all these negative elements were as nothing to the joy and rapture which religion gave her. She was certainly not a mystic in the sense of pure contemplation. Action was life to her, her soul was dynamic, and her conception of God must have been that of a full, outflowing, energetic, creative love. But this energy of action came to her seasoned and flavored with rapturous delight. 'I love sometimes,' she says, 'to lose sight of individuals, in thinking of the bundles of eternal life and happiness that are bound up together in heaven.' And again, 'But amidst the darkness, and with a burden on my heart which I cannot describe, there is something in my soul which seems like trust in God, which is like a peaceful river, overflowing all its banks.'

She wanted to bathe all who followed her in this peaceful river, to make them partakers of this sustaining and enduring joy; and to do this, she wanted to build up their souls on an assured and stable foundation of thought and devotion and self-control and self-sacrifice. It must be admitted that some of her methods for accomplishing her end seem to us now strange and a little repellent, though perhaps they were none the worse for that. Even to-day some persons feel that dancing is not a very profitable employment; but few would go so far as Miss Lyon: 'When Satan would spread his net to fascinate, allure, and destroy, he never omits the dance.' The payment of small debts is undoubtedly desirable; but it is making a serious matter of it to urge that 'It might be impossible, when praying for some one, to keep out of mind a ten cents her due.' Again, the following injunction seems a little portentous, though eminently appropriate to much modern youthful reading: 'Never read a book without first praying over it.'

These extremes make us smile. Others more solemn make us tremble. Miss Lyon believed in hell with all her soul. 'If she ever had a flitting doubt of the certainty of future retributions, that doubt was never known or suspected by her most intimate friends.' She proposed to have her pupils believe in hell, also. She stood before them in chapel, a quiet, prim New England lady, and made hell real. 'It was the warning voice of one who saw the yawning gulf. She would point to the dark, shelving, fatal precipice, without a gesture, without a motion, save of her moving lips, her hand laid devoutly on that well-worn octavo Bible. She would uncover the fiery billows rolling below, in the natural, but low, deep tones with which men talk of their wills, their coffins, and their graves.' And this to a company of young girls, at the most sensitive, emotional age, just snatched from their sheltering homes and already unhinged by novel strains of every kind. It seems to us like saving their souls at fearful peril to their bodies.

Even Miss Lyon's most concrete definition of education, so often quoted, will hardly be quoted by anyone to-day without a smile of good-natured

amusement. 'A lady should be so educated that she can go as a missionary at a fortnight's notice.'

Yet, in spite of all these excesses, I believe that the essence of the matter was with Miss Lyon. The minor drawbacks, the superficial eccentricities, — even hell, — fall away, and leave her dominant and vital with the supreme object of all her thought and life, which was God. Those who followed her, she taught, must get out of themselves, forget themselves. 'How much happier you would be to live in a thousand lives beside yourself rather than to live in yourself alone!' They must be ready to give all, to sacrifice all, to endure all, for Christ and his Kingdom. 'Property, education, time, influence, friends, children, brothers and sisters, all should be devoted to this object.' And in giving, in sacrificing, there should be no waywardness, no wilfulness, no whim, even no judgment of the individual. 'Neither teachers nor scholars should have any way of their own, or will of their own, but all should be swallowed up in the will of God.'

Finally, the heart of the whole was not merely doing, not merely the devoted, unremitting effort to do right, but rapture and glory. 'Our minds are so constituted that nothing but God can fill them.'

'There is but one thing needful,' said Amiel, 'to possess God.' Miss Lyon thought it needful, not only to possess God herself, but to make all others possess Him, and she could not feel her own possession perfect when she was not laboring at this magnificent, if impossible, task.

THE HUMAN SOUL AND THE SCIENTIFIC PREPOSSESSION

BY WARNER FITE

I

To the philosopher, who views life under the aspect of eternity, and whose sense of humor is undisturbed by the solemn platitudes of the popular magazine or the authoritative pronouncements of an up-to-date daily press, nothing, I think, should seem more characteristic of our day, or more interesting as a feature of a supposedly critical age, than the scientific prepossession. By the scientific prepossession I mean that conception of present thought according to which, after centuries of darkness and superstition, — animistic, anthropomorphic, theological, metaphysical, — we have now, in the view of the world known as 'modern science,' emerged into the clear, if sober, daylight of hard and naked fact. Briefly, it is the prepossession that all ages have been ages of prepossession except our own; that all former ages have viewed the world through the medium of human prejudices, from which we, happily, are free.

One may find the prepossession in evidence at any gathering of natural scientists, and especially in their after-

dinner speeches; in which they find a never-failing amusement in recalling how our ancestors believed that the magnet 'attracted' the iron, and that nature 'abhorred' a vacuum; as if nature, like ourselves, were actuated by likes and dislikes. That, possibly, every age has seemed modern to itself, and its knowledge modern knowledge; that to itself every age may have seemed to live in the light of simple fact after a darkness of ancestral superstition — by such reflections their enjoyment is untroubled. Nor are they disturbed by remembering that the science of our own day is committed to a comprehensive theory of evolution. To suggest that our descendants may smile at 'modern science' as we now smile at mediæval scholasticism, seems shocking and scandalous. In the evolutionary theory of modern science it appears that all things in life are subject to the change and decay of evolution, except modern science itself: whatever else may change, the scientific point of view must be regarded as final.

And, doubtless, because the point of view of science is the point of view of simple fact — such is the scientist's understanding of the scientific prepossession. Before undertaking to exhibit the prepossession in its recently perfected form I shall venture to explain, therefore, what is meant by simple fact. If we place before us any human action, any state or condition of human life, we shall see that two very different questions may be asked about it. One is, how does it feel? The other is, how does it look? How does it feel to play tennis or drive an automobile; and how does it look — to one who has never had the experience? How does it feel to be grown up, to wear evening clothes, to be president or professor, to be a parent, to be married, or to be in love; and how does it look? Doubtless, the last case will serve to suggest that how it looks is often very different from how it feels. No one will question this who remembers how it felt to be young, to be ambitious, and to be in love, and who notes how it looks now.

Let me call these two views of life the inside and the outside view: philosophers prefer to call them 'subjective' and 'objective.' Common sense, however, in its view of human life at least, insists upon using both. Do you wish to know the truth about life, what it really signifies to be a child or a parent — or to be a millionaire or a day-laborer? Then it is not sufficient to ask the mere observer of childhood or parenthood, while ignoring the children or parents themselves. Nor, on the other hand, is it sufficient to question the child or the parent; for neither child nor parent can from his exclusively inside view tell you all that childhood or parenthood implies. Common sense insists that both views of life be consulted, even if they tell a different story.

Before we 'got' modern science — a very recent conversion, by the way, in the whole history of thought, since a really organized modern science is scarcely two generations old — it was assumed that the distinction of inside and outside applied, not to human life alone, nor merely to human and animal life, but to every existing thing. We need not go back to the primitive man, who assumes that the river which drowned his friend bore him a grudge. Aristotle, who was not precisely primitive, can seemingly conceive of nothing, be it a man or a dog, a chair or a river, as quite real, — as being all there, so to speak, — unless, in addition to its material structure, seen from the outside, it is also the embodiment of an idea, or a purpose; unless, that is to say, it has an inside as well as an outside. To Aristotle the hard, material fact, which in our day is so easily accepted as self-existent, was as abstract and as unreal

as a door with only one side or a triangle with no sides. And how lately the Aristotelian way of thinking has become antiquated, we may gather from the deference paid to 'the wisdom of nature' until a generation ago, and not wholly lacking to-day in scientific medical practice. Even the eighteenth century, skeptical and sophisticated, found difficulty in conceiving of an order of nature from which, as a whole, thought, or design, could be absent. Nor am I certain that, if we come to the twentieth century and question the motives of the up-to-date physical scientist speculating in atoms, electrons, ions, or what not, we may not find that his quest for the 'inner constitution of nature' is, after all, in plain terms, simply an effort to comprehend how the natural processes *feel*, within themselves, as distinct from how they *look*, to us.

But here the natural scientist cries, 'God forbid!' Behold, then, the scientific prepossession. Common sense tells us that human life, at least, has both an outside and an inside. Aristotle teaches that this applies to all things whatsoever that are concrete and real. The scientific prepossession consists in an exclusive emphasis upon the outside, affirming that no other side exists. This is what the scientist means, then, when he tells us that the scientific point of view is the point of view of simple fact. The primitive man assumed, quite naïvely, indeed, that, like himself and his human neighbors, everything in the universe has two sides; that of the stars, for example, you may ask, not only what a star looks like, but what it means *to be* a star. The scientific prepossession began by denying the inner view, first, to the stars, then, to all of what we call inanimate nature; presently, to the lower forms of animate nature; and now it proposes, as a final step in the extension of science, to deny the inner life to you and me.

II

It is this final stage in the development of the scientific prepossession, together with the steps immediately preceding, that I propose now to exhibit as it appears, written large, in the science of psychology; that is to say, in the application of experimental methods, by means of apparatus often highly complex, to the study of the human mind. 'The science of mind' — or suppose we say, 'the science of the soul': in the mere juxtaposition of terms I seem to detect a humorous incongruity. Yet surely we are not entitled to object to experimental methods if they will tell us something. One might suppose, however, that the best way to study the mind is to converse with mind; that experimental methods would tell us nothing about the mind except so far as we are able to give the results a *mental* interpretation; and therefore that, in order to study the mind, one must first of all have a rich experience of mind — in other words, a broad and sympathetic appreciation of literature, a cultivated and instructed taste, and, above all, a thoughtful experience of life.

Not so, however, the science of psychology. No one ever thinks of demanding these things from the 'expert psychologist.' Scientific psychology is the outcome of the depressing discovery that, while in other fields of inquiry men were engaged in making brilliant discoveries and in piling fact upon fact, our knowledge of the mind remained in the region of doubt and of interpretation. The question was hardly raised whether the mind — or, as I prefer, the person — is not, of all things in our universe, the most delicate and inscrutable, and therefore the last to be made — if ever — transparently clear. What was noted rather was that, in other fields of inquiry, — in physics,

chemistry, and biology, for example, — discoveries were made as the result of scientific method, aided by laboratory apparatus. Hence, it was concluded, for a real science of psychology, the important thing is not a deep experience of mind on the part of the scientist, but scientific method, supported by ingenuity in the invention and use of apparatus. Given the scientific method, no vital experience of the subject-matter is necessary. You press the button and the method does the rest. A compositor needs no appreciation of literature to produce a page of good poetry; just as little does the scientific psychologist need a personal experience of mind.

Thus is mind banished from the psychological laboratory. For it is equally unnecessary that the subject of psychological experiment be endowed with mind. As a recent writer has remarked, in entering the psychological laboratory you check your soul at the door. The rules of scientific method, indeed, forbid the admission of the soul; for to admit the soul would mean that you intend to understand your subject as he feels to himself — by sympathetic appreciation; and sympathetic appreciation, as we have seen, is the method employed by unscientific primitive man. Thus it comes about that, while the professors of other laboratory subjects are eager to secure beautiful specimens, in the psychological laboratory you rarely find a subject chosen for his intelligence. Any featherless biped will do, and if it happens to be of subnormal intelligence, so much the better.

Nor does an inspection of laboratory methods suggest a need of intelligence. The typical thing is to measure a man's reaction-time, that is, to find out how quickly he can respond to a signal by pressing a button, using for this purpose an elaborate system of electric keys, magnets, and wires, in connection with an electric clock. The apparatus is fascinating; but after getting the results, you know as much about the man's mind as you knew before. Or you harness him to another apparatus equally delicate and ingenious, for recording the variations of his blood-pressure upon smoked paper. While thus harnessed, you give him doses of pleasure or of pain; you tell him a funny story, or perhaps a sad one; and with each change of stimulus you note a simultaneous change in the line recording his blood-pressure. But what kind of changes goes with funny stories and what kind with sad ones, the apparatus seems not yet to have shown. Or perhaps you apply to him the 'sensory tests,' to determine his sensibility to differences of color, pitch, odor, weight, or what not; or the tests of 'motor-coordination,' that is, of manual dexterity.

For these typical psychological experiments not only is activity of mind unnecessary, — since the most that the subject has to do is to say which of two things is bigger, — but it is a positively disturbing influence. If the subject stops to think, the result is thus far vitiated. In the general conception of scientific method the purpose of experiment, as distinct from mere observation, is to eliminate disturbing conditions; as applied to psychological experimentation it seems that the purpose is to eliminate the presence of mind. Thus, if you were shooting at a mark with a rifle, you would make it a point to find out before each next shot where your last shot had hit; otherwise you could not shoot intelligently; nor, moreover, would the result be regarded as a test of your marksmanship. But in psychological tests knowledge of the last shot is strictly forbidden, and you are forbidden even to speculate about it. For here the purpose of a repetition of shots is to strike an average, and

the computation of averages requires that each shot be fired under the same conditions — obviously, the conditions of ignorance.

But if by chance mind happened to enter the psychological laboratory, it could not remain there. Upon this point, *crede experto*. I have spent many hours acting as subject in the psychological laboratory. I have countless times lifted each of a pair of weights, one after the other, and reported whether the second was heavier or lighter. I can testify that, after a few minutes of this kind of exercise, all that remains of the mind is a conviction that it can make no possible difference whether the second is heavier or not; with perhaps a dull wonder as to how many of the tests are yet to come. Indeed, I should be ready to propose, as a measure of social economy, that we utilize our more hardened criminals as psychological subjects, if this were not certain to be forbidden on the constitutional ground of 'cruel and unusual punishment.'

The scientific psychologist consoles himself with the reflection that, if the facts discovered in the laboratory are not very exciting, they are at any rate 'scientific facts.' One phase, indeed, of the scientific prepossession is the belief that a fact is not fully a fact unless it is discovered in the laboratory; or, at least, by an expert scientist in his official capacity. Psychological laboratories have been in operation for thirty years or more; and for more than twenty years I have been searching for one fact worthy of consideration, — for one 'discovery,' so to speak, as measured by what they call a discovery in other sciences, — for one such fact discovered in the psychological laboratory which did not repeat what we already knew, or which required a laboratory for its discovery.

Several years ago I thought I had found a little one. A distinguished psychologist, in a public lecture which I attended, was explaining the value of the psychological laboratory. We all know, he said, that imagination may be mistaken for reality, but it required the laboratory to show with scientific certainty that reality could be mistaken for imagination. I can give only a rough outline of the experiment reported. The subject is seated facing a screen of ground glass, behind which, unknown to him, there is a projection-lantern, and in the middle of which, if I remember correctly, there is drawn a circle of a few inches diameter. He is told to look at the circle and to imagine that it is red. Presently the area of the circle begins to be tinged with red; and since he is unaware of the fact that a projection-lantern is being operated behind the screen, he takes this reddish tinge to be the product of his imagination. Thus we prove, by scientific method, that reality may be mistaken for imagination.

I will admit that, as I walked home after the lecture, I felt that I had received a demonstration. The 'discovery' was not precisely awe-inspiring, but did it not amount to a vindication of scientific method? How could one have unearthed such a fact except in the laboratory? Then I suddenly remembered. A few evenings before, it had happened that my wife, who was sitting in my study reading, had laid down her book, assumed an attitude of listening, and then, taking up her book again, had remarked to me with a smile that she was so accustomed to listening for the baby's cry that she often heard him cry in imagination when in fact he was quiet. Whereupon, having just imagined the same thing myself, and doubting that we could both be victims of imagination, I opened the door and discovered that the infant was really crying. Here, then, it

was demonstrated, in the heart of the household, with no apparatus except a baby, yet with all the scientific rigor that one could reasonably desire, that reality may be mistaken for imagination. And what is more, it was shown — to my own amusement, after taking the matter so seriously — that the mistaking of reality for imagination is a most commonplace experience, likely to occur in any case where the object in question is rather faintly perceived.

Indeed, for the student of mind who keeps the eyes of his mind open, there are a hundred facts to be got from ordinary intercourse with men, for one to be 'discovered,' with elaborate ingenuity of apparatus, in the psychological laboratory. Such facts count for nothing, however, with the scientific psychologist; they are not 'scientific' facts. Possibly not; yet I cannot help thinking of the very correct sportsman portrayed in *Life*, who explained his failure to bring home snipe by the fact that he 'had n't his sniping-coat on.'

III

About fifteen years ago, when it began to appear that the scientific method was paying no dividends, an attempt was made to boost the stock by applying the method to the study of mind in animals. Here, again, it would seem that, if we would grasp the psychology of animals, we must, so to speak, converse with animals. We must live with them; and we must not only note what they do, but we must strive to understand their motives. We must try to see the animal from the inside. To the scientific psychologist, however, any sympathetic study of animals is mere nature-faking. His own method may be illustrated as follows. He desires to know, for instance, whether the dog is capable of discovering that red lights point in the direction of food and of freedom, while white lights point nowhere; and how long it will take the dog to find out. Accordingly, he places the dog in a 'maze,' consisting of a complicated arrangement of paths marked by red and white lights. If the dog follows the red lights, he will find food and relief at the end; but the white lights will only keep him forever in the maze. Perhaps, however, the dog is indifferent to the investigation. To overcome this difficulty the psychologist used to starve him. Latterly, I believe, he prefers to carpet the floor of the maze with electric wires, by means of which he may give the dog a gentle hint, in the form of a shock, whenever the animal seems disposed to give up the task. In the end he finds out how long it takes the dog to learn that red lights contain the promise of relief; and then, so far as the mind of the dog is concerned, he knows just as much as before.

Now for a companion-picture. Imagine with me the dogs of my college town assembled in a psychological congress for the purpose of learning how long it will take a man to discover that a given series of scents — which mean, probably, only a little less to the man than colors to the dog — leads to safety and freedom, while other scents will only lead astray. Let us assume, then, that our canine congress has marked the town with a maze of olfactory paths, one path, the path of freedom, being marked by a series of odors of oil of cloves, the other paths, which only return upon themselves, marked by odors of mint, wintergreen, asafœtida, or what not. Then suppose that you are one of my fellow citizens on your way home some late evening, indulging, in the quiet of the night, in philosophical meditation. Suddenly you find a pack of dogs (the investigating committee) at your heels. Their threatening attitude starts you on a

run. Whenever you are disposed to halt, for the purpose, perhaps, of trying conciliation, one of them gives you a nip in the leg. Let me ask how soon you would expect to discover the path marked by oil of cloves, or to grasp its significance, and what value a test conducted under those conditions would have as a measure of human intelligence. For my own part, I believe that the test would demonstrate that the dog is more intelligent than the man; for in point of fact the dog does eventually discover the way out, and I cannot conceive that the man would ever discover it.

What does the dog think about animal psychology? Of course, I cannot say with certainty, but I can relate a strictly true story. Several years ago I strolled into the laboratory-room of a pupil and friend who was conducting such an investigation as I have just described, under the guidance of the professor of psychology; and on his desk I saw a book which appeared to have been gnawed by rats, the upper half of all the pages having been destroyed. In response to my curiosity, I learned that my friend, after putting his cocker spaniel through the maze, had taken the dog to his home. As soon as the dog entered the house, he made for the book-shelves and with his paw scattered a whole shelf-full of books over the floor. Then, selecting the book I had seen, he proceeded to chew it to pieces. It was the standard textbook on animal psychology.

I have introduced the reference to animal psychology because it marks a definite stage in the process of applying the scientific prepossession to the study of human life. Animal psychologists were not long in discovering that they learned nothing to speak of about what the animal felt or thought. But they had embarked upon a programme and established a science. Therefore they said, 'What difference does it make? If we cannot study the animal *mind*, we may at least study the animal *behavior;* and behavior is, after all, the more definitely scientific fact. Accordingly, by animal psychology we shall hereafter mean animal behavior; "mind," in other words, shall be simply "behavior." What shall we say, however, of human psychology and the human mind? May we say that the human mind is likewise nothing but behavior?'

So far from being disturbed by this turn of the argument, the psychologists — at least, a now considerable school of them — welcomed it with joyous relief. Why not? Is not this precisely the conception that we need to make psychology a full-fledged science? For years we have been pretending to study the human mind; yet in point of fact we have never found anything in our laboratories but human actions. And what else is there to observe there? Let us therefore announce boldly that psychology, whether human or animal, is a study simply of behavior.

Shall it be admitted, however, that psychology is *not* a study of mind — in other words, that, the existence of mind being conceded, the scientific psychologist confesses an inability to grasp it? Here again the psychologist proved equal to the occasion. Science, he now explains, is a study of realities, and the only genuine realities are the scientific realities — those reached by the application of scientific method. But scientific method, when applied to the human mind, discovers nothing but human behavior. Behavior is therefore all that is real in 'mind.' What we call the human mind is the behavior of the human body — that and nothing more. Mind, in the sense of an inner, personal, spiritual experience, must be laid away, along with the immortal soul, among the discarded superstitions of an unscientific past.

IV

Thus has the mind been abolished by act of Parliament. And not only for the psychological laboratory, but for human society and the human race. In this behavioristic psychology we behold the perfected beauty of the scientific prepossession. The scientific prepossession began by saying that the only thing real about the heavenly bodies is how they look; it ends by saying that this is the only thing real about you and me.

To be sure, not all the behaviorists are as simple-minded as their theory of mind. The logically more sophisticated have provided an avenue of retreat through a private definition of 'behavior.' There are others, however, who take the behavioristic conception in all its native simplicity. According to them, your behavior is simply and solely what other persons are able to observe; and how you look, not to yourself, but to the world — that is all there is of *you*.

One of the more diverting of these has been able to combine his own view with that of the Viennese psychologist, Sigmund Freud, scientific interpreter of dreams and professional misinterpreter of human life — himself an enchanting illustration of the scientific prepossession. The idea common to both is that the 'expert psychologist' knows much more about any man than the man can possibly know of himself — not only with regard to his external actions and his past history, externally speaking, but also with regard to what we should call his motives and feelings, but what the behaviorist would define simply as what he is going to do. Thus, according to Freud himself, if I am unfortunate enough to forget your name, it means that I look upon you with hatred or contempt — and this in spite of my assured conviction that my feeling toward you is one of unqualified affection and respect; according to our Freudian behaviorist, it means that I am on the way to do you an injury. And thus, again, — to make use of one of the latter's most beautiful illustrations, — if I meet you at the railway station and desire to know whither you are bound, it would never do simply to put the question to yourself. It means nothing that you think you are bound for Boston, for what you think is not real. The thing to do is to consult the external evidences of your 'behavior'; to begin, perhaps, by ransacking your pockets or your traveling-bag — as if you were intoxicated; or perhaps to call a private detective to find out what you have just been doing; or, best of all, to call in an expert psychologist, if one happens to be handy, and ask him to make a scientific interpretation of your action and speech. You may then discover, to your surprise, that, instead of being bound for Boston, you are on your way to the Panama Canal.

Doubtless the time is coming, before we are through with the prepossession, when all domestic and social intercourse will be made luminous and transparent by the presence of expert psychologists. In those fair days social intercourse will be untroubled by falsehood or insincerity, or even by genial exaggeration. For — You are just about to tell your best story, or to utter a polite excuse, when the psychologist interposes: 'I beg your pardon, sir, but since you are not a Freudian, let me say that you are unwittingly making the most intimate revelations.' This sample of expert advice I quote from our Freudian behaviorist.

If, then, you question the propriety of the term 'prepossession,' I shall ask how it strikes you to find yourself treated as a merely external, natural

fact — really only what other persons see and never what you yourself feel. And if you still object that, at any rate, no prepossession is implied in applying the idea to external nature, then I may ask, Why this prejudice against nature? I will own that I share the prejudice. Yet when I sit down 'in a cool hour,' I find myself asking whether it is not a very peculiar world in which some things, such as men and animals, exist, not only as perceived by others, but also as felt by themselves, while other things, such as mountains and trees and solar systems, — or whatever the demarcation of the individual may be, — exist only as they are perceived by others. Is it not a strange logic which permits us to ask both how it looks and how it feels to be a man, but of the things of nature forbids us to ask more than how they look — to others?

And if you point to the fundamental absurdity of explaining nature by the analogy of human motives, then I shall ask how else we are to make nature intelligible. And I may also ask whether, in blissful unconsciousness, modern science may not be guilty of just this kind of interpretation. From the developed scientific standpoint the only real facts in nature are the mechanical facts, and the only true explanation a mechanical explanation. Is it, then, impertinent to remark, with Bergson, that man himself is a mechanic? Nay, that the scientific man is the mechanical man *par excellence?* At any rate, it seems that, as compared with art and philosophy, science is nothing if not practical.

So much, however, for the scientific prepossession as it finds expression in the science of psychology. If space permitted, I might go on to show that this is only one of several points at which the prepossession touches human life. I might point, for example, to the great biological prepossession, which teaches that the only real thing about man is that he is an animal species. And as an illustration of this prepossession I should summon the scientific apostle of eugenics, who, as a scientific test for determining a desirable marriage, proposes that we ignore the tastes of those to be married and study the procedure of the stock-farm. Since the appearance of the biological prepossession a couple of generations ago, it seems that human life has become mainly a process of reproduction, and right living a matter of right reproduction.

Or I might point to the biological cult of the 'strong man,' which teaches that, since biological evolution is a competition for existence, therefore war is the proper business of human life; according to this prepossession, the real objection to an international league for peace, is not that it is impracticable, but that it is unbiological. Or I might point to the somewhat similar economic prepossession which teaches that economic laws are to be obeyed as sacred even if we should find it both useful and possible to ignore them.

All of these prepossessions find their logical expression, however, in the cult of scientific management and scientific efficiency, which, I should say, represents the real German propaganda in this country for a generation past. Every one has his own theory of the war. To me it seems that if the war has any deep-lying significance, it is a war of humanity against the scientific prepossession.

REACTIONS OF A RESERVE OFFICER

BY GERALD CHITTENDEN

Of the thousand problems which face the reserve officer, that of discipline is probably the most interesting, the most perplexing, and the most novel. In general, he has not had much to do with it since he left school, and there his point of view toward it was most often hostile. The mechanics of it — the matters of justice, punishment, and reward — are simple enough, and at first he does not see beyond them. Presently, the more complicated elements of the problem confront him, and he begins to perceive that it is not a physical one, but almost purely psychological. Considered as a whole, it is made up of an infinity of details; it is a dangerously personal matter, for every case that comes before him for decision has contained in it the factor of his own personality, the factor of the offender's personality, and the factor of the offense. If he tries to follow the easy platitude that he must treat all men alike, he is doomed; the object of discipline in the army is to get the best work out of each individual, and to produce at the same time an absolutely uniform result throughout the military unit. Instant obedience is imperative; it cannot be secured from all men in the same way.

The reserve officer, then, finds himself on the horns of a dilemma; he hesitates between the accurate individual treatment of men, which may make him appear unjust, and the unwavering adherence to mechanical standards, which will in the long run make him ineffective. From considering the problem an easy one, he passes to the stage where be believes it to be almost insurmountable in difficulty. Gradually the fog clears, however, if he proceeds with courage and tries to satisfy no man save himself.

Offenses divide themselves into two classes — the simple infraction of established regulations, for which the penalty is standardized, and the complex cases arising among men who are constitutionally hostile to the law simply because it is the law. The first class needs no lengthy consideration, for it causes no serious trouble, sets up no psychological reactions, and can be dealt with on a purely impersonal basis. The man dances, and pays the piper; the just corporate mind of his company will give him no sympathy, and in general he expects none.

The case of the chronic kicker is more subtle. Often he avoids breaches of regulations, and confines his activities to the undermining of the more important qualities of *esprit de corps* and morale. These qualities are the result of intelligence applied to discipline, and are incomparably more important to a command than discipline itself; the man who is constantly in clandestine conflict with them is therefore incomparably more menacing to an organization than the man who is frequently drunk and disorderly or absent without leave. On the other hand, the chronic kicker has often the makings of a good soldier, just as the leader of a gang of bad boys is often potentially an excellent citizen. Since it is

the business of all officers to make good soldiers out of the material at hand, they must treat such men as individuals and not as military molecules. No two of them can be treated exactly alike; some must be beaten with rods, and others tickled with straws; some must be given positions of responsibility, and some must be used as kitchen police. In dealing with them, the officer's knowledge of psychology, and his desire to achieve in his unit a sort of discipline which shall be constructive and not superficial, are of the highest importance to the service. Before he can proceed intelligently, he must make up his mind what he wants; that is, he must furnish himself with an adequate definition of discipline.

It has been, in general, most abominably defined. A writer in a recent magazine said that it was 'doing what you don't want to do,' and italicized the statement because he was so sure he was right. If he was right, the mere fact that a man did not want to beat his wife would be proof positive that he ought to do it; and the streets in front of our jails would be full of crowds clamoring for entrance because they would rather live almost anywhere else. Printing the statement in italics is nothing less than a crime, because the man in the street habitually believes everything he sees in italics. It is doubly harmful in these days, showing as it does a hidebound misunderstanding of the drafted man and the drafted man's mind: our soldiers are busy learning how to do what they want to do, — kill Germans, to wit, and get the filthy job finished as soon as possible, — and they have no time to bother their heads with speculations as to whether they want to obey orders or not. In fact, they rather like the orders before they have been in the service many weeks. That they are disciplined requires no proof, since they have been in action overseas; undisciplined troops win no battles. The processes of discipline, pleasant or not as the case may be, are to them unimportant, because they know without thinking about it that discipline is a means to an end and not an end in itself — something the magazine writer does not seem to be aware of. The definition, moreover, is Teutonic. One of the most serious indictments against the Germans is that they have flagellated themselves like mediæval fanatics, till they enjoy pain for pain's sake, and have degraded discipline, the fundamental condition of all success, until it has become with them a fetich thirsty for sacrifice.

And we are in more danger from Prussian ideas than from Prussian arms. The thorn-squeezing proclivities of the magazine writer above quoted appeal subtly to our Puritan instincts; we are still suspicious of everything that does not make us uncomfortable, and too often choose to plod because we are afraid to fly. There is nothing surprising about the high morale and unconquerable spirit of our draft army, unless it be our own surprise at the presence of these qualities. They were to be expected by anyone who had taken the pains to know the American spirit, which is exasperatingly slow to start, and absolutely refuses to stop till its end has been gained.

Unless he appreciates this fact, — and in general the new reserve officer does not appreciate it, — he will waste his energy in worrying about purely formal discipline. Being unfamiliar with military life, he is likely to forget that the entire army is now living under service conditions, with the probability of action constantly before its eyes. Even in the old army, where the type of private soldier was not usually so high, the guard-houses emptied themselves almost automatically when the regiment was ordered for active duty —

in other words, as soon as the purpose of discipline became concrete and imminent instead of abstract and remote.

Undoubtedly, we were the most undisciplined nation on earth before the war; impertinence to policemen was a national characteristic. It is not altogether a paradox that the draft army has proved itself amenable: our contempt for regulations did not always imply a contempt for law. The personal experiences of most men had satisfied them that it paid to behave; even such inexcusable infractions of law and order as lynchings exhibit a sort of an inverted respect for the basis of all law, as well as a resentment at the tardiness and uncertainty of our courts. We were, and still are, casuistical: having always our personal ends in sight, and being beautifully certain of their virtue, we never bothered our heads about the means. If the means as well as the end were worthy, so much the better. As soon as one clear, unquestionable goal was set before the country, our individual concentration on our personal objectives became crystallized; the national purpose became the personal purpose of every man in the country, and of every man in the draft. In the past year, those of the people who are not directly under orders have accomplished marvels of self-discipline in the matter of food-consumption, contributions to all sorts of funds, and sacrifice of all that made the life of the individual worth the living. Similarly, the drafted men, with the national objective in mind, have wholeheartedly submitted themselves to the strictest sort of discipline, at the same time preserving their individuality. It is an amazing combination, to be sure; none have found it more so than our enemies. But, when it is analyzed, there is nothing startling or revolutionary about it; like everything else, it is a result of causes and not a miracle.

The causes and the result must both be appreciated by the young officer before he is capable of handling a draft outfit. He will run across all sorts of superior officers, most if not all of them competent in the extreme, and skilled in maintaining discipline. The more of them he works under, the better for him, for he will more quickly discover the golden truth that underlies their methods. At first, he may try to imitate one or another of them; then, as his experience grows wider, he will at last learn that imitation is the one broad and easy way to failure. No two successful disciplinarians are alike, unless they are so by chance; the uniformity of their results too often makes them appear so. Results must be uniform: that is of the first importance; otherwise we should have a mob instead of an army. But each man must try for them in his own way. He may be a success or he may be a failure, as the gods decree. The discovery of his own individuality is his only chance for success.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE FIFTH YEAR

I

To a visitor who has not crossed the Atlantic eastward since August, 1914, the first overwhelming impression is one of complete unreality. The incredulity of the farmer, who irritated his Kansan neighbors by maintaining that the war had no existence outside the 'damned lying newspapers,' becomes not only intelligible but natural. The thing itself is so incredible to rational thinking that even its remoter manifestations seem grotesque. One thinks of it as of a prodigious joke, in which the world conspires to conduct the neophyte through some solemn farce of preposterous initiation. To the summer tourist, what could be more unreal than the ostentatious secrecy of sailing, the ships painted in whorls or cubes or checkers, as a child would paint his Noah's Ark or a vorticist his exhibition canvas; the cruisers, destroyers, balloons, and hydroplanes enveloping the convoy; the passengers, with life-preservers on their shoulders, looking for all the world like stage figures in some masque of *Pilgrim's Progress;* and at night the blackened ports and the secret flashings from bridge to bridge, as if the ships were winking at each other in enjoyment of some monumental humbug?

Gradually the sense of illusion weakens. The decks, crowded with khaki, moving bands of gray-green topping the camouflage of the ship's side, grow very real. You lean over the rail, and imagine King Philip's miniature Armada silhouetted against the immensity of this modern fleet. The huge portent begins to seem actual, and after the fleet comes to anchor and you step ashore from the lighter, you watch the battalions of American boys file past,—

> And the drum is rolling Dixie,
> And they step to it like men, sir,—

and the full meaning of it all sweeps over you. It is very far from home for these boys to fight and die.

I spoke to a group of them standing at rest in the luggage-shed, waiting for their coffee.

'Where do you come from?'

'Pike County, Alabama, sir.'

'Ever been away from home before?'

'Not outside Pike County, sir.'

'This is different, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir, I reckon it will be some different.'

St. Mihiel, Château-Thierry, the Argonne. — It will be 'some different.'

A few months of Europe change these young Americans fast. At first, new-world separateness flames up and their prejudice for a time strikes deeper. They express themselves cogently on the subject of the bargaining Frenchwoman who sells them two scrawny apples for a franc, or volunteer their candid opinion of the British Tommy who talks an alien slang and smokes tobacco inferior to Bull Durham.

'Hello, you bloomin' Britisher!' one will shout to Thomas Atkins as he strides past. 'Hello, you damned Yank!' returns Thomas stolidly. And the pair go off together to damn each other's eyes in two mugs of pitifully thin beer, retailed at fourpence each.

It is after the fiery baptism that the real change begins to show. I remember a visit to a hospital not far from the front, where the wounded were coming in very fast. There was no complaint,

no 'grousing,' none of that easing of their souls' burden so dear to a patient's heart in the free wards at home. Here the nurses are all 'angels — better than angels, sir'; and the doctors, 'human all right.' My experience did not embrace permanent hospitals, where tedious convalescence frazzles the temper; but in all the wards through which I passed, I heard no word of complaint or criticism, only gratitude and a sharp unceasing eagerness to go back to the front again. Among the walking wounded, I can still see a negro boy, colored like a domino, with his white teeth and ebon face. There were two bullet wounds in his right arm.

'Much hurt?' somebody asked.

'Yes, sirree. It done hurt suthin 'orful; but we went through dat brush two miles in three hours, we done did, sir. If you don't believe it, ask the major.'

Again, in a ward of badly wounded, moans and muffled shrieks were coming from one bed. They were the only sounds of despair which had reached my ears. I went to the boy's side. He was a young Italian from Fall River, clutching his string of beads as he writhed in bed. Then, from the next cot, a low voice called to me, 'He ain't grousing, that Dago. He's just coming out of ether.' And those groans were the only discordant note I had heard that day.

I turned to the man who had spoken. He was lying very quiet, his face drawn and his new-grown beard giving him that look of primitive sainthood one sees so often in serious cases.

'How are you?' I asked.

'Fine,' said he. 'I'm lucky. It's that poor chap on the other side, in the corner, who is in trouble. The gas has skinned him good and plenty.'

And so it was. There lay the boy, biting his bloodless lips, from which no sound escaped, his left arm suspended from a swing, that it might be spared the agony of touching the bed-clothes.

'But you yourself,' I said, continuing the talk, 'where were you hit?'

'Oh, I'm all right,' came the familiar refrain; 'I'm lucky.' And, pushing back the sheet with his left hand, he bared the stump of his right arm, severed at the shoulder.

'When did that happen?'

'Last night. But I'm all right. I'm lucky.'

They are wonderful, these young men, filled with an austere exaltation which is the only chivalrous element in this brutal war. That, too, will go if the war should last. For one year — possibly for two — the tonic virtue of the fight persists. Then comes disillusion, cynicism, unbelief in God and man.

II

Nothing in Great Britain, I think, is so remarkable as the faces of the people. In offices, in the shops, in the shell-factories, in the parks, everywhere, are quiet, untroubled faces. Neither casualty lists nor victories in Flanders find expression on the streets. There are no more Mafeking nights. The people are too tired, too sick at heart with hope deferred, too disillusioned about the glories of victory. Every day or two the papers print the list of honors which it has pleased His Majesty to confer, and also that other Roll of Honor which stretches from Antwerp to Aleppo, and has filled a million British graves in Flanders and Northern France alone. But, just as a universal sorrow is robbed both of loneliness and of that secret sense of injustice which lends so much of bitterness to grief, so honors, in widest commonalty spread, abandon much of their distinctive value. But however such thoughts may help to repress grief and to restrain pride, there can be no explanation except in character for the placid manner and calm expression which greet you

everywhere. Mourning is almost unknown. Once in a while — scarcely more often than in New York — a man wears a black band on his arm; and, now and then, one sees a shop-girl with the photograph of her husband or her lover pinned against her breast; but, largely speaking, there is no formality of grief; and to see, after crossing the Channel, every other Frenchwoman swathed in black, strikes one by contrast as with a blow.

It has its spiritual effect, this unselfish willingness not to be cut off from others; and the sorrow becomes a common sorrow with a common strength to bear it. The individual courage put forth is quite beyond praise. So normal seems life that the visitor cannot tell which of the company it is into whose house desolation has lately entered. Sitting beside me one evening, at a dinner in a provincial city, making himself particularly agreeable, was a gentleman whose family history was quite unknown to me. Nothing about him suggested misfortune. His ready smile and pleasant eager talk were rather of a man fortunate and unhurt. After the dessert, our host made a brief speech, alluding to the loss to the community of the young lives spilled in Flanders. Then, below his breath, my neighbor whispered, 'Three weeks ago to-night, and my boy would have been twenty-five to-day!'

Without this discipline of mind and heart, England could not have geared herself for the five years' struggle. The people could not have kept the pace. Leisure is the fruit of an older generation than we Americans enjoy, and the English are a leisurely people. The masses spare their brains more than ours do, and the classes are more apt to cash in the margin of comfortable and intelligent leisure. But for years now the nation has been at work — hard, grinding, cruel work. The extraordinary sex-revolution which has added six million women over thirty years of age to the voting lists, and has sent a million and a half in the earlier prime to the munition factories and other industries behind the war, is, of course, the salient fact; but what strikes the observer most is, on the one hand, the force of the shock which has given political freedom with so little opposition to a body of voters as large as that which previously exercised the suffrage, and on the other hand, the extraordinarily high quality of the labor which has been added to the motive-power of Great Britain. Go into any of the colossal munition plants which dot the industrial centres, and you will be little short of amazed at the intelligence and well-being of this mighty army. In our own mills and machine-shops, there is a factory pallor on the women's faces, and that tensity of look and gesture which with us is the register of piece-work. There the young women are as ruddy and as free from nervousness as if they had just come in from the fields. Their manual skill is fast overtaking that of the men, although, by custom still jealously preserved, their weekly wage is apt to average some fifteen shillings less. And even in shops where only heavy work is done, through some simple device of block and tackle women take an ever-increasing share of the burden.[1]

It is interesting to speculate how the whole history of modern labor might have been changed, had the safeguards of welfare-work, sanitation, good food, good quarters, which now protect woman labor, found their prototypes in the brutal days of factory development.

What will become of this woman labor after the war? Vague predic-

[1] According to my own incomplete observation, the Carpenters' Union alone has succeeded in absolutely prohibiting the labor of women. The mediæval spirit has elsewhere been abandoned. — The Author.

tions are made that, of the fifteen hundred thousand workers added to labor from woman's ranks during the past four years, at least half will be reabsorbed by the return of normal home conditions. My own belief is that this is largely exaggerated. Liberty and high wages are alluring bait, and of the considerable number of women operatives with whom I talked no one (except a young woman who was to be married the next day) expressed the slightest desire to step out when the war was over, and to owe her pin-money to the bounty of a father or a husband. What will be done when the armies tramp home from Flanders, everybody wonders, but nobody knows. Yet it is not dangerous to prophesy that a nation painfully in need of labor will not reject the services of women in large-scale production because objections are made by labor unions controlled by precedents created to run a small-scale world.

III

To an American, the adventure of going to England now is for the first time to discover Englishmen. Something has happened. That insensible curtain, crisp and starched, which has hung between them and us so long has gone. Whether temporarily or forever, it is, I think, for Americans to say; but gone it is to-day, whisked away in the night. I do not say that everything has changed. We Americans are still chastened matutinally by the *Morning Post*, while the philosophic editor of *Blackwood's* still applies the unmethodic caustic of his 'musings.' But these are unchangeable minima in a world of change. What is important is, that with Englishmen we should feel no constraint, nor they with us; that we should both recognize how small are our divergencies, and how immense our common aims. The attempts to bring us together in the past have been too self-conscious. There has been too much talk of Hands across the Sea, and Blood calling to Blood; for if the blood of earth's peoples were to call to their blood in America, no Tower of Babel could hold the tumult. And as for the hands across the sea, Briareus himself could not shake them. But our common literature, — a literature based on English forms alone, — common speech, and common institutions have created in us a kindred instinct which shall save us at the last. For instinct it is which has brought us where we stand. Ypres and Passchendaele, Peronne and Albert were magic words to us; they were the secret code which meant that Great Britain might bleed to death for a cause which is our own. Each name of them meant hurry, hurry; and that message, though we knew it not at the time, was registered in our hearts and souls.

The change which revealed Englishmen to Americans came very suddenly. I think it came the 21st of March. On that day, England was in peril. The unbreakable front had been broken, and the worst defeat in British military history had been incurred at the very climax of the war. England did not despair. She would die fighting, but for the first time the thought would not down that she might not win. In September, 1914, the peril may have been as imminent, but the Empire had not then begun to put forth its strength; nor was it universally known that a bad defeat could not be retrieved. That burly self-confidence which in the affairs of the world has been perhaps the best inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon was shaken to its foundations, and in that instant of wild doubt a new sense of faith was born in a larger but a divided destiny.

It is of the complete acceptance of

America that I speak. The tide of confidence in us had been rising ever since that April evening in 1917, when the President pledged all that we are and have to the Allied cause. But at that time the straitening resources of British finance, the desperate shrinkage of British shipping, were imperfectly understood except by a few. The map of empire sprawling red over the globe brought in those days a comfort almost physical to British households. It was the tragedy of the Fifth Army, which, like a lightning-stroke, showed the situation as it was.

How remote those terrible March days seem now! No wonder the fire of idealistic enthusiasm has burned lower. Englishmen live in a temperate clime, and their souls live with them.

Consider, too, the human argument. The danger is past. How natural to think that, perhaps, after all it was never quite so present as it seemed! At any rate, it is France and England who have fought, and, great God, how they have suffered! At the very end, America enters. Her fresh strength tips the scale, and she is able to buy with money what has cost her sister nations tears and blood. And now it is America, with armor almost undented, who offers to dictate the peace, who counsels moderation, who talks of the danger of future wars as if this one did not suffice to fill the full horizon of her thoughts. And this America, who buys at bargain rates the leadership of the world, still stands aloof from those who fight beside her. She will be their associate, but not their ally; their friend, but not their brother.

This sentiment, less formulated than felt in England, has standing neither in morals nor in logic. We have the highest precedent for that; but to those who wrongfully sympathize with the laborers who have borne the burden and heat, but receive every man a penny, even as they who have come in at the eleventh hour in the comfortable coolness of the twilight — to those the argument comes home. I would not labor the point; for to do so would be to falsify the impression of true and cordial fellowship, which Britain offers and which every American must feel. But plainness is what we want, and truth, and this is truth; and to-day it should not be passed over or quite forgotten.

So the current of natural feeling runs. And then, perhaps, though one suspects rather than hears the criticism, there is a note of the absolute in the President's diction, of the final, the perfect, the immutably right, which grates on the ear of European statesmen, accustomed to compromise in this naughty world. Moses, of course, was everlastingly right; but many there were who were temporarily at odds with him.

And if we think of ministerial personalities, with reasonable effort it is possible to conceive the state of mind of a Methodist and Welshman with hortatory gifts and Celtic imagination sitting quiet in the front pew while a Presbyterian dominie expounds the whole moral law at length and with precision. There is a great deal in human nature besides right and wrong, and argument is not always accepted strictly on its merits.

When the time for the discussion of peace-terms comes, let us remember that the British are a tired people, who have suffered all and more than all that a race should be called upon to bear, and who through the miraculous success of the last few months see within their grasp a reward for their labors more tangible than the justice and security for which they have waged this war. Let us remember that for more than four years of terrible and desperate circumstance, they have kept their courage and their faith.

IV

No one knows England now who has not stood at the docks of a Channel port and watched stream past the never-ending daily lines of khaki, east to the front and westward home on leave. After a year in trench-muck, fifteen days in which you can be clean and smoke when you like and talk with women and trot children on your knees, is not a bad sort of Paradise; and when you think that if the Channel steamer is late there is no allowance at the other end, a little kicking at delays is not amiss. But it is a quiet crowd, the homeward-going one. They are not like boys from school, these older serious boys, for they know that holidays do not last long, and that they will go back and back till finally the long vacation comes. They are not depressed, but not exuberant, and I rather think the livelier crowd is the one returning to the front. There are more jokes in it and more whistling; and as each Tommy bends under his mountainous pack (for pack and rifle never leave him lest he be called suddenly for home service), you look into his rough, red face, and wonder whether his gift for taking the world as he finds it is not after all quite the most useful that any fairy godmother has to bestow.

Much has been said about the war being brought home to England, yet it is not generally realized how true this is to the physical sense. Officers on morning inspection duty in the front trenches frequently dine at the Savoy or Ritz, and go on to the opera that same night. The strange jumble of life can offer no sharper contrasts, and the violent intertwisting of it all lends a touch of the dramatic to a war singularly devoid of theatrical effects. This war is too big for drama. It has panoramas, but few pictures, and is in its essence an unthinkably prodigious mass of detail. It is this infinite devotion to little things which gives rise to the boredom of which private and officer alike complain. The higher command and the King — the fount of honor — do what they can through picturesque rewards. Orders, medals, bars, clasps, D.S.O.'s, D.S.M.'s, V.C.'s, Mentions in Dispatches, fall in grateful showers — but nothing takes away the deadly, stifling sense of tedium. Men become mechanical. They go to life or death as they are called. Every soldier, as the saying is, has his number upon one bullet, none else can touch him. Fatalism has robbed life of its last adventure.

In a material way, what is done for the troops at the front is not short of amazing. A man could, as it were, taste his way forward by the quality of the food he eats. In London there is no sugar, almost no milk, eggs at ninepence each, very little jam, the staff of British life; but as you cross the Channel, the fare enriches itself automatically, as it were, and at divisional headquarters the starved palate comes into its own. Everything is there, and everything delicious. *Vive la belle alliance:* English viands and French cooking!

One is constantly asked, Is there much hatred of the Germans among the soldiers? Contempt there is, and expletives adequate to express it, but not much hate. Occasionally you see a man vindictive for some personal reason, like one I spoke with who, in happier days, had been a porter at Waterloo station. 'No peace with the beasts till we bomb Berlin. That's what I say. They killed my mother and my only sister with one of their dirty bombs; and, before we stop, I'm going to get even!' The French do it better. Watch a peasant standing in front of the pile of rubbish which was his home. He shrugs his shoulders. 'Les Boches, les sales Boches!' he will say, and that is

all. With the victories of September and October, the tide of hate and revenge rose, as was natural. It is no use feeling revengeful unless you are apt to have your hopes come true. But whatever part hatred may play, there is among the British people no general desire to continue the war beyond the attainment of absolute security. The papers of large circulation play continuously upon mob passion, but the people never fully respond. Both in England and America the press is gradually ceasing to represent national opinion. In England, perhaps, the discrepancy is most marked.

V

At the gate of a little French cemetery, desecrated like a thousand others by the brutalities of war, still stands a splintered shaft, placed there two years ago by the good people of the village, and on it the inscription runs, —

'Confided to the tender care of the Commune of Machemont. They who are buried here have died for their country. It is their right that beside their graves the people flock and pray.'

The rights of these dead soldiers confided to the little commune, which now itself is dead! The generations pass fast in these communities of northern France, and in that simple monument is their history. First go the young men, who are forever to be remembered; then, the old; then, ruin and forgetfulness. The place thereof shall know them no more. But, if the stranger look further there in this ruined graveyard, ploughed by shells, utterly profaned, he will see strange, true records of this world war. Here among the thick-strewn mounds of French boys is a larger grave. 'Soldats Allemands,' the inscription runs beneath the Genevan cross; and then the list, Hans and Fritz and Hermann and the rest. And right next them — a curious company for eternal sleep — upright boards bearing at the top the symbol of the crescent, and below, the record: Mokbar ben Ama of the 6° Tirailleurs; and beside him, Embarek B. Mohammed, Caporal, 6° Tirailleurs; and beyond, Christians of other nations, resting side by side in their scarred graves. And above all, in the very centre, a great Crucifix. The Christ rests upon it, one arm severed at the shoulder, which hangs piteously down. And below, the words of hope, where no hope is: *Ego sum resurrectio et vita.*

A monstrous jumble of incongruities such as this marks all France to-day. The least prejudiced of nations, she has made all the people of the earth at home within her borders. Black, yellow, white, and brown, all are welcome. For hundreds of miles the native population seems submerged by the inundation. A single division of American troops may fill forty villages, and there are more than forty of them. The millions of British transform vast sections of France into a country which superficially seems as English as Yorkshire. Along the roads streams a procession as cosmopolitan as though the last trump had summoned them from the corners of the earth: Sikhs, Burmese, Indians from Arizona, and from the remotest east, Sengalese, Cingalese, Chinamen, Annamites, Arabs, fierce little brown men from Madagascar, Russians, Portuguese, Italians, Serbians, Czechs, lanky Australians with a jaunty tilt to their slouch hats, New Zealanders who, even to western eyes, wear a different look, and Mississippi negroes chanting their gurgling melodies — a chaos of the flotsam and jetsam of the world, and yet perfect order, every company a cog in a machine too vast for the mind to grasp.

Will France ever emerge again when the alien waters have subsided? She

never can be the same. The habits and associations of centuries have been dissolved, families have been scattered, women, the constant element in the French character, have been harried and dispersed. Throughout the devastated districts the purity of French blood has been grievously impaired by the invasion of friends as well as of foes.

It is not until you come to the French front, itself, that France seems herself again. For there is a terrible naturalness to the war. It has gone on so long that all life is geared to it, and men and women, half a dozen miles behind the advancing trenches, begin to lead their normal lives again. The old French spirit is there, still untainted. Watch a group of officers and men standing at rest. Liberty, they are fighting for; Equality will come when peace returns; Fraternity, they have. They are brothers-in-arms, talking and joking together. Often you see a lieutenant with his arm over a private's shoulder, or a captain rearranging a man's pack in comfortable fashion, or officers and men exchanging knives and corkscrews at their common lunch: sights to make a British officer shudder and an American wince. And yet the discipline in ranks is not less good because the comradeship is nearer. There is a sensibility in 'Oui, mon capitaine,' that is forever lost in our 'Very good, sir.'

There is a strain of philosophy in the French fibre giving strength to the weave. Quite characteristic is an inscription which I chanced to find penciled on th walls of a ruined *presbytère*, where soldiers had been sleeping. Anyone distressingly familiar with the sort of thing usually scratched on dead walls in America will appreciate its tenor: —

La guerre provoque le pillage
Le pillage c'est la ruine.
La ruine amène la patience,
Et la patience implique la paix.
Donc la guerre produit la paix.

La paix provoque l'abondance,
L'abondance suscit l'orgueil,
L'orgueil amène la guerre.
Donc la paix produit la guerre.

Not profoundly original, perhaps, but reflective and sensible.

If you would understand the *poilu*, you must consider his commissariat. The commissariat of the British is a perfect mechanism. Lorries and soup-kitchens roll forward in infinite lines and perfect order. The American army, still in its first year, is an *armée de luxe*, every appointment admirable, and with an obvious and correct reliance upon the machinery of war, characteristic of our national genius. But the French — they use machines when they can, but petrol is scarce, and men must be fed. Back and forth behind the lines goes every conceivable vehicle which can be pushed or dragged — on two wheels, or on four; sometimes, I think, on three. These *charrettes* and *char-à-bancs;* omnibuses which once set down passengers at the Place de la Bastille; great farm wains drawn by oxen; tiny donkey carts that have seen long service with the original donkey between the shafts; lumber wagons with ox and horse yoked together in the old family harness, consisting, in French fashion, largely of rope; and anything and everything that can carry food and drink to the front line. And on top of each plump load reclines a driver in the horizon blue the *poilu* has made famous, a pipe in one corner of his mouth and from the other a gentle strain of caustic argument with his beasties: 'Nom d'un chien! Va t'en! Ghrr—'

There is something indescribably moving about it all — something homely, domestic, intimate, as if a people had risen to defend their own fireside. There is a word the French use that gives something of its meaning. *Se débrouiller*, they say of a man who makes things go, whatever he has to do it

with; and *débrouillard* is a sort of contriver with odds and ends, who has a homely genius for results. That is your *poilu*, making his commissary out of old farm contraptions. Yet I am told that the coffee at the front is just as hot, and comes as promptly, as if the rivers of France flowed with gasoline.

There is another picture of this French front that lingers in my mind. A château, the glory of the neighborhood since the eleventh century — one wing of it, the ancient abbey, had been burned by peasants in the Revolution, but the great gothic arches still stood, tier on tier. And now the old mansion itself had been methodically gutted — not for any military reason; there had been no battle near; but because it was beautiful and the people loved it. Against that blackened ruin a regiment lay *en repos*. Their arms were stacked, and the men were stretched in motionless groups here and there; a dog, lying by his master's head, mingled his straggling hair with the *poilu's* beard. In the great bare doorway stood a group of sheepish-looking prisoners in German *Feldgrau*, a little embarrassed, and yet perhaps not displeased with the idea that their power had wrought the demolition. It was just such a scene as, in the days of realistic art, Alfred de Neuville loved to paint; and one watched it with a curious feeling that the tableau must have been arranged for the visitor's benefit. Just then, from the arch still intact, came forward to greet us the lady of the castle. Her hat was stained by the weather, and her gown had long since lost its color, but she smiled as pleasantly and welcomed us as cordially as if she were still the mistress of the beauty which for so many centuries had been bequeathed to her to hold in trust for posterity. And as she led us through the great rooms, now vaulted by the sky and carpeted with dust and ashes, and showed us the white squares on the walls whence Nattier's canvases had been torn, for removal to some Oberstleutnant's home in the Vaterland, it was hard for an American heart not to feel the hate which the countess had cast out from her own.

We know the French too little. I have spoken of them as the least prejudiced of people. That is true, but it does not protect them from the charge of a too conscious remoteness from the intellectual interests of other people. Among the literati of Paris, ignorance of English speech is almost an accomplishment; and rich and varied as their preoccupations are, one is tempted to think that nothing alien is humane to them. But the French, who have always appreciated their country too much to travel from it, have ever been hosts to travelers from every other; and now that, literally, the world has come to France, for good or evil the old contracted vision of the race will never be the same.

In this fifth year of war, Americans think of France as a ruined country. And in a restricted sense the physical desolation which has come over Northern France is more complete than it is possible to describe. Flourishing cities like Albert and Merville and a score of others are not merely crumbled ruins — they are dust, to be shoveled into the roadways to make macadam of. But in a larger national sense, France is not ruined, but flourishing as she has seldom flourished before. Rivers of gold pour in from the Golcondas of the world. The Americans alone are spending in France upwards of $150,000,000 monthly — a monthly total of $200,000,000 is not far away. Upon every dollar of this the government, by its ten per cent impost on all sales, raises a considerable portion of its present revenue. If the war goes on for some eight months, the balance of trade,

once so enormously in our favor, will actually be against us, and France will be the creditor nation. Although her taxation of her own people is notoriously light at this time, it may very well be that, after the war, alone among the nations, she will be well on the way to a solution of her fiscal problems.

The French are not spendthrifts. The francs which slip so smoothly into the till stick at the bottom. French contributions to their own charities form one of the least heroic chapters of the war. The peasants give of their poverty, and the government gives, but the bourgeois button their pockets; and it is a startling criticism of this attitude to say that, when the Americans ship supplies into French towns, for the use of French sick and refugees, an *octroi* is actually levied upon them at the town gates. Then, too, very generally prices have risen beyond what is necessary, and bargains were never more smartly driven than with the American soldiers, who have been taught to think of themselves as crusaders flocking to a rescue. The French point of view is, not unnaturally, quite different. For three years, they say, we fought your war, and our legions have kept America inviolate. Meanwhile we have the misfortune of having the war in behalf of all civilization fought on French soil.[1]

Truly it is a good thing for a man's soul to talk with his neighbors, and to learn that the white light of truth is made up of many colored strands. Side by side with commercial France is heroic France. After motoring all day through deserts where once were towns, we stopped in front of a splendid old wall, bastioned by towers, and bordered by a moat. In the centre a drawbridge led to the mediæval gothic arch which opened on the court. We entered and stood where Gabrielle d'Estrées had often welcomed her royal lover. Of the three stone pavilions which had overlooked the marble balustrades and the poplar-lined garden beyond, two were crumbled to blackened destruction, and the third, which had housed the humble offices of kitchen and servants' quarters, was badly impaired. The beauty of the place, the contrast of past and present, would make the eye of the most casual passer glisten with sympathy; but the gentleman who received us, who had lost his only son a year ago, and who had lost as well all that his forefathers had bequeathed him, showed us about as cheerfully and pleasantly as if he could still point to every feature of the architecture he knew so well.

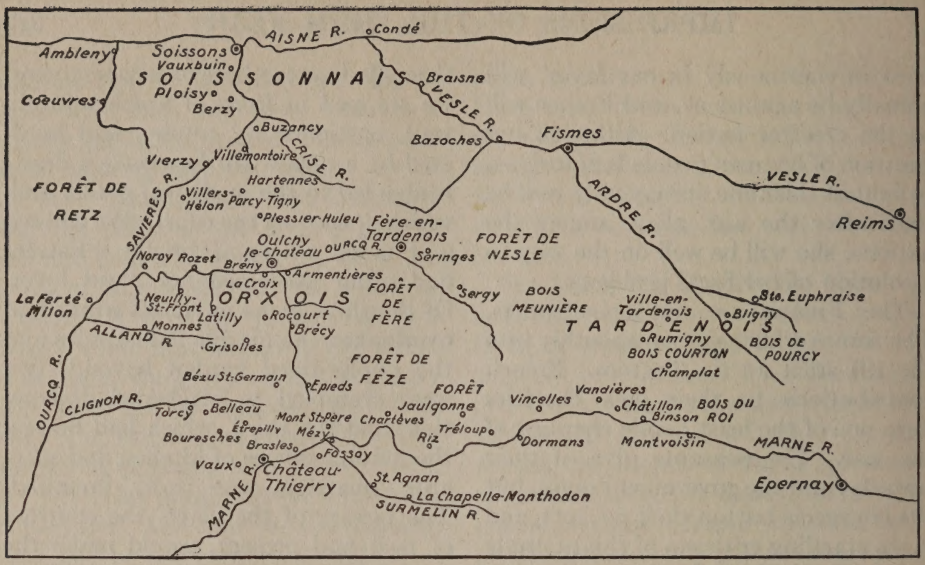
'Come up to my own quarters,' he said; and led the way up the spiral stair, which went up from the outer kitchen to his tiny bedroom, furnished with a narrow cot, a rickety chair, and a cracked ewer and basin. 'Here I am now,' he said. 'Not much, but sufficient.' And then, 'I am not in a position, gentlemen, to offer you a cup of tea, but a glass of tea you shall have.'

So we repaired to the housekeeper's room, where was a single ancient servitor, her head bandaged for injuries during the fire kindled by the Germans; and there had our glass of tea in chipped tumblers, passing from hand to hand the single spoon which the château afforded.

Bright threads like this of the eternal France are everywhere mingled with the warp the Fates are spinning.

E. S.

[1] The American's instinctive criticism of these characteristics of the French goes too far. The idea of paying rental for the portion of France which is occupied by our forces is instinctively repugnant to us. But should we not pay our own citizens if we dispossessed them of their rights? And shall we do less by the citizens of a friendly country? — THE AUTHOR.



AN AMERICAN BATTLEFIELD

FROM THE MARNE TO THE VESLE

BY RAOUL BLANCHARD

TERRIFIC battles, ushering in the dawn of victories which will ensure the freedom of the world, were fought in July and August, 1918, between the Marne and Vesle rivers, from Château-Thierry to Soissons and Fismes. In this soul-stirring struggle the young American troops played a large part, and played it with heroism and success. It has occurred to us, therefore, that the American people will be glad to become acquainted with the battlefield made glorious by their sons, with the soil which will some day be a consecrated goal of pilgrimage for the entire nation.

This field of death, bristling with ruins still smouldering, was formerly, and will soon be once more, a beautiful stretch of country. Here we are in the heart of the Île de France, and the countryside displays all the gracious charm of a typical French landscape. With its undulating plateaus, pleasant vales, broad green valleys, forests and greensward, châteaux and villas, small towns, and dear old villages thronged with souvenirs of the past, the district between the Marne and the Aisne was peculiarly representative of France — the France of the Merovingians and Capets as well as of the twentieth century.

There is no manufacturing and little commercial activity; but a skillful, varied, and persistent culture of the soil, with special attention to those most exacting of crops, the vine and vegetables, which are successfully raised only by dint of hard labor, and to

the production of vast quantities of sugar-beets and cereals.

The villages, built of the beautiful stone of the district, have, one and all, an air of dignity and prosperity which gives animation to the landscape. The very names are among the most pleasant to the ear, and often among the most illustrious in the language. Our great men of letters, La Fontaine and Racine, Pope Urban II, who preached the First Crusade, and other statesmen and princes, all born in the province, had already made it a genuinely historic spot; and the memory of the battles fought by Napoleon at Château-Thierry and Soissons, against the invaders of 1814, has not yet faded. When they turned the enemy back from Paris, the Americans were fighting in the most truly French of all the districts of France, and their gallantry has imparted to it a new charm, a more resplendent glory.

But this attractive region does not exhibit everywhere the same features. The topography of the Île de France is so varied that one can distinguish several families, or groups, of landscapes between the Marne and the Vesle. Let us follow them, in the order followed by the different stages of the battle.

The southern portion is the most elevated and most picturesque; it includes the shores of the Marne, from Epernay to Château-Thierry, as well as the hills and valleys to the eastward, grouped about the Ardre River in the district called the Tardenois. In the centre the battlefield embraces plateaus studded with low hills, half hidden by broad patches of forest, and cut by deep, narrow valleys — those of the Ourcq and its affluents; whence the region is known as the district of the Ourcq, or the Orxois. Lastly, to the north this undulating ground gives place to a practically level plateau, a vast table-land of cultivated fields, through which flow the deep ravines of the Aisne, the Vesle, and their affluents. This is the Soissonnais.

From the Tardenois to the Soissonnais by way of the Orxois, let us follow in the wake of the French and American armies, in their decisively victorious advance.

I. THE MARNE AND THE TARDENOIS

On emerging from the plains of Champagne, at Epernay, the Marne flows through the plateaus of the Île de France as far as Paris, and the country along its banks changes its aspect. Instead of the wide valley which seems one with the immense bare plain, the stream, breaking out a path for itself through the solid mass of the plateau, has cut a gash from 500 to 2000 metres in width, which turns and winds in graceful and ever-changing curves. Thus, although its general course is from east to west, the trend of the walls of the valley constantly changes and bears toward every point of the compass in turn. Moreover, these walls, intersected by the ravines and valleys of numerous tributary streams, are cut up into capes, bastions, and deep hollows. Finally, the cliff from whose summit the plateau overlooks the valley, and whose average height is about 150 metres, at times rises steeply from the lowland, and again is broken up into terraces following the different strata of which it is composed. Thus, although the topographical elements are simple enough, they lend themselves to an ever-changing combination of forms, which gives to the landscape its great charm, and at the same time offers some formidable advantages of various kinds from a military standpoint.

The bright green ribbon of the Marne winds along the valley bottom. The

placid stream, about a hundred metres wide and broken here and there by islets, wanders from one bank to the other, lined by poplars and willows. On either side of its limpid waters are broad fields, whose delicate greenery frames the sparkling line of the river, which forms a by no means impassable obstacle. In the days just preceding the German offensive of July 15, American patrols constantly crossed between Château-Thierry and Mézy, and picked up prisoners and information on the northern bank. In like manner, during that offensive the attacking German troops were able without great losses to cross the Marne and attack the defenders on the southern bank. To be sure, the Allied air-men made their life a burden by keeping up an incessant bombardment of the bridges, large and small.

But the real obstacle which this valley offers is found in the slopes which dominate it, and it was there that the fiercest fighting took place until the day when the French and Americans, having thrown the enemy back across the river, scaled the cliffs of the right bank on his heels and dislodged him therefrom. In this neighborhood there were two sectors of terrific fighting — that of Châtillon–Dormans upstream, and that of Château-Thierry below.

Going upstream, the valley is quite wide: from Monvoisin to Dormans, by Château-Thierry, it measures two kilometres almost everywhere. The high cliff which overlooks it on the north, cut by a multitude of narrow valleys coming down from the table-land of the Tardenois, forms a series of buttresses which make excellent defensive positions. On the sharpest, which is a genuine peninsula overhanging the main valley, sits the village of Châtillon, formerly crowned by a haughty feudal castle, on whose ruins was erected a statue of Pope Urban II, who long ago had trouble with the German emperors. The slopes below are hard to climb, because of their steepness and the network of tilled fields. Here we are at the heart of the vine-growing district, and these banks of the Marne contribute largely to the production of the famous champagne. The vines extend, on long rows of poles, to the very summit of the cliffs, especially on the right bank, which has a better exposure to the sun; they are often connected by strands of wire, on which straw mats are placed to protect the vines from the cold in winter.

On a lower level, nearer the stream, are magnificent orchards: the cherry tree joins with the vine to impart to those slopes an aspect of rustic opulence. Huddled white villages, with tawny-hued pointed roofs, follow one another in regular succession on the rolling ground. Their names have lately won a terrible celebrity: Binson, Vandières, Vincelles, Tréloup. Sandstone quarries burrow into the summit of the cliffs and furnish shelters for the defenders. Finally, there are strips of forest along the slopes wherever the exposure is thought poorly suited for crops. All these features unite to form a cheerful, animated, lovely landscape; but at the same time a conglomeration of obstacles which the Allied troops were able to overcome only after fierce fighting.

Below the little town of Dormans, the valley narrows temporarily: from Tréloup to Brasles it is frequently less than 500 metres in width. The cliff, although steep as before, is less cut up, and the patches of forest are larger. At the mouths of the smaller affluent valleys, the villages rear their church-towers on the hillsides, overlooking the lowest vineyards and orchards; on this right bank are Jaulgonne, Chartèves, and Mont Saint-Père, all taken by the Allies late in July, and Fossoy, where

the Americans successfully repulsed the German attack of July 15.

But now the valley widens once more as it enters the broad basin of Château-Thierry. It is a beautiful spot, and at the same time, of great military value. The little town long ago forgot its rôle of fortress, but has been brutally reminded of it by the violence of the battles that have been fought in its neighborhood. In the foreground is the wide expanse of fields in the valley bottom; then a suburb of the town enclosed between two arms of the Marne. Across the river, scaling the slopes of a hill crowned by the ruins of a castle, the town rises, terrace-like, at the mouth of a narrow valley. The position can be carried by frontal attack only on the heels of a defeated foe, as Napoleon carried it in 1814, and Franchet d'Esperey just a hundred years later. But in 1918 the Americans had to take Château-Thierry in flank, and in order to force their way into the town, had to fight the bloody battles of Vaux, Bouresches, and Étrepilly, which carried them to the north of the town and hastened its evacuation.

What is the nature of the terrain above those steep cliffs which enclose the valley of the Marne? Does it become more favorable to military operations than the deep depression through which the river flows? Not by any means. The surface of the table-land is broken by so many ravines and narrow valleys which descend steeply to the Marne, that it is cut into a multitude of ridges and hillocks amid which it is no longer possible to recognize the original horizontal aspect of the plateau.

On the other hand, the strata which lie on the surface — loam, sandstone, and clayey sand — make a heavy, impermeable soil, quite infertile, in which it is hard to raise anything, and which is largely given over to woods. Thus, freedom of movement is impeded by deep ravines, ridges running in all directions, and more or less dense forests; an offensive is difficult, and the defensive easy. This is true in the immediate neighborhood of Château-Thierry, where the ravines of Vaux, Brasles, Chartèves, Jaulgonne, and Tréloup, and the valley of the Surmelin, slash the plateau on either side of the Marne into fragments — into forest-topped hillocks which are genuine fortresses, where the struggle was terrific and where the Allies were able to advance only one step at a time: on Hill 204, west of Château-Thierry, in the Bois de Mont St.-Père, the forest of Fèze above Jaulgonne, and especially on the spur of the forest of Riz; and south of the Marne, at the broad, wooded bastion of Saint-Agnan and at La Chapelle-Monthodon, where the fighting was so intense from the 15th to the 20th of July.

This strip of broken table-land becomes broader again farther upstream, above Dormans and Châtillon-sur-Marne. In that direction the plateau of the Île de France ascends until it is more than 260 metres above the stream. Erosion has been even more active there, and in that part of the Tardenois the plateau is dissected into narrow strips separated by deep valleys, broad and moist, the largest of which is the valley of the Ardre. In the valley bottoms the streams are bordered by bands of tillage land; above, on the lower slopes, amid the vineyards and orchards which monopolize all the favorable exposures, is a multitude of small villages, some of which have become famous — Ste.-Euphraise, Bligny, and Ville-en-Tardenois, whose rustic dwellings of uncut rubble, arranged amphitheatre-wise, sheltered some 500 inhabitants. Higher up, on the uneven surface of the plateau, are

scattered villages built on limestone foundations — tiny fortresses, like Rumigny and Champlat, the scene of hard-fought battles. Almost the entire surface is covered with forests of pine and oak and birch. These are the woods of Le Roi, Courton, Pourcy, and Reims, where hand-to-hand fighting went on for more than a fortnight, British, Italians, and French succeeding at first in checking the enemy and then in forcing him back, in those titanic combats. They were, in reality, genuine mountain battles; for the hills reach a height of 265 metres, above the level of the plateau, while the valleys are at least 100 metres deep; and the difficulties of the uneven surface were greatly increased by the obstacles offered by forests, vineyards, streams, and the villages, closely packed with stone houses, which could easily be transformed into fortifications.

A deep, broad, swampy valley, traversed by an unfordable stream; surmounted by steep slopes bristling with vineyards, orchards, villages, and diversified by quarries; above, an entanglement of low hills, ravines, and valleys, under a mantle of forest — such was the theatre of operations in which the Americans won their first great victory. A more difficult terrain could not be desired, or one better adapted to test the valor of the victorious troops.

But, when they had made themselves masters of this battlefield, the Allies were by no means at the end of their labors; and the difficulties of the ground to be traversed were still serious in the central portion of the theatre of operations — the Orxois.

II. THE ORXOIS: OULCHY-LE-CHÂTEAU AND FÈRE-EN-TARDENOIS

The Orxois is a plateau extending north of the Marne to the Soissonnais, at a mean height of 160 metres. But it is very far from being uniform. Let us study the nature of its soil, and the relief, that we may comprehend its aspects more thoroughly. The substratum of the plateau of the Orxois is the layer of rock called 'hard limestone' 30 to 40 metres in thickness, so much of which is used for building material in the towns and villages. This layer is almost horizontal, and if there were nothing superimposed upon it, the plateau would be a practically level platform. But above the hard limestone are successive layers of a far different character — layers of sand, of Beauchamp sandstone, mingled with marl, making a moist, impermeable, infertile soil; then another layer of limestone, softer and more clayey than that below. Finally, this upper limestone is covered, especially toward the east, with thin layers of marl, clay and, lastly, Fontainebleau sand, which are connected with the strata of the Tardenois. Thus, to a depth of 100 metres, we find a succession of diversified strata, hard and soft, dry and moist, which impart great variety to the landscape.

The valleys which intersect this conglomeration run from east to west, toward the deep depression hollowed out by the Savières and the Lower Ourcq. From north to south, we can count three — the Upper Ourcq, by Fère-en-Tardenois and La Ferté-Milon, the Ru d'Alland, and the Clignon. Very wide where they pass through the upper strata, these valleys grow abruptly narrower and deeper when they reach the level of the hard limestone, where they are little more than deep and narrow ditches. Between these furrows, the marl, sand, and softer limestones form ridges, now steep, now rising more gently, the sandy soil bearing woods, the limestones cultivated fields.

Thus the whole plateau of the Orxois is a series of elevations and depressions,

running from east to west, which form just so many obstacles to an advance from south to north like that of the Allies. Luckily they approached this locality at the same time from the west, which enabled them to outflank the obstacles simultaneously with their approach from the south.

North of Château-Thierry, three or four kilometres from the Marne, the plateau is less diversified. The only obstacle is the valley of the Clignon, which deepens rapidly toward the west. Above it, at the summit of the limestone cliff, the plateau forms a species of promontories on which are built villages — Torcy, Belleau, Bouresches. The American troops had held their positions there during the last part of June, and it was there that the heroic marines halted the enemy in his march upon Paris. And again, it was there that they assumed the offensive on July 18, to outflank Château-Thierry from the north. On that day they carried the ridges of Torcy and Belleau; on the 19th they pressed beyond Bouresches; and on the 20th they forced their way into Étrepilly and Château-Thierry.

Immediately beyond, the terrain is not so difficult. The Clignon valley becomes less rugged and gradually blends with the plateau. Toward Bézu-St.-Germain and Epieds lies a comparatively open plain with extensive stretches of fallow land. In this more open region the progress was more rapid; on July 22 the American troops took possession of Epieds, twelve kilometres from Bouresches, their starting-point.

But the difficulties are more serious farther to the north, along the hills which form the southern boundary of the valley of the Ourcq. Although the depression made by the Ru d'Alland, being broad and level, is not a considerable obstacle, it is not the same beyond. The relief map shows a line of heights running from west to east, and rising higher and higher in that direction. From these heights a multitude of valleys descend to the Ourcq, from south to north, cutting the crest into hills separated by depressions. Thus the terrain is broken up in every direction and well adapted to meet an attack from the west as well as one from the south.

It was necessary to deal with all these obstacles one by one. Starting from the west, the French had to carry successively these lines of crests and depressions with their fortified villages: ridge of Monnes, July 19; ravine of Neuilly-St.-Front the same evening; the hill of Latilly and its wood the 20th; La Croix and Grisolles the 21st, with their thickets and dense plantations of osiers. On the 23d the Allied troops took Rocourt and the wood of Le Chatelet; on the 24th the deep ravine of Brécy; and, finally, on the 25th, French and Americans together attacked the hill of the forest of Fère, which is 228 metres high, completely covered with woods, cut by ravines, and flanked by fortified villages. On the 27th the whole position was taken, and the Allies were on the verge of the deep valley of the Ourcq, which they were next to cross.

This line was a by no means inconsiderable obstacle. Imagine, if you please, a deep depression, twisting and turning in all directions, and from 200 to 400 metres wide, extending at least as far as Fère-en-Tardenois. It is bounded on either side by cliffs of hard limestone, 30 to 40 metres high, in which innumerable caves are scooped — the so-called *boves*, which are used as dwellings, with doors and windows flush with the face of the cliff. These *boves* are invaluable defensive positions, out of reach of bullets and shells. The valley bottom is wet and swampy,

with dense clumps of poplars mingled with alder-bushes. There are numerous villages at the foot of the cliffs, — Rozet-St.-Albain, Brény, Armentières, — or on the slopes above, like Noroy. A frontal attack on such a position would have been too costly. The Allies turned the line of the Ourcq from the north. They crossed the river in force in the upper part of its course, where it has not yet attacked the stratum of hard limestone, and where the valley is wider, and the sides are less steep. Nevertheless they encountered terrible difficulties.

North of the Ourcq, indeed, the last heights of the Orxois form another chain of hills, from four to six kilometres wide — the last obstacle before we come to the plateau of the Soissonnais. These hills are of the greatest possible diversity of shape and vary in height from 200 metres at the western extremity to 230 at the eastern. Their bases consist largely of sandstone and Fontainebleau sand, with clumps of forest scattered here and there; higher up is the softer limestone, the land being entirely cleared and covered with crops. Here and there we find the remains of the former covering of clay and Fontainebleau sand — wooded ridges which expand toward the east into the wood of Seringes, the forest of Nesle, and Meunière wood. These hills, the last as we travel northward, where they command the whole of the Soissonnais, have therefore the greatest strategic value, particularly the positions of Hartennes, Plessier-Huleu, and Seringes.

Luckily these formidable defensive positions were approached from the west, astride the ridges. Starting from the forest of Retz, the French crossed the Savières with a rush, and in a single bound reached Noroy-sur-Ourcq and Villers-Hélon, which lie along one of the ridges, surrounded by orchards. On July 19 they had advanced three kilometres to the east; the strong line of the Ourcq was outflanked. On the 20th they were at Parcy-Tigny and Rozet-St.-Albain, pushing forward over the broken ground planted with sugar-beets and cereals, enlivened in spots by small clumps of trees perched on the sandstone hillocks. Thus they drew near to the heart of the position — the ridges of Plessier and of Hartennes. There the resistance was much more violent; but after three days of hard fighting, the French entered Plessier and approached the village of Oulchy-la-Ville, surrounded by picturesque heaps of sandstone blocks mingled with pines and birches. On the 25th, in the evening, they were in occupation of Oulchy-le-Château, which lies in a charming vale running down to the Ourcq. The line of the Ourcq, as to that portion where the river, flowing between high cliffs, constitutes a real obstacle, was in the Allies' hands.

It remained to complete the victory by the conquest of the eastern sector of the hills; and this again was no easy task. The French and Americans had now to approach that strong defensive position from the south. On the 28th they entered Fère-en-Tardenois; the Americans crossed the Ourcq, taking Sergy, which changed hands nine times. On July 31, after more titanic battles, they wrested Seringes from the foe. On August 1 there was a general advance all along the line, and the Allies carried the whole line of hilltops, from Plessier-Huleu to Meunière wood.

This was the end: the horizon expanded. From the heights conquered in fourteen days of fighting the Allies went down to the plateau of the Soissonnais; soon they would reach the Vesle and join hands with the troops who had retaken Soissons. Among the numberless heroes of this second

battle of the Marne, they who stormed the heights of the Orxois and either outflanked or crossed the valley of the Ourcq were the bravest of the brave and are entitled to the largest share of our gratitude.

III. THE SOISSONNAIS

The third act of the battle was played upon a terrain quite different from those preceding it. The relief is considerably simplified. The great plateau of the Île de France, which is buried, as it were, under the accumulations of recent deposits, where erosion has worn gaps in the ridges of the Orxois, and hollowed out the deep ravines of the Tardenois, is reduced here to the substratum of hard limestone, almost entirely free from superimposed layers. So that, instead of being an uneven, swampy district, the Soissonnais is a dry level table-land, where the streams flow underground through the layers of limestone. A fertile district, too, for the surface is covered with a thin coating of loam, in which sugar-beets and cereals vie with one another in profusion of growth.

However, the plateau is intersected by occasional valleys, generally broad and deep. The two most considerable are those of the Vesle and the Aisne which come together above Soissons, at Condé, and isolate the famous Chemin-des-Dames to the north. Two tributaries, Ambleny brook and the Crise, flowing down to the Aisne, subdivide the southern portion of the Soissonnais, where the battle was fought. With respect to the plateau, these valleys are little worlds apart. Below the hard limestone, they have hollowed out a path through very soft rocks, sands, and clays; in these the streams have inevitably made large inroads, sapping the limestone cliffs which overhang them. Thus the valley bottoms are abnormally wide — from two to three kilometres near Soissons. The presence of the clayey soils makes them very moist, and we find there fields of beets and grain side by side with extensive tracts of grassland. On the lower slopes are many small fields given over to the less hardy products — beans, orchards, and sometimes grape-vines. Here are most of the villages, at the level where the water-courses, seeping through the limestone of the plateau, reappear in the shape of springs, on the impervious stratum. For the most part the villages lie along the hillsides, surrounded by trees, embellished by châteaux and parks. They are well-built and attractive, boasting churches of graceful architecture, thanks to the lovely decorative stone taken from the quarries in the limestone cliffs above, which are called *boves*, or *croutes*. A fascinating, fertile country, diversified and pleasant to the eye, before the war it might well have been taken as a sample of rural opulence.

Plateau and valleys, then, differ materially — the one monotonous and easy of access; the other, no less charming than varied, but presenting great difficulties of passage in the face of opposition. There is not a village on the plateau: only a few large farms and scattered sugar-beet refineries. In the valleys and on the slopes there are everywhere houses, châteaux, parks, orchards, and grottoes. The slender church-tower barely rises to the level of the plateau, as if to watch for the approach of an enemy. The conditions then were quite simple: on the plateau it was possible to gain many kilometres in a single rush; but in the valleys a fierce resistance was to be expected.

The French and American attack in the Soissonnais was fortunate in its starting-point. In the course of the hard-fought battles between June 15 and July 15, the French had retaken

the entire valley of Ambleny–Cœuvres, and had gained a footing on the plateau to the eastward, which stretches as far as the outskirts of Soissons. To the south they had completely cleared the verge of the forest of Retz, from which they were thus able to debouch into the plain.

The first onrush was magnificent. Starting at ten minutes to five in the morning, the Allies were within sight of Soissons at ten o'clock, having overrun the whole plateau on a front of some ten kilometres. Rarely has a more successful attack been seen in this war. It was even said that on this first day some French and Americans got as far as the suburbs of Soissons. But the danger for the Germans was too great, and they brought all their reserves thither. Moreover, they had the valley of the Crise to support their defense.

This valley is the widest and deepest of all those which eat into the plateau of the Soissonnais from the south. The very considerable depression is more than 100 metres below the surface of the plateau, which it cuts in two, effectively shutting off all progress from west to east; for on the south a narrow isthmus, that of Vierzy, barely separates it from the ravine of the Savières; and on the southeast it reaches to the foot of the wooded hills of Hartennes. Clinging to the sides of the valley and of the ravines which open into it, numerous villages — Vauxbuin, Berzy-le-Sec, Villemontoire, Buzancy — are the more difficult to capture because the artillery can hardly see them, as they lie close against the hillside. It was on the Crise, in the latter part of May, that a handful of Frenchmen held up the German avalanche from the Chemin-des-Dames.

The Germans paid us back in July. Sheltered in the ravines and windings of the valley, their artillery, being almost invisible, had nothing to disturb its aim. The villages, the orchards, the grottoes, crammed with machine-guns, were so many fortresses; the whole valley was a veritable hell. There were incessant counter-attacks, which the Allies, on the bare plateau, entirely devoid of cover, could repel only with the greatest difficulty. They pushed forward step by step, and by fits and starts. On the 19th our troops were hard put to it to hold the ground they had taken the day before; on the 20th they barely began to nibble at the ravines, at Ploisy and L'Échelle. On the 21st the Americans took Berzy-le-Sec, and the French were astride the lower waters of the Crise; on the 23d they went down into the ravine of Buzancy. But not until the 25th did they gain possession of the promontory of Villemontoire; and only on the 29th did a Scottish division, after three days of forward fighting, carry Buzancy. This last success, to be sure, was decisive, for it uncovered the upper valley of the Crise. And so, on August 2, the enemy gave way; that day the Allies crossed the valley along its entire length, and advanced across the eastern side of the plateau as far as the Vesle. On the same day they entered Soissons — at last. The ancient capital of the French kings, the city which formerly disputed the claim of Paris to be called the metropolis, is now no more than a mass of ruins. For four long years the war has laid its heavy hand upon her; and it is no new thing for her, since she had played an important military rôle in 1814, 1815, and 1870. She owes it to her fine location, in the heart of a broad valley, where the roads from south and east meet. Let us hope that her martyrdom will soon come to an end.

Here ended the second battle of the Marne. The Allies have regained possession of the whole plateau which

extends from the Marne to the Vesle and the Aisne. They have established themselves in the valleys of those great rivers, from Soissons to Braisne, Bazoches, and Fismes — even to Reims. They find there formidable obstacles to be overcome: a broad, moist, sometimes swampy bottom; facing them the cliff of the Chemin-des-Dames and the plateau of the Vesle, with its cap of limestone, and its numerous windings lined with villages and grottoes. Except in case of a surprise or a voluntary retirement, it will be a hard job to carry these positions. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The results already achieved are fine enough to justify us in declaring ourselves satisfied.

The work done in their début, by the American troops in conjunction with our own, was magnificent. They fought against victorious soldiers sure of success, and whipped them. They were engaged on a difficult terrain. In the south they were obliged to cross a broad river and wide valleys, to scale cliffs bristling with defensive positions. In the centre they were confronted by a confused entanglement of broken ground, hills and ravines, woods and open fields, bisected by a deep valley half-concealed by trees. In the north they became acquainted with the snare formed by plateaus falling abruptly away into the wolf-trap of ravines, where the enemy, lying in ambush, refused to give ground. The Americans triumphed over all these obstacles, and deserve to be reckoned the peers of the best soldiers in the world. On the other hand, fighting as they have fought in these countrysides, so typically French in their simplicity and grandeur, and seeing all their charms foully outraged, our attractive villages destroyed, our churches — graceful masterpieces, in almost every case, of the Middle Ages — desecrated and shattered, they have come to understand France better; they have had a share in her misfortunes and in her hopes.

THE BABY IN THE BASKET

BY MADAME DU COURTHIAL

I

HEAVENS, how cold it is! The wind lashes my face and deprives me of breath. The pavement, covered with a thick layer of ice on which sand is no longer strewn, offers an elusive, slippery foothold. On crossing the road, the snow caves in and sticks to my legs like cold compresses. When I get back home my hands are as stiff as wood, and I am not even able to take off my cloak myself.

And yet I must go out. I must go, for instance, and see my little nephews, who have been confined indoors more than a week through lack of *botiki*. We ourselves have made some for them out of felt shoes, paper, and rubber, and they are very glad to be free again.

I have arrangements to make also for my departure. To shorten my

voyage I should like very much to pass through Sweden and Norway, but such a journey is full of difficulties: the transportation agencies do not accept Russian money; departures from Christiania are very rare and irregular; in the Scandinavian countries the rouble is not legal tender; all the places on the steamers to New York are engaged long in advance. As for Finland, one never knows whether there will be a train across at the desired time.

It will be much better to go by way of Japan. I go to the Information Bureau and inquire whether there is still a place left on the Trans-Siberian on the fourteenth.

'On the fourteenth of June?' asks the clerk.

It is now November!!

A great number of my compatriots cannot understand my desire to go back *via* Tokyo. There is talk of Japanese intervention, and much misunderstanding. People imagine that the Japanese are coming as conquerors, taking advantage of the anarchy of the country. This apprehension is not shared by that part of the enlightened classes which is well informed as to the situation; but the masses are distrustful — 1903 is still too recent.

In any case, I must leave Russia as soon as possible. I had a baby girl in the month of October, and can find nothing with which to feed and clothe her. It is impossible to get a drop of fresh or condensed milk, and the druggists have not had any foods for newborn children for months past.

I apply to a clandestine commission agent for a ticket, as tickets are sold *sub rosa* by a few monopolists. He promises me a reply on the eve of each departure of the Trans-Siberian, but is unable to guarantee me anything for about three months.

In spite of this, I make all arrangements for traveling with my little baby. I decide to carry her in a basket, and start on my quest.

What sort of basket shall I use?

This difficulty is soon solved — there are no baskets in Petrograd.

Finally, after an interminable hunt, a florist offers to order me one from some blind basket-weavers. It will be a flower-basket!

But we come to other difficulties.

I must have a fur to protect the child from the cold. In a big store I find a collection of rabbit-skins, the last remaining. I sew them on a piece of pink crêpe which I discover in the bottom of an old trunk; my wrap is made!

I shall need alcohol to heat the child's food. There is no liquid alcohol, so I shall have to use the dry.

The principal thing is still lacking — rice. Where shall I be able to get any? Without false shame I go to three different houses, where the parents of children generously give me all their reserves of rice. Altogether I collect about two pounds. Still, I am not easy. Will my baby-girl have the strength to bear the fatigue of the railway journey on rice-water only?

There is still the baptism before we leave. In normal times it would have been a source of pleasure to me to gather my friends together at this ceremony. Now, however, invitations are not to be thought of: each day one expects that the Bolsheviki will recommence firing, on one pretext or another, and no one is anxious to go out unnecessarily. Household events have to be limited to the most intimate circles. Each family has too many preoccupations to take any interest in the doings of others. How many must there be at this moment who are passing through a crisis! The government offices and the banks have decided to quit all work as a sign of protest against the Bolshevik government, and it is very probable that this action will cause the strikers

to lose their posts. How many unfortunates will then suddenly pass from relative ease to misery!

The baptism will take place at home. We go to the neighboring church to invite the priest. He will come on Sunday, at one o'clock in the afternoon, with his deacon and his *diashok* (acolyte who reads the prayers and sings the psalms). The drawing-room is prepared to receive them. In one corner a table is set, covered with a white cloth, in the middle of which is placed a big golden ikon, together with a vessel of holy water, a sprinkler, and tapers. In the middle of the room, on another table, are placed the baptismal fonts. The *diashok* arrives first, all dressed in black, with the Parish Register under his arm. In it he inscribes the christian and surnames of the child, its father, its mother, its godfather, its godmother. Then come the priest and the deacon, arrayed in their sumptuous chasubles. They undo their chignons and let their long fair hair fall round their shoulders.

I must withdraw, for the mother has no right to be present at this sacrament. I hide behind a curtain. The godmother takes the child in her arms. As the godfather has found it physically impossible to come from Moscow, his place is taken by my little four-year-old nephew, who plays his part with the greatest gravity. Each one holds in his hand a lighted taper. After the prayers and the chants, the cortège, preceded by the priest, marches three times around the baptismal font. The baby is given to the officiating priest, who plunges it three times into the previously blessed water; then, in the midst of prayers, he anoints it with holy oils and cuts off a lock of its hair. My little girl is given back to me, and I hasten to warm her in blankets while the ceremony is terminating. According to tradition, we should invite everyone present to celebrate the baptism by a banquet. The actual circumstances lend themselves so little, however, to such festivity, that the priests hasten to take leave of us and return to their church.

A few days later, I receive a call on the telephone, telling me to be ready to leave on the morrow. The basket ordered by the florist is not yet finished. One of my cousins offers me that of her little girl's doll. It is so tiny, however, that I can barely squeeze in my one-month-old baby.

I leave in the midst of the elections. Men and women are being given voting cards. The struggle is principally one between the Bolsheviki and the Cadets (Constitutional Democrats). The former, being in power, take advantage of the fact to indulge in extravagant propaganda. They have affixed immense placards to the street cars, on which are inscribed in large letters:—

VOTE FOR
BREAD, LAND, PEACE

The action of the Cadets is necessarily more discreet, and cannot be engaged in actively in the laboring quarters. Nevertheless, they will have a majority in the Assembly, and this will bring about its dissolution by Lenine.

At home I witness veritable electoral meetings: the cook, the chambermaid, the washerwoman, and the janitress exchange views as to the merits of the different parties.

II

Here I am, back again at last on the Trans-Siberian. I had been so impatient for this moment to arrive, and now I do not know whether I am pleased or not. My arrival in Porto Rico is still too distant, and dependent on too many circumstances, for me to be able

to feel the gladness of homecoming, and I have too many present cares to feel keenly the sorrows of parting.

My baby girl is sound asleep in her basket, rocked by the motion of the train. I take advantage of her slumbers to settle down as comfortably as possible in the lower berth, which has been given up to me by my traveling companion.

On the windows of the compartments I notice labels stuck on the outside bearing the words 'American Mission.' I go along the coach and find many of the passengers, like myself, trying to locate the whereabouts of this mission. Not being able to find it, we finally conclude that we are simply in the coach which brought it to Petrograd. Shortly afterwards we learn that such is, in fact, the case, and that these labels have purposely not been removed, in order that they may serve as a protection for us.

The other coaches have been invaded by the Bolsheviki at every station. At each stop, to save us this annoyance, our conductor goes out on the platform and shouts at the top of his voice, —

'Don't come in here. Respect the American Mission!'

This admonition serves its purpose as far as Viatka; but there the soldiers insist on entering our coach, shouting, —

'Where is this American Mission? Show it to us.'

The conductor has an inspiration born of desperation. He runs into a compartment occupied by two negresses — dancers from the *Olympia* — on their way back to the United States, drags them out on the platform, and presents them to the crowd. Overcome with fright, they protest loudly in English. Their color and their exclamations have a galvanizing effect on our assailants. They withdraw — convinced!

At Perm, the attack is more serious. Just as we are leaving, the international coach is seriously threatened. The soldiers throw stones at the windows, try to climb in through the doors, and insult us: —

'Since you resist, you dirty bourgeois, we 'll make you all get out, and we 'll go on instead of you.'

We barricade ourselves in. There is a moment of panic. Several of my traveling companions start to make their preparations for an evacuation.

At this critical moment, there is a sudden silence. A man's voice is raised. It is a soldier who conjures his comrades to let us depart in peace. After a lengthy harangue, he finally carries the day.

We are off again!

Our progress, alas, grows slower and slower. Stop follows stop. Now our engine is taken away, leaving us out in the wilderness until we know not when; again, we are obliged to make way for slow-moving local trains.

Typhus breaks out in the coach behind ours, in which I had nearly booked a place. As soon as we arrive at the station of Irkutsk, it is uncoupled and abandoned, with everyone in it.

We have no more water. At every station I have to get out and run to the buffet for some, so as to be able to make my baby's food. I do so in terror, as I run a grave risk of leaving her to continue the journey alone, since there are no more stops of fixed duration, nor any departure signal. I do not know how it is that I did not miss the train several times a day.

I myself feed on bread and butter during the sixteen days' journey. A restaurant car is, indeed, attached to our train, but getting to it is too dangerous: the platforms from one coach to another are covered with ice and have no railings. The waiters themselves do not dare to leave it. At one station an intrepid passenger tries his luck. He slips and disappears

under the train, whence we hear his shouts of terror. He is soon fished out, and, once back in safety, swears that he would rather fast the rest of his life than make the attempt again.

The slowness of our progress becomes so tiring that all the passengers agree to club together to give the driver a good tip, with a view to persuading him to speed up his pace. We hope also that our generosity will encourage him to allow himself to be stopped less easily by the Bolsheviki; but, in spite of this effort, we do not notice any great change in his mode of procedure.

More excitement! At one of our numerous halts my traveling companion descends to buy something at the buffet. There she finds some succulent little pies. She has been so long without such a treat that she rather lingers over them; and when she returns, finds the train under way. She tries to jump on the footboard, but misses and stays hanging to the door, dragged along in its wake. Luckily the shouts of an American, who also had missed the train, succeed in attracting the attention of the driver, who, recognizing in the late-comer one of his most generous clients, decides to pull up so as not to lose his biggest daily tip.

The further we advance, the more I am impressed with the dreary sadness of Siberia. We are crossing an immense sea of snow. To the right, to the left, in front of us, and behind us, is nothing but snow, more snow, and still more snow. The sky is livid. The mountains, the valleys, the trees, the villages, everything is hidden beneath a white counterpane. Not a sound, not a cry, not a bird, not a living thing! Everything is so uniformly white beneath those sombre clouds, that at moments it is hard to realize the fact that one is in motion. The cold is horrible. Nothing can give any idea of the desolation. This is indeed the Kingdom of Death. It seems as if we shall never emerge from it.

At Pogranishnaya we are visited by custom-house officers. They search every nook and corner of our compartment, and finally discover a sleeping bunk crammed with opium. The owner of this contraband is not to be found! All the passengers crowd around the officers and ask to see the opium. The conductor cries out indignantly, —

'Robbing the customs — cheating the nation! The confiscation of the stuff is not enough; the guilty parties ought to be hanged!'

Then, turning to me, he adds in a whisper, —

'If the fool had only given me a little tip, I would have got everything he wanted through without any trouble! That's the result of greed!'

The voyage is so desperately monotonous that I decide not to go on to Vladivostok, but to stop at Kharbin: from there an express will take me across Corea to Fusan, whence I shall be able to take a boat for Yokohama.

More difficulties! I learn that from Kharbin on, the new Russian money (that is to say, notes of 20, 40, 250, and 1000 roubles) is not accepted. As all my wordly goods are in notes of 1000 roubles, I try to get rid of them. The conductor offers to give me change, in return for a little commission of three hundred roubles per thousand. I thank him! After two days' efforts, I manage to get 250-rouble notes from one of the trainmen in the restaurant car. Even these are too large, so I distribute them among those of the passengers who take their meals in the station buffets. They use them to make payment, and bring me back the change.

Residents of Kharbin urged me not to leave the railroad station, but to pass the nights there while waiting for the express. I can use the telephone to find out whether there are any vacant

rooms in any of the principal hotels; but they tell me it is no good counting on obtaining anything. They advise me most especially to beware of the Chinese, who, under pretext of taking strangers to a hotel, lead them to the docks, where they rob them.

But shall we ever get to Kharbin? At the Manchuria station we have grave doubts. We are told that the whole train is to be sent back to Petrograd, with all its passengers. We are halted there for several hours, feeling as if a sword were hanging over our heads. With what relief we at last recommence our journey! We can hardly believe our good fortune when we come in sight of the station of Kharbin. The journey from Petrograd to Vladivostok should have taken ten days — already it has lasted sixteen. Nearly everyone hastens to leave the Trans-Siberian, which continues its journey with only two passengers.

III

This is not the moment to lose my head. I have to call up all my *sang-froid.* While fastening up my hand-baggage, I make my plans.

The train stops. I call a porter — a Chinaman — and tell him to take me to the ladies' waiting-room. I do not know whether he has understood me, but he nods his head, picks up my baggage, and dashes off. I have hard work to follow him, carrying the basket in which my little girl is asleep.

Hardly have I crossed the threshold of the waiting-room, when I draw back. The floor is covered with women and children, lying helter-skelter beside bundles tied up in big colored kerchiefs containing all their poor belongings. The atmosphere is fearful. Apart from that, the room is already crowded to overflowing.

Wherever shall I set down my baby?

At last I manage to get a chair in the buffet. I place the child on it, begging the woman in charge to look after her during my absence, so that I may go and make the necessary declaration and get my trunk, which had been registered up to Vladivostok. I also wish to inquire by telephone whether any hotel accommodation is available.

The good lady refuses.

'And what if you do not come back?' she asks.

I look at her in astonishment.

'It would n't be the first time such a thing happened — that's how children are abandoned.'

An old peasant-woman standing near-by breaks in, —

'Can't you see that she is not one of that sort?'

The nature of her outrageous suspicions then dawns upon me. To reassure her, I point out that I am leaving all my baggage there, besides. This seems to convince her, and she consents to look after my little girl.

My declaration is made, but there is no porter anywhere to go and get my trunk and take it to the cloak-room. I myself go and search everywhere in the baggage-car, by the light of a lantern lent me by a conductor. At last I find it! My entreaties persuade a train-man from the restaurant-car to come to my assistance. Both of us are making useless efforts to extract my trunk from the pile under which it is buried, when a well-groomed gentleman standing on the platform notices our plight and takes pity on us. Very courteously he joins his efforts to ours, and after some minutes' work, our labors are crowned by success.

Since all the hotels to which I have telephoned are crammed, I have to go back to the waiting-room.

My little girl has disappeared!

In dismay, I seek for her everywhere, but all to no avail. I am on the brink of

despair, when one of the women asks me if I have lost anything.

'I do not see my little girl whom I left here in a basket.'

'I have n't seen any little girl, but the woman in charge, before going away, stuck a basket on top of that cupboard at the end of the room.'

I rush to the cupboard, climb upon a chair and find my baby sleeping quietly and unmoved, upon her improvised pedestal.

The long weary hours pass slowly by. I sit there in forced immobility, my baby in my lap.

Toward midnight the door opens to give access to a boyish soldier. He throws his coat down on the ground and stretches himself out upon it almost at my feet.

There is a murmur of disapproval.

'You know quite well that men are not allowed to come in here, my boy,' says a voice.

The soldier starts to laugh.

'I am a woman, like you. I belong to the Battalion of Death.'

There is a babel of remarks.

'Of course, I saw at once that he looked like a girl.'

'Poor little girl — she would have done better to stay at home.'

'No, no; it's not a woman's work.'

'How brave!'

Everybody is silent again, so as not to disturb the slumbers of the other sleepers.

I look curiously at the round face of the woman-soldier, her gray eyes, her curved nose, her little mouth. Indeed, she looks just like a little village lad of some fourteen or fifteen years.

She is the first to speak, and to ask me in a low voice, —

'Is that a baby you have there?'

I nod assent.

'You look tired. Won't you give it to me? I will rock it if it cries.'

'Thank you, but it is you who must be tired,' I reply, thinking of all the hardships she must have been through. 'When did you enlist?'

'Oh, as soon as the call was made.'

'Why?'

'My brother was killed by the Germans.'

'And they let you go at home?'

'I was no longer at home. I was working in town. I dare say they made fun of me in the village, but what do I care?'

'You must have found life in the army very hard.'

'At first, yes; but as I have never been spoiled, I soon grew accustomed to it. I like this life.'

I should have liked to continue the conversation, but numerous '*Sh's*' call us to silence.

The little soldier is not long in falling asleep. As for me, I sit impatiently, waiting for daylight.

At last the longed-for sun rises. My companions yawn and stretch themselves and go, one by one, to the little wash-basin. Then two tables appear, as if by magic: everyone brings tea, water, bread, or sugar, and all share a common repast. I see that the days of waiting have united everybody. I await the end of the meal to go and make a few indispensable purchases and to see if there is no way of continuing my journey.

In the buffet most of the passengers are still sleeping. A few are impatiently waiting for the coffee which is not yet ready. In the other rooms, queues are already formed in front of the ticket-offices.

A number of Chinese soldiers pass by. They have just occupied the town. The third-class waiting-room also is full of Asiatics, who, squatting on the ground, chatter, sleep, and eat.

I take a sled. The driver does not understand a word of Russian. Fortunately I call to mind conversations

heard on the Trans-Siberian regarding the plan of the town, and point out the way by gestures.

How sad Kharbin looks! One only just catches a glimpse of the houses — lost at the end of gardens. At eight o'clock in the morning the town is still asleep. The streets are deserted. The temperature is seventy-five below zero. The cold seems to stifle all life and all movement — and I can understand it. I have hardly been out for ten minutes, and I already feel numbed through and through. Even one's brain works more slowly.

It is a great comfort to learn that there is a train for Shangshun at two o'clock in the afternoon. There I shall be able to await comfortably the departure of the express for Fusan. At my request, the station-master issues me a permit to board the train at once, without waiting for the hour of its departure.

Where am I to find a porter! I run from one end of the station to the other, but not one will consent to lend me his services. Are they really so busy or don't they understand me? — I do not know, but the result, so far as I am concerned, is the same.

One o'clock in the afternoon! My permit has been of no use to me — but so long as I don't miss the train altogether! In despair I turn to a soldier and beg him to help me.

He loads all my baggage on his back, and off we go. The train is on a siding, and will not be brought to the platform. We have to climb over several freight-cars and locomotives which bar our way. The ground is slippery, and I cannot use my hands with my baby in my arms. I have never in my life performed such acrobatic feats. At times I am almost on the point of returning to the station, and it is only the vivid memory of the last night that forces me on.

At last we come to the train. The soldier helps me settle myself.

'I don't know how to thank you,' I say, on taking leave of him.

'There's no need for thanks; I am very glad to have been of service to you at the moment of your leaving Russia. Leaving with a good impression, your memories of the Russian soldier will perhaps be a little better, and you will have more faith in him.'

IV

Shangshun, Fusan, Shimonoseki! How far off they all seem now! My passage through those marvelous countries was so rapid that all that I have brought away from them are only fleeting but never-to-be-forgotten visions: visions vibrant with life and color; gay, sad, and tender — impressing themselves ineffaceably upon my memory, as if to soften my regret at being unable to let my eyes dwell longer upon them.

And yet my arrival at Shangshun was accompanied by fresh troubles. The only hotel in the place was full, and I came very near passing another sleepless night.

Seated in the hall, I found myself with other travelers from Kharbin. Among them I at once noticed a familiar face — an American who had been one of my traveling companions on the Trans-Siberian.

'Just imagine,' he says to me, 'at Kharbin I lost three grips. A Chinaman came up to the train as if he were a porter. I handed over my baggage to him, when, without saying a word, he started to run. Seeing that he was leaving the station, I ran after him; but his legs were much better than mine and he disappeared in the darkness.'

During this conversation, I notice the manager making me mysterious signs. He had succeeded in providing

accommodation for me by having a bed placed in one of the dining-rooms.

Crossing Corea, I see, in the sunshine, snow of dazzling whiteness, and men and women all in white. The women wear wide Turkish-looking trousers and blankets reaching from the head to the waist. They are hardy-looking, well-made creatures. According to tradition, their costume comes from the time when, nearly all the men having been massacred by the enemy, the women dressed themselves in the costumes of their dead and set forth, themselves, to fight.

We arrive at Fusan just at dawn. I have just time to embark. The port, encircled by mountains, all but hides the town, rose-tinted by the rising sun.

The vessel passes quite close to Tsushima, not far from where the Russian fleet, commanded by Rojdestvensky, met with disaster in March, 1905. How many times I had pictured to myself the fatal hour in which thirty-eight of our warships were destroyed by Admiral Togo. For a few moments the radiant country seems to take on a note of tragedy.

On we go, — Shimonoseki, — from one end of Japan almost to the other, — and then, Yokohama.

After the privations of Russia, I enjoy the light, the soft climate, life itself, with an entirely new intensity. I think with vexation of the lost, spoiled years that those I have left behind are passing in Russia.

A Japanese boat, the Corea-Maru, takes me on to Honolulu, where we spend twenty-four hours. On our departure, a Hawaiian band comes and plays on the wharf, and young girls bring us garlands of roses, tulips, and pinks. It is a custom of the country, a sign of hospitality. The departure of every vessel is accompanied by music, the passengers on leaving being decorated with wreaths of flowers around their shoulders.

Another week, and the Golden Gate draws in sight. I have but little time in which to wonder at the marvels of San Francisco and of the southern states through which I pass, bound for New York.

On January 30 I am back in San Juan. My little girl, who is just three months old, has already passed eight weeks of her life traveling by land and sea. As for me, the memories of my travels are fraught with so much charm that, in spite of my joy at being back home, I dream fondly of setting out again some day, and revisiting at leisure the fairy-like countries which I passed through with such good fortune.

WITH THE TANKS

BY HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE

I. ANATOMY AND HABITAT

I

We were not always with the Tanks. We came from the infantry, from the cavalry, from the artillery, from the Machine-Gun Corps, the Motor-Machine guns, the Flying Corps, the Army Service Corps, and even from the navy. We came at first in the varied uniforms of our various regiments, and a motley crowd we were — the British infantryman in his turned-over trousers, the Scotsman in his kilt, the artillery boys in riding breeches and jaunty bandoliers, and he of the senior service in regulation navy blue. Some of us came with the mud of the trenches on our boots and the stains of war on our clothing; others, who had not been overseas, were more presentable in clean khaki.

We were not always known as the Tanks. At first, a great deal of secrecy was thrown about us, and we were called the Heavy Branch, Machine-Gun Corps, wearing the crossed-machine-gun insignia of that service. Later, in the summer of 1917, after we had cut our teeth and done a little biting on our own account, we became the Tank Corps, and the insignia was changed to a tank surrounded by laurel leaves, surmounted by a crown. By that time we had grown, and four original companies had become many battalions, the first handful of tanks had been multiplied and were legion, and we had established a dépôt in France in addition to dépôts in England, schools for gunnery and for driving, great workshops and stores behind the line, and advanced workshops and stores near the line. Also, we had taken part in many battles, and done a little toward winning some of them, perhaps, learning how most effectively to use our new engine of war, and improving upon it so much that, when the enemy used tanks against us, we were able to outdistance and outmanœuvre his machines to his very great astonishment and dismay.

The spirit of adventure called most of us to the Tanks. This was not because we were any braver than our comrades-in-arms, but because our natures demanded a change to new conditions; for we were of that kind whose natures always demanded a change. And so the call for volunteers found us ready, and when the word of acceptance came, our hearts beat quickly and our hopes rose high; for we were tired of the monotony of the trenches and the monotony of the guns. And yet, when we came together, we wondered why many of us were there; for while some of us were selected because we were machine-gunners, and others because we were motor-drivers, there were many of us to whom the machine-gun and the motor were incomprehensible things. But in the end we did not find this lack of knowledge any han-

dicap; for the army authorities, who were wiser than we, knew that to men of average intelligence and education these things were easy to learn; and to our very great amazement, we found that a week was all that was necessary thoroughly to master any machine-gun and to qualify with it at the range, and that two weeks were all that was necessary to grasp the principle of the internal-combustion engine and the mechanism of the tank.

All that, however, was only the preliminary training, and there followed weeks and often months of instruction and of drill until we became letter-perfect. In those later weeks, of course, some of us fell by the wayside and were returned to the infantry or the cavalry or the guns.

There were times when the spirit of adventure within us received a severe jolt. That was when we had to haul about cases of petrol, drums of oil, and tins of grease; for with every move — and we were constantly moving — it was necessary to form a 'dump' of such things as were necessary for the beast to move and have its being; and our minds will always turn back to nights of rain, and to roads of mud along which we struggled bitterly, bearing upon our shoulders or our backs great loads, the petrol leaking from its tins against our heads and so into our eyes, the thick oil escaping from its drums and trickling down our backs. All this was sheer navvying and not at all what we expected, but it was most necessary.

Later, when we converted obsolete tanks into supply-tanks, much of this work was done by them and it became so organized that supply-tanks brought petrol, oil, and grease up to us in action, or established dumps at certain designated points to which we turned back during the course of the battle, so that we could refill, return, and carry on. Thus the beast of prey did not altogether lose its usefulness with old age, but became a beast of burden and, as such, took no small part in making the fighting tank an efficient and formidable weapon.

Not all tanks were to survive for this service, however, for many went into action never to return; others sank from view in the Flanders mud, and our men dug down to them and converted them into bomb-proofs; and six of the first ever to be used lie along the Arras–Albert highroad, some on their sides, some on their backs, others still head-on toward the enemy's line, all of them broken and black with rust; for time and battle have shown them little mercy and left them merely unattractive hulks on the high tide of the German trenches.

Our first impression of the tank was one of disappointment. So much had been printed, after their first appearance in battle, of their freakish appearance and their great size, that we expected something far more strange in design, more monstrous, more dragon-like, and twice as big. However, when we came to go into action with them and to see some of them lurch clumsily when they were struck by armor-piercing shells, we inclined to the belief that they were quite large enough, and we even came to cherish a secret feeling that it would be much nicer and more comfortable and safer and healthier all round, if the tank could be made smaller and less conspicuous. Later it was made smaller; but the small tank was for special work and the large tank remained as large as ever, although certain internal improvements made it easier to handle and thereby increasingly difficult to hit. How increasingly difficult to hit they became, may be appreciated when it is known that the first time the improved tanks were used in battle, not one of them was lost. That action took place during the mer-

cifully sheltering cover of the darkness of a morning in the early summer of 1918; and while sixty tanks were used, the German official statement gave the number as eight hundred!

We were disappointed, too, to find that the tank could not do all that we had heard it could do. We had quite expected to climb to the house-tops, or, failing that, to go right through houses, to uproot great trees, and to waddle through wide rivers. The newspapers had depicted the tanks doing all these things; but we were to learn that roofs have a habit of giving way under the weight of 35 tons, which is the weight of a large tank, and that it was easier to go round houses than to go straight through them; and we were to learn that large trees, deeply rooted, successfully resist great force, and that the rivers of France are so muddy in the bed, that to cross them, as indeed once we had to in action, it was necessary to lay down a causeway of barrels filled with cement.

But, in spite of these early disappointments, there was much about the tank that satisfied the spirit of adventure, and there is not one of us who will ever forget his first ride — the crawling in at the sides, the discovery that the height did not permit a man of medium stature to stand erect, the sudden starting of the engine, the roar of it all when the throttle opened, the jolt forward, and the sliding through the mud that followed, until at last we came to the 'jump' which had been prepared. Then came the downward motion, which suddenly threw us off our feet and caused us to stretch trusting hands toward the nearest object — usually, at first, a hot pipe through which the water from the cylinder jackets flowed to the condenser. So, down and down and down, the throttle almost closed, the engine just 'ticking over,' until at last the bottom was reached, and as the power was turned full on, the tank raised herself to the incline, like a ship rising on a wave, and we were all jolted the other way, only to clutch again frantically for things which were hot and burned, until at last, with a swing over the top, we regained level ground. And in that moment we discovered that the trenches and the mud and the rain and the shells and the daily curse of bully beef had not killed everything within, for there came to us a thrill of happiness in that we were to sail over stranger seas than man had ever crossed, and set out on a great adventure. And some of us were to do great deeds, and others were to do simple things; some of us were to win great glory, and others of us were to crumple up against the engine or the guns, never again to stir; but all of us were to learn that it is not life that matters, but the courage which one brings to life.

II

One who volunteered for the Tanks waited for four months outside Lens before the call came. During all that time he did his turn in the trenches and his 'rests' in a concrete dugout in Noulette Wood. And as the weeks passed and no word of his transfer came, he despaired of its ever being granted.

Lens has since fallen into British hands, but when he was there, the enemy's position was too strong to be captured by direct assault, although the fighting reached the outskirts of it and hiding man threw bomb at hiding man in the little yards and gardens where once children played. Also he heard that the French civil authorities had requested that the city be shelled as little as possible, because it was understood that the enemy was holding civilians there, women as well as men, and because it was sought to save Lens

from the ruin and desolation that lay around; for one had only to look upon the high ground that borders the Lens plain, to see the leafless, lifeless thing which was once the wood of Notre Dame de Lorette, the wreck and ruins which were once Souchez and Angres, and the fallen towers which were once the coal-mines of Liévin.

And in those weeks while he waited for his transfer, it was to this high ground that he often walked on summer evenings and, standing where the wire is still black and the bones of those who died upon it could even then be disturbed by the trespasser, he would look out into the night upon the lights that went up from the line, as far as La Bassée and Armentières.

Once, after a visit to Château Noulette, of which part of the walls alone stand, and where a great German 'dud' shell may yet be seen on the ground between the greenhouse and the artificial lake, he returned, to be told that the orderly sergeant had been looking for him.

'It's about your transfer to the Tanks,' one told him.

His transfer! He had forgotten about that. And now it had come through!

With a queer feeling inside him, he looked at the men with whom he had shared so many hardships.

'That right?' he asked casually, as if it did not matter at all.

Some one replied that he was to start in the morning; so he turned to his kit and started packing that and buckling it together without a word, for he could not trust himself to speak. And he was engaged in that when the orderly sergeant came and told him what he already knew.

In the morning, after shaking hands all round and wishing and being wished good luck, he paraded at the company office. He was given a movement order for Headquarters, Tanks, and instructed to go to Noeux-les-Mines, the nearest railhead.

'You'll have to march it, I'm afraid,' the captain said, 'because the road's under shell-fire and closed to lorries.'

The soldier saluted and moved off. Across country he marched, until he reached the Bethune–Arras road, on the shell-riven trees of which were nailed signs that read, —

DRIVE SLOWLY

to avoid raising dust

which attracts

SHELL-FIRE

In most cases, however, the last line had been altered by erasing the S, making it 'Hell-Fire,' which was more appropriate and exact.

There was little shelling of the road that morning, however, for it was under observation from the German 'sausages,' and for that reason was void of transport and troops. Shells could be seen dropping in the general direction of Noeux-les-Mines, though, and the prospect was not quite pleasant.

At times the soldier, in whose pocket was the paper which stated that he had been transferred to the Tanks for 'the good of the service and at his own request,' unbuckled his equipment and, dropping it to the ground beside the road, flung himself there to rest and smoke, for the way was long and dusty and the day was hot. But at last the great slag-heaps which surround Noeux-les-Mines came into view, and then the little city nestling there, houses here and there in ruins, the result of shelling or of bombs.

Some shells were falling on the railhead as the soldier made his way toward the station. He was very dusty, very hungry, and very tired, and he wanted to wash, eat, and rest, for it was past noon and he had been marching since early morning.

Arriving at the station, he reported to the Railway Transport Officer, more generally known as the R.T.O.; for the army delights in being enigmatical and has its A.G., its D.A.G., its D.A.A.G., its H.Q., its B.H.Q., its G.H.Q., and, perhaps, its Deputy R.S.V.P., until one's head swims trying to make out who or what is meant.

After examining the soldier's movement order, the R.T.O. looked up and said that the train for that day had gone.

'Come here to-morrow morning at 10.25, and report to me. For to-night, go to the Town Major, tell him I sent you, and he'll fix you up with a billet and rations.'

III

Each one of us who transferred in France came to the reinforcement and training dépôt with a secret hope that he might be sent to Blighty for instruction. (Blighty is the soldiers' name for England. It is a corruption of the Indian word for home.) But in the first five minutes at the dépôt, that hope disappeared, and we knew that we should not see Blighty except in the ordinary routine of leave and wounds. As leave is granted only about every fifteen months, and even wounds are frequently difficult to get, the prospect of going home was soon dispelled.

In those days the dépôt was only in its infancy. It consisted of a score of tents for the men, and half a dozen small Armstrong huts for the officers. But each week it grew, and after we left and went to various battalions, it was moved elsewhere, and huts such as are used in the British camps were erected.

On our arrival at the dépôt we were classified in two lots, — drivers and gunners, — the sheep and the goats, as it turned out to be later, for the better pay fell to the drivers and the dirtier work to the gunners. We were all given the rank of gunner, however. This was a relief. In the infantry we had been privates, but the term private soldier had ever been a source of mystery to us, for we had never discovered anything private in our lives to warrant the title. Even our private letters were not sealed, and had to be censored before they could be dispatched. Also, we were not permitted to have any private property; for a soldier belongs, body, soul, and belongings, to the army, at least theoretically, for of course we did have private property. This consisted mostly of the photographs of our wives, our children, and our sweethearts. The rest was what we bought in the way of soap and polish; for the one piece of soap and the single tin of blacking which the army issues to each recruit upon joining, can scarcely be expected to last through a campaign, be the soldier ever so economical in washing his body or in cleaning his boots!

Just what was the mode of procedure in selecting some men to be drivers and other men to be gunners, we never knew. Perhaps it was gauged by the size of one's boots or the color of one's eyes. At any rate, quite frequently a skilled motor-mechanic would be sent to the gunners' company, while an expert machine-gunner, who knew nothing about internal-combustion engines, would find himself among the drivers. In the long run, however, it did not matter much, for each driver had to qualify as a gunner, and each gunner was given an elementary tank course and taught how to drive.

The reasons for so complete a training were obvious. In case a tank was knocked out or developed serious engine-trouble, the entire crew could carry on in the trenches or the field with the guns; whereas, if all the drivers

were killed, any gunner could bring the tank back. But to the average Tommy this dual instruction boded ill, for the soldier believes that the less you know, the better off you are. For instance, if you are a machine-gunner, a bomber, and a signaller, you will probably come in for more 'shows' than if you are simply a rifleman; wherefore a little knowledge is considered a dangerous thing. But later each one of us thanked his lucky stars that he was gunner and driver too; for there came a time when we did have to carry on in the trenches or the field with the guns, and there came a time, too, when the drivers all 'went West,' and the gunners had to bring back the tanks.

With the rank of gunner we drew slightly higher pay. In the infantry our rate of pay had been one shilling a day, half of which we turned over toward the support of our dependents, the government supplementing the allowance. As the Tanks were classified as artillery, and the daily rate of pay in the artillery was one shilling and twopence halfpenny, we drew this additional twopence halfpenny. Later, when the Tank Corps was established and pay in the army generally increased, we drew as much as two shillings and eightpence a day as first drivers, plus war-pay of a penny a day extra for each year we had been in the army; and the government relieved us of compulsorily contributing to the support of our dependents and itself undertook their entire support, which, however, we were permitted to increase by voluntary contributions from our pay.

The dépôt was in a back area. The site was ideal, a valley with woods on either side, making it difficult to observe from the air. Not infrequently hostile aircraft sailed overhead as if in search of us; but they failed to find us, for we were never subjected to aerial attack.

The camp was in a large field. The field itself was used as a parade and sports ground. Along either side were two rows of tents in which the men were housed. At one end was the mess-hall and at the other end the officers' quarters. The entire camp was surrounded by a hedge and poplar trees, so that little could be seen from the road which bordered the eastern side. Along the western side ran a double-track, wide-gauge railway, and a spur of this led into Central Workshops, less than a quarter of a mile away. In a sense, Central Workshops was a tank hospital, for it was there that tanks which had been damaged in action went for overhauling and repair, and there at any time one could see tanks with great wounds in their sides, and, searching among the heap of cartridges on the floor, find some button or shred of clothing which told only too clearly what had happened. Later we were to see much of Central Works, for it was here, too, that all new tanks arriving from England were first tested before being turned over to the men who were to take them into battle; and it was upon flat cars moved into this siding that we were to drive our tanks, and so move to within striking distance of the fighting line.

It was to a tent on the side-lines that the new arrival was sent. If he was lucky, he found himself in one occupied mostly by cooks. The luck manifested itself after 'Lights Out,' when tins of sardines and jam and pieces of bread and cheese would mysteriously appear and be passed around; for while the army ration is sufficient, manna from the soldiers' heaven, which is the cook-house, is always welcome. And almost nightly this manna rained upon this tent, and from the beginning the new arrival got a portion, for soldiers always share.

For the most part the men at the

dépôt were recruits from England sent out to reinforce battalions which had suffered losses in action. A few battalion men were there, though, and these could be distinguished by the colors on their shoulder-straps. In those days the battalions were designated by the letters of the alphabet: A Battalion, B Battalion, C Battalion, D Battalion, and so on, and the colors of A Battalion were red, of B Battalion yellow, of C Battalion green, of D Battalion blue. Later, the lettering system was discontinued, — why, we never knew, — and A Battalion became the First Battalion, B the Second, C the Third, D the Fourth, and so on.

At that time those of us who had only had instruction on tanks in England, and those of us who had never seen a tank, looked with awe upon these battalion men; for most of them had seen action in the tanks, and many of them had been wounded, gone to hospital, and subsequently been dispatched to the dépôt for return to their respective units. And because so much mystery attached to the tanks, we came to think that their risks had been greater than any we ourselves had run, and we often tried to get them to talk of it all; but found them strangely silent. Later, we were to learn how ridiculous this sense of awe had been, for we in turn were to suffer from much the same sort of thing and were to hear people in the streets murmur hoarsely to each other, 'He's with the Tanks,' as if we were the pick of the army, undergoing greater hardships than anyone else.

The officers at the dépôt were there under circumstances similar to our own. Some of them were battalion officers who had been wounded; others were reinforcements sent from England, and others were officers who had transferred in France from as many different units as ourselves.

Usually the routine of the day included physical training, squad-drill, gas-drill, machine-gun instruction, preliminary tank instruction, and fatigues. Fatigues were doing any odd job around the camp, from peeling potatoes for the cooks to unloading quartermasters' stores. And, the day finally ended, there were still pickets and guards to be done in turn. The fire picket was a more or less informal affair which we did not mind; but guard had to be mounted in full marching order, and so searching was the inspection that a spot of grease on your pack might cause you to lose three days' pay and be confined to camp as well. Guard-mounting in steel hats some thirty miles behind the line seemed to us only a ceremonial instituted purposely to aggravate the soldier, and we groused a great deal about it until we heard the reason, which may or may not be the true one. It was said that, in the first few weeks after the dépôt was started, and when there was one tank there, guard was mounted in the usual manner, the men wearing the soft field-service cap. A sentry was posted at the tank, and that night, when the corporal of the guard marched the relief to that point, he fell over the prostrate body of the sentry. He picked him up and carried him to the guard-house and later had him removed to a hospital, for he had been struck over the head with some blunt weapon. Why or how he had been struck, he never knew, nor how long he had been unconscious; but the affair was put down to espionage and resulted in an order to wear our shrapnel helmets when on guard. Color was lent to the theory of espionage by a later incident; for through papers found on a man arrested in England the intelligence officers traced a German spy, and caught him on that spur of the railway track leading to Central Workshops.

IV

It was while marching to the baths that many of us saw our first tank. For two days rain had been falling and the parade-ground was camouflaged by two inches of water and four inches of mud. Of the two the water was probably thicker than the mud; so, because we could not do squad-drill, we were warned for the baths. These were shower-baths, two kilometres distant, but they were more like an anæmic fire-sprinkler system than anything else. They were housed in a dilapidated old barn, the roof of which leaked more water than came through the sprinklers.

With towels over our left shoulders we were lined up and marched off, grousing a good deal, for it was still raining and the road was in a wretched condition. We had just passed Central Workshops when the tank appeared, moving along the road slowly, making less noise than we expected, for we were to learn that most of the noise is internal and little except the exhaust can be heard from without.

We marched to the side of the road to let Behemoth pass, and in that moment forgot the mud and the rain, and laughed as it slid past, much as the infantry are said to have laughed on that summer morning which marked the beginning of the Battle of the Somme. But our merriment lasted only a moment, for a sharp order brought us to a realization that we were marching to attention; so we set our faces and trudged on.

It has been printed that the tanks were called 'Willies.' We ourselves never used the name. At first they were known as landships, and H.M.L.S. Campania comes to mind. In those days all the tanks were named. There were Explorer and Explosive, for instance; and when the Germans came to use tanks we found that they had named theirs, too; for one of the first German tank-commanders called his tank Elfreda, probably after his sweetheart. But Elfreda turned out to be fickle and quickly deserted to our side, and we made much of her, for she was the first of her type to be captured. With us, however, names quickly fell into disfavor, and in the end were discontinued, and tanks fell to the military routine of carrying regimental numbers.

In those early days a tank always to be relied upon to create more than usual interest was one presented to the British army by a councilor of the Malay States. In front of the tank, on either side, was painted a large staring eye, such as may be seen on the bows of Chinese junks; and the idea probably was the same, for the Chinese say, if a ship has not got eyes, how in the world can it possibly see to go?

To-day tanks are largely of four types: the male tank, the female tank, the gun-carrier (or supply) tank, and the 'whippet.' The male and female tanks are of the heavy type, and are identical in size. They differ only in armament, for the male tank carries two large cannon and five machine-guns, whereas the female variety is armed with seven machine-guns, reversing the poet's assertion that the female of the species is deadlier than the male.

While male and female work together, and probably would have entered the Ark side by side had they existed in those days, they are used for entirely different work. Generally speaking, the male tank is used first to pass over barbed wire and flatten it, so that infantry may walk through, and then goes on to the more important work of destroying 'pill-boxes,' — machine-gun emplacements, — so-called because of their appearance. It is for this work that the cannon are used and

armor-piercing shells are fired, and not infrequently what remains of the emplacement is sat upon by the tank itself. That, however, is a dangerous undertaking, for the tank might be hoist with its own petard and ditched in its own destruction.

The female tank, moving in the wake of the male, passes over the wire in the same spot, effectively flattening it, and acts as 'mopper-up' of the infantry, with the exception of those who come into direct observation of the male; for while the male is pounding the 'pill-boxes' with her guns, the female is going across the enemy's trenches and moving along the tops of them, firing her machine-guns at the infantry there.

In shape male and female, as they are to-day, are identical with that first tank used at the Battle of the Somme. One attachment that was immediately discarded, however, was the trailer of wheels. These great wheels were used to assist in steering the tank, and were so devised that, when it went into a shell-hole or a trench, they could be lifted clear by internal mechanism. They were found to be of little value, however, and were discarded without delay. That was the first improvement, and later, when certain other internal changes were made, the tank manœuvred so much better and went so much faster that, when those which had been captured from us were patched up and used against us, we found that we were able to run circles around them and defeat them at each encounter.

Of all our tanks the least successful was the gun-carrier. This was of greater length than the fighting tank, and was designed to carry a piece of ordnance of large calibre into advanced positions, newly captured; and the arrangement was such that the gun could either be fired from the tank or be dismounted and put on wheels. For some reason, however, this plan did not work out as well as was expected, and many of the gun-carrier tanks were used to bring up supplies, and as such did highly efficient work, more than making up for their early failure.

Of all our tanks the 'whippet' was the big surprise. This was a small tank, built for the purpose of pursuit on ground which could not be traversed by an armored car. The surprise came when the whippet, built much along the lines of the gun-carrier, succeeded in traversing ground which invariably ditched the bigger supply-tank.

With the failure of the gun-carrier, we of the heavy fighting tanks came to the belief that to have the tracks — or caterpillar tread — pass completely round the hull was an essential to success; for in the gun-carriers this was not done and they found difficulty in getting out of holes. But when the whippet, whose tracks, like those of the gun-carrier, did not pass completely round the hull, proved a success, we came to change our views and to lay the blame to incorrect balance.

While whippets were first used in the early part of 1918, it was not until the second defeat of the German army on the Marne and the Somme, that this type came to be generally known. The enemy's forced retreat to the old Hindenburg line was an ideal condition for the whippet, and these little tanks, which have a greater speed than their bigger brothers and sisters, were able to harass the foe and to break up the rear-guard machine-gun fighting which he attempted to put up. This they did so effectively that, in the late summer of that year, civilians seemed to talk in terms of whippets, not realizing that the preliminary work of the male and female tanks in flattening down wire, breaking 'pill-boxes,' and causing the enemy to give up his lines of defense, was needed before the whippet's effectiveness could be complete.

These, then, were the tanks which our men took into action. In the beginning none of us knew anything about tanks. We had learned the engine and the mechanism, and had driven them over holes and trenches; but battle conditions we found to be entirely different. And because this engine of war was new, our high command had to learn tank tactics; and not before all of us had made many mistakes, did we learn how tanks should be handled and where they should be used. Those mistakes cost us dear, both in men and in tanks, and there was a time when, although we ourselves knew the tank to be a valuable instrument, we quite understood that the confidence of the public had been shaken by our failures.

How near the Tank Corps came to being abandoned, few persons know. Its fate was decided by one single engagement, and only a minor operation at that.

At one point on our line there was a German position of seven machine-gun emplacements, or 'pill-boxes,' which was forever causing trouble. It was planned to take that position, and the commander there was ordered to draw up a plan of attack and an estimate of casualties; for in the British army no attack is made without an estimate of casualties, and if they are out of proportion to the zenith of success, the attack is never made. In this instance the number was placed between 400 and 500. This figure the high command thought too high, and the tanks were asked if they could capture the position. Officers of our corps looked over the ground and examined aeroplane maps. Then they announced that they could take the position, and that, as the infantry would be used only to consolidate the ground won, the casualties would not be nearly so high as the first estimate. And so the attack was made, and the position was taken. The casualties were only seventeen and the Tank Corps was saved.

V

We called them 'busses,' and the name stuck. 'Landship' was too long and too clumsy to last. Even 'tank' did not stand the test of time, except officially in the army forms and the army correspondence. Always it was busses.

To each bus a crew was assigned. The duties of the crew were to keep the mechanism and the guns in working order, and to take the tank into battle. With the large busses the crew consisted of one commissioned officer, one non-commissioned officer, and six men. In the case of the gun-carrier, when those busses were relegated to supply-work, only drivers were carried, as there were no guns. With the whippets the crew was not so numerous as with the male and female tanks, because the whippet was smaller, and there were fewer guns to be operated.

The general shape of the heavy British fighting tank is well known. The elevation is roughly that of a rhombus, with the two acute angles rounded off. The plan resembles somewhat the letter H, with a heavy cross-bar for the body, the sides of the letter representing the tracks.

For the most part the tanks are made of armor-plating. In some places the armor is thicker than in others, but at the thickest it is not more than three eighths of an inch. This may seem ridiculously inadequate, but the armor is hardened by a process used for ships of the British navy. It is bullet-proof and bomb-proof, and shrapnel more often than not does no harm. Armor-piercing shells, however, are effective when direct hits are made. The Germans even use an armor-piercing shell weighing only one pound, and seem to

think it quite satisfactory. These shells are fired from specially designed anti-tank guns, which are kept in the front lines or in concealed places just behind the line.

Even the tracks are made of armor-plate. These tracks in the heavy fighting tanks run completely round the body, and are made of individual plates, so that they can be 'broken,' or opened up, anywhere, to permit the mechanism underneath them to be examined. This mechanism, in a general way, consists of rollers, chains, and sprocket-wheels and differs little from that of the average American tractor, but is greatly improved. The rollers need constant lubrication, and after every trip men are assigned to greasing up. This is a job which all of us hate cordially, because it consists of forcing grease into these rollers from outside, with a grease-gun, and one not only gets very dirty but, as there are fifty-four rollers to each tank and most of these are within two inches of the ground, the job is back-breaking and often necessitates sitting down in the mud. Usually greasing up outside falls to the gunners, for the drivers have other work inside, not always so arduous but equally important, and needing their greater knowledge of the engine and controls.

Projecting from either side of the male tank are two large sponsons. These are not quite one third the entire length of the bus and are placed amidships. They are emplacements for the guns, and give the heavy cannon a wide traverse. The sponsons are removable and can be pushed in flush with the side. Were this not so, tanks could not be taken on trains because of their great width with the sponsons in position, and every move by train involves the arduous job of pushing in sponsons when entraining and pushing them out after detraining.

In the female tank the sponsons are comparatively small. The large one is not needed in this case, as the female has only machine-guns; but even the small sponson of the female is made to shut in. The supply-tanks and the whippets do not have sponsons.

Entrance, in the case of the male tank, is effected by means of doors at the back of each of the sponsons. In the case of the female these doors are underneath the sponson and open into the side. There is also a door at the rear of the heavy fighting tank, and a fourth place of entrance or exit elsewhere. All these doors are provided with locks, which are proof even against the Hun; there have been times when he has come around and tried to open them, to be greeted with revolver-fire; for each member of the tank crew carries a revolver for personal protection and close-quarters work.

The engine is installed along the centre-line of the tank and slightly forward of the middle. At first, a powerful engine designed for heavy tractor-work was used; but this was found to be scarcely strong enough, and another engine was specially designed and contributed no small part of the success of the improved tank.

It is in the front of the tank that the driver sits; for there are the throttle and the controls and the brakes and the gauges which register the oil- and petrol-pressure. Beside him usually is the non-commissioned officer, who operates the forward machine-gun; and by no means the least among the driver's annoyances are the empty cartridge-cases which are ejected from this gun and which usually find the driver's left ear or eye as a target.

The tank officer usually sits in the conning tower amidships. Observation from the driver's seat is restricted on either side because of the tracks, but from the conning tower the lookout has

an unrestricted view in all directions. Thus he can watch for 'targets,' and, being in the middle of the tank, is well situated to command it. He is so close to most of the gunners that he can communicate with them either by shouting or by making signs; but so terrific is the noise of the engine that it would be utterly impossible for the non-commissioned officer and the driver to hear him, so speaking-tubes run from the conning tower to the driver's cab.

In action in a tank, heat is one of the great hardships, for it is so exhausting that the men frequently have to buck themselves up with restoratives, carried in the tank's medicine bag. Usually, in the ordinary course of travel, or going up, men walk outside the tank, or ride on top, the driver alone being inside; but in action all have to be inside, and the tank is shut up so that in broad daylight it is quite dark within. Observation for the driver and gunners is made possible by lookout ports, in which eight tiny holes are drilled. These holes are about this size, but set farther apart.

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Strangely enough, observation is not so difficult as might be imagined. It is above these holes that the only padding in the tank is placed; for, contrary to the general impression, tanks are not padded inside, nor are men strapped into seats. The gunners for the most part stand; the two men forward are seated, and when the driver is about to take a severe drop or incline, he shouts back through the speaking-tube and the men hang on, bracing themselves against the engine or the guns. The padding over the lookout holes consists of a head-rest against which one presses the forehead in order to bring the eyes as close to the holes as possible. These lookout holes superseded periscopic prisms, which proved unsatisfactory. The prisms were made of glass about two inches thick; but bullets striking this glass, while not breaking it, starred it so that observation became difficult if not quite impossible. To meet this, a steel reflector was tried out, but did not answer the purpose; and so the holes were resorted to, and while observation involves an unnatural straining of the neck, it is effective.

While bullets do not penetrate the armor, but only ruffle it up a bit at the point where they are deflected, a great deal of bullet 'splash' does come in. This is more annoying than serious, and after an action one could pick out any number of these tiny splinters from one's face. So, as a means of protection against 'splash,' face-armor was invented. This looks much like a bandit's mask, with a steel-mesh chain hanging from it. The mask itself is of thin steel, with slits for the eyes, the whole padded for the face and adjustable to it.

The greatest danger, however, whether in or out of action, is that of fire. Smoking inside a tank is forbidden. Usually smoking is not permitted within twenty yards of one. This is because of the great amount of petrol, or gasoline, carried, and because of the fumes. Thus an armor-piercing shell entering the tank, not only explodes in a confined area, but usually sets the machine on fire. When that happens, men have to escape as best they can, tumbling out of the doors, usually to be greeted by the enemy's machine-gun fire. Often, however, so much damage was done by the shell itself, that only those nearest the doors ever escaped. The rest perished in the flames, and those who have ever had to go back to a tank and see their comrades burned almost beyond recognition, will bear testimony that death by fire was feared more than anything else.

Such, then, is the tank. It came at a time when intense artillery barrages made the ground in front and behind the lines almost impossible to traverse. Thus the infantry was hampered in movement, and often reached the enemy's barbed wire only to find that, while its form had been destroyed, it lay there as tangled and as dangerous as ever. Furthermore these barrages were enormously expensive, and one British barrage, lasting three days, cost more than $63,000,000.

Perhaps the most serious fault of the barrage, however, was the notice of attack which it gave the enemy. While an attack might be on a limited front and the barrage on an extended front, it was like sending a visiting card. So the Germans watched and prayed. Often they prayed for the attack to begin; for after two or three days and nights of intense artillery and trench-mortar fire one longs to have it over and done with.

The tank virtually abolished this method of attack. Artillery barrages were kept up even after the tanks were perfected, but frequently the element of surprise was attained by the use of tanks without a preliminary fire. And so, in the dark of the early morning, the tanks go over, male and female, ahead of all others, and they cross the enemy's wire and flatten that, and then press on against his 'pill-boxes,' leaving the infantry with their bombs to settle affairs in the dugouts. Often the artillery assists the tanks, once the battle has begun, and particularly when dawn breaks and visibility exists. Then they put up smoke-barrage, and the tanks carry on with the assistance of these screens, smashing down defenses, mopping up personnel, and creating terror in the hearts of the enemy.

(*To be concluded*)

THE EDUCATION OF WILLIAM II

BY MAURICE MURET

In an absolute monarchy, such as the German Empire is in fact, the sovereign's personality plays a supremely important part. In the thought of the whole world, to-day, Germany is William II. Even in time of peace the Kaiser's figure aroused keen curiosity, and that curiosity has been immensely quickened since July, 1914. Everybody wants to know how far he is personally responsible for everything that has happened and is happening; and his character is scrutinized for arguments tending to prove his innocence or his guilt.

In opposition to some personal enemies of William II, — if I may call them so, — I am of the opinion that he was not essentially warlike at the outset of his career. So long as he was not subjected to the baleful influence of Prussian militarism, — or, at all events, so long as he was under other influence as well, — he justified the fairest hopes. He exhibited as a child sentiments far

different from those that he exhibits today. In those days every sort of violence seemed to horrify him. He even gave evidence of certain estimable tendencies. The Kaiser's present rôle, then, is not a logical result of his natural disposition, and is only in part a consequence of his early education.

From the very beginning the man who lately reigned over the German Empire was subjected to numerous contradictory influences. In the end, the most detestable of them carried the day; but for some time the triumph of the others seemed very probable. The education that he received is what I propose to sketch briefly in the ensuing pages.

I

The prince who was destined one day to reign under the name of William II was born at Berlin on January 27, 1859. Prussia was still only a kingdom, but a kingdom assured of never lacking kings. William I was in robust health, and his son, too, was likely to live for many years. The accession of the new-born prince to the throne of Prussia seemed far in the future. Nevertheless the loyal Prussian people learned with the liveliest satisfaction of this new gift of Heaven to its royal family. And when an old general, a familiar guest at the palace, shouted to the crowd, 'My friends, it's a fine healthy youngster!' his words were received with enthusiastic cheers.

Until January 27, 1877, when he attained his majority, the eldest son of the Crown Prince and Princess Victoria bore the same Christian names as his father — Frederick William; but to his parents he was always '*Unser Fritz*'; and his future subjects also loved to call him by that name.

The monarchical spirit is so deeply rooted in the Prussian people that the young prince, even in the cradle, became the object of a veritable cult. The kings of Prussia must needs be guilty of enormous errors to lose their popularity. This popularity seems today an incomprehensible phenomenon to the nations at war with Germany; and, in truth, it can be explained only by the unparalleled blindness of a whole people. But we must always make allowance for Prussian loyalty, which has not been shaken by the war.

For a short time the excellent relations between the Prussian people and King William I were slightly impaired. It was in 1848, when he was still only the heir apparent to the throne, at the time of the revolutionary movement which menaced so seriously every throne in Europe. But a reconciliation soon followed, and the events of 1848 had been entirely forgotten in 1859, when the young prince was born. As for the father of 'Unser Fritz,' then Crown Prince, he too was universally beloved and admired. And in very truth he well deserved both affection and admiration. He was noble-hearted and upright, kindly and fearless. The Germans, over whom he reigned but a hundred days, called him the 'Noble.' This is one of the finest titles that can possibly be bestowed upon a prince by popular acclaim. It is one which none would ever have thought of giving to Bismarck, the bitter and inveterate enemy of Frederick III.

Frederick the Noble had married, as everybody knows, Victoria, daughter of Queen Victoria and Princess Royal of Great Britain. They were the happiest and most devoted couple. Both had simple tastes, detested the military régime which was held in honor at the Prussian court, and preferred above all else the privacy of their own intimate circle. The community of their tastes extended even to their political ideals. They insisted upon the superiority of Anglo-Saxon liberalism to Prussian

absolutism and militarism. That is why Bismarck and the court detested the Crown Prince and his wife; but they were not disturbed by the hatred with which the Junker party pursued them. They quietly brought up their two sons, Prince Frederick William and Prince Henry, according to the ideas which were dear to them and which they held in common.

In the message thanking the people for the marks of affection which they had received on the occasion of the prince's birth, they said, 'May we succeed, with God's help, in rearing our son for the honor and welfare of our dear Fatherland!' It is due to the present Emperor's parents to say that they never forgot this oath taken before the whole nation. They did everything in their power to fit William II for the burdensome task which awaited him.

Being solicitous to make of him a man sound in body and in mind, they attached equal importance to bodily exercises and intellectual tasks. The prince was born with a withered left arm, so that he was manifestly unfitted for most kinds of sport. Nevertheless a methodical system of training made him an accomplished sportsman. As a child he showed a marked predilection for aquatic sport and performed some genuine exploits in that field. The ponds of Potsdam held no mysteries for him. In his holidays he traversed them in all directions, in all weathers. It is told of him that one day, between six o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon, he accomplished an itinerary including the circuit of the Isle of Potsdam and a trip to the Isle of Peacocks — in all, going and returning, about 42 kilometres. It was on Wednesdays and Saturdays, during the summer months, that the young prince performed these prodigies. Accompanied by his younger brother, Prince Henry, and a tutor, he would set out at dawn and not return till evening. They lunched on an island on eatables which they had taken good care to fetch, and which they warmed in the ashes of a huge fire of dead branches, playing that they were Indian chiefs on a hunting trip.

Like all young Europeans of his generation, William II read with keen delight in his boyhood the romances of Fenimore Cooper. He built 'wigwams' in the park of Potsdam, brandished the tomahawk over the heads of caitiff warriors, and smoked the pipe of peace till it made him sick.

Ardent as he was in play, he was no less ardent in work. Unlike his brother, Prince Henry, who is only moderately intelligent, William II is unusually well endowed mentally. His mother, who was herself a very intellectual person, was proud of her eldest son's aptitudes, and eagerly pushed forward his education in all branches. He learned French and English in childhood, and always talked with his mother in English.

Did he love his mother? Certain words and acts of his — we shall recur to this subject later — have occasioned some doubt; but they are of a later period, when he had begun to take a hand in politics. He seems to have been in the early days an obedient and even affectionate son. Indeed, the Princess Victoria devoted herself to his upbringing with such solicitude and love that it would have been unpardonable of him to be unmoved thereby. To be sure, her love did not preclude a proper sternness of discipline. William II and his brother were not spoiled by over-indulgence. Indeed, it was said that the Princess Victoria sometimes went so far as to punish them with her august hand, when they had committed a serious fault. But such incidents were rare.

The young princes began their day's work at six o'clock in the morning, and

had most of their lessons between six and nine. Then mental gymnastics gave place to physical gymnastics. They alternated methodically according to the wise plan drawn up by their mother. It was by her command, too, that cold baths played a leading part in the hygiene of the princes. Lastly, their table was exceedingly simple — one might almost say, frugal. Their meals lasted twenty minutes — twenty-five at most.

This strict discipline had a beneficial effect on the elder prince's constitution. That he is a strong swimmer, a good shot, a skillful fencer, he owes to the training which he had in his youth. Being almost helpless so far as his left arm was concerned, he made it a point of honor to have a right arm strong enough for two; and by dint of will-power and application he succeeded.

The scheme of education worked out in mutual agreement by the young prince's parents naturally assigned a place to religious instruction. Here again it was the mother who determined the general principles to which such instruction must conform; and it was she who selected the ministers of religion to whom it was intrusted. Now the Princess Victoria, albeit a good Christian, was utterly opposed to the narrow orthodoxy held in honor at the Prussian court. Personally she had fallen under the influence of rationalism, then a new thing. She was even supposed to approve the audacious utterances of David Strauss, the author of a *Life of Jesus* which the court clergy had solemnly condemned. William II received his first lessons in religion from a pastor who was not a disciple of David Strauss, but who was broadminded and tolerant. This was enough to provoke loud outcries from the orthodox and Chauvinists of the old Prussian nobility. Because Princess Victoria had a more exalted conception of religion than those fossils, she was regarded by them as an enemy of the Christian faith, a free-thinker unworthy to be intrusted with the spiritual education of a future German Emperor.

Inasmuch as William II loses no opportunity to-day to celebrate the 'good old German God,' as he practises with so much beating of drums the old Chauvinistic, bellicose national religion, one finds it hard to understand that the Junkers should once have been afraid that he would turn out 'badly.' From a religious no less than from a political standpoint, he underwent an extraordinary change between the year 1874, when he was 'confirmed,' and 1914, when he declared war on the civilized world in order to hasten the progress of the Teuton Moloch.

The religious education which he received was wholly devoid of sectarian narrowness. We must not forget that a third of the population of the German Empire is Catholic. Frederick William's instructors would have been greatly at fault in teaching him any save a broad and tolerant form of Christianity. On this point Princess Victoria's personal preferences were in accord with the interests of the kingdom and the empire. It is generally believed in other countries that the religion of the Hohenzollerns is the Lutheran. This is an error. The Hohenzollerns belong to the Evangelical confession, which is less rigidly dogmatic than the Lutheran. The prince's religious masters sought their inspiration in the same principles believed in by his parents; they devoted themselves especially to making him a zealous disciple of Jesus Christ; they strove to develop in him the Christian conscience. Since the beginning of the war he has ceased to deserve the title of a Christian sovereign, but as child and young man, he did his utmost — sincerely and with success — to make his

conduct conform to the teaching of Christ.

For the occasion of his confirmation, which took place in the church of Sans-Souci at Potsdam, September 1, 1874, he had prepared, by order, a 'confession of faith,' of which we must acknowledge the deeply religious tone. 'I know,' he wrote, 'that grave tasks await me in life; but that prospect, far from depressing me, does but strengthen my courage. I will ask God to develop my powers.'

What a pity that William II has abandoned this truly Christian humility! What a misfortune that he has denied the truly Christian God of his youth, to sacrifice to the overweening, sanguinary false gods of the German Walhalla!

II

It has been said that Frederick III, had he lived, would have been, unlike his father, William I, a 'civilian emperor.' That would have been a singular novelty in the Hohenzollern family — a novelty which the court dreaded mightily.

The kings of Prussia have many times spoken of the absolutist, military Prussian monarchy as 'a bronze rock,' fatal to guilty aspirations toward modernity. Such has been through the ages the predominant characteristic of the monarchy of the Hohenzollerns. It rests upon an essentially military foundation. It is based upon the right of might, as opposed to the might of right. Princess Victoria's English liberalism recoiled from this old-fashioned conception of government, and she had infected her husband with her repugnance. By common consent the prince's father and mother did their utmost to guide their son in a direction less archaic than that followed by the court. If it had depended on them alone, they would certainly have prepared the heir to the throne to be, like his father, a civilian emperor. But sacrosanct tradition, always so powerful in a monarchy, triumphed over their personal predilections, and reduced their efforts to nought.

This tradition demanded that the young prince's military education should be carried on *pari passu* with his general education; nay, more, that it should take precedence of it and, in some sense, absorb it. When he was barely six years of age, Frederick William had his initiation in the profession of arms; at nine he had acquired the habit of giving the military salute to all those who approached him. On May 2, 1869, he figured for the first time in a regiment of the Guard, wearing the immense bearskin cap of the grenadiers, and with the ribbon of the Black Eagle across his chest.

On the occasion of the first parade in which he took part, his grandfather addressed to him personally a part of the speech which he made to the troops. He had to commemorate the doughty deeds of General von Werder, and acquitted himself of that pious duty with all the eloquence at his command. After which, he added, addressing his grandson, —

'As for you, Prince Frederick William, to-day you have, for the first time, drawn your sword among your troops. I cherish the memory of the oldest officers of this regiment, and I trust that you will bear your sword in its ranks to an advanced age. May you also, one day, after as long a period of service as General von Werder's, look back upon a new and brilliant chapter of the history of this gallant regiment! May the same good fortune befall you as befell the general in 1866!'

It is impossible to misconceive the warlike tone of this speech. If the young prince's father, breaking with the militaristic past of his family, gave

to the education of his sons a rigidly civil direction, his grandfather remained doggedly attached to the militaristic tradition of the Hohenzollerns; and, as the head of the family, he exercised a preponderating influence. He would not have permitted his grandson to fail to comply with the rule so devoutly regarded in his family. Before the gratified eyes of his grandfather the young prince passed through all the grades of the Prussian army. At six years of age they had given him a military tutor in the person of Captain von Schroetter, of the field artillery, and that military mentor exercised no less authority than his civilian mentor. Even as a child, he was keenly alive to the prestige of the uniform. Moreover, he adored his grandfather. No one greeted with more fervent enthusiasm that victorious sovereign when he returned to Berlin after a successful campaign, his brow wreathed with glorious and bloodstained laurels.

If we would fairly grasp the character of William II, comprehend the contradictory influences to which he was subjected and the battle they waged in his mind, we must not forget that the spectacle of a victorious home-coming of Prussian troops after a successful war was thrice presented to him. On June 16, 1871, he appeared in person in the triumphal review of the German army on its return from France. He rode behind his father and beside the Grand Duke of Baden. He witnessed the tokens of well-nigh frantic adoration with which his grandfather was greeted. He saw what outbursts of unreasoning enthusiasm military renown can evoke in a people fond of war.

That spectacle reacted profoundly — perhaps without his knowledge — on the young prince. He passed twenty-seven years of his reign repeating, with variations, that he did not desire war; but even when he declared himself altogether devoted to peace, he did it in words that smelt of powder. His grandfather's militaristic and warlike influence counterbalanced most unhappily the *civilian* influence of his parents during that period of his life when his character was being formed.

Faithful to their programmes, the Crown Prince and Princess kept their eldest son away from the court as much as possible — and from the courtiers as well. He would become familiar only too soon with those shady intrigues and base rivalries which are the daily fare of all courts. It was much better to place the heir to the throne in direct touch with the nation itself in all its simplest and sanest qualities.

After mature reflection and careful inquiry, Frederick William's parents put him in the *gymnasium* at Cassel. As everyone knows, the German *gymnasium* is a sort of intermediate stage between the grammar-school and the university. After two years of study in the *gymnasium*, the pupil comes out with a certificate of proficiency which entitles him to be matriculated at any university in the Empire.

On the benches of the *gymnasium* of Cassel Frederick William and his brother Henry came into direct contact with young men of the middle class. This compulsory companionship was the very thing that attracted Princess Victoria and her husband. But Emperor William, and the Prussians of the old stock of whom his immediate *entourage* was composed, were far from happy over this arrangement. They did not conceal their displeasure. Nevertheless, despite their disapproval, the young princes went to live at Cassel in the autumn of 1874.

They remained at Cassel two years and a half, entirely devoted to their studies. Not only did they follow the lectures given at the school, but they had private lessons from the most com-

petent teachers. The same instruction was given to both, but they did not derive equal profit from it. Prince Henry — be it said with due respect — was a very dull pupil. He had no liking for any kind of study. He cared for nothing but sport, and spent the lesson-time longing for the hours of recreation and the holidays. He shared his older brother's predilection for aquatic sports, but cared for nothing else. In conformity with his tastes, he became the sailor of the family.

The reports that Prince Henry received from his masters at the Cassel *gymnasium* were far from flattering. All the laurels were for his brother. We may think what we will of William II, — and we cannot to-day avoid thinking all evil of him, — but we cannot justly deny his acute intelligence. His mind is singularly keen and alert, he has an all-embracing curiosity, an extraordinary power of assimilation, and an incredible memory. The Hohenzollerns have always had good memories, but William II eclipses them all.

At the risk of distressing his German biographers, we must remark that he inherited most of his intellectual qualities from his mother. His father was an excellent man and a noble nature; but his most fervent flatterers have never dared assert that he was of superior intelligence. On the other hand, the Crown Princess Victoria was admirably endowed in that respect. Her son derives from her, we say again, his multiple aptitudes: the artistic sense of which he has not always made judicious use; the grasp of scientific problems; the comprehension of commercial and industrial questions. During his sojourn at Cassel, his masters saw these aptitudes spring up and develop. They did their best to encourage them, while Prince Henry lagged behind, dreaming of boats.

This universal adaptability which characterizes the Kaiser impressed his masters at Cassel. He shone no less brilliantly in letters than in the sciences. He was very fond of poetry, especially poetry in the grand style, popular and primitive. The *Iliad* and the *Nibelungenlied* were his favorites. In the matter of eloquence he inclined to the style of Demosthenes, much less to that of Cicero. He loved history and geography, he drew fairly well, and was proficient in music. Of all the fine arts, music was the one which he studied most thoroughly.

The diploma which was awarded him after very satisfactory examinations contained this flattering testimony: 'His conduct was always irreproachable, and by his zeal and application Prince William has won the absolute confidence of his masters.'

He was no less popular with his fellow pupils than with his instructors. He has always striven to please. How often I have heard him spoken of as 'a charmer' by French statesmen who have met him traveling — before the war! On the benches of the *gymnasium*, he exerted himself to make a conquest of hearts. An unscrupulous professor having secretly communicated to him, on the eve of an examination, the text to which the questions would refer, the prince wrote out the text in full on a blackboard that stood before all the pupils, so that all could profit by it. This served the double purpose of teaching an indiscreet master a harsh lesson and of conferring a favor on his fellow pupils. William derived much advantage from such actions as this, which he always performed with more or less ostentation. His behavior as a youth showed signs of this theatrical predilection, which was destined eventually to become a mania.

At Cassel the two princes led a life as active as it was retired. Its details were arranged by a man who exerted a

dominating, although ephemeral influence on William II — Professor Hinzpeter.

Westphalian by birth, but Prussian in heart and soul, Hinzpeter was not an illustrious university professor, a scientific or literary colossus. Before he was called to serve princes, he was a humble schoolteacher. It was by his 'moral qualities' alone that he attracted Frederick III so strongly, who, with his wife's assent, intrusted to Hinzpeter not only the instruction of his sons, but the general oversight of their education. By confiding to this civilian, this man of no birth, this simple and modest bourgeois, the responsibility of directing the spiritual and moral development of the future German Emperor, the son and daughter-in-law of William I displayed anew that recalcitrant humor which scandalized the court.

Hinzpeter had in his make-up nothing of the 'Byzantine,' that is, of the servile and selfish flatterer. He brought up the young princes without indulgence, without weakness, without regard to the exalted position which they were some day to occupy. William II assuredly has no penchant for democracy; but, on the other hand, if he has not been altogether heedless of popular desires, it is due, in part, to Professor Hinzpeter. A dyed-in-the-wool Prussian in spirit, Hinzpeter confused love of the Fatherland with love of the reigning dynasty. To the young princes' instructor in French — a Frenchman who was a frantic Jacobin — he insisted upon this thesis, which seems absurd outside of Prussia: 'The Hohenzollerns have been great sovereigns because they have always marched with their epoch — when they have not gone ahead of it.' He proved this thesis by the most equivocal arguments. It is amazing to contemplate these Prussian intellectuals, so ultra-rigid and severe in the matter of private morals, and so strangely complaisant, not to say cowardly, in respect to the public morality practised by their kings. Hinzpeter maintained, for instance, that Frederick II, called the 'Great,' living in an age of free thought, was fully justified in affecting a dense incredulity. And he had no doubt, he said, that the same Frederick would have been a scrupulous believer if he had lived in an age of faith. The readiness of the Hohenzollerns to espouse the ideas of their generation, in order to dominate it, was the secret of their popularity.

We must agree that this thesis is decidedly disquieting. The Kaiser's biographers exalt in all keys Hinzpeter's absolute honesty. Was not that quality of his somewhat too patriotically Prussian fully to deserve that name?

Professor Hinzpeter's favorable opinion of Frederick the Great was shared by the young man under his tutelage. His pupil had in those days a marked predilection for two of his ancestors — Frederick William, called the 'Great Elector,' who lived in the seventeenth century, and Frederick II, who ascended the throne in 1740. Both, it is important to note, were illustrious warriors. The Great Elector gave to Germany its first standing army. It was in his reign that Prussian militarism, which was destined to infect European politics with its virus, celebrated its earliest triumphs. Although not as yet a king, he assumed the rôle of an absolute monarch. Not content with making Prussia a militaristic state, he strove to convert it into an autocracy.

As for Frederick the Great, his rôle in history is well known. He passed his youth proclaiming his preference for a liberal government, extolling toleration, and declaring that he would be the king of the poor; he even dubbed himself 'King of the beggars.' He affected also a great horror of war and

of conquerors — the scourge of mankind. But he had no sooner ascended the throne than he changed his mind on all these points. He crushed the indigent classes with taxes, restricted public liberty, and passed his time making war — not without success, be it said.

In choosing the Great Elector and Frederick the Great among his ancestors for his models, did not the young 'gymnasiast' of Cassel act in conformity with deeply rooted atavistic instincts? Was it not to be feared beforehand that the efforts of his parents (especially of his mother) to remove him from militaristic, absolutist, feudal influences, in a word, from the genius of old Prussia, would prove fruitless?

The sojourn of Prince Frederick William — now known as Prince William — at the University of Bonn removed him still further from his father's and mother's ideal. At Cassel the young princes had led the strictest kind of life. The meals which they ate under the eye of Professor Hinzpeter were dispatched in a twinkling. Prince William had twenty marks a month for pocket-money, and from this he had to provide tips for his servants. At Bonn he lived on a less niggardly footing. The study of social science, jurisprudence, and political economy did not occupy all his time. He devoted many evenings to the *corps* to which he belonged — the Borussia, a society of students to which only scions of noble families were admitted. Duels with rapiers were a popular form of exercise. The prince was a warm admirer of that institution, a legacy from the days of barbarism. He never let pass an opportunity to extol and defend it against its defamers. 'It is my firm conviction,' he declared one day, 'that every young man who belongs to a *corps* of students derives from the spirit that prevails there the real guiding tendency of his life.'

The course at Bonn, the friendships formed in the Borussia with the young feudal lords, future military officers or civil functionaries, speedily banished from the thoughts of the heir to the throne all the relatively democratic ideas which the worthy Hinzpeter had inculcated, and the genuinely liberal principles upon which his mother had nourished him.

IV

The military education which Prince William pursued concurrently with his university course was not of a nature to imbue him with the modern spirit. His grandfather was really his military instructor. In that domain he was pre-eminently competent; and Prince William listened devoutly to his counsels. As a soldier, he owes everything to his grandfather and nothing at all to his father.

Delighted to find so docile a pupil, old William I put forth all his energy to develop the young prince's military fibre. As a child he had manifested distinctly anti-warlike, even anti-military sentiments. The French tutor, who accompanied him to Cassel, M. François Ayme, has left some interesting evidence of these traits. Prince William, it appears, never missed an opportunity to tell his French tutor that he would never make war on France. He never intended to make war on anybody. Nothing was easier than to abolish war. If the ministers who praised it were forced to settle international disputes with their own fists, there would be no more wars. M. Ayme had no doubt of his imperial pupil's sincerity, and it is possible that he then leaned toward that very simple solution of a very complicated problem; but as he came more directly in contact with the Prussian machine, as it has been fashioned by centuries of

absolutism and militarism, his point of view was modified.

Officers of high rank, specialists in every branch of military education, demonstrated to him the excellence of the German army, put him in touch with the prestige which it reflected upon the Empire and the benefits that would continue to be derived from it. On October 29, 1879, on leaving the University of Bonn, Prince William entered the First Regiment of the Guard, with the rank of lieutenant. He was instructed to train the young recruits who had recently joined the regiment. He performed this task successfully, and was congratulated by his grandfather on the day that he presented his first pupils to him.

On October 22, 1880, he was promoted captain, and his superior officers extolled the initiative which he displayed in handling troops. October 1, 1881, he was made a major and was transferred to the cavalry. In July, 1883, he made still another change and became an artillerist. He carried into the profession of arms the same seriousness and the same application which he put into everything else. He is no foe of gayety and good fellowship; he is even supposed to have a special taste for anecdotes of the sort that men tell only among themselves, in the smoking-room; but he has always treated serious matters seriously.

On his promotion to the higher ranks he exacted from his officers unremitting activity and application. He went so far as to claim the right to supervise their conduct outside the service. He showed his displeasure openly to those who lived too luxuriously and especially to those who played for high stakes.

By his marriage with Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, which was solemnized February 27, 1881, Prince William gratified his grandfather's earnest wish. Although the princess's father had recently been dispossessed of his principality by Prussia, her family was closely connected in spirit with the conservative tradition represented by William I. She got on much better with her husband's grandfather than with the liberal-minded Crown Prince and his still more liberal-minded consort.

It does not appear that the present German Empress ever exercised any great influence over her husband. In so far, however, as her influence has extended, it has usually been, politically speaking, deplorable. With her narrow pietism, the extraordinary inaccessibility of her mind to any outside influence, her complaisance to militarism and reaction, the Empress has helped largely to make Berlin a veritable citadel against progress and liberty. If the Empress Frederick had continued to reign, she would have done her utmost to compel the German Empire to follow in the pacific path of the other Western powers. No one has claimed that the wife of William II ever attempted anything of the sort.

Mirabeau, the great French revolutionist, said of Prussia that she was not a nation possessing an army, but an army possessing a nation. This judgment, uttered more than a century ago, is still true to-day. Prussia is an army, an intrenched camp, and the man destined by his birth to command Prussia finds himself, so to speak, compelled by all the institutions of Prussia to govern in accordance with tradition. At the outset he was seized and whirled away by the gears of the *machine*.

Under the influence of the British princess whom he had invited to share his throne, Frederick III attempted to stem the absolutist, militarist, feudal current. Perhaps, had he lived, he would have succeeded in turning the German Empire in the direction of

democracy and peace. But this is not certain, so potent were the forces which would have been marshaled against him.

So far as William II is concerned, the efforts made by his parents to inculcate a taste for novel Western ideals met with a pitiable failure. To be sure, in his childhood he was under the influence of his father and mother, of Professor Hinzpeter, — more questionable, that, — and of the masters selected by them; but as soon as he escaped from their supervision, as soon as he was subjected to other influences as well, these latter destroyed the work which had been begun and gave to Prince William's character its definitive stamp.

According to the unanimous opinion of eye-witnesses, he seemed infinitely more distressed by the death of William I, than by that of his own father. He felt himself to be much more truly his grandfather's grandson than his father's son. The ideas — or should we not say, the prejudices — in highest favor at the aged Emperor's court were in conformity with his innate sentiments and in entire harmony with his subconscious being. As a young man, he seemed to himself to stand on the same level with his grandfather and the 'great men' of his court. In the paternal and maternal circle, he was conscious of a sort of embarrassment. Indeed, the court gossip ascribes to him some almost irreverent remarks concerning his parents. It is reported *in Germany,* that he was taken one day, during manœuvres, with a violent bleeding at the nose. 'It is nothing,' he said to the officers who hastened to assist him; 'it's the last drop of English blood coming from my veins.'

The anecdote is so unpleasant, it connotes so great a lack of filial respect on the prince's part, that I prefer to regard it as apocryphal; but the mere fact that it should have been invented, that it should have been circulated freely, bandied about, with pleasure and admiration, in those Prussian circles where people plume themselves on maintaining intact the genuine Prussian tradition, speaks for itself.

However, this anecdote, difficult as it is to verify, would simply go to confirm what events have proved: that William II, after his father's death, ceased to be an affectionate and obedient son to his mother. At the time of the distressing intrigues which raged about the death-bed of Frederick III, Crown Prince William openly took his place in the camp of Bismarck and the other inveterate enemies of his mother. He was able to rid himself of Bismarck in the sequel; but he carried out the policy which Bismarck would have carried out, and repudiated that which his parents would have tried to follow.

The official chronicles of the reign laud the Kaiser's *energy;* but that energy has been ill-directed. He has not set before himself the one goal worthy of a German sovereign of an open and far-seeing mind: the reformation of the foundation upon which the German Empire rests. And William II is the more blameworthy for having failed to accomplish this task because his first teachers had triumphantly proved to him how absolutely essential it is.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON HAVING BEEN BOTH A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR

WHEN this cruel war is over, and the mad rounds of parades, banquets, and reunions begin, I shall immediately set to work to organize the most exclusive of clubs. A mocking and envious friend suggests that our uniform consist of a white sailor hat, a soldier's tunic, — British, French, or American, according to the flags under which we served, — and a pair of sailor trousers with an extra wide flare. For the club is to be composed of those fortunate souls who like myself have seen 'the show' on land and on sea. To my mind, however, instead of mixing the uniforms, it would be better to dress in khaki when we feel military; in blue when our temperament is nautical. Think of belonging to a club whose members can dissect a trench-mortar with ease, and at the same time say, 'Three points off the port bow,' without turning a hair.

Marines admitted only after a special consideration of each case. Not that I don't admire the marines. I do. I yield to no one in my admiration of our gallant 'devil dogs.' But the applicant for admission to our club must have first served as a *bona-fide* soldier and then as a *bona-fide* sailor, or *vice versa*. Not that I am a sailor, or ever was a sailor in Uncle Sam's navy. All that I can claim to have been is a correspondent attached to the navy 'over there.' But four months' service, most of it spent at sea on the destroyers, subs, and battleships, entitles me, I think, to membership; consequently, being president, I have admitted myself.

'Well, you've seen the war both on land and on sea; which service do you prefer — the army or the navy?' This question is hurled at me everywhere I go. I answer it with deliberation, enjoying the while to the full the consciousness of being an extraordinary person, a sort of literary Æneas, *multum jactatus et terris et alto*. And I answer briefly, 'The navy.'

I hasten to add, however, that you will find my answer colored by a passion for the beauty and the mystery of the sea with which some good spirit endowed me in my cradle. I was born in one of the most historic of New England sea-coast towns, where brine was anciently said to flow through the veins of the inhabitants. On midsummer days the fierce heat distills from the cracked, caked mud of tidal meadows, the clean, salty smell of the unsullied sea; dark ships, trailing far behind them long dissolving plumes of smoke, weave in and out between the tawny whale-backed islands of the bay, and tame little sea birds, almost the color of the shingle, run along at the edge of the incoming tide. So I admit a bias for the service of the sea.

Does the navy demand as much of the sailor as the army does of the soldier? A vexed question. The army, comparing grimly its own casualty lists with the navy's occasional roll, sometimes imagines, naturally enough, that the sailor lives, as the old hymn has it, 'on flowery beds of ease.' As a whole, there is no denying that living conditions are far better in the naval service, though much depends on the boat to which the sailor is assigned. A soldier in the trenches sleeps in his clothes; so does a sailor on a destroyer or a patrol-

boat; and I do not believe that I felt much more comfortable at the end of a long trip in an old destroyer, during which the vessel rolled, pitched, tossed, careened, stood on her head, sat on her tail, and buckled, than I did after a week or so at the front. Certainly, there was little to choose between the overcrowded living quarters of the sailors and a decent dugout. True, the 'toto,' *alias* 'grayback,' *alias* 'cootie,' or his occasional but less famous accomplice, the 'crimson rambler,' does not infest a navy ship. How many times have I not heard army folk say in heartfelt tones, 'Those navy people can keep *clean!*'

But a truce to the cootie. Much more has been made of him than he deserves. During the first six months of the war the creature was in evidence; but after the hostilities began to limit themselves to the trench-swathe, and this localizing war made possible a stable system of hospitals, cantonments, and baths, the cootie became as rare as a day in June, and to have such guests was an indication of abysmally bad luck or personal uncleanliness. Moreover, a little gasoline begged from a lorry driver and sprinkled on one's clothes confers absolute immunity.

Consider the crew of a submarine. They do not have to plash about in a gully of smelly mud, of the consistency of thick soup, or wander down alleyways of red-brown mud, so cheesy that it sticks to the boots till one no longer lifts feet from the ground, but shapeless, heavy, thrice-cussed lumps of mire. No one has yet risen to sing the epic of the mud of France; yet 't is the soul of the war. The submarine sailors are spared the mud, but they live in a sealed cylinder into which sunlight does not penetrate, live in the close atmosphere of a garage; they cannot get exercise or change their clothes. A submarine crew that has had a hard time of it look quite as worn out as soldiers just out of battle, and their color is far worse. And if there is a more heroic service than this submarine patrol, I should like to know of it.

And now the army in me rises to protest. 'I admit,' says the military voice, 'that service on ships may be a confounded sight more disagreeable than I had imagined; but the sailor has a chance when he gets to port to change his uniform, while a poor lad of a soldier must fight, eat, and sleep in the same old uniform, and must limit his changes to a change of underclothes.'

True, oh, military spirit! Civilian, — and thou, too, oh, sailor, — do you know what it is to be confined, to be wedded, without jest, 'till death do us part,' to *one* suit? One faithful, persistent, necessary uniform and *one* only. Two thirds of the joy of *permission* is the pleasure of getting out of a dirty, stale, besweated uniform. Heaven bless, Heaven shower a Niagara of happiness on those kindly ladies who sent us supplies of socks and jerseys! Don't be content to knit Johnny one pair of socks and a sweater: keep on knitting him a number of them, and send them over at intervals. The dandies of a section used to leave extra clothes in villages behind the lines. Alas, sometimes, the group, after service *aux tranchées*, was not marched back to the same village, and it was difficult to get permission to visit the other village, even were it near. Such expedients, however, are for luxurious times. Quite often there are no habitable villages for miles behind the lines, or else the civilian inhabitants have been ruthlessly warned away. In such circumstances there is no clean cache of clothes to be left behind in madame's closet. But the sailor — though he return as grimy as a printer's devil and as bearded as a comic tramp, there is always a clean

suit of 'liberty blues' in his bag, and to-morrow, clad in the handsomest of all naval uniforms, he will be found ashore, breaking fair British or Irish hearts.

I have tried to show that, in the judgment of an ex-soldier, the difference between the life of a sailor in a fighting ship and the life of a soldier in a fighting regiment is by no means as great as has been imagined. The army, I suppose, will grumble at such a pronunciamento. Let an objector, then, try being a lookout man all winter long on a destroyer — or try firing a while. All is not quite purgatorial, even at the front. Most army men know of quiet places along the line held, on our side, by rubicund, wine-bibbing, middle-aged French *territoriaux* — *bons pères de famille* who show you pictures of Étienne and Maurice; and garrisoned, on the enemy's border, by fat old Huns who want very, very much to get home to their great pipe and steaming sauerkraut. In places like these each side apologizes for the bad caste of its supporting artillery, while grenade-throwing is regarded as the bottom level of viciousness.

Once in a while people die there of old age, gout, or chronic liver complaint. No one is ever killed. Such *ententes cordiales* were far more frequent than those behind the line have ever suspected. On the other hand, some twenty miles down the trench-swathe, there may be a hillock constantly contested, a strategic point which burns up the lives of men as casually as the sustaining of a fire consumes faggots. Now it is the quick, merciful bullet in the head, now the hot, whizzing *éclat* of a high explosive, now the earthquake of the subterranean mine. But after all, a mine at sea is no more gentle than one on land; and to have a mine exploded under him is perhaps the eventuality which a soldier fears more than anything else. On land, the thundering release of a giant breath from out of the earth; a monstrous pall of fragments of soil, stones, and dust — perhaps of fragments more ghastly; at sea, a thundering pound, a column of water which seems to stand upright for a second or two, and then falls crashing on whatever is left of the vessel. *Quelle monde!*

There is a distinct difference between the psychology of the soldier and that of the sailor. A soldier of any army is sure to be drilled, and drilled, and drilled again, till he becomes what he ought to be, a cog in an immense machine, scientifically designed for the release of violence; a sailor, drilled scientifically enough but not so mechanically, preserves some of the ancient freedom of the sea. Then, too, the soldier with his bayonet is a fighting force; the sailor, though prepared for it, himself rarely fights, *but works a fighting mechanism* — the ship. The battleship X may sink the cruiser Y, but there is rarely a *corps-à-corps*, such as takes place for instance in a disputed shell-crater.

Thus removed from the baser brutalities of war, the sailor never reveals that vein of Berserker savagery which soldiers will often reveal in a conquered province. As a class, sailors are the best-natured, most good-hearted souls in the world. Rough some may be, some may be scamps; but brutal, never. Moreover, living under a discipline easier to bear than the soldier's, Jack has not the sullen streaks that overtake betimes men under arms. Of course he grumbles — enlisted men are not normal if they don't grumble; but Jack's grumbling is as nothing compared to the fierce smothered hate for things in general which every soldier sometimes feels.

I would follow the sea, because I am a lover of the mystery and beauty of

the sea, and because my comrades would be sailormen. I would knock at the navy's door, because, after all is said and done, the naval power is the *ultima ratio* of this titanic affair. I have seen many of the great scenes of this war, among them Verdun on the first night of the historic battle, but nothing that I saw on land impressed me as did my first view of the British Grand Fleet in its northern harbor — the dark ships, the hollow ships, rulers of the past, rulers of the future, unconquered and unconquerable.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PREPOSITION

There is no sin in playing with pebbles, if one does not forget their connection with the stars and the suns. It is not reprehensible to 'study Plato for his prepositions,' if one remains mindful of the philosophic deduction that may depend on the interpretation of παρὰ or ὑπὸ. One loving the human whimsicalities of synonyms may be excused if he sometimes turn away from the bombastic importance of the noun, the nervous insistence of the verb, the glaring ornament of adjective or adverb, to regard some of the subtleties of the humble preposition.

All word-workers have their pet prepositions, and have a critical eye for writers who do not share their regard for this or that favorite, who are careless, say, with *by*, or indiscriminate with *in*. Unhappily there exist artists who show a lively interest in the more prominent parts of speech, but who seem to have no respect for the precious connectives; who make an ugly knot when they employ a conjunction, or stitch in a preposition with a prominence that offends the pattern.

The purpose of the preposition is to point out the place of its superiors, their relation each to each, *above*, *below*, *around*, *near;* but its own place is shown by its usurping no other: its dignity consists in its obscurity. And yet the preposition is itself often so full of meaning that it requires a skillful stylist to give it all its due of significance, and at the same time confine it to its humble position.

Without the preposition, nouns and verbs, however important in themselves, might remain mere separate splashes of color or shape; it is for the preposition so to weave them into the web of the sentence that their relative positions may indicate to the full the significance of the patterned thought. Because its primary business is with placing other words, indicating each varying angle of their relation each to each, — as for example whether a thing emanates *from* a man or goes *to* him or passes *through* him, — the preposition is always hard to separate from its place-meaning, even with all the subtle distinctions of thought to which it may attain. Of these distinctions our adolescence, impatient of the schooling of rule and rhetoric, grows weary; but later there comes a pleasure in the play of connotation we may employ. Prepositions become picturesque with their import for our fancy. Examine *in* and *into: into* has a catapultic impact, suggests the splash of a stone thrown *into* the water, to be readily contrasted with the static quality of *in*, the stillness, the permanence of the stones, the plants, *in* the water. The distinction sometimes veers away from the primary difference, when, for instance, the pen hesitates in writing that the individual is merged *into* the whole or *in* the whole. To my mind, the waters of oblivion close over him with more finality if he is merged *in* than *into*. One enjoys preserving the accuracy of *between* and *among*, conscious of all the intimacy of *between*, all the promiscuity of *among*. In comparing *with* and com-

paring *to*, the imagination perceives an implication of social strata, since one compares a man *with* his fellows, in a democratic homogeneity; but in comparing him *to* another, one connotes the existence of a superior, an aristocracy by means of which we measure and contrast.

An instinct for niceties often leads us to turn to the greater subtlety obtainable by employing prepositions from another tongue than our own. The place element in a native preposition is likely so to persist, that one substitutes for its obtrusive literalness the greater subtlety possible to the foreign preposition from its unfamiliarity. Our own *for* and *against* are heavy with place-suggestion, as against the weight of pure argument inherent in the Latin *pro* and *con*. The prepositions of one's own language never can be made utterly free of literalness. Note how in 'under the rose' the thought is obscured by the picture, while, in '*sub rosa*' we instantly get the desired impression of all the whispered stealth of scandal. About the Latin *circa* there floats a delightful historic mistiness; *circa* 300 B.C. has a nebulosity not obtainable by the matter-of-fact *about*.

Each of us has, perhaps, his pet prepositions from alien tongues, as pleasing to his pen as his favorites of his own vernacular. Who of us has not a fondness for the dear discursive *de*, which long ago opened to us the pleasant paths of *Amicitia* and the strong self-reliance of *Senectute? De*, translated into its English equivalent *concerning*, has prefaced many a charming essay, and *concerning* still, whenever seen in a title, promises us entrance into all the enchanting realm of rambling.

The French *à la* supplies a word that social usage could hardly do without. We less gracious races need that French term, meaning 'in the manner of,' for manner has with us too little importance. We need to borrow from our Gallic cousins that prepositional phrase, as we need to learn, also, some of the grace that they believe should always crown conduct. We need to manage our social activities as well as our military ones more in the French fashion. Meditating on prepositions, Gallic and Latin, one remarks the adequacy of their employment in the Latin tongues, so that they weave the substance of the other parts of speech into a blended pattern, wherein they themselves remain duly obscure. What is the significance of the contrasting behavior of the German preposition, which insists that its importance shall be felt by arranging the whole sentence to meet its needs?

Does this pen-play with prepositions seem perhaps petty, as if a grown man should toss pebbles on the seashore? But perhaps the pebbles might tell him of eternity. Do we not sometimes need to remind ourselves of what is permanent? Perhaps words are more enduring than wars. There was once a man who thought it no paltry pastime to be preoccupied with words — small words at that: 'Hoti's business'; 'The doctrine of the enclitic *De*.' Because, refusing to be confined to the contemporary, he gave his study to language, the imperishable, a great poet thought him worthy of mountain burial in 'A Grammarian's Funeral.'

A NIGHT 'SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA'

There is a little factory town in the south central part of the State of New York, about fifteen miles north of the state line of Pennsylvania. I had counted 605 little red and blue stars on the huge white sign in front of the largest factory, and 204 on the service flag flying from the top of the other large factory, when I was informed that

another quota of seventy men had been ordered to entrain for training-camps on the morrow.

That night when I went to bed, I knew that some of the good people of the little town would find sleep a tardy guest; but I hardly suspected that to me, too, sleep would be unknown, and that I was destined to experience one of the most thrilling nights of my life. The village was having a carnival, a musical carnival — such as I had read about only in books dealing with mediæval knights in the romantic countries of the Latins. There was music everywhere — mandolins, guitars, banjos, accordions; vocal solos and arias, duets, quartettes, and sextettes.

About one in the morning I was out on the porch, sharing in the pathetic enthusiasm of the village. The night was clear and starry. A cool northern breeze was blowing softly from across the hills, lifting up the quaint, wonderful music of the parading groups of young men, and wafting it to the porches of listening villagers, who accepted it as the thrilling farewell of men who had worked and lived with them, and who were about to offer their lives for the freedom they had all enjoyed together.

Several Italians passed me shouting, 'Goode-bye,' while beating out a sweetly melodious serenade on their mandolins and guitars. A young Russian, with an accordion slung across his body, was the centre of a group of Slavs. With wistful monotony he kept on playing, accompanied by half-a-dozen voices, a melancholy Russian folk-song. And far away, in the other streets, instruments and voices were sending their musical expression of souls, sorrowing, encouraging, and hoping, into the still night.

Slowly, very slowly, the black mists shielding the low hills to the north turned into gray; day was approaching quite visibly, until it broke — gloriously radiant. In the east the sun swam out, round and large and peaceful, and a hundred voices cheered it. A rich tenor voice suddenly struck up, in the most musical of all languages, a prayer to dawn, so weird and thrilling and infinitely sweet, that a hush fell over the town, and the hills seemed to reverberate and reëcho his marvelous melody — a hush which lasted even for some minutes after his last notes had died away; and it was hard to distinguish whether the moisture in the eyes of the good people sitting on the porches was the reflection of the morning dew or the reaction of the Italian's song.

Then down below, at the foot of the hill, the newsdealer made his appearance. Instantly he was surrounded, and the headlines of his papers were translated into a half-dozen languages; and a great shout of joy went up to the sky. I bought a paper, and hurriedly read that the Franco-American forces had hurled the Germans back across the Marne, inflicting heavy losses, and taking thousands of prisoners. The crowd kept on cheering wildly, as if their own first victory were won. The sun was climbing upwards. It gave promise of a beautiful day. A young Greek passed me by, holding a newspaper in his hands. 'Good boys!' he said, pointing to the headlines; 'verrry good worrk!' His eyes were glistening with tears.

Later in the day I saw these men depart for the camps — sturdy, tan-faced foreigners mostly, who had received this country's warm hospitality and had never forgotten it.

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